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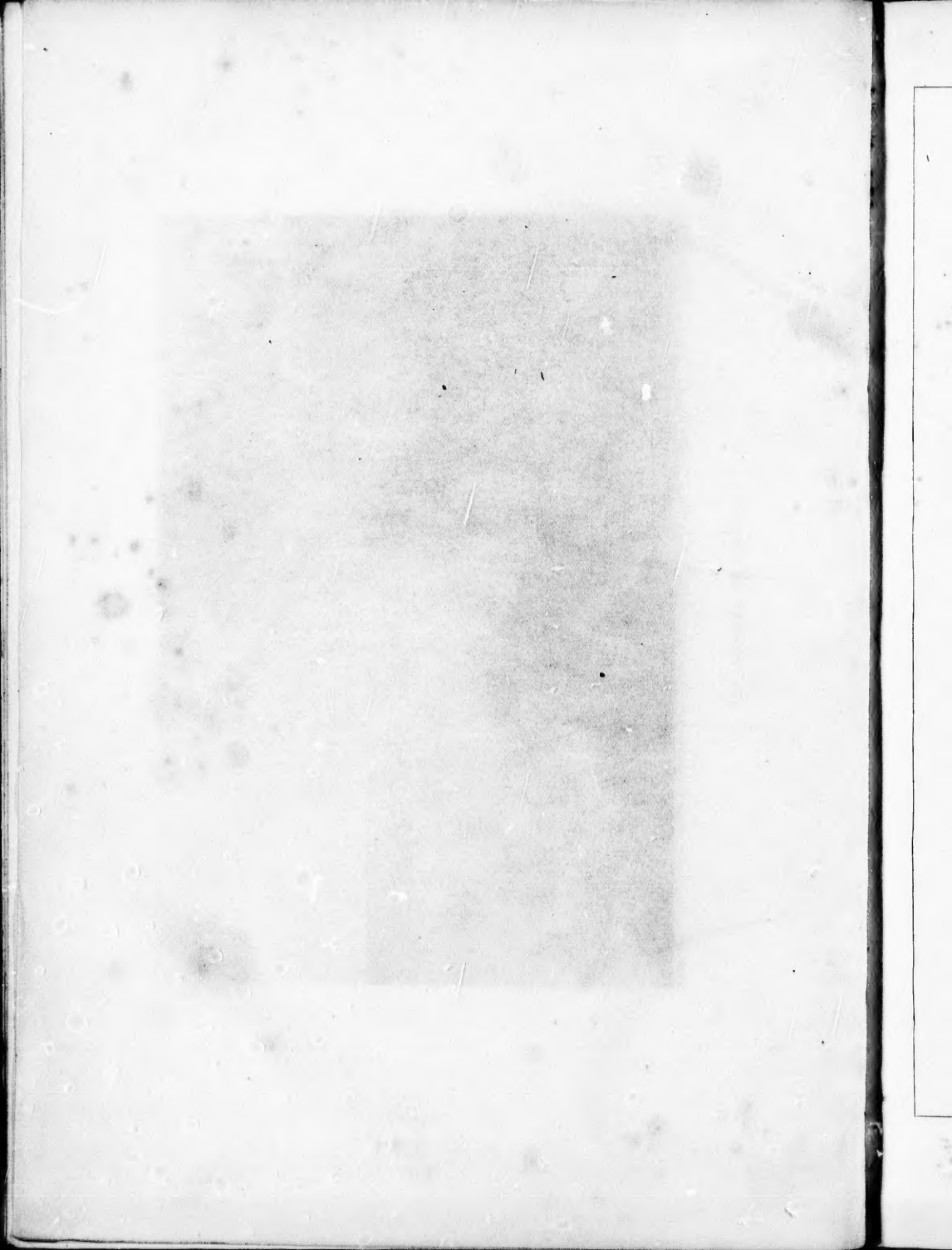
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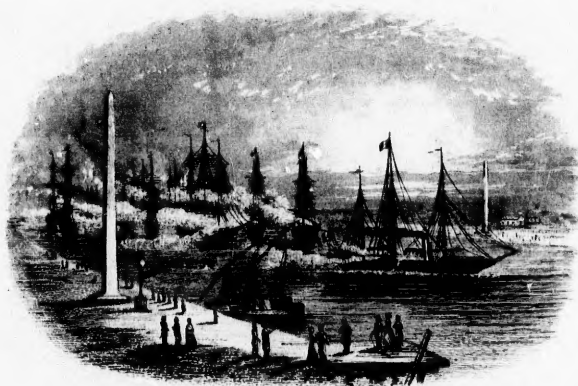
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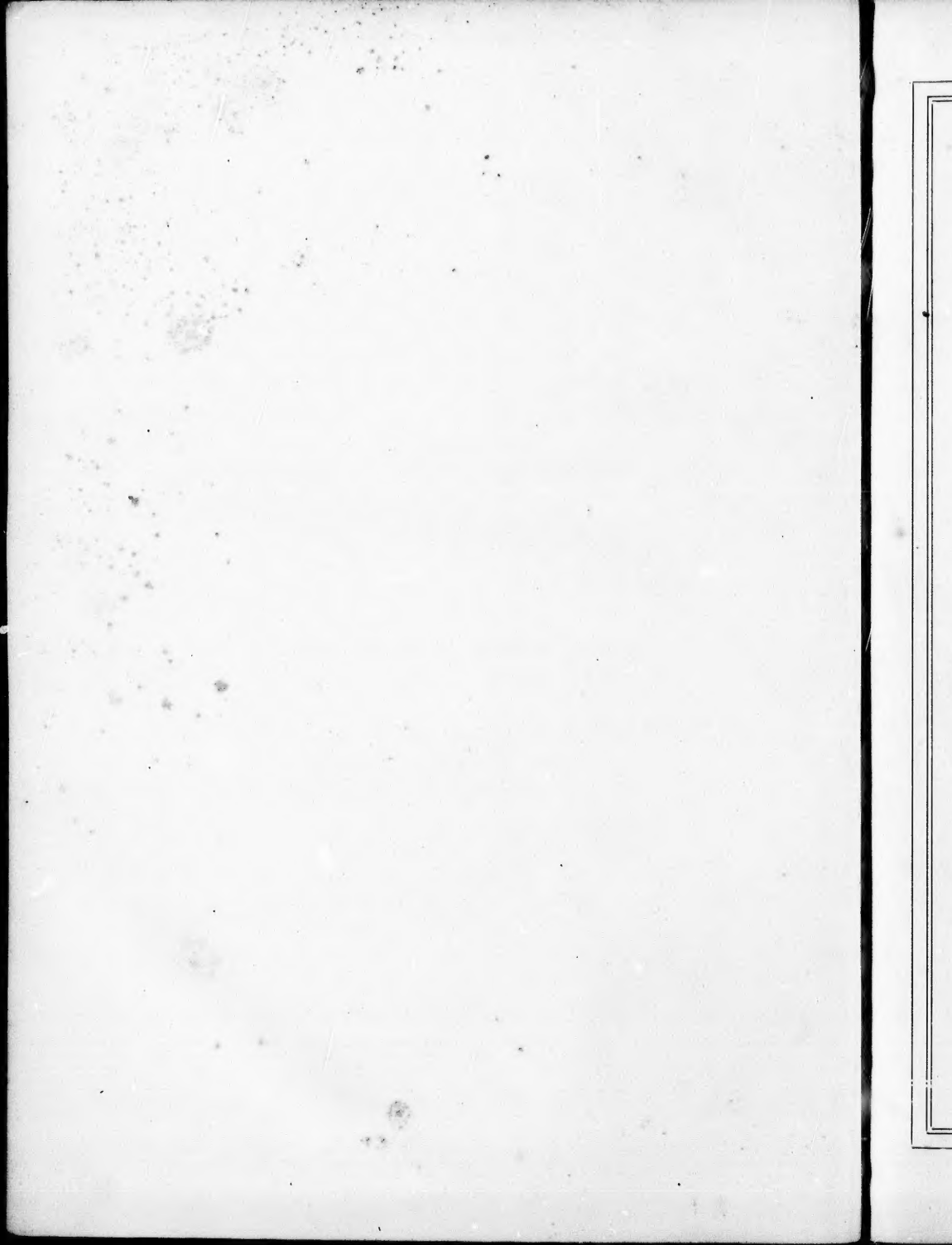
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OF

VOYAGES, TRAVELS, AND ADVENTURES

IN ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE.

EDITED BY W. F. AINSWORTH, F.R.G.S., F.S.A., &c.

WITH

**TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS,**

AFTER DRAWINGS BY

GUSTAVE DORÉ, BÉRARD, LANCELOT, JULES NOËL, AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS;

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# ALL ROUND THE WORLD

In Twenty Days

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VOYAGE OF THE "ALBATROSS"

BY ALAN BURNETT, F.R.S.E.

WITH A NEW INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

Illustrated by

JOHN RUSSELL, F.R.S.E., and other eminent artists

THE LONDON AND GLASGOW

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# CONTENTS.

## NORTH AMERICA.

	PAGE
I.—CROSSING THE OCEAN—HALIFAX—NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS—FISH TRADE—BOSTON—AMERICAN HOTELS—COMMERCE—AGRICULTURE, . . . . .	1
II.—NAHANT—LONGFELLOW AND AGASSIZ—SALEM—PRESCOTT—LAURA BRIDGMAN—LOWELL—LAURENCE—MOUNT AUBURN—SCHOOLS, . . . . .	5
III.—NEW YORK—POPULATION, STREETS, AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS—STATE OR COUNTY OF NEW YORK—LITERATURE AND ARTS—BROOKLYN—NAVY YARD, . . . . .	7
IV.—THE SAINT NICHOLAS HOTEL—HOW TO SEE NEW YORK—COMMERCIAL QUARTER—BROADWAY—ARISTOCRATIC TENDENCIES OF THE YANKEES, . . . . .	13
V.—UP THE HUDSON—THE PALISADES—VALLEY OF THE HUDSON—HERCULES PILLARS, . . . . .	15
VI.—ALBANY—OLD FORT ORANGE—TROY—SARATOGA—CONGRESS SPRING—LIFE AT SARATOGA—LAKE GEORGE—SQUIRREL HUNT—TICONDEROGA FORT, . . . . .	21
VII.—MONTREAL—VILLE MARIE—HOCHELAGA—CATHEDRAL—SUPERSTITION—ARTILLERY BARRACKS—VICTORIA BRIDGE—IMPORTANCE OF MONTREAL, . . . . .	24
VIII.—THE OTTAWA—LA CHINE—INDIANS OF KOHNAWAGA—CARILLON—BYTOWN OR OTTAWA CITY—REASONS FOR SELECTION AS THE METROPOLIS OF CANADA, . . . . .	26
IX.—VOYAGE TO QUEBEC—HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM—CALECHE—FORTIFICATIONS—WOLFE'S MONUMENT—LOWER TOWN—FALLS OF MONTMORENCI—SPENCER WOOD—SAINT LAWRENCE STEAMERS—THE THOUSAND ISLANDS—KINGSTON, . . . . .	29
X.—KINGSTON—LAKE ONTARIO—TORONTO—CATHEDRAL—EDUCATION—ENVIRONS—FROM TORONTO TO NIAGARA RIVER—LOWER NIAGARA RIVER—LEWISTON AND QUEENSTON—DISCOVERY OF THE FALLS—APPROACH TO THE FALLS—EFFECT OF THE SCENE, . . . . .	30
XI.—BUFFALO—GIANTIC STEAMBOATS—LAKE ERIE—WOODED ISLANDS—WATER SNAKES—DETROIT—NEW FRANCE—LAKE MICHIGAN—CHICAGO—GALENA—THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI—DOG'S PRAIRIE—LAKE PEPIN—SAINT PAUL'S—FALLS OF SAINT ANTHONY—TWIN TOWNS—FORT SNELLING, . . . . .	43
XII.—CINCINNATI—BURNET HOUSE—COLUMBUS—ZANESVILLE—OHIO COAL FIELD—CAMBRIDGE—MORRISTOWN—WHEELING—CROSS THE ALLEGHANIES—CUMBERLAND—THE POTOMAC—HARPER'S FERRY—ARRIVE AT WASHINGTON, . . . . .	48
XIII.—WASHINGTON—THE MARBLE HOUSE—THE CAPITOL—ROME—HOUSES OF WASHINGTON—PATENT OFFICE—MUSEUM—FRANKLIN'S PRINTING PRSS—STATE PAPER OFFICE—OBSERVATORY—VISIT TO ALEXANDRIA AND MOUNT VERNON, . . . . .	50
XIV.—STEAM DOWN THE POTOMAC—ACQUIA CREEK—ARRIVE AT RICHMOND—SLAVE MARKET—CAPITOL—HOUDON'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON—STATE PENITENTIARY, . . . . .	54
XV.—FIRST SETTLEMENTS IN NORTH AMERICA—WAR OF INDEPENDENCE—FEDERAL SYSTEM—REVENUE—RELATIVE POSITION OF THE STATES—WEAKNESS OF UNION—ARMAMENTS, . . . . .	57
XVI.—PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION—SOVEREIGNTY OF STATES—CAUSES OF SECESSION—SLAVERY—RESOURCES OF AMERICA, . . . . .	63

## BARTH'S TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

FROM TRIPOLI BY FEZZAN, AND ACROSS TO THE IMOSHAGH, OR COUNTRY OF THE TAWAREK, TO AGADES, THE CAPITAL OF AIR OR ASSEN, . . . . .	
I.—NIGRITIA OR NEGROLAND—BORDER-LAND OF THE SAHARA—ARRIVE AT MURZUK, . . . . .	69
II.—CITY OF MURZUK—BAZAAR—WADI ABERJUSH—AKAKUS RANGE—ARRIVAL AT GHAT—NEGOCIATIONS WITH THE ASKAR TAWAREK, . . . . .	75
III.—TOWN AND PLANTATION OF BARAKAT—HIGH MOUNTAIN PASS—THE SLAVES' DANCE, . . . . .	79
IV.—COUNTRY OF AIR OR ASSEN—ARRIVE AT TIN-TELLUST—TIN-TELLUST TO AGADES—MOUNT ABELA—PICTURESQUE VALLEY OF AUDERAS—CITY OF AGADES, . . . . .	83
FROM TASAWA BY KANO TO KUKA OR KUKAWA, CAPITAL OF BORNU, . . . . .	
V.—THE TAGAMA—TAGELEL—TASAWA, FIRST TOWN OF NEGROLAND—THE MARKET PLACE—PAGAN TOWN OF GAZAWA—KATSENA, CAPITAL OF FLANSA, . . . . .	86
VI.—BEAUTIFUL PARK-LIKE LANDSCAPES—KUSADA—TALL TREES AT GATES OF TOWNS—INTERIOR OF KANO—AUDIENCE OF THE SULTAN—FUTURE OPENING OF NEGROLAND, . . . . .	90
VII.—FRONTIER TOWN OF BORNU—NATRON MART—AN INSURRECTION IN NEGROLAND—TURBULENT STATE OF THE COUNTRY—PROVINCE OF ZURRIKALO—VALLEY OF THE WAUBE OR GREAT RIVER OF BORNU—ARRIVE AT KUKA OR KUKAWA, . . . . .	93
VIII.—ENTRANCE INTO KUKA—INTERVIEW WITH THE SHEIKH—THE GREAT MARKET—BORNU WOMEN, . . . . .	95

BARTH'S TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AFRICA—*Continued.*

	PAGE
EXCURSIONS TO LAKE TSAD, TO KANEM, AND TO ADAMAWA—A SLAVE HUNTING EXPEDITION.	
IX.—EXCURSION TO LAKE TSAD—BOATS OF THE YEDINA OR ISLANDERS—GREAT EASTERN ARM OF THE NIGER—YOLA, CAPITAL OF ADAMAWA, . . .	101
X.—EXCURSION TO KANEM—THE WELAD SLIMAN—BIK EL FTAIM—KANEMMA CHIEF, . . .	108
XI.—ARMED EXPEDITION TO MANDARA—ADVANCE TO MUSGU—PILLAGE OF MUSGU VILLAGES—A MUSGU CHIEF—LAKE AND VILLAGE OF DEMNIO—GREAT RIVER SERBEWUEL—MUSGU SYSTEM OF INTERNAL NAVIGATION—RAZZIA OF BAREA, . . .	110
EXCURSION TO BAGIRMI—FROM KUKA TO THE NIGER—ACROSS COUNTRY TO TIMBUKTU, AND DOWN THE RIVER BACK—ONCE MORE ACROSS TO K'KA, AND RETURN BY MURZUK.	
XII.—EXCURSION TO BAGIRMI—PROVINCE OF KOTOKO—LITTLE KINGDOM OF LOGON—RIVERS LOGON AND SHARI—ARRIVE AT MASSENA—PUBLIC ENTRANCE OF THE SULTAN, . . .	115
XIII.—START FOR THE NIGER—RIVER VALLEY OF BORNU—ARRIVE AT SOKOTO—RIVER SOKOTO AND ITS TOWNS—REACH THE VALLEY OF THE NIGER—TERRITORY OF GURMA—IRON FURNACES—PROVINCE OF LIDTAKO, . . .	120
XIV.—SONGHAY TOWNS—PROVINCE OF DALLA—CASTELLATED-LOOKING TOWNS—HOMBORI MOUNTAINS—CREEKS, BACKWATERS, AND CHANNELS—THE ISA, MAYO BALLEO, OR NIGER—KABARA, THE PORT OF TIMBUKTU—ARRIVAL AT TIMBUKTU, . . .	125
XV.—HISTORY OF TIMBUKTU—SHEIKH EL BAKAY—HOSTILITY OF THE FULBE—ENCAMPMENT OF THE SHEIKH EL BAKAY—DETAILS REGARDING MUNGO PARK—INFUNDATION OF THE NIGER—TRADE AND INDUSTRY OF TIMBUKTU, . . .	127
XVI.—DIFFICULTIES AT LEAVING TIMBUKTU—DESCENT OF THE RIVER NIGER—OLD CAPITAL OF NEGROLAND—PRESERVED SEPULCHRE OF MUNGO PARK—RETURN TO KUKA—CROSS THE DESERT TO MURZUK, . . .	132
A MISSIONARY'S ADVENTURE IN EASTERN AFRICA, . . .	134

## THE FIJI ISLANDS AND THE FIJIAN.

I.—THE FIJI GROUP—EARLY HISTORY—VOLCANIC AND CORAL ISLANDS, . . .	146
II.—CONFIGURATION OF THE FIJIAN GOVERNMENT—KINGS OF MBAU—PUNISHMENTS, . . .	150
III.—WARLIKE CHARACTER OF THE FIJIAN MILITARY UNION—A PITCHED BATTLE, . . .	156
IV.—INDUSTRIAL PRODUCE—AGRICULTURE—MANUFACTURES—HOUSES—COMMERCE, . . .	163
V.—POPULATION—THAKOMBALU, KING OF THE FIJIAN PRIESTHOOD, . . .	171
VI.—PRACTICE OF CANNIBALISM—INSTANCES OF CANNIBALISM—FAMOUS ANTHROPOPHAGISTS, . . .	175
VII.—HABITS, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS OF THE FIJIAN—FIJIAN DANCE—THE GREAT LAND, . . .	177

## THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

I.—PORT OF SUWAKIN ON THE RED SEA—POPULATION OF HADHARABI AND SUWAKIN, . . .	179
II.—NUBIAN DESERT—KASSALA, CAPITAL OF TAKA—THE ATBARA, OR BLACK NILE, . . .	181
III.—THE BAHR AL AZRAK OR BLUE NILE—THE ABAI OR ASTAPUS—RIVER UMA OR GODJEB—COUNTRY BETWEEN THE BLACK NILE AND THE BLUE NILE, . . .	183
IV.—THE WHITE NILE—EXPLORATION OF ITS UPPER COURSE BY THE EGYPTIANS—SLEEPING TOKULS OR BARNS—RED MEN—THE BARRI OR BARI, . . .	187
V.—RECEPTION OF ENVOYS FROM KING LAKO—RELIGION OF THE BARI—THEIR ARMS AND ORNAMENTS—COLOURED WOMEN—THE NATIONAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF BARI, . . .	194
VI.—MIMOSAS AND TAMARIND TREES—RELIGION OF THE ETHIOPIANS—THE CROWN PRINCE TSHOBE—PARTICULARS OF THE COUNTRIES OF BARI AND BERRI—ISLAND OF TSHANKER—THE NYAM-NAM, OR CANNIBALS—RETURN OF THE EXPEDITION, . . .	199
VII.—THE RIVER SAUBAT—SHICA BARRI, TUMBARRI, AND TUBARRI—LAKE BARRINJU, . . .	202
VIII.—FRENCH RIVALRY IN THE SEARCH FOR THE SOURCES OF THE NILE—THE MISSELA—THE TUBIRI OR TUBARRI AFFLUENT FROM LAKE VICTORIA—NYANZA—MOUNTAINS OF KUMBARRI—KRAFF'S TUMBIRI OR TUMBARRI—BEKE'S SOURCE OF THE NILE IN LAKE TANGANYIKA—MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON—GREAT CENTRAL AFRICAN TABLELAND—LAKES NYASSA AND SHIRWA—THE ETHIOPIAN ST. GOTHARD—SUMMARY, . . .	205

## VOYAGE OF DON GIOVANNI MASTAI, ACTUALLY HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS IX.

FROM GENOA TO SANTIAGO, ACROSS THE PENINSULA OF SOUTH AMERICA, 1823-1824.

I.—ORIGIN OF THE MISSION—DEPARTURE FOR GENOA—COAST OF CATALONIA, . . .	215
II.—PALMA IN MAJORCA—THE MEMBERS OF THE MISSION IMPRISONED IN THE LAZARETTO, . . .	216
III.—NAVIGATION TO TENERIFFE—CORSAIRS OF COLUMBIA—CAPE VERD ISLANDS, . . .	217
IV.—A SLAVER—MAN OVERBOARD—NEARING THE AMERICAN CONTINENT, . . .	218
V.—CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES ON BOARD THE "ELOYSA"—ENTRANCE INTO RIO DE LA PLATA, . . .	220
VI.—THE "ELOYSA" ARRIVES OFF MONTE VIDEO—CLOUD OF MOSQUITOES, . . .	223
VII.—ARRIVAL IN BUENOS AYRES—NOCTURNAL RECEPTION, . . .	227
VIII.—SOJOURN AT BUENOS AYRES—DEPARTURE FROM THAT CITY—FIRST INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL, . . .	228
IX.—SAINT NICHOLAS—ROSARIO—INCURSIONS OF SAVAGES, . . .	235
X.—CHANGE OF ROAD—NEW ASPECT OF LANDSCAPE—CORDOVA—MENDOZA—SANTIAGO, . . .	236



# CONTENTS.

## FRAGMENTS OF A JOURNEY TO THE WEST INDIES AND TO NEW ORLEANS.

I.—CARIBBEAN SEA—ISLAND OF MONTSERRAT—LESSER ANTILLES—ANTIGUA—BARBADOS,	PAGE 239
II.—THE BAHAMAS—PORT ROYAL—KINGSTON—PORT ANTONIO,	242
III.—THE GRAND CAYMAN—THE ILENGUES—PORT JACKSON—FIRST PLANTATIONS—	
CREOLES AND QUADROONS,	257
IV.—NEW ORLEANS—PLACES OF WORSHIP—VAST COMMERCE—SLAVERY—THE MISSISSIPPI,	261

## AUSTRALIA.

I.—FIRST SETTLEMENTS IN AUSTRALIA—SYDNEY IN OLDEN TIMES—CONVICT ESTABLISHMENT—	
—ROTARY BAY—EARLY ATTEMPTS AND FAILURES TO CROSS THE BLUE MOUNTAINS,	269
II.—THE BLUE MOUNTAINS—BATHURST DOWNS, AND THE MACQUARIE AND LACHLAN	
RIVERS—OXLEY'S EXPLORATION OF THE LACHLAN—AUSTRALIAN STEPPES—THE	
MACQUARIE—JOURNEY FROM SYDNEY TO PORT PHILIP—EXPLORATION OF DARLING	
DOWNS AND PEEL'S PLAINS—MORETON BAY AND BRISBANE RIVER—CAPTAIN STURT'S	
EXPEDITION ON THE MACQUARIE AND DARLING RIVERS—DISCOVERY OF THE MURRAY,	277
III.—MURDER OF CAPTAIN BARKER BY THE NATIVES—CHARACTER OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA,	292
IV.—NORTH COAST—FIRST SETTLEMENTS—MELVILLE ISLAND—SOIL AND PRODUCTIONS—	
NATURAL HISTORY—NATIVES—PORT ESSINGTON—MALAY FISHERY OF TREPANG—	
NATIVES OF THE MAINLAND—RAFFLES BAY,	302
V.—ABORIGINES OR NATIVES OF AUSTRALIA—MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER—	
HABITATIONS—WEAPONS—HUNTS—SUPERSTITIONS—TRIBES—FIGHTS—FUNERALS,	310
VI.—PARADOXICAL CHARACTER OF ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE IN AUSTRALIA—	
KANGAROOS—LYRE BIRD,	316
VII.—FOUNDATION OF MELBOURNE AND ADELAIDE—SIR GEORGE GREY'S DISCOVERY OF	
RIVER GLENELG—FITZROY RIVER—SETTLEMENT AT VICTORIA—PORT ESSINGTON IN	
1838—EYRE AND GREY'S FARTHER EXPLORATIONS—DISCOVERY OF LAKE TORRENS—	
COUNT STRZELECKI'S EXPLORATION OF GIFF'S LAND—SIR R. I. MURCHISON'S	
INTIMATION OF GOLD PRODUCE (1841)—CANNIBALISM OF THE NATIVES—REMARK-	
ABLE EXPLORATIONS OF LEICHHARDT AND STURT,	318
VIII.—MITCHELL'S ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE CONTINENT FROM SOUTH TO NORTH—LEICHHARDT'S	
FIRST ATTEMPT TO CROSS FROM EAST TO WEST—DISCOVERY OF GOLD—MESSRS.	
GREGORY'S EXPLORATION OF VICTORIA RIVER, AND SEARCH FOR LEICHHARDT—	
STUART'S IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES—NAVIGATION OF THE MURRAY,	327
IX.—J. MACDOUALL STUART'S EXPLORATORY JOURNEYS IN THE INTERIOR—JOURNEY OF	
1860—MACDONNELL RANGE—MOUNT STUART, CENTRE OF AUSTRALIA—BONNEY	
AND MACLAREN'S CREEKS—MURCHISON RANGES—MACDOUALL STUART COMPELLED	
TO RETURN BY HOSTILITY OF THE NATIVES—SECOND JOURNEY IN 1861,	336

## THE COLONIES OF AUSTRALIA.

I.—NEW SOUTH WALES.—DESCRIPTION OF SYDNEY—COMMERCE—GOLD FIELDS,	343
II.—VICTORIA.—FIRST SETTLEMENT AT PORT PHILIP—SEPARATION OF VICTORIA FROM	
NEW SOUTH WALES—DISCOVERY OF GOLD—CHINESE IMMIGRANTS,	350
III.—A CITY STROLL—MELBOURNE—CANVAS TOWN—EMERALD HILL,	353
IV.—OVER THE BAY TO GEELONG—WARRAHBEEN—MOUNT MERCER—FIRST DIGGINGS—	
CAMP—BUNNINGTONG—VALLEY OF BALLARAT,	364
V.—BALLARAT OF 1857 COMPARED WITH 1853—INAUGURATION OF RAILWAYS—THE RIVAL	
OCEAN ROUTES,	368
VI.—QUEENSLAND.—PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY—THE CONVICT SYSTEM—SEPARATION FROM	
NEW SOUTH WALES—MORETON AND BRISBANE—DARLING DOWNS—MARANOA—	
LEICHHARDT—KENNEDY,	372
VII.—SIR GEORGE BOWEN'S TESTIMONY—EXPLORATION OF THE COAST BY THE "SPITFIRE"—	
AUSTRALIA AS A COTTON COUNTRY—CLIMATE OF QUEENSLAND—ALPACAS,	375
VIII.—COTTON SUPPLY—AMERICA—AFRICA—WEST INDIES—INDIA—BRAZIL—QUEENSLAND—	
AREA AND EXCELLENCE OF THE QUEENSLAND COTTON FIELD—SUGAR—FLAX—	
FRUITS—GOVERNMENT—SOCIETY IN QUEENSLAND,	385
IX.—SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—SOUTH AUSTRALIAN ASSOCIATION—SUCCESSIVE GOVERNORS—	
GAWLER'S EXTRAVAGANCE—POPULATION—CITY OF ADELAIDE—SUBURBS—PORT—	
RIVERS—MINES—EDUCATION AND RELIGION,	393
X.—WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—SWAN RIVER SETTLEMENT—MADE A PENAL SETTLEMENT IN	
1850—VICTORIA OR PORT GREGORY DISTRICT—MINES—PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS,	396
XI.—AUSTRALIA IN 1861—TASMANIA—NEW ZEALAND,	397

## A TRIP TO NORWAY.

I.—THE COAST OFF CHRISTIANSAND AND ARENDAL—GOTHENBURG AND SANDEFJORD—	
THE NORWEGIAN CAPITAL, CHRISTIANIA—PECULIAR CLIMATE OF NORWAY,	401
II.—FISHING ON THE DRAMMEN AND LOUGEN—KONGSBERG AND ITS SILVER MINES—TELE-	
MARK OR TELLEMARKE—SETERS OR CHALETS OF NORWAY—VEST FIORDALEN,	404



A TRIP TO NORWAY—*Continued.*

	PAGE
III.—SØTER OR CHALET AT BAMBLE—VALE OF HIERDAL—NORDGAARDEN-I-SILLEJORD—CASTLE OF SILENCE,	411
IV.—LAKE BANDAGS—SAINT OLAF STEAMER—A BEAR HUNT—THE NORD FIORD—SKJEN,	412
V.—KING CHARLES XV.—LOECKES OR LUCKY VILLAS—OSCARSHALL—KRAEGEROE AND ITS OYSTERS,	415
VI.—A ROYAL PROGRESS—SOUTHERLY TERMINATION OF THE SCANDINAVIAN MOUNTAINS,	417
VII.—ARRIVE AT STAVANGER—CATHEDRAL—THE HARDANGER FIORD—CASTLE OF ROSENDAL,	418
VIII.—CITY OF BERGEN—RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND—HANSEATIC LEAGUE—HORSE LADDERS,	423
IX.—THE SOGNE FIORD—FRITHOF'S SAGA—CHURCH OF VANGSNAES,	426
X.—OUT AFTER REINDEER—MARIT AND SIGERI—REINDEER HUNTER'S LIFE—TROUT FISHING,	429
X*.—A BEAUTIFUL MORNING—RUDE HUT—REINDEER—GLACIERS—MOLTEBERG,	434
XI.—A DAY IN THE HUT—VELLING—PACK HORSES FOR CHRISTIANA—RUS VAND,	440
XII.—CROSS THE HOR-UNGERNE MOUNTAINS—CHURCH OF LOM—VALE OF GUDTRANSDALEN,	447
XIII.—ACROSS THE DOVRE FIELD—ASCENTS OF SNEHEZZTAN—MOUNTAINS OF SCANDINAVIA,	449
XIV.—VALLEY OF ROMSDAL—STOR FIORD—SIS FIORD—TOWN OF MOLDE—CHRISTIANSUND,	453
XV.—THROMSDJEM OR DRONTHEIM—THE SEA KING SAINT OLAF—THE CATHEDRAL—LEER FOSSEN OR FALLS,	455
XVI.—CAMP AT STORDALLEN—MOUNTAINEER TACTICS—THE QUEEN OF SALMON STREAMS,	460
XVII.—RETURN SOUTH FROM THROMSDJEM—THE VAARSTIGE AND ITS GLACIER MARKINGS,	461
XVIII.—OVER THE SOGNE FIELD AND THE SOGNE FIORD—PASS OF VINDHJELLEN—URNÆS CHURCH—THE HIGHEST FALL IN EUROPE,	462
XIX.—PASS OF STALHEIM SKJLEVEN—THE VOSS DISTRICT—VOSSE VANGEN—THE VORING FOSS,	464
XX.—NAVIGATION OF THE HARDANGER FIORD—THE BRATEN FOSS—BERGEN,	467

## A BRIEF SOJOURN IN TRIPOLI.

I.—GREATER AND LESSER SYRTIS—ANCIENT OEA—APPROACH TO TRIPOLI—BAZAARS—GREAT MOSQUE,	469
II.—OASES OR WADIS—ARAB TRIBES—BEYLICKS AND KADAILIKS—FANDUKS OR INNS—RISE OF THE KARAMANLIS—GREAT MOSQUE,	473
III.—CORN MAGAZINES—MOORISH GARDENS—THE DATE TREE—OLIVE GROVES—NEGRO DANCE,	480
IV.—ROMAN TRIUMPHAL ARCH—ARCHES OVER THE STREETS—CONSUL'S STREET,	487
V.—FURTHER CONSPIRACIES—THE CITY OF TRIPOLI BESIEGED—CURIOUS INCIDENTS OF CIVIL WAR,	493
VI.—ARRIVAL OF A TURKISH PIRATE—SIDI YUSUF USURPS THE THRONE—FALL OF THE KARAMANLI FAMILY—MOSQUE AT TAJURA, A SUPPOSED CHRISTIAN CHURCH,	497

## RUSSIA.

## A VISIT TO ST. PETERSBURGH.

I.—APPROACH TO THE CAPITAL—QUARRYING THE ICE—EASTER FESTIVITIES,	503
II.—PROMENADE ON FOOT—NEVSKI PERSPECTIVE—ISVOSHTCHIKS—DROSHKIES—BUTSHINIKS,	508
III.—CHURCHES OF ST. PETERSBURGH—KAZAN CATHEDRAL—IMPERIAL TOMBS—PETER THE GREAT'S COTTAGE—EXCHANGE,	510
IV.—WINTER PALACE—HERMITAGE—MARBLE PALACE—STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT,	516
V.—RUSSIAN FOUNDLING HOSPITAL,	519
VI.—THE EMPRESS' FETE—PETERHOFF—CONSECRATION OF THE WATERS—EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS—THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY—BATHS—RESTAURANTS,	523
VII.—THE TRAKTIR OR TAVERN—A RUSSIAN HOST—THE WHITE ROOM—TURK IACHKA,	526
VIII.—MOSCOW AND ITS GREAT BAZAAR—POSITION OF WOMEN—POPULATION OF MOSCOW—MILITARY SERVICE,	534

## FROM BEYRUT TO THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

## WITH A FARTHER VISIT TO THE CEDARS IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER.

I.—BEYRUT—LAZARIST CONVENT AT ANTURA—MARONITE CHIEF,	541
II.—THE NOBLE FAMILY OF THE KAZAINS—THE TANTURA, OR HORN—TEMPLE OF VENUS—CASTLE AND PORT OF JEBAIL, GEBAL OF THE BIBLE,	545
III.—THE TRIPLE TOWN OF TYRIANS, SIDONIANS, AND ARADIANS—VALLEY OF KADISHA—KANUBIN—CARMELETTE CONVENT,	552
IV.—THE CEDARS OF LEBANON—FOREST TREES OF SYRIA AND PALESTINE,	556

## OVER LEBANON AND BACK IN THE SNOW,

## THE DRUSES OF MOUNT LEBANON.

MOUNT LEBANON SOUTH OF THE CEDARS—MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS OF THE DRUSES—CAPITAL OF THE DRUSES—PRINCELY FAMILY OF SHEHAD—RELIGION AND HABITS AND MANNERS OF THE DRUSES,	564
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

# CONTENTS.

vii

## MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF ASCENTS OF THE PEAKS OF POPOCATAPETL AND ORIZABA.

- I.—VERA CRUZ AND SAN JUAN DE ULUA—REGION OF PALM FORESTS—SAVANNAHS OR PRAIRIES—RUINS OF OLDEN TIME—PINE FORESTS—PLATEAUX OR TABLE LANDS OF MEXICO, . . . . . 571
- II.—FACILITIES OF TRANSPORT IN MEXICO—VOLCANOES—MESTINS OR MESTISOS—LANBOS—INDIANS—LEPEROS OR PROLETARIANS—POLITICAL EVENTS, . . . . . 575
- III.—ASCENT OF THE POPOCATAPETL—CANAL OF CHALCO AND VALLEY OF MEXICO—BEAUTIFUL AZTEC GARDENS—TOMACOCO, . . . . . 583
- IV.—ASCENT OF THE MOUNTAIN—THE RANCHO OF TLAMACAS—CRUCIFIX AT THE LINE OF PERPETUAL SNOW—THE CRATER—FUMEROLLES, OR SMOKE HOLES—RESPIRADERES, OR JETS OF WATER AND VAPOUR, . . . . . 587
- V.—ASCENTS OF THE VOLCANO ORIZABA, THE LOFTIEST OF THE ANDES IN MEXICO, . . . . . 590

## NEW CALEDONIA.

FRENCH POSSESSIONS IN THE PACIFIC.

- I.—OCCUPATION OF NEW CALEDONIA BY THE FRENCH—MISSIONARY AUXILIARIES—CHARACTER AND APPEARANCE OF THE NATIVES—LA CONCEPTION, A MISSIONARY ESTABLISHMENT, . . . . . 598
- II.—THE FRENCH AT TAHITI OR OTAHITI—THE TAHITIANS—THE FRENCH IN THE MARQUESSAS—CHARACTER OF THE ISLANDERS—NUKAHIVA, . . . . . 605

## TOUR IN PORTUGAL.

- I.—MOORISH AND BURGUNDIAN EPOCHS—HOUSE OF BRAGANZA—THE RIVER MINHO—NAPIER'S EXPLOITS, . . . . . 611
- II.—VIANA OR VIANNA—THE ROMANS AT THE RIVER OF OBLIVION—BARCELLOS—BRAGA—CAMPO DE SANTA ANNA—THE CATHEDRAL, . . . . . 615
- III.—THE LINE OF SOUL'S RETREAT BEFORE THE BRITISH—ASCEND THE CARVALHO D'ESTE—TOWER OF LANHOZO—PONTE NOVA, . . . . . 627
- IV.—PRACA DOS CARVALHOS—ROMAN ANTIQUITIES—GUIMARAENS—ANCIENT ANTECEDENTS—PRACA DA FEIRA, . . . . . 633
- V.—PORTO OR OPORTO—ITS HISTORICAL ANTECEDENTS—CONVENT OF SAN BENTO DAS FREIRAS—SUBURBS OF OPORTO, . . . . . 641
- VI.—SOCIETY IN OPORTO—THE PORTUGUESE AT HOME—MANNERS AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE DIFFERENT GRADES OF SOCIETY, . . . . . 646
- VII.—CHURCHES AND CONVENTS OF OPORTO—NUNNERIES—CATHEDRAL—THE CLERIGOS, . . . . . 652
- VIII.—SEGREGATION OF TRADES—ARTICLES OF MANUFACTURE—SHOP SIGNS—GALLEGS—DIFFERENT KINDS OF VEHICLES, . . . . . 656
- IX.—CHARITABLE AND USEFUL INSTITUTIONS—COLLEGE FOR FEMALE ORPHANS—FOUNDLING HOSPITAL—PUBLIC CEMETERIES, . . . . . 659
- X.—THE BRIGHTON OF OPORTO—THE MIRACULOUS IMAGE OF MATOZINHOS—COIMBRA—CATHEDRAL—THE MONDEGO, . . . . . 661
- XI.—VISIT TO CONIMBRICA, ANCIENT COIMBRA—LEIRIA—MONASTERY OF BATALHA—GREAT CLOISTERS AND CHAPTER HOUSE, . . . . . 669
- XII.—ALCOBACA—CELEBRATED CISTERCIAN MONASTERY—CHURCH—MOORISH CASTLE—NOSTRA SENHORA DE NAZARETH—BATTLE OF ALJUBARROTA—PORTUGUESE HEROINE—CROSS THE SERRA D'ALBARDOS—OUREM—THE TEMPLARS AT THOMAR—ITS WONDERFUL CONVENT—CHURCH OF SAN JOAO BAPTISTA—COTTON FACTORY—SAN GREGORIO, . . . . . 675
- XIII.—SANTAREM—CHURCHES AND WALLS—PORTUGUESE RAILWAYS—CHURCH AND MONASTERY OF BELEM—BEMFICA CONVENT—PALACE OF QUELUZ—PALACE OF CINTRA—CASTLE—CONVENT OF PENHA DA CINTRA—THE CORK CONVENT—PENHA VERDE—THE SETIAE—THE ROCK OF LISBON—PALACE AND CONVENT OF MAFRA—THE TORRES VEDRAS, . . . . . 677

## A VISIT TO ATHENS.

- I.—THE PIRÆUS—ACROPOLIS OF MUNYCHIA—OTHER RELICS OF ANTIQUITY—MODERN ATHENS—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—ATHENS AS IT WAS IN THE TIME OF THE TURKS—ITS FIRST INSURRECTION—TURKS TAKE REFUGE IN THE ACROPOLIS—CAPITULATION AND MASSACRE OF THE TURKS—USURPATION OF ODYSSEUS, . . . . . 680
- II.—THE EGYPTIANS OCCUPY THE MOREA—SIEGE OF MESOLONGHI—ATHENS INVITED BY THE TURKS UNDER RESAID PASHA—DEATH OF GOURA—GRIGIOTTES THROWS HIMSELF INTO THE ACROPOLIS—KARAISSAKI'S OPERATIONS TO RAISE THE SIEGE—FABVIER REINFORCES THE ACROPOLIS—STATE OF GREECE DURING THE WINTER OF 1826-7, . . . . . 686
- III.—EXPEDITION UNDER GORDON, BURBAKI, AND HEIDECK—GENERAL SIR RICHARD CHURCH—LORD COCHRANE (EARL OF DUNDONALD)—OPERATIONS OF CHURCH AND COCHRANE TO RELIEVE ATHENS—EVACUATION OF THE ACROPOLIS AND FALL OF THE CITY, . . . . . 691

A VISIT TO ATHENS—*Continued.*

	PAGE
IV.—BATTLE OF NAVARIN—FRENCH EXPEDITION TO THE MOREA—OPERATIONS IN EASTERN AND WESTERN GREECE—TERMINATION OF HOSTILITIES—PRINCE LEOPOLD—GENERAL ANARCHY—THE FRENCH IN GREECE—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE BARBARIAN DYNASTY,	699
V.—THE ACROPOLIS—THE PROPYLÆA OR PORTICOES—TEMPLE OF THE WINGLESS VICTORY—THE PARTHENON—COLOSSAL STATUE OF THE VIRGIN GODDESS,	703
VI.—THE ERECHTHEIUM—LEGENDS OF ERECHTHEUS—FOUNDATION OF THE ERECHTHEIUM—STATUE OF ATHENA PROMACHUS—TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS AND OF ROME AND AUGUSTUS—THE ARROPAEUS—THE PNYX—PULPIT OF DEMOSTHENES—HILL OF THE NYMPHS—MONUMENT OF THRASYLLUS—CAVE OF APOLLO AND PAN—SANCTUARY OF AGLAURUS,	711
VII.—THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS—THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS OLYMPIUS—ARCH OF HADRIAN—ORIENTAL CHARACTER OF THE GREEKS—ATHENIAN SOCIETY—APPEARANCE AND DRESS—THE AGORA, OR MARKET-PLACE—LIFE IN ATHENS—THE CARNIVAL,	719

## THE BERMUDAS, WEST INDIES, BRITISH GUIANA, AND ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

I.—THE BERMUDAS—THE POET'S ISLANDS—WHALE FISHERY—A CORAL REEF—COLONIZATION BY THE VIRGINIA COMPANY—NUMBER OF ISLANDS—TOWN OF ST. GEORGE'S,	725
II.—WEST INDIAN ISLANDS—A SEMI-CIRCULAR VOLCANIC REEF—ISOLATED VOLCANIC PEAKS—VIRGIN ISLANDS—SAINT THOMAS—MOTLEY POPULATION,	729
III.—LEEWARD ISLANDS—SAINT CHRISTOPHER—NEVIS—ANTIGUA—CARIBBEAN ISLANDS—GUADALOUPE—MARTINIQUE—DOMINICA—SAINT VINCENT—GRENADINES—GRENADA,	732
IV.—BARBADOS—BRIDGETOWN—SUGAR PLANTATIONS AND FACTORIES,	739
V.—TRINIDAD—WHALING ESTABLISHMENTS—PORT OF SPAIN—GOVERNOR'S HOUSE—THE SAVANNAH AND ST. JAMES'S BARRACKS—NEGRO AND CHINESE TROOPS—PITCH LAKE,	749

## BRITISH GUIANA.

VI.—THE BUSH—MOUNTAINS—SAVANNAHS—LAKE ARNUCH—VIRGIN FORESTS—MAGNIFICENT RIVERS—DEVIL'S ROCK—INDIAN HIEROGLYPHS—CATARACTS—NATIVES—HISTORICAL EPISODES—ANIMAL LIFE—QUADRUPEDS—BIRDS—REPTILES—INSECTS,	747
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

## ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

VII.—CHAGRES—THE AMERICAN TOWN AND THE TOWN OF THE NATIVES—MOVING COLOURED POPULATION—CASTLE OF SAN LORENZO—PANAMA RAILWAY—PANAMA—TOBAGO,	751
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

## TRIP TO DENMARK.

I.—FROM THE ELBE TO THE BALTIC—HOLSTEIN—KIEL—A FAVOURITE WATERING-PLACE—KORSØR—PETER SKRAM AND THE MERMAID—NYEBORG—KING CHRISTIAN II.—GLORUP, THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF COUNT MOLTKE—RYGAARD,	756
II.—MIDDELFART—ODENSE AND ODIN—MISDEEDS AND SUFFERINGS OF CHRISTIAN II.—PLOUGHING GHOSTS—MURDER OF ST. KNUD—THE TRAITOR BLAKKE—FUNERAL OF CHRISTINA MUNK—THE LADY WHO DANCED HERSELF TO DEATH—KING JOHN AND HIS FAMILY—THE LEAR OF ODENSE AND HIS DAUGHTERS,	762
III.—SVENDBORG—PIG CASTLE—PICTURESQUE ISLANDS—ISLAND OF THORSÆNG, THE APPANAGE OF COUNT WALDEMAR—CHRISTIAN IV.—NICHOLAS JUEL,	768
IV.—HOW THE GODDESS GEFION PLOUGHED THE GREAT AND LITTLE BELTS—SLAGELSE—SORO AND ITS ACADEMY—SAXO GRAMMATICUS—STORY OF HAMLET—LEGEND OF THE TWO CHURCH TOWERS—ABSALON, THE WARRIOR, ARCHBISHOP, AND STATESMAN,	772
V.—RINGSTED, THE WESTMINSTER OF THE VALDEMARS—TOMBS OF QUEENS DAGMAR AND BERENGARIA—DOROTHEA, WIFE OF TWO KINGS—PILGRIMAGE OF JAMES THE FIRST TO ROSKILDE—CHRISTIAN THE FIFTH'S SWORD,	777
VI.—COPENHAGEN—SLAGBECK, THE BARBER ARCHBISHOP—EDUCATION OF CHRISTIAN II.—YULE PIG, OR MONEY BOX—FOUNDATION OF COPENHAGEN—QUEEN PHILIPPA OF ENGLAND—HER GALLANT DEFENCE OF THE CITY—PALACE OF CHRISTIANSBERG,	782
VII.—MONUMENTS OF JUEL AND TORDENSKIOLD—DEATH OF FREDERICK VI.—STREET OF COFFINS—BARREL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH—THE ROUND TOWER—THE FREE KIRCHE—UNIVERSITY—BOMBARDMENT OF COPENHAGEN—CARNIVAL IN THE ISLAND OF AMAK,	786
VIII.—CASTLE OF ROSENBERG—THE HORN OF OLDENBURG—MARRIAGE CEREMONIALS OF CHRISTIAN II.—BADGES OF THE ARMED HAND AND GARTER—QUEEN LOUISA OF ENGLAND—REGALIA—THE SILVER LIONS OF DENMARK,	793
IX.—ENVIRONS OF COPENHAGEN—BATHS OF MAHIENLYST—ELSLINORE—THE SO-CALLED HAMLET'S TOMB—THE HAMMER MILLS—GRAVE OF A SCANDINAVIAN DOG,	797
X.—THE TOWN OF ELSINORE—TOMB OF DYVÆKE—HOLGER DANSK'S SPECTACLES—THE CASTLE OF KJØNBORG—ANECDOTE OF A STORK,	800
XI.—CHRISTIAN ROSTGAARD AND THE SWEDISH OFFICERS—FREDENSBORG—FREDERICK THE HUNCHBACK, THE ARVEPRINDE—NORWEGIAN AMPHITHEATRES—THE HELL-HORSE,	804
XII.—THE PALACE OF FREDERICKSBORG—HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY OF CHRISTIAN IV.—PUNISHMENT OF HIS PECULATING MINT-MASTER—ROYAL BATTUES—THE RIDDERSAAL—DESTRUCTION OF THE PALACE OF FREDERICKSBORG BY FIRE,	807

# ILLUSTRATIONS.

	DRAWN BY	PAGE
ICEBERGS OFF NEWFOUNDLAND, . . . . .	<i>Paul Huet,</i>	1
FALLS OF THE PASSAIC, . . . . .	<i>Gustave Doré,</i>	8
PALISADES ON THE HUDSON, . . . . .	<i>Paul Huet,</i>	13
LAKE CHAMPLAIN, . . . . .	<i>Grandsire,</i>	16
HARBOUR OF NEW YORK, . . . . .	<i>Paul Huet,</i>	17
MONTREAL, . . . . .	<i>Paul Huet,</i>	25
QUEBEC, . . . . .	<i>Grandsire,</i>	29
FALLS OF MONTMORENCY, . . . . .	<i>Paul Huet,</i>	32
EMIGRANTS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE, . . . . .	<i>Gustave Doré,</i>	33
GIANT'S STAIRCASE, CANADA, . . . . .	<i>Paul Huet,</i>	35
FALLS OF NIAGARA, . . . . .	<i>Paul Huet,</i>	37
THOUSAND ISLANDS, LAKE ONTARIO, . . . . .	<i>Paul Huet,</i>	41
THE WHITE-HEADED EAGLE, . . . . .	<i>Rouyer,</i>	44
DOUBLE BRIDGE OVER THE NIAGARA, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	45
DOG'S PRAIRIE, WISCONSIN, . . . . .	<i>Paul Huet,</i>	53
EMIGRANTS ON THEIR MARCH, . . . . .	<i>Eugène Lavieille,</i>	60
LAKE PEPIN, . . . . .	<i>Paul Huet,</i>	61
PORT SNELLING, . . . . .	<i>Paul Huet,</i>	68
TERRACED TOWN OF EDERI, . . . . .	<i>Rouargue,</i>	69
VALLEY OF AUDERAS, . . . . .	<i>Rouargue,</i>	73
MURZUK, CAPITAL OF FEZZAN, . . . . .	<i>Rouargue,</i>	78
CITY OF KANO, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	81
CITY OF AGADES, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	87
DENDAL, OR BOULEVARD AT KUKA, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	94
WELL OF THE MARGHI, . . . . .	<i>Rouargue,</i>	97
LAKE TSAD, . . . . .	<i>Rouargue,</i>	100
MBUTUDI—MARGHI VILLAGE, . . . . .	<i>Rouargue,</i>	103
SULTAN OF BAGIRMI ENTERING HIS CAPITAL, MAS-ENA, . . . . .	<i>Rouargue,</i>	105
MUSGU CHIEF, . . . . .	<i>Rouargue,</i>	112
INTERIOR OF MUSGU DWELLING, . . . . .	<i>Rouargue,</i>	113
KANEMBU CHIEF, . . . . .	<i>Rouargue,</i>	117
PLUNDERING A MUSGU VILLAGE, . . . . .	<i>Rouargue,</i>	120
MARKET AT SOKOTO, . . . . .	<i>Hadamard,</i>	121
FIRST APPROACH TO TIMBUCTU, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	129
FERRY ON THE NIGER OR SAY, . . . . .	<i>Rouargue,</i>	129
THE MOUNTAINS OF HOMBORI, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	180
SONGHAY VILLAGE, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	184
FIJIAN ISLANDERS, . . . . .	<i>G. Fath,</i>	152
FIJIAN TEMPLE, AND SCENE OF CANNIBALISM, . . . . .	<i>De Bar,</i>	153
STRANGERS' HOUSE, OR INN, IN FIJI ISLANDS, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	160
DANCE OF THE FIJIAN WARRIORS, . . . . .	<i>Gustave Doré,</i>	161
VIEW ON THE COAST OF VANUA LEVU, . . . . .	<i>De Bar,</i>	169
THAKOMBAU, KING OF THE FIJI ISLANDS, . . . . .	<i>G. Fath,</i>	170
LAST EGYPTIAN ESTABLISHMENT ON THE NILE, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	185
COUNTRY OF THE SHILUKA, UPPER NILE, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	192
BALANIYA, CAPITAL OF BARRI, UPPER NILE, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	193
TAIL OF THE NYAM NAM, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	200
PORT OF SUWAKIM, ON THE RED SEA, . . . . .	<i>Karl Girardet,</i>	201
FORD ON THE BLACK NILE, . . . . .	<i>Karl Girardet,</i>	208
VIEW ON THE ATBARAH, OR BLACK NILE, . . . . .	<i>Daubigny,</i>	213
PEAK OF TENERIFFE, . . . . .	<i>M. d'Haastrel,</i>	221
MONTE VIDEO IN URUGUAY, . . . . .	<i>M. d'Haastrel,</i>	225
POPE PIUS IX. ARRIVING AT BUENOS AYRES, . . . . .	<i>J. Duveau,</i>	229
CARAVAN IN THE PAMPAS, . . . . .	<i>J. Duveau,</i>	230
PREDATORY INDIANS OF THE PAMPAS, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	237
GRAND SQUARE AT SANTIAGO, . . . . .	<i>De Bérard,</i>	245
BAY OF ST ANN'S, COAST OF JAMAICA, . . . . .		

	DRAWN BY	PAGE
CAPE TIBURON, HAYTI, . . . . .	<i>De Bérard,</i>	247
STEAM-PACKET AND TUG-BOAT ON THE MISSISSIPPI, . . . . .	<i>De Bérard,</i>	253
PORT OF NEW ORLEANS, . . . . .	<i>De Bérard,</i>	256
BALIZE, MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI, . . . . .	<i>De Bérard,</i>	263
ISLAND OF MONTSERRAT, WEST INDIES, . . . . .	<i>De Bérard,</i>	267
SOUTH AUSTRALIAN NATIVES, . . . . .	<i>G. Fath,</i>	271
REMAINS OF AN AUSTRALIAN EXPLORER, . . . . .	<i>Gustave Doré,</i>	272
SCENE ON THE RIVER MURRAY, . . . . .	<i>Français,</i>	273
BATHURST PLAINS IN 1852, . . . . .	<i>Français,</i>	278
TRUNK OF AN EUCALYPTUS, . . . . .	<i>Karl Girardet,</i>	281
NATIVE AUSTRALIAN BURIAL-PLACE IN THE WOODS, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	288
VIRGIN FOREST, . . . . .	<i>Français,</i>	289
GRASS TREES, . . . . .	<i>Français,</i>	291
BLACKS UNDER CUNYAH, . . . . .	<i>Français,</i>	295
LYRE-BIRD, . . . . .	<i>Rouyer,</i>	298
NATIVES WITH SHIELD OF BARK OF EUCALYPTUS, . . . . .	<i>Riou,</i>	305
A NUGGET OF GOLD, . . . . .	<i>Rouyer,</i>	310
BUNYONG HILL, NEAR BALLARAT, . . . . .	<i>Riou,</i>	313
A SHEPHERD'S HUT, . . . . .	<i>Français,</i>	317
STOCK-KEEPER COLLECTING HIS HERDS, . . . . .	<i>Karl Girardet,</i>	320
A WOOL STORE AT GEELONG, . . . . .	<i>Karl Girardet,</i>	321
ADELAIDE, . . . . .	<i>Français,</i>	325
BRANDING CATTLE, . . . . .	<i>Rouyer,</i>	328
SHOOTING THE LYRE-BIRD—EUCALYPTI AND ARBORESCENT FERNS, . . . . .	<i>Karl Girardet,</i>	329
HUNTING KANGAROOS, . . . . .	<i>Karl Girardet,</i>	337
GOLD DIGGINGS AT OPHIR, . . . . .	<i>Rouyer,</i>	339
SYDNEY, . . . . .	<i>Karl Girardet,</i>	340
ISSUING LICENSES, . . . . .	<i>Karl Girardet,</i>	347
VIEW OF MELBOURNE, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	353
PORT OF MELBOURNE, . . . . .	<i>De Bérard,</i>	356
GOLD-WASHING AT BALLARAT, . . . . .	<i>De Bérard,</i>	357
VALLEY OF THE YARRA-YARRA, . . . . .	<i>Français,</i>	361
GOLD DIGGERS AT DINNER, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	366
A SQUATTER'S HEAD-QUARTERS, . . . . .	<i>Karl Girardet,</i>	369
POST-OFFICE, SOFALA, TURON RIVER, . . . . .	<i>Karl Girardet,</i>	375
REMOVING WOODS, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	376
GOLD ESCORT, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	383
RETURN OF THE DRAY, . . . . .	<i>De Bérard,</i>	384
CHILDREN CRADLING, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	388
GOLD-SEEKERS' GRAVES ON THE TURON, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	391
CASCADE AT GREENHILL CREEK, SOUTH ADELAIDE, . . . . .	<i>Français,</i>	392
MONUMENT TO LA PEROUSE, . . . . .	<i>Français,</i>	396
INN AT BOLKESJO, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	401
COSTUMES OF TELLEMARKE, . . . . .	<i>Pelcoq,</i>	408
VALLEY OF BOLKESJO, . . . . .	<i>Gustave Doré,</i>	409
COSTUMES AT HITTERDAL, . . . . .	<i>Pelcoq,</i>	417
WOMEN OF ROSENDAL, . . . . .	<i>De Saint-Blaise,</i>	421
ISLAND OF KRAGEBO, . . . . .	<i>De Saint-Blaise,</i>	424
FISH MARKET AT BERGEN, . . . . .	<i>De Saint-Blaise,</i>	425
A DESCENDANT OF THE OLD SEA KINGS, . . . . .	<i>De Saint-Blaise,</i>	429
COSTUMES OF HARDANGER, . . . . .	<i>De Saint-Blaise,</i>	432
FRAMNAES, . . . . .	<i>De Saint-Blaise,</i>	433
VALLEY OF VESTFIORDLA, . . . . .	<i>Gustave Doré,</i>	437
MARIA OF OPTUN, . . . . .	<i>De Saint-Blaise,</i>	439
CAMP OF SIORDALEN, . . . . .	<i>De Saint-Blaise,</i>	441
HOB-UNGERNE MOUNTAINS, . . . . .	<i>De Saint-Blaise,</i>	444
SIS FIORD, . . . . .	<i>De Saint-Blaise,</i>	445
BOY AND GIRL OF LAURGAARD, . . . . .	<i>De Saint-Blaise,</i>	449
FIORD OF GUDVANGEN, . . . . .	<i>Gustave Doré,</i>	452
WATERFALL AT OPTUN, . . . . .	<i>De Saint-Blaise,</i>	456
VALLEY OF THE HEIMDAL, . . . . .	<i>Gustave Doré,</i>	457
GIRLS OF CHRISTIANSUND, . . . . .	<i>De Saint-Blaise,</i>	461
BAKKE CHURCH, . . . . .	<i>Gustave Doré,</i>	468
TRIPOLI FROM THE INTERIOR, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	469
INTERIOR OF A HOUSE, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	476
STREET OF THE CONSULS, . . . . .	<i>Lancelot,</i>	481
HARBOUR OF TRIPOLI, . . . . .	<i>De Bérard,</i>	485
IRRIGATION WELL, . . . . .	<i>Hadamard,</i>	489

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

	DRAWN BY	PAGE
ARABS OF TRIPOLI, . . . . .	Hadamard, . .	494
TRIPOLITAN GARDENERS, . . . . .	Hadamard, . .	495
MOSQUE AT TAJURA, . . . . .	Lancelot, . .	502
NEGRO DANCE, . . . . .	Hadamard, . .	503
TOWN SLEDGE, . . . . .	M. Blanchard, .	505
CHRISTMAS TREE, . . . . .	M. Blanchard, .	512
ICE SLEDGES, . . . . .	M. Blanchard, .	512
COURT BALL, . . . . .	M. Blanchard, .	513
BLESSING THE WATERS, . . . . .	M. Blanchard, .	521
RUSSIAN MARRIAGE, . . . . .	M. Blanchard, .	529
TRAKTIR, OR PUBLIC HOUSE, . . . . .	M. Blanchard, .	531
PUBLIC BATHS, . . . . .	M. Blanchard, .	538
VIEW OF BEYRUT, . . . . .	Grandsire, . .	540
KANUBIN, THE MARONITE PATRIARCHATE, . . . . .	Lancelot, . .	541
MARONITE MAN AND WOMAN, . . . . .	Bida, . .	548
THE CEDARS OF LEBANON, . . . . .	Riou, . .	553
TRIPOLI IN SYRIA, . . . . .	Grandsire, . .	557
MARONITES OF ANTURA, . . . . .	Grandsire, . .	558
DRUSES AT DAR AL KAMAR, . . . . .	Grandsire, . .	565
GATEWAY OF ST. ANTONIO, . . . . .	Sabatier, . .	573
CANAL OF CHALCO, . . . . .	Sabatier, . .	577
MOUNT IZTACCHUALT—THE WHITE WOMAN, . . . . .	Sabatier, . .	582
PEAK OF POPOCATEPETL, FROM THE BRANCH OF TLAMACAS, . . . . .	Sabatier, . .	585
ALOES MAGNEY, . . . . .	Rouyer, . .	588
CRATER OF POPOCATEPETL, . . . . .	Sabatier, . .	591
PEAK OF ORIZAVA, . . . . .	Français, . .	592
CRATER OF ORIZAVA, . . . . .	Français, . .	596
ENGLISH ESTABLISHMENT IN NEW CALEDONIA, . . . . .	De Bérard, . .	598
NEW CALEDONIANS, . . . . .	Pelcoq, . .	601
PORT OF FRANCE, . . . . .	De Bérard, . .	609
VIANNA DO CASTELLO, . . . . .	Lancelot, . .	611
FESTIVAL OF LAPIR, . . . . .	M. de Bergue, .	617
BARCELLOS, . . . . .	Catenacci, . .	620
FISHERWOMEN OF OPORTO, . . . . .	Lefèvre Fils, .	625
OUR LADY OF THE OLIVE TREE, GUIMARAENS, . . . . .	Catenacci, . .	629
STREET OF THE ENGLISH AT OPORTO, . . . . .	Lancelot, . .	630
THE PRIEST'S TOWER, OPORTO, . . . . .	Lancelot, . .	637
THE EXCHANGE AT OPORTO, . . . . .	Catenacci, . .	644
VIEW OF OPORTO, . . . . .	Catenacci, . .	649
UNIVERSITY OF COIMBRA, . . . . .	Catenacci, . .	653
PORCH OF THE CASA DO CAPITULO, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	654
PORCH OF SANTA MARIA AT BELEM, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	657
CASTLE OF PENHA DA CINTRA, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	663
TOWER OF BELEM, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	665
MAFRA, . . . . .	Catenacci, . .	672
THE PIRÆUS, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	680
ATHENS, FROM THE ACROPOLIS, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	681
THE PROBILEA, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	689
TEMPLE OF THE WINGLESS VICTORY, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	693
THE PARTHENON, ATHENS, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	697
MUSIC THEATRE AT HERODES, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	704
THE AGORA OF ATHENS, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	705
MODERN ATHENIANS, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	713
SHEPHERDS NEAR ATHENS, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	717
FESTIVAL AT ATHENS, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	721
ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE, . . . . .	De Bérard, . .	725
ISLAND OF ST. THOMAS, . . . . .	De Bérard, . .	729
POINTE A PITRE, GUADALOUPE, . . . . .	De Bérard, . .	732
THE BERMUDAS, . . . . .	De Bérard, . .	733
SUGAR MILL AT GUADALOUPE, . . . . .	De Bérard, . .	737
PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD, . . . . .	De Bérard, . .	741
WATERFALL IN GUIANA, . . . . .	De Bérard, . .	745
BAY OF PANAMA, . . . . .	De Bérard, . .	753
GENERAL VIEW OF COPENHAGEN, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	757
CASTLE OF PLOEN, HOLSTEIN, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	760
KIEL, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	763
CHATEAU OF GLORUP, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	764
CHATEAU OF RYGAARD, . . . . .	Thérond, . .	764

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

	DRAWN BY	PAGE
CASTLE OF KRONBORG ON THE SOUND, . . . . .	<i>Thérond,</i>	769
ODENSE, CAPITAL OF FUNEN, . . . . .	<i>Thérond,</i>	773
SVENBORG, . . . . .	<i>Thérond,</i>	780
DIVECKE'S HOUSE, MARKET-PLACE OF AMAK, . . . . .	<i>Thérond,</i>	781
EXCHANGE AT COPENHAGEN, . . . . .	<i>Thérond,</i>	788
ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, ISLAND OF AMAK, . . . . .	<i>Thérond,</i>	789
ROUND TOWER, COPENHAGEN, . . . . .	<i>Thérond,</i>	796
CASTLE OF FREDERIKSBORG, . . . . .	<i>Thérond,</i>	801
CHATEAU OF ROSENBORG, . . . . .	<i>Thérond,</i>	805
TOWER, CASTLE OF FREDERIKSBORG, . . . . .	<i>Thérond,</i>	809

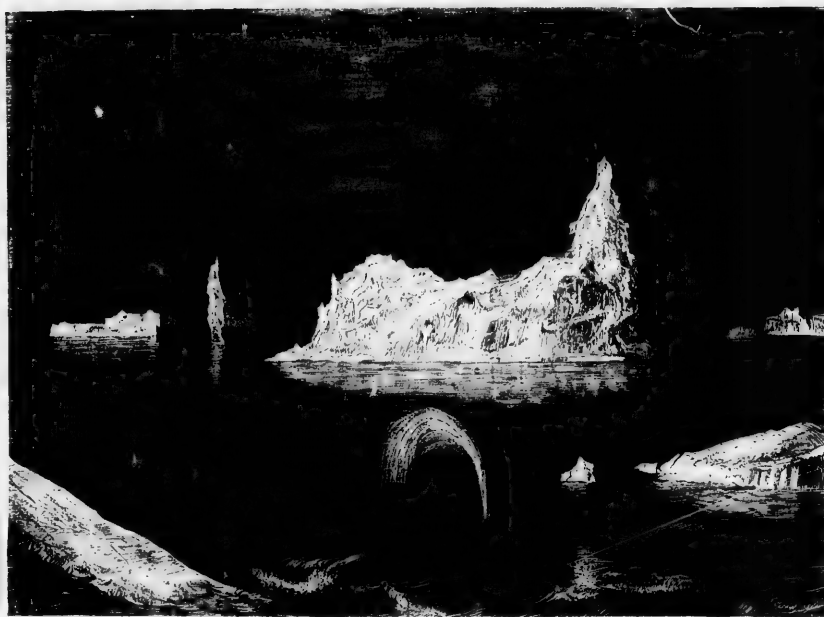
## MAPS.

CANADA, . . . . .	<i>to face</i>	1
PART OF UNITED STATES AND CANADA, . . . . .	"	8
CHART OF THE FIJI ISLANDS, . . . . .	"	145
AUSTRALIA, . . . . .	"	269
NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND DENMARK . . . . .	"	401
RUSSIA, . . . . .	"	503
SPAIN AND PORTUGAL, . . . . .	"	611
EUROPE, . . . . .	"	680

# ALL ROUND THE WORLD:

SECOND SERIES.

NORTH AMERICA.



ICEBERGS OFF NEWFOUNDLAND.

## I.

CROSSING THE OCEAN—AMONG THE ICEBERGS—HALIFAX—NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS—FISH-TRADE—NATIONAL WEAKNESSES—BOSTON—CURIOUS VEHICLES—AMERICAN HOTELS—COMMERCE—AGRICULTURE.

It was a fine morning in the month of June that I sailed from Liverpool in the *Canada* for Boston. The steamer, of giant proportions, and capable of accommodating a considerable number of passengers, still did not suffice for the number of applicants, and many had to stay behind and follow in another of the Cunard line of packets. No sooner were we launched out of Prince's Dock, than the current carried us rapidly down the Mersey, and out into the open sea. Here we encountered a rough gale, which for two days kept most of the passengers down below, and balloted us about off the coast of Ireland. In the Atlantic, however, we found the sea to be less turbulent, and its

VOL. II.

long heavy swell seemed to give impetus to our progress to Newfoundland.

The monotony of the voyage, as also of this ever-recurring vision of a boundless expanse of waters, was interrupted as we were nearing the renowned fishing-banks by the presence of icebergs, which in their long journey from the north had melted away into the most strange and picturesque forms. At times they rose out of the sea in the shape of tall and sharp-pointed obelisks, at others they still retained their pristine rounded massive shape, and were even clad with the light snow-drapery of the Arctic regions. But they were all more or less creviced, and the deep cuts in their sides reflected the same azure blue tints as are seen in the fissures of Alpine glaciers.

Columns of water were thrown up here and there among the icebergs to a height of some seven to ten yards above the surface of the sea. These, we soon found, denoted the presence of whales that had pro-

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PAGE  
769  
773  
780  
781  
788  
789  
796  
801  
805  
809

1  
8  
145  
269  
401  
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680



bably accompanied our icy neighbours in their journey from the north, and had been deceived by them into the belief that they were still in their native seas. Gradually a dense fog came over the stirring scene, and increased so in density that at last we could see nothing a few yards distance. The steamer was obliged, under these circumstances, to reduce its speed and proceed with the greatest caution. Not a person, even to the captain, but felt a certain amount of anxiety in thus navigating as it were in the dark, amid all these moving dangers. Needless to say that the sailors in the fore-castle kept so sharp a look-out that their sight seemed to cut the fog. Thanks to them we reached the next day in safety the harbour of Halifax, hollowed out amid wood-clad hills in the shape of a pumpkin, with a narrow neck and a full round base. Luckily we had taken a hasty sketch of an ice-scene on the Newfoundland banks before the fog came on and wrapped everything in obscurity, and we present it to our readers at page 1.

Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, is built in the form of an amphitheatre, upon the slope of a hill. As we emerged from the gloom through which we had been voyaging, the effect of the magnificent harbour before us was enchanting. Dark-green spruce forests, emitting a delicious balsamic perfume, clad the coasts which swelled into undulating hills in the distance, canopied by a sky of unclouded blue, and the bay was dotted with strange-looking boats. Presently we ran along a line of wharves covered with piles of cod-fish and barrels, until we came to our moorings, where all Halifax appeared to be assembled.

And now commenced a bewildering scene of confusion, from which I quickly escaped, being delighted to exchange the confinement of the ship for an hour's run on shore. Accompanied by some fellow-passengers, I rushed to the citadel, and then mounted the heights, from whence there is a glorious view. Every object wore a novel aspect. The trees were different, the houses unlike our own, the flowers new, and to make the change still more striking, tiny humming-birds flashed like streaks of golden light before us. These fairy visitants from distant Florida, which have hitherto defied captivity in Europe, made me forcibly aware I was now indeed far from home. Of Halifax there is but little to be said, and that little is truly and well related by "Sam Slick," who is familiar with the town which he thus describes:—"A few sizeable houses, with a proper sight of small ones, like half-a-dozen old hens with their brood of young chickens." Gallantry, however, ought to have prompted him to add that the girls are pretty, a fact well known by officers who have been quartered here. But the great living feature of the place are the troops of noble Newfoundland dogs, with huge bushy tails and shining black hair, which are met with in all parts of the town. They are principally fed on fish: here a dog, seeing there are annually exported from Halifax about 500,000 barrels and boxes of dried cod.

Soon, too soon, the signal gun summoned us on board again, where we found the decks encumbered with a chaotic heap of coals, ice, and lobsters. Another gun announced the arrival of the mail; the gangway was removed, and we steamed out of the harbour as the sun was sinking in a flood of golden and purple glory beneath the western wave.

The remainder of the voyage (560 miles) was most prosperous. The Bay of Fundy, which bears a terrible

reputation for its stormy waters, was, during our passage across it as smooth as a mirror; and thus, with the happy prospect of soon reaching our destination, even the most swallow-visioned among us wore a cheerful appearance. With the object, it is to be presumed, of exhibiting the extraordinary resources of the cuisine, our last dinner eclipsed all its predecessors in excellence and abundance. Salmon, as fresh as the day they were captured, appeared at the head of each table, and after an endless succession of dishes and *entremets*, wonderful artistic confectionary, displaying amicable relations between the United States and Great Britain, graced the board.

The intelligence that we should be in Boston by dawn brought me on deck in time to see the sun rise in crimson majesty, just as we were steaming into the outer harbour. Early as it was, nearly all the passengers were on the alert. A change had come over some of them which was almost ludicrous. The American ladies, with that sensitive regard for outward adornment which characterises them, had exchanged their sober sea-garments for robes of dazzling hues, in which, with bonnets of gaudy texture, and a superabundance of jewellery, they promenaded the deck. It seemed as if we had embarked a company of gaily-dressed ladies bound on a party of pleasure; for nothing could be greater than the contrast between our female friends as they had become familiar to us, and as they now appeared in their butterfly attire.

Compared with our bold western coasts, the eastern shores of America are very tame. Low land stretches as far as the eye can reach, skirted by small islands, between which lies the sinuous passage to Boston. Faithfully remembering the picturesque cliffs of the Emerald Isle, Mr. Weld relates on his first approaching the American coast, I confess I was considerably astonished by one of the patriotic Americans passing his arm through mine, and, pointing to the thin line of coast scarcely discernible from the sky, asking at the same time whether "that was not fine!" This large and rather unceremonious demand on my admiration perplexed me; for, unwilling on the one hand to offend, stepping on the threshold of his country, I was equally unprepared to assent to his proposition. Without compromising my regard for truth, I answered in a manner which I trusted would relieve me from all further questions of a like nature; but I was disappointed; and I do not exaggerate when I state there was scarcely an object on land or water I was not called upon to admire. This distressing pertinacity to worm from me praise when really, as it appeared to me, none was merited, recalled to mind a story told of a similarly exacting American, who, after sundry abortive attempts to exact admiration from Lord Metcalfe, who had just arrived in America during the winter season, exclaimed, "Well, I guess you'll allow that this is a clever body of snow for a young country."

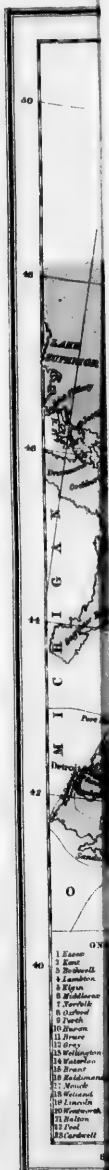
As winter was not in the ascendant at the time of my visit, there was no snow to be lauded; but I half expected, when my admiration hung fire, that my persecutor would have appealed to me whether the sun was not redder and hotter than in England—a proposition which would have gained my immediate assent. As it was, I fear my coldness was annoying, as, probably with the view of taking his revenge, he pointed to the sea on our starboard, informing me, with a triumphant tone, "There, sir, we threw

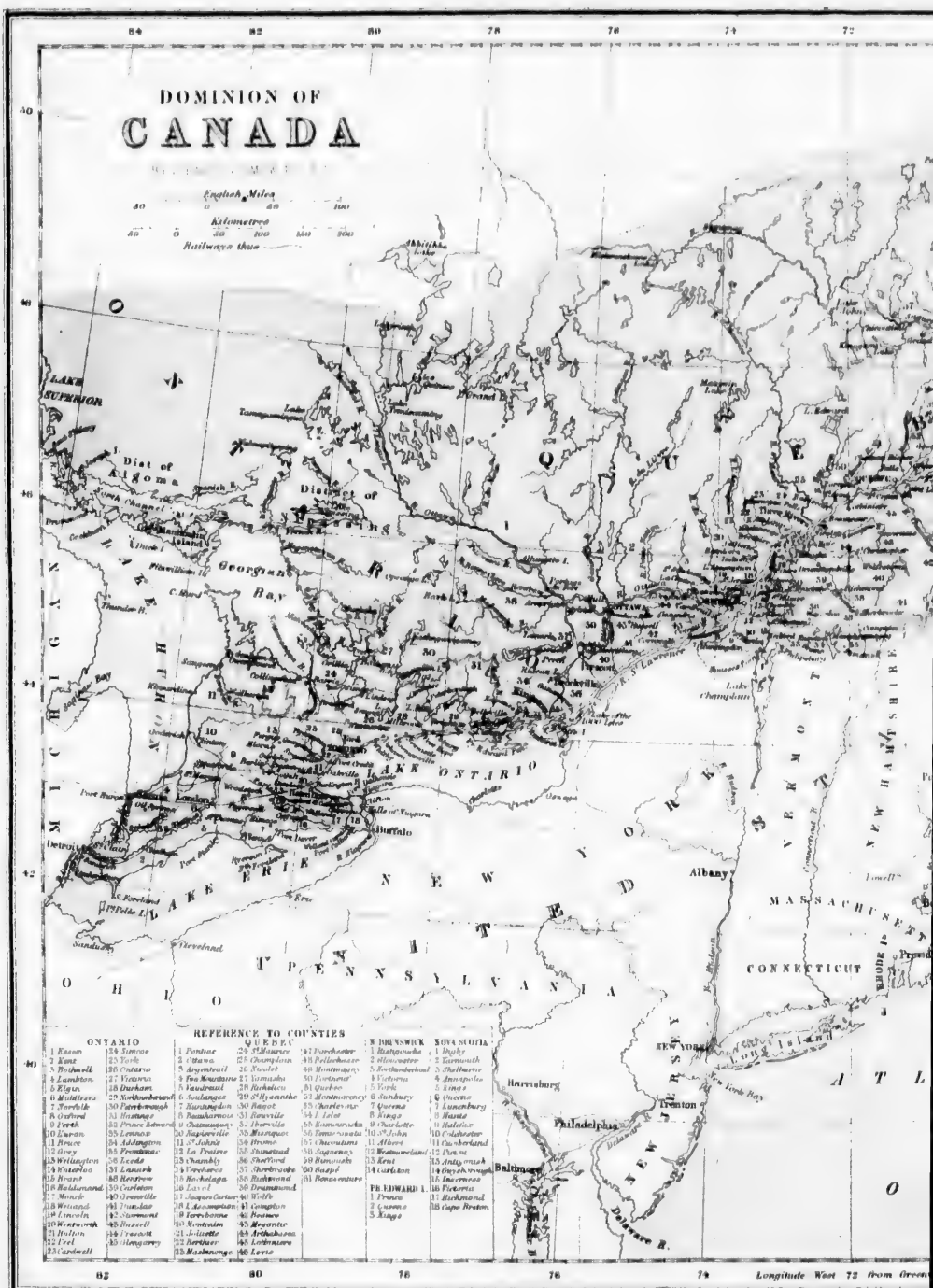
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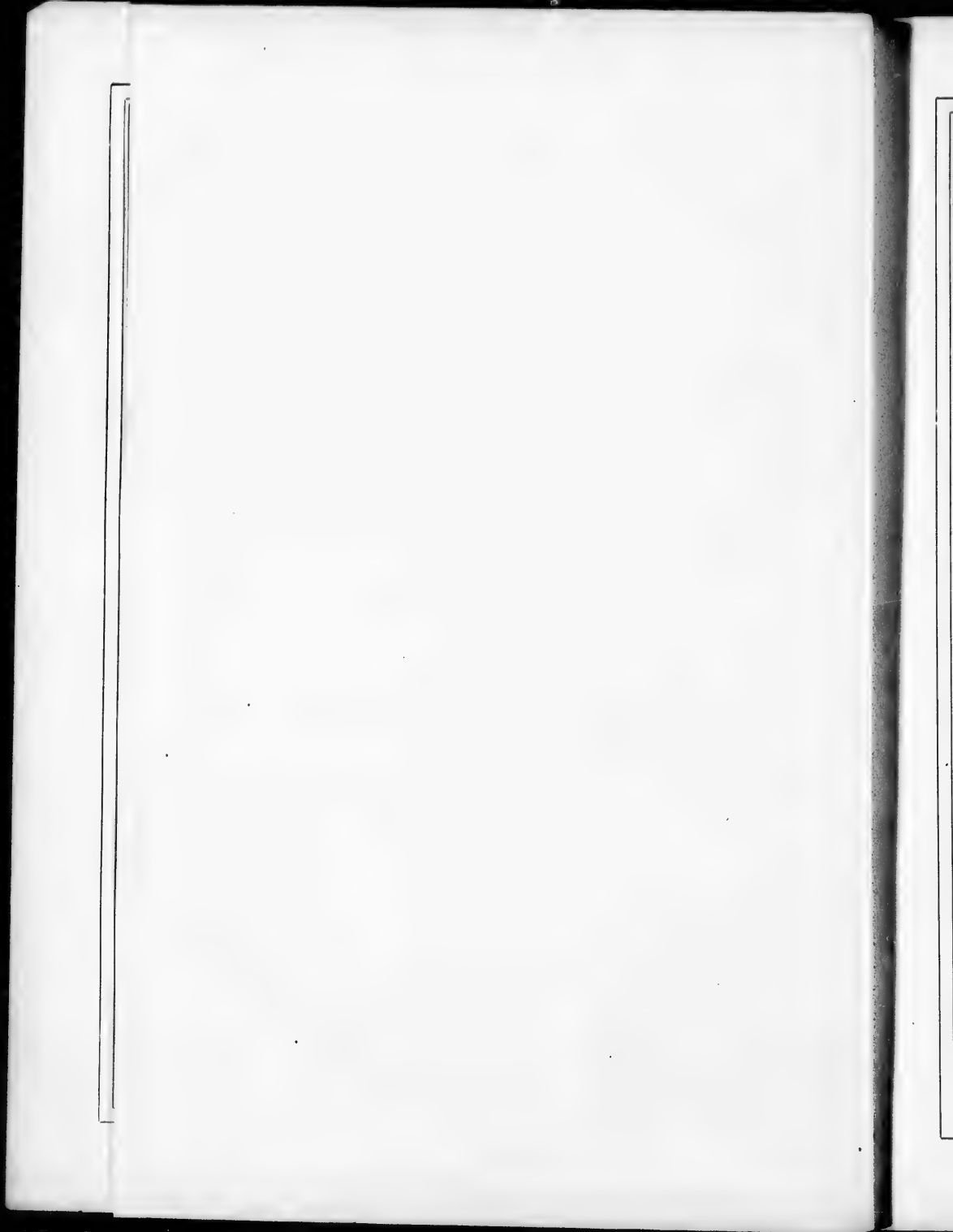
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in the tea ;" an act which, though perpetrated as far back as 1773, is remembered with great satisfaction by all patriotic Yankees ; and lest my knowledge of that transaction was insufficient to make me fully aware of the bold independence of the American character, the republican—still linked to my arm—raised his hand from the saline tea-pot, and drew my attention to a tall, chimney-like structure, crowning North Boston heights. Conceiving the object was attached to some large factory, I hazarded a remark to that effect, which elicited the exclamation, and with considerable warmth, "No, sir, that is the famous Bunker-hill monument, erected"—but I spare my readers the rest ; not that they would, I feel assured, wince under the announcement that the monument is a landmark of honourable American independence, but that they have had enough of little nation's weaknesses.

How long these would have been indulged in I know not ; but happily we were now fast approaching our destination. Small, gaily-painted craft, differing in their rig from our coasting vessels, danced lightly over the green waters, mingling here and there with noble ships arriving and departing.

The delicious purity of the atmosphere cast a charm over the scene, which increased in interest as we approached the pier. Early as was the hour, our guns, which had been fired on entering the harbour, attracted a crowd of persons to witness our arrival. After threading fleets of merchant ships, the engines rested from their labours at the landing-place of the Cunard steamers, which is at East Boston ; and as soon as the gangway was adjusted, I stepped on shore, thankful that, after many a long day-dream, I was at length in the United States.

Remembering the long voyage, the effects of which were manifest in the erratic motion of my legs, it was startling to hear English spoken on all sides. There were, however, some novel and strange features in the scene ; the strangest being a wonderful contrivance called a stage, slung on two enormous leather straps, which passed completely under it. The pannels were curiously carved and painted, and the interior ingeniously fitted—fixed, in Yankee phraseology—to contain nine persons seated on three cross-seats. The whole affair looked so antiquated, I thought it must have been imported from England in the days of our forefathers. There were several of these coaches waiting ; but before we could avail ourselves of their services, we had to pass the ordeal of the Custom House. This, thanks to excellent management, and great civility on the part of the officials, was an easy operation.

A baggage-entry certificate was placed in my hands, which I was directed to fill up ; and having solemnly, sincerely, and truly declared that my luggage consisted only of wearing apparel, it was at once passed. The words "So help me God," in large type, give the declaration a solemnity which, it is presumed, impresses travellers with proper awe, and may in some cases prevent them making a false declaration.

Now came a wonderful packing scene, which in my case terminated by finding myself in one of the aforesaid stages with eight Americans, with whom I drove to the Revere House, which enjoys—and justly—the reputation of being the best hotel in Boston.

Much as I had heard respecting American hotels, I confess the gigantic reality of the Revere House greatly exceeded my expectations. Before making

my toilette, I indulged in the luxury of a warm bath, which was ready at a moment's notice ; and, having dressed, I sought the eating saloon, a magnificent apartment, tastefully decorated with fresco paintings, where I enjoyed a breakfast, affording such abundant choice, that I transcribe the bill of fare as a specimen of the variety in the commissariat department of American hotels.

*Broiled*.—Beef steaks—pork steaks—mutton chops—calf's liver—sausages—ham—squabs. *Fried*.—Pig's feet—veal and mutton kidneys—sausages—tripe—salt pork—hashed meat. *Fish*.—Cod-fish with pork—fish balls—hashed fish—fresh salmon—broiled mackerel—broiled smoked salmon—Digby herring—halibut—perch with pork. *Eggs*.—Boiled—skinned—fried—scrambled—dropped. *Omelets*.—Plain, with parsley, onions and ham—kidneys—cheese. *Potatoes*.—Stewed—fried—baked. *Bread*.—Hot rolls—Graham rolls—Graham bread—brown bread—dry and dipped toast—hominy—fried Indian pudding—cracked wheat—corn cake—girdle cake. And for beverage, tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, and iced milk. Here, I think, it will be granted, is a choice of good things sufficient to puzzle the most determined gastronomist ; and if the articles which I did not taste were as good as those of which I partook, the most fastidious person could not find fault with the *cuisine* of Revere House.

Indeed, it is impossible to conceive a greater contrast than is presented by an English and an American hotel ; the first comparatively small, quiet, dingy, and expensive ; the latter vast, noisy, glaring, and, for the accommodation offered, moderate in charge ; for, taking into account that a guest is provided with three meals daily of infinite variety, a bedroom, and the use of handsome drawing and reading rooms, two and a-half dollars, or half-a-guinea a-day, including attendance, is clearly a moderate charge.

The interior economy of these large establishments is extremely curious. Those fond of studying human character would find abundant occupation without stirring from the hall, as from early morn until late at night there is a perpetual coming and going of all manner of people. This constant surging human tide, ebbing and flowing, in large waves through the entrance hall, is felt in even the most retired parts of the house. But what would be wearisome and harassing to an Englishman is apparently pleasant to our Transatlantic friends, who seem only in their element when in a noisy crowd. These huge establishments do duty as boarding-houses as well as hotels, large portions being devoted to families, who rent rooms by the year, month, or week, and take their meals at the public tables. For the accommodation of these guests, there are suites of apartments superbly furnished, designated the ladies' drawing-rooms, but to which gentlemen have easy access ; for the doors, in summer at least, are never closed. Here groups of ladies congregate, in wonderfully rich and gay dresses, reclining on damask-covered sofas, or lounging in the universal rocking-chair,—a few reading, or playing the piano, but the majority passing a *dolce far niente* kind of existence, which would be insupportable to the thrifty and domestic English wife. I had heard so much of the American bar-room, that I felt considerable curiosity to see one of these places. The bar attached to the Revere House is a large and handsome apartment, furnished with a number of easy chairs and loungers, having a counter across one end, on which stand

numerous bottles and decanters, containing the ingredients for the infinite variety of drinks patronised by Americans. It is worthy of remark that customers are allowed to help themselves to as much spirits as they please; and although this practice might be supposed to lead to excess, such a result is not the case; the consequence being, less is drunk at a sitting—or rather standing—though the bar is more frequently visited. Thus the interests of the proprietors of these dram shops are better served by their apparent liberality; and the Bostonians, in one respect at least, follow the advice contained in the distich—

"Solid men of Boston make no long orations;  
Solid men of Boston drink no strong potations."

The usual charge for a drink is a dime, or ten cents, equal to sixpence; and when it is remembered that the bar is frequented from morning till night, it may be imagined this department of the hotel is highly profitable.

Within a short distance of the bar, and generally on the same floor, is the barber's shop, without which no American hotel would be perfect. This apartment, conspicuous by a large barber's pole, gaily painted, over the door, is fitted with especial regard to the comfort of its *habitues*, comprising the majority of the male guests of the hotel, who are in the habit of submitting their faces and hair daily to the practised hands of black barbers. Reclining in velvet-covered chairs, with their feet on high seats, cushioned and covered with the same material, these luxurious Americans are operated on by the negroes in a most artistic manner; and a process which is generally unpleasant, if not positively painful, becomes, under their hands, easy and delightful.

Such are a few of the most striking features in American hotel life, as first seen by me at the Revere House; and while every provision is made to meet Jonathan's requirements, his go-ahead propensities are equally studied—a fact of which I had early experience. Before breakfast, I left a large bundle of linen in my room, with orders that it might be washed by the following day. Happening to return to my chamber in about a couple of hours, I found, to my infinite astonishment, all my linen, beautifully washed, on the bed; and on expressing surprise at the quickness with which the operation had been effected, I was assured it could have been equally well accomplished in fifteen minutes. This led me to cast a reproachful glance at my plethoric portmanteau, into which I had, with considerable thoughtfulness for clean linen comfort, stowed a dozen shirts, with other linen in like profusion. Why, when a wardrobe of dirty clothes can be converted into spotless purity in a few minutes, lying in bed while a shirt is washing is no hardship. And let it not be supposed my informant exaggerated. At a subsequent period of my travels, I had the curiosity to visit a laundry attached to a large hotel, for the purpose of seeing how this magic-like ablution is performed. The secret consists in using a variety of ingenious contrivances, and employing numerous girls, who have each a part to perform; so that a shirt which begins its rapid journey in a state of deep mourning, speedily assumes a lighter complexion, and emerges from the hands of the active maidens and machines in a few minutes, fit to do duty in a Saratoga ball-room. This, as the Yankees say, "is a fact;" and it is equally true that the charge for this rapid washing

is a dollar per dozen articles, which is not reduced if a slower process be adopted.

Impatience to see the New-World city in which I had landed forbade my remaining longer in my hotel; and, accordingly, provided with my letters of introduction, I started to explore the town, particularly interesting to an Englishman, it having been founded by those sturdy Puritans who went forth from their fatherland bearing the flag of civil and religious liberty. I emerged on the common—a large open space planted with trees, surrounded on three sides by some of the best private dwelling-houses of the citizens. A great charm is given to these residences—which happily not smoke-canopied—by the rich-hued flowers of the creepers mantling the walls, and graceful acacias, silver maples, sumachs, and other trees which cast a graceful shade before the doors. It is worthy of remark that the public seats in the park are covered with sheet-iron, to preserve them from the whitening propensities common in the States. At the upper end of the common is the State House, from the summit of which I enjoyed a glorious panoramic view of Boston; and in order that this varied and really fine scene may duly impress American visitors, an inscription meets the eye, enumerating various important national events and acts, not omitting the drowning of the tea, and concluding with these words:

"Americans, while from this eminence scenes of luxuriant fertility, of flourishing commerce, and the abodes of social happiness meet your view, forget not those who, by their exertions, have secured to you these blessings."

Descending the slope on which Boston is built, I came to the business part of the city, and found in Washington Street nearly as much bustle as exists in one of our great London arteries. The omnibuses are particularly striking, from their gay decorations and the absence of conductors, whose functions are performed by the driver. He has full command over the door by means of a leather strap, buckled to his right leg; serving at the same time as a check-strap. He feels a tug—the strap is slackened—the door opens—and the passenger, handing up the fare through a hole in the roof, alights and goes his way. Thus the services of a conductor are dispensed with; and in the case of private carriages driven by their owners, who are rarely accompanied by a servant, I observed when the carriage stopped the horse was anchored by a leather strap to a leaden weight placed on the *trottoir*. Continuing my explorations, I came to the streets adjoining the wharves, fringed by stately ships and numerous smaller craft. These streets are lined by huge warehouses, the majority of which contain piles of boots and shoes. The feverish pulse of commerce throbs in every vein of this part of Boston, which was literally encumbered by bales and boxes to such a degree, as to render passage through them extremely difficult. On my way back I visited Faneuil Hall, celebrated as the meeting-place of democrats; and the adjoining market-house, where the various edibles, instead of being exposed to view, repose in enviable coolness in large boxes filled with ice.

I now delivered my letters of introduction, which called forth an amount of hospitality that made my sojourn at Boston highly instructive and agreeable.

I was indebted to Mr. Brown, the head of the celebrated publishing house, for a most agreeable day spent at his beautiful country seat, about ten miles



from Boston. On our way we visited Fresh Pond, a lovely sheet of water, which in our little island would rank as a lake. The water rising from springs of crystalline purity, changes under the magic hand of frost to ice of exquisite transparency. Vast store-houses, to contain this luxury, constructed of double wooden walls lined with tan, are built on the shores, some of which are still full of ice.

The ice-crop has become an immense article of commerce in the United States. Boston is the great seat of the ice-trade—all the lakes and ponds near the city being put under requisition to meet the consumption; which, however, is so great and increasing, that additional lakes are in course of formation. It is necessary to live in an American summer temperature to appreciate the luxury, or necessity rather, of ice. Throughout the States it is as common as water. Walking through Boston at six in the morning, I saw a large block dropped at every door. Four dollars is paid for a regular daily supply of ice during the five summer months. Besides the consumption for domestic purposes, vast quantities are used for preserving provisions, the price being only 16 cents for 100 lbs. Before the great ice-commerce had been established, much inconvenience was felt by the serious obstructions occasioned by the sawdust cast into rivers, as rubbish, from the saw-mills. Now, sawdust being found the very best preservative of ice, there is a constant demand for it, and the rivers are, consequently, no longer obstructed.

After an early dinner, at which I was introduced to the delicious Catawba champagne grown in Ohio. Mr. Brown drove me through his farms—among the most productive in the neighbourhood of Boston. The usual crops are corn, hay, carrots, pumpkins, apples, besides cheese and butter. Land which, ten years ago, was only worth £40 per acre, is now worth £200, and is annually increasing in value. The pay of labourers is a dollar and a quarter per day. The absence of trim hedges strikes the eye accustomed to them in England. The buckthorn (*communis spectabilis*) partly supplies the want; and when planted close, is, by its terrible armour of thorns, an effectual barrier against trespassers. The primeval forest has disappeared in this locality, but the distant hills are still clothed with ancient trees, and only twenty years have elapsed since a wild turkey was shot in the neighbourhood of Mr. Brown's house.

Having made a considerable circuit, I found myself in the evening seated under the verandah of a charming house, inhabited by a relation of Mr. Brown, with a large family gathering round an *al fresco* tea, at which a great variety of American fruits and preserves were handed round. The scene reminded me of Italy; and the illusion was strengthened by the balmy atmosphere, a sunset of great glory, and fire-flies which played round us as we drove back to Mr. Brown's house at a late hour of the night.

## II.

NAHANT—LONGFELLOW AND AGASSIZ—SALEM—MANUFACTURE OF BOOTS AND SHOES—MR. PERSCOTT—LAURA BRIDGMAN—LOWELL—THE "YOUNG LADIES"—LAURENCE—MOUNT AUBURN—SCHOOL.

THE following morning I returned to Boston, and embarked on board a steamer for Nahant, a fashionable watering-place about eight miles from the city,

much resorted to by the Bostonians. The object of this excursion was to spend the day with Mr. Longfellow, who had kindly invited me to his summer residence.

On this occasion I was introduced to an American coasting and river steamer. Built as lightly as possible, the engine, working partly above deck, impels these boats about eighteen miles an hour. The saloons, of which there are always two, are very elegantly furnished; that devoted to the ladies abounding with every kind of luxurious seat. In strange contrast with this expensive refinement, is the closely-packed store of life-preservers, which, like the skeleton in the Egyptian banquet-halls, reminds one of death. These life-preservers, which the law compels every steamer to carry, are placed in an accessible part of the ship, and, as newspapers inform us, are unfortunately in frequent requisition. Indeed, so common are boiler explosions on board American steamers on the western waters, that it is customary for experienced passengers to assemble in the after part of the ship when the engines are started, as it is generally at that moment boilers give way.

Nahant is a singular-looking place, consisting of a long and narrow rocky tongue projecting into the blue waters of the Atlantic. It is dotted by small cottages, built in utter defiance of all æsthetic architectural principles, surrounded by tiny inclosures of sward, and carries at its extremity an hotel of such gigantic proportions, as at first sight to give rise to the idea that the superincumbent weight must submerge the peninsula. In one of these cottages, somewhat less ugly than its neighbours, I found Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow, and received from them a welcome corresponding in every way to their reputation for affability and hospitality. Seldom, indeed, have I met with any person possessing a greater power of making the stranger feel at home than this celebrated poet. Accompanied by him I called on Professor Agassiz, to whom I had a letter of introduction from my friend Professor Owen. This visit was highly agreeable and instructive; for we found the eminent Professor at work on his embryological investigations, which have occupied his time during the last fifteen years. His position is admirably adapted for these interesting researches, as the disposition of the rocks provides him, at low water, with an infinite number of *aquaria*, abounding with marine animals. During the summer months, the Professor, who holds a chair in Harvard University, where he habitually resides, devotes his time to this favourite branch of natural history—having, at his father-in-law's cottage at Nahant every facility for the study. Nahant also presents a rich field to the geologist. I remember with much pleasure a walk along the cliffs with Mr. Longfellow and Professor Agassiz, during which the latter drew my attention to the curious geological features of the place, and particularly to the rocks of hornblende and aenite, traversed by veins of greenstone and basalt, exhibiting polished grooves and furrows, indicative of glacial action.

After an early dinner (our Transatlantic cousins have the good sense to abjure supper-hour dinners), Mr. Longfellow drove me with his wife to Lynn and Salem, about eight miles distant on the coast, famous for the prodigious number of boots and shoes manufactured by their industrious population.

The scenery of the Lynn coast reminded me strongly



of that in Lincolnshire. Vast reaches of ribbed sand are covered by sea-weed—

"Ever drifting, drifting, drifting,  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main;  
Till in sheltered coves and reaches  
Of sandy beaches,  
Here has found repose again."

Marine villas occupy every desirable locality along the coast. One of these belongs to Mr. Prescott, the historian, with whom we spent the evening. Our conversation soon took a literary turn, principally in relation to the vexed question of copyright; and it so happened, while we were deep in argument, Mr. Prescott received letters from England, informing him that the decision of the House of Lords being adverse to a foreigner possessing copyright in England, his bargain with a London publisher for a new historical work, for which he was to have been paid £6,000, had become void. Some men would have exhibited disappointment at this reverse of fortune; whatever Mr. Prescott may have felt, it is due to him to state his kind manner underwent no change on the receipt of the intelligence. The reader will be gratified to know that, although the eyesight of this eminent historian is dim, he can yet see sufficiently to write with the aid of a frame. It was late when we returned to Nahant, and later when I arrived at the large hotel, where I had secured a bed. Here I had an opportunity of seeing the Bostonians to great advantage. Accompanied by Mr. Longfellow's brother-in-law, I visited the drawing-rooms—superbly furnished apartments—where some 200 ladies and gentlemen were assembled. The change was startling. A few minutes before I had been creeping, through the dark night, along the edge of the rugged cliffs, and now I was in the midst of a gay ball, which had this peculiarity, that while the ladies, who were young and pretty, were dressed as assuredly only American ladies dress, the men, for the most part, were attired in morning garments. The saloons were brilliantly illuminated; and some idea of the scale and economy of these American hotels may be formed from the fact that gas is specially manufactured for Nahant House, and laid on in every bed-room.

While an excellent band set many feet in motion, the outer galleries were occupied by parties, including numerous couples, who, by their demeanour, showed these convenient localities are not inappropriately named "*the flirtation galleries*." I was greatly amused, the following morning, observing the ladies bathing; for as they are attired for the double purpose, as I presume, of bathing and being seen, there is no impropriety whatever in looking at the fair creatures in the water. The garments worn on these occasions are of the gayest colours, consisting of a Bloomer kind of costume, in which the upper part contrasts strongly with the lower. The head is generally surmounted by a quaintly-shaped white cap, which seems to have made a deep impression on the author of a poem on Nahant, who says—

"Still where the sea beats on the shore,  
I sit and drink its music in—  
The music of its thunder-voes,  
And watch the white caps swirling o'er,  
The blue waves restless evermore."

In truth it is a strange scene; and does not abate in interest when the ladies emerge from the water, in their gaudy costumes, exhibiting trousers of all colours,

and countless pairs of little white feet twinkling on the sand. This early bathing must be as conducive to health as it is to an exhilaration of spirits; for during my travels I saw no ladies with such glowing complexions as those at Nahant. In the words of an American enthusiast, "They come down to breakfast after their bath, freshened up, looking as sweet and dewy as an avalanche of roses."

The tourist, not pressed for time, may spend a few days most pleasantly at Nahant. From its position, it is constantly fanned by cool sea-breezes, which modify the great summer heats. Inclination prompted me to remain another day, particularly as I received a pressing invitation to dine with Mr. Prescott. My plans, however, obliged me to return to Boston, where I had yet to see some celebrities. Among these were Laura Bridgman, and that nearly equal wonder, Oliver Caswell. The asylum for the blind, where the triumph of educating these persons has been achieved, is about two miles from Boston. I found Laura and her companion seated on a sofa, conversing with a rapidity perfectly bewildering, the process being carried on by simply pressing the fingers on the palm of the hand. Laura, who is now twenty-six years of age, manifests so high an amount of intellectuality that considerable apprehension is entertained respecting her health, which is not very good. Her frame is slight, and when excited during conversation the convulsive twitches of the muscles in her forehead are most painful to witness. Strong exercise tends to tranquillise her, and fortunately she is not unwilling to walk several hours daily. She purposes writing her life. The dawnings of intellectual consciousness will doubtless form a singular psychological feature. The task of educating Oliver Caswell, who is younger than Laura, was very arduous. The latter is far quicker; as an instance of which she wrote her name in my note-book in half the time occupied by Oliver in the same operation.

Furnished with letters from Mr. Abbott Lawrence, I visited Lowell, famous for its factories belonging to a corporation, and for its factory girls, better known by the more elegant title of the "young ladies" of Lowell. About an hour's railway drive brought me to that phenomenon to an Englishman, a smokeless factory town canopied by an Italian sky. Here water, pure, sparkling, and mighty in strength, from the Merrimac river, does the duty of steam-engines, driving huge wheels and turbines attached to enormous factories. To describe these is unnecessary, as they differ but little in their internal economy from those in our manufacturing districts. There are eight manufacturing corporations and thirty-five mills, which produce 2,139,000 yards of piece-goods weekly, consisting of sheetings, shirtings, drillings, and printing cloths. These are fully equal in quality to similar goods manufactured in England. Not being in the trade, the "young ladies" interested me more than the spinning-jennies or looms; and before I had gone through one mill, I was ready to admit that the difference between a Manchester factory girl and a Lowell "young lady," is great indeed. The latter is generally good-looking, often pretty, dresses fashionably, wears her hair à l'impératrice or à la Chinoise, and takes delight in finery, and flowers, which give a gay appearance to the factory-rooms. But it would be unfair to institute a comparison between the Manchester and Lowell factory girl; as the former is born in that hard school where work is a life-long taskmaster, while the latter is gene-

rally the daughter or relative of a substantial farmer, who enters the mills for the purpose of gaining a little independence, and seldom remains there more than a few years. Thus the employment takes higher rank than with us, and the "young ladies" live in a manner that would greatly astonish an English factory girl. Requesting permission to see one of the Lowell boarding-houses, where the "young ladies" reside, I was directed to the establishment usually shown to visitors, but conceiving it desirable to step aside from the beaten track, I knocked at the door of a different house. The residences of the "young ladies" are excellent, forming rows separated by wide streets, shaded by a profusion of trees, and bright with flowers. My request to be permitted to see the house did not meet with ready assent. After some parley with the servant, the mistress appeared, and made particular inquiries respecting the object of my visit, adding, it was not her custom to show her house to strangers. This made me the more desirous of gaining admission; and having succeeded in satisfying the lady I was merely a curious Englishman, she allowed me to enter, and took great pains in showing me her establishment, assuring me had she been aware of my visit she would have put her house in order. But it needed no preparation to convince me the "young ladies" are admirably provided for. A large sitting-room occupied a considerable portion of the basement floor, beyond which was the refectory; above were airy bed-rooms, well furnished, containing from two to four beds. The provisions, which my conductress insisted I should taste, were excellent; and when I add the "young ladies" are waited on, and have their clothes washed, with the exception of their faces, &c., which they prefer washing themselves, it will be seen they are very comfortable. For their board and lodging they pay six dollars a month, one-sixth of which is paid by the corporation; and as their average earnings are about three and a-half dollars a week, it is evident that, if not extravagant in their dress, they have it in their power to save a considerable sum yearly. But I fear, from the number of gay bonnets, parasols, and dresses which I saw in the "young ladies'" apartments, a large proportion of the weekly wages is spent on these objects. At the same time it is right to add that the strictest propriety reigns throughout their community, comprising 1,870 females; and it was gratifying to hear that, although the famous *Lowell Offering* periodical has been discontinued, the books borrowed from the town library, for the use of which half a dollar is paid yearly, are of a healthy literary nature. The total number of operatives at Lowell when I visited it was nearly 10,000, and their savings invested in the bank of deposit 1,104,000 dollars.

Among the lovely resting-places of the dead, Mount Auburn, near Boston, eminently merits mention. On my way to it I visited Harvard University at Cambridge, and Longfellow's house,—historically interesting, as having been the residence of Washington in 1775, when he commanded the American army. The drive to Mount Auburn is peculiarly English: fine elm-trees, two centuries old, cast their graceful branches across the road; and villas, with trim gardens and lawns, carry thoughts back to the old country. The cemetery, about 800 acres in extent, is remarkable for the picturesque disposition of the ground and variety of trees: unhappily, however, man has greatly marred these beauties by the frightful monuments, crotaphs,

and obelisks raised over the tombs—sufficient to convict the American nation of being, as yet, sadly ignorant of artistic taste. It was really a relief to turn from these wretched productions into the cool glades, where lovely flowers blossomed beneath the shade of cedars and cypresses, peopled by shrill cicadas. Had the monuments been less painful to the eye I should have dwelt longer among them; for some stand upon ground occupied by the remains of men of whom America has reason to be proud.

Nearly in the centre of the cemetery, and on the summit of a mount, rises a tower, commanding a fine panoramic view, from which the silent abode of death wears a beautiful appearance, for the repulsive monuments are shrouded by the thick woods. Undulating country, dotted by flourishing villages, stretches far to the west; gleaming lakes, which produce the famous ice-crop, lying in the richly-wooded hollows; while on the east, Boston, with its wide-spreading suburbs, and its restless tide of human life, extends to the verge of the cemetery within which the weary are at rest. Gazing on this picture, flooded by the golden light of the setting sun, thought recurred to that period, not far distant, when the country fringing the Atlantic, where now mighty cities throb with the energy of millions, was little better than a trackless wilderness.

All the establishments in this city are on a very extensive scale. The educational institutions are models of excellence. The reproach which long attached to Boston, with respect to its poor theatre, is now removed by the erection of a magnificent structure, capable of containing 4000 persons. To the numerous literary institutions already existing in Boston, a public library has recently been added, which is supported by city funds. The establishment is free to all inhabitants of Boston above sixteen years of age, who are permitted to take books from the library for home use. This great privilege is duly valued.

There is a direct railway communication from Boston to New York by Newhaven, but, owing to the advantages presented to me of a passage by steamboat with some friends, I preferred the latter, and had thus the great advantage of approaching the empire city from the sea, and as it first burst into view after passing between Staten and Long Islands.

### III.

ASPECT OF NEW YORK ON ENTERING THE HARBOUR.—SITUATION, EXTENT, POPULATION, STREETS, HOUSES, AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.—STATE OF NEW YORK.—RELIGIOUS DISPOSITIONS.—LITERATURE AND ARTS.—BROOKLYN—NAVY YARD.

NEW YORK was originally called New Amsterdam, being first settled by the Dutch. On approaching this city from the Atlantic up the East River, from which only a true impression of the character of its position can be obtained, a scene of commercial bustle presents itself somewhat similar to that on the Thames towards London.

The first objects of attraction to a stranger, as the vessel moves forward up the stream, are the high lands of Nevisink, on a conspicuous part of which stand two light-houses marking the entrance to the harbour. The writer describes the scene as it presented itself to him personally as a voyager some years since, in company with some other passengers.

Before us lay Staten Island, with its snow-white

houses scarcely distinguishable through the dark mist that then spread over land and water. On the right stretched Long Island, green and verdant.

The narrows were next approached, situated between the upper and lower bay of the great American capital, the pass strongly defended by batteries; the sloping shores on either side disclosing scattered villas, reminding the spectator of the river scenery on the banks of the Isis or the Clyde. The bay opened out magnificently, bounded on the right by Long Island, and on the left by Staten Island and New Jersey, altogether presenting a most beautiful picture; the hills of the finely undulating country covered with wood, agreeably interspersed with villas and cottages, smiling in all the charms of the cultivated landscape. Beyond, appeared

the delta of Manhattan Island, though, from the mist and rain, almost undistinguishable; as also several small islands—Blackwell's, Bedloe's, and Governor's. The latter chiefly attracted attention by its formidable batteries—Fort Columbus and Castle William—and its beautifully cultivated appearance. The city lay looming in the distance, very imposing in its outline as the mist gradually cleared away; while in its whole extent, as far as the eye could scan along the north and east rivers, by which it is almost environed, displayed a forest of masts. Long Island stretched away far onwards on our right. This island is the largest in the States, and is separated from the mainland by Long Island Sound; its western end approaching New York. It is about one hundred and forty miles in length and ten in width.



FALLS OF THE PASSAIC.

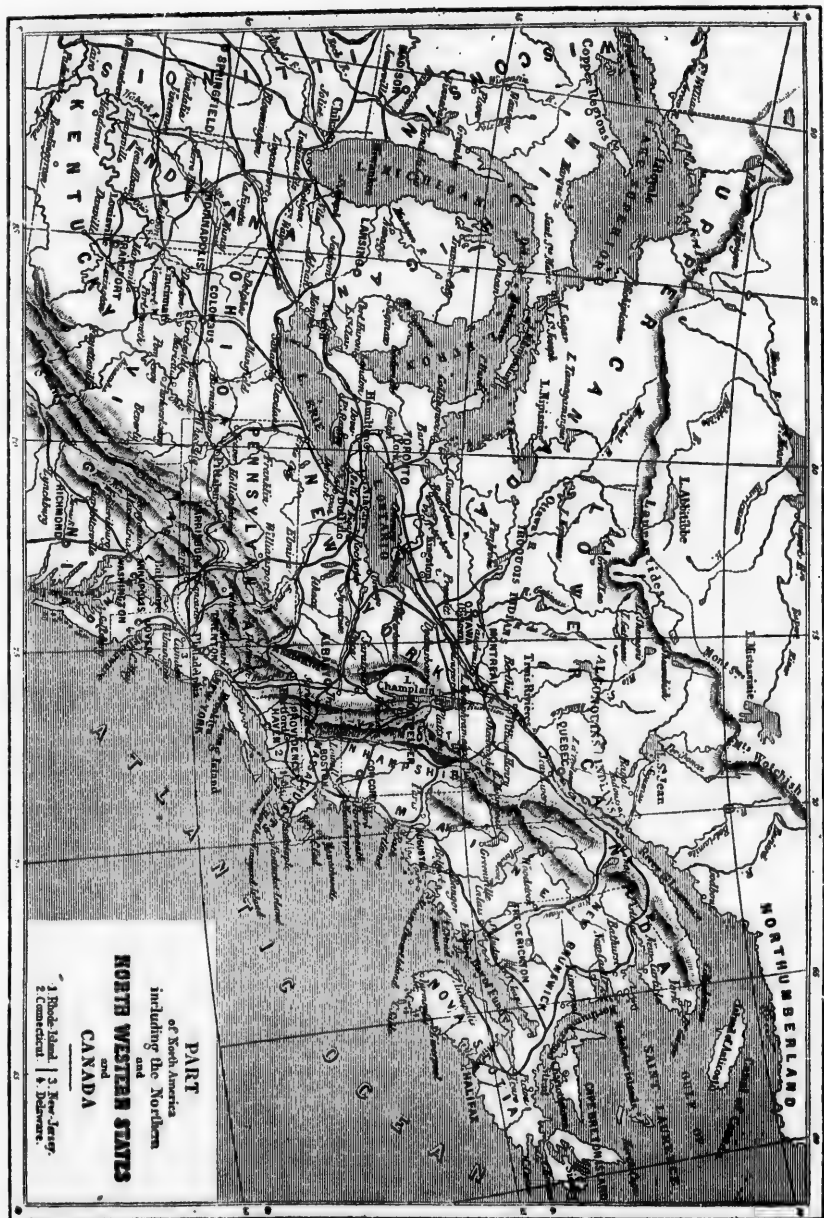
The land is in general low and level, with the exception of a few hills, viz, the landmark of Montuok, on which stands a lighthouse, and Hempstead, at its eastern extremity—the latter of which is three hundred and nineteen feet above the sea level. It is thickly populated, and, in conjunction with the surrounding scenery, presented a beautiful appearance from the deck of the vessel.

We soon anchored in the broad stream before the city, amidst a vast concourse of shipping, bearing the flags of almost all nations, and the most abundant evidences of bustle and activity. Steamboats and craft of all descriptions traversing the harbour—the creaking of machinery—the loud voices both on the river and from the shore—all indicated the presence of a vast commercial capital.

New York, the "Empire City," which is situated ninety miles north-east of Philadelphia, and two hundred and ten miles from Boston, stands on the southern extremity of Manhattan Island, which is thirteen and a half miles long, and about one and a half or two miles in medial breadth, enlarging in width as it recedes from the apex of the triangle, which is formed by the confluence of the two great streams before mentioned, called the North, or Hudson, and East Rivers bounding it on the east and west; and which, rising westward, fall into the Atlantic Ocean—the view terminating by the beautifully wooded shore of New Jersey. New York, however, is not exactly an island, though divided by the strait called Harlem River, which crosses from the East River to the Hudson. Whilst New York itself may, as a whole, be considered def-

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cient in pictorial beauty as compared with many seaports in Europe, arising from the limited extent of the island or peninsula on which it stands, and the consequent absence of villas, yet the entire landscape it adorns probably transcends anything seen on so extensive a scale, and in the beautiful proportions of its different features; moreover, it is, perhaps, without a rival as to its situation for commerce.

In no season of the year can there be any obstruction to its communication with the ocean; and with the magnificent Hudson stretching nearly two hundred miles into the interior of a fertile country, its natural advantages are unparalleled. It is impossible to conceive of a finer site for a great mercantile city than that occupied by New York—a tongue of land jutting forth into deep water, and protected by the curved point and islands which form its bay. It therefore presents such facilities for commercial purposes as the whole world cannot rival. This city, indeed, has been compared to a large hotel, or caravanserai for the world.

The traffic of New York is immense, both by sea and canals and railroads. The latter penetrate to the very centre of the city, the cars being drawn by horses from the stations in the environs where the locomotive is detached, and run along the causeway. But New York is not merely a commercial emporium, she is largely engaged in manufactures of various kinds.

Constantly stimulated by the current of commerce ever flowing through these channels, business knows no rest and no termination. The mighty advancement of New York during the last ten years distances all that ever happened in the progress of a city; and considering its natural advantages and the commercial facilities to which enterprise and art have added, it is impossible to conceive how great a city and port it may become.

The police arrangements of this city are represented as being very imperfect. Nor can the State Legislature, nor the corporation, be complimented on their administration of its civil affairs in general. The admirable order and efficiency of the fire brigade is, on the contrary, the subject of universal commendation.

The province of which New York city is the capital, is three hundred miles from north to south, and three hundred and fifty miles from east to west. Its area is 55,000 square miles. It is said by another authority to be, exclusive of Long Island, about four hundred and eight miles long; but including that island, about four hundred and eighty, and in breadth from north to south, about three hundred and ten miles, the whole including a superficial area of 46,085 square miles. The population of the city and suburbs, in 1855, was 1,104,498.

On the west side of the city, as already stated, flows the North, and on the east, the East River. The latter is about a mile wide, dividing New York from Long Island. The entrance to the harbour lies between Sandy Hook, on which stands a light of great brilliancy, and a part of Lind Island on the north. At a distance to the northward of this there are also two beacons, which are illuminated, called the "False Hook Lights," serving as low lights to shipping in the night. The highlands of Nevisink are at the entrance of the harbour on the south side. At a distance, they appear like an island, nearly level on the summit, with the exception of some irregular elevations, and rise from about two or three hundred feet above the sea. Fort Diamond and Governor's Island are, as already intimated, at the

entrance of the Narrows, situated between Long and Staten Islands, on the eastern shore. The latter island contains a battery that defends the pass to the city, surrounded by grounds of considerable extent, designated "The Castle Gardens," intersected by walks, shaded and ornamented with shrubs, trees, and flowers, for the recreation of the citizens. The battery itself is about fifty yards from the shore, and is approached by a substantial bridge. The gardens are often used for public entertainments, and are fitted up during the summer season for displays of fireworks—an object of great attraction—and on such occasions they are thronged with visitors.

Broadway is the principal street of the city, and is one of the finest in the world. It is eighty feet wide, commencing at the Battery, and extending in an unbroken line the whole length of the city—a distance of nearly three miles—along which omnibuses ply as they do in London. Here in this street, and towards its southern extremity in particular, the interest and attraction of the city seem to centre. It is the Fleet-street and Strand of the first city of the New World.

The houses in New York are good, many of them elegant, and present a different and more unique appearance than in the cities and provincial towns in England, as they are seldom intermixed with those of an inferior description.

The city, however, not without its contrasts of poverty and riches, beauty and deformity, though not to the same extent as in European cities. The St. Giles's of the Empire City is the district named "Five Points," so designated from five narrow, filthy streets diverging from one place, where the lowest and most depraved of the population have their abode.

The dwellings possessed by the more wealthy citizens are generally of brick, sometimes of brown sandstone, others of brick faced with stone or marble—those in the Fifth Avenue are superb. Their interiors are very similar to the residences of the same class in England. The dining and drawing-rooms are almost uniformly on the ground floor, and are made, in numerous instances, to communicate with each other by folding doors, which, on any occasion of entertainment or necessity, are thrown open for convenience. Superiority or splendour of furniture is not one of those adjuncts of wealth and station which the Americans in general take pride in displaying. Hence drawing-rooms are mostly more primitive in their appearance and appliances than those of the more opulent classes in England.

In about the centre of Broadway, and about half a mile from the Battery, stand the City Hall, the Merchants' Exchange, Hall of Justice, New York Hospital, and Post Office. The first of these, with some other public buildings, is situated in an open space of ground called "The Park," a triangular inclosure of eleven acres, verdant in summer with grass and trees, and ornamented with a beautiful and capacious fountain, pouring its clear streams from the calyx of an Egyptian lotus. On the City Hall is a large bell, at which a man is always stationed to give notice of fires; conflagrations of a very destructive kind having been of very common occurrence in the city; although of late years, from the energy and the admirable order observed among the firemen, very serious damage but seldom results. The street terminates at the upper end in a handsome square, with the Governor's house in front, ornamented with public walks, gardens, and pleasure-grounds.

Among other attractive buildings in the city, are



large churches and chapels, some of them ornamented with elegant cupolas and spires. The new Trinity Church, in Wall-street, on the site of the first episcopal church in America, is a magnificent building, and the best specimen of pure Gothic architecture in the country. Other edifices of note are the New York Institution, occupied by the Literary and Philosophical Society; the Historical Society; the Lyceum of Natural History; the Museum; the Cooper Institute; and the American Society of Fine Arts, or Arts' Union. The latter contains, among its other exhibitions of native talent, the celebrated marble bust of "Proserpine," the "Greek Slave," and the "Fisher Boy" listening to the sea-sounds in a conch shell, the masterly performances of the famed artist Hiram Powers, as also some splendid paintings by Alston.

The Cooper Institute is a noble building, erected by Mr. Peter Cooper, of New York, to be devoted to the "moral, intellectual, and physical improvement of his countrymen." The building consists of an entire block, having a front on Third Avenue of one hundred and ninety-five feet, on Fourth Avenue, one hundred and fifty-five feet, on Eighth-street, one hundred and forty-three feet, and on Seventh-street, eighty-six feet. It is in the immediate vicinity of the New Bible House, the Astor Library, the Mercantile Library, and the rooms of various literary and scientific societies. In the basement is a large lecture-room, one hundred and twenty-five feet long by eighty-two wide and twenty-one high; and this and also the first and second stories, which are arranged for stores and offices, are to be rented so as to produce a revenue to meet the annual expenses of the institute. The institute proper, or the Union, commences with the third story, in which is an exhibition-room, thirty feet high, and of an area of one hundred and twenty-five by eighty-two feet, lighted from above by a dome. The fourth story may be considered as part of the third, being a continuation of galleries, with alcoves, for painting and sculpture. In the fifth story will be two large lecture-rooms, and the library, consisting of five rooms, which connect with each other and with the lecture-rooms. There are also rooms for experiments, for instruments, and for the use of artists. The cost of the building is about 300,000 dollars, and the annual income from the rented parts will be from 25,000 dollars to 30,000 dollars. The whole is to be given to a board of directors for the benefit of the public; the courses of lectures, the library, and the reading-rooms, all to be free. In the munificence both of the gift and the endowment, and in the importance of the results intended to be secured, the Cooper Institute will be a monument to its princely-hearted founder more noble than the pyramids.

Nor must Astor House or Hotel be forgotten in this enumeration of splendid or otherwise attractive edifices. It was erected by the proprietor, whose name it bears, at an expense of £100,000. This is the Astor of Washington Irving, recently deceased, whom the novelist celebrates in his Astoria as going over to America a poor German boy, and acquiring a great fortune. Others have more recently been erected that rival this splendid edifice, both in size, extent, and grandeur. Among these are the Irving, the Prescott, the Metropolitan, and the Nicholas Hotels, which have an elevation of five or six stories, with a frontage of from three hundred to five hundred feet, and resemble in their external appearance the palaces of kings.

The Hotel Nicholas is about one hundred yards

square, five stories high, will accommodate one thousand guests, and cost upwards of 1,000,000 dollars in its erection. These establishments seem to concentrate every convenience, and every known requirement of life.

There are several squares in different parts of the city beautifully arranged and ornamented, particularly near the upper extremity of Broadway, among the residences of the most wealthy of the citizens, although compared with the cities of Europe they are few and insignificant. This deficiency, however, is being supplied. Several have recently been formed; and a new park is to be opened in the upper part of New York, extending from Fifty-ninth Street, a little more than half a mile above the Crystal Palace, to One-hundred-and-sixth Street, being about three miles in length, and from Fifth Avenue to Eighth Avenue, or about half a mile in width. There are seven thousand five hundred city lots taken from private owners and included in the park, for which more than 5,000,000 dollars is awarded. The city is awarded 550,000 dollars for property taken from it. Owners in the neighbourhood whose property is improved are assessed about 1,650,000 dollars towards the expense.

One of the most important, as well as ornamental works in the State, are the Croton Water Works, or the aqueduct for conveying water into the city from the Croton River, reminding an intelligent observer of the aqueducts of the ancient Romans. It might be almost termed a miracle of engineering. It is forty-five miles in length, will supply sixty million gallons of water to the city daily, and cost between 12,000,000, and 13,000,000 dollars, or between £4,000,000 and £5,000,000 sterling. The aqueduct commences five miles from the Hudson River, and extends across the Harlem River on a magnificent bridge of stone, called the High Bridge, and discharges its waters into a receiving reservoir, situate in Eighty-six-street and Sixth Avenue, and containing one hundred and fifty millions of gallons.

Among the most remarkable benevolent institutions are the Refuge for the Destitute, the Hospitals, the Model Farm for Orphan Children, and the Model Prison at Sing-sing. Westpoint, up the Hudson, is celebrated for its military establishments, situated amidst scenes of great natural beauty and historic interest.

The public libraries in the city of New York are the Mercantile, the New York Society, the New York Historical Society, Columbia College, the Union Theological Seminary, the Apprentices' Library, the Free Academy, the Episcopal Theological Seminary.

Among some local peculiarities of custom observable by a stranger, is that in relation to the periodical domestic cleaning and change of residence. Just previously to the first of May, when spring really commences in the Middle and Northern States, it is an almost universal custom in New York city to have what is called a regular and systematic "clearing out" of their houses from the garret to the cellar; while it is equally the practice, previously to that day, to remove to new residences. In addition to the universal bustle of every domestic establishment, the trains of carts and waggons laden with household furniture that now crowd upon the sight would lead a stranger almost to believe that half the city was forming into a grand caravan to travel to Utah, Deseret, or California.

Nor are the customs of riding and driving here

less singular and novel to an observant English stranger. A horseman never rises in his saddle, almost all horses being trained to pace; and on meeting a horseman or a vehicle of any kind you are expected, if travelling similarly, to pass on the right hand side of the road, instead of the left, as is the custom in England. This seems to be a general rule in America, reminding the beholder of the well-known paradox, though here reversed,—

"The law of the road is a paradox quite,  
For in orderly riding along,  
If you go to the left, you are sure to go right;  
If you go to the right, you go wrong."

The usual dinner-hour at New York, as is general in the cities of America, is three o'clock. Almost everywhere the tables, if not splendidly, are cleanly and neatly furnished; and the different courses at the principal hotels or lodging-houses are not brought in in succession as in England, but, as in Jamaica and the West Indies generally, the table is covered at once with the profusion prepared for the entertainment. Much has been said by some visitors of the ravenous manner in which the Americans despatch their meals, and their taciturnity during the process of eating them; but much of this is misrepresentation, or if it has been a custom, it is, like any other usages that deserve oblivion, fast disappearing, at least from respectable circles.

May-day in New York is one of great interest in many respects,—replete both with reality and romance. It is the grand nuptial day, when hundreds enter by marriage upon the realities of life.

It must not here be omitted that in this city are seen some encroachments upon democracy, such as *liveried* servants, and not unfrequent announcements of *distinguished* individuals at watering-places and hotels.

The state of New York, in form, is somewhat in the shape of an isosceles triangle, having the south-eastern shore of the lakes of Canada and the river Niagara for its base, and the city of New York for its apex. Each side of this triangle, except the base, is at least four hundred miles in length. Its superficial extent, already noted, is forty-six thousand square miles,—nearly as large as England,—and its population upwards of three millions, nearly equal to that of Scotland. The Americans call New York the Empire State; and whether we regard the fertility of its soil, or the astonishing facilities it affords for foreign commerce and inland navigation, it well deserves this lofty appellation.

Popular education in this state is almost universal. Upwards of five hundred thousand are taught in the common schools. There are also nearly three hundred academies, eleven colleges, and an university.

According to a directory published in the city in 1849, there were then in New York city three hundred and seventy-five streets and avenues, thirty-three banks, one hundred insurance companies, fifty periodicals, ninety-eight newspapers, one hundred and ten schools, one hundred and sixteen moral, benevolent, and literary associations, forty-one councils, two hundred and seventy-seven churches, of which forty-one were Protestant Episcopal, thirty-three Presbyterian, thirty-one Methodist Episcopal, twenty-six Baptist, seventeen Roman Catholic, fifteen Dutch Reformed, nine Jewish, seven Congregational, four Unitarian, four Universalist, four Friends, three Lutheran, two Associate Presbyterian, three Associate Reformed Presbyterian, thirteen Reformed Presbyterian, two Welsh, one Methodist Protestant, twelve miscellaneous.

It may be regarded as remarkable, as has been before observed with respect to the continent in general, that extremes of heat and cold are greater in this state than in England, which is in nearly the same parallel of latitude, and vary considerably more than in Naples, which is precisely identical in position, a fact ascribable to the influence of the surrounding ocean; and doubtless the climate depends for its variations, in a great measure, on the situation of any place with regard to the sea.

Connected with New York is Brooklyn, which is to this city what Southwark is to London. It occupies a peninsula on Long Island directly opposite, separated from New York, as before observed, by the East River, nearly a mile broad, and sufficiently deep to float vessels of war. Brooklyn is a town of considerable importance and extent, and presents a very neat and rural appearance, many of its streets having avenues like those of Philadelphia, formed chiefly of the willow, the locust, the acanthus, or Chinese tree, of the acacia family. Unlike New York, Brooklyn has all the quietness of a suburban village. The land on which the town stands ascends gradually from the banks of the river, and the houses which occupy the heights, and which are many of them delightful residences, tenanted by merchants and others of New York, command a fine prospect of the extended harbour, the city, and its environs, as also of the beautifully wooded heights and green fields in its own immediate vicinity.

The principal objects of attraction it presents are its Navy Yard and Cemetery,—the latter remarkable for the beautiful monument of Iowa, an Indian princess; and that of a young eccentric poet, situated near the Sylvan Water. The cemetery is called Greenwood. Like that of Boston, and other provincial towns in the north-east, it is really beautiful, both in arrangement and appearance,—another "*Père la Chaise*" of the New World, but on a more gigantic scale than its prototype in France as to extent and design. It covers two hundred and forty-two acres of beautifully undulating ground, partly adorned with magnificent forest trees, presenting from its elevations beautiful and extensive views of land and sea.

The navy yard, called the New York Navy Yard, is the second in importance in the country; it occupies upwards of fifty acres of land, and gives employment to between four and five hundred men. It contains the largest dry dock in the United States, constructed to admit vessels of the largest size. The principal marine steam-engine works are also in New York; but there are large establishments of a mixed character in almost every town of importance in the Union. For the benefit of the men employed in the various works of the dock-yard, there is established an institution named the United States Lyceum. It consists of a splendid collection of curiosities and mineralogical and geological cabinets, with many other natural curiosities.

The two places, Brooklyn and New York, are connected by ferries and steamboats, of which there are several. There are at present no bridges, as over the Thames, connecting London with Southwark. These conveyances leave each side of the river every five minutes of the day, and continue to ply through the greater part of the night. Carts, waggons, horses, and stock of all kinds cross over in great numbers. Sometimes horses and carriages are driven on the ferries and driven off again on the opposite side without either the

horses being detached from the vehicle or the driver or inmates of the carriage quitting their seats, the round ends of the boats fitting into corresponding recesses in moveable piers, which rise and fall with the tide.

Brooklyn has upwards of one hundred thousand inhabitants, a magnificent Town House or City Hall, and from fifty to sixty churches and chapels, with numerous schools. The Female Academy here contains five hundred young girls. At this institution they study and graduate as at Boston, and as is done by young men in the English universities. The principal public buildings are the City Hall, the Lyceum, the City Library, the Savings Bank, and the Female Academy.

The ferries also cross the North River to Jersey City, Whichawken, and Hoboken, where also, as at Brooklyn and Staten Island, it is mostly the wealthy who reside. At the latter are the Elysian Fields, which present an inviting retreat to the toil-worn and country-loving citizen of the capital, whither he occasionally flies to inhale the balmy breath, and to enjoy the soothing influences of nature. Steamboats also ascend the Hudson, morning and evening, to Albany and Troy, conveying thousands of passengers onward on their journey to the Hesperides of the far West—the only region of American romance—the golden land of promise that is ever in perspective.



PALISADES ON THE HUDSON.

## IV.

THE SAINT NICHOLAS HOTEL.—CONDUCT OF ITS GUESTS.—TRIAL OF DR. GRAHAM—HOW TO SEE NEW YORK.—COMMERCIAL QUARTER.—BROADWAY.—ARISTOCRATIC TENDENCIES OF THE YANKEES.

ONE of the most recent and least-prejudiced travellers in Yankee-land, speaking of the conduct of guests at the hotels, says, "Be sure," said all my friends, "to go to the St. Nicholas Hotel at New York." Without casting any reflections on the accommodations of that magnificent hotel, which I believe are excellent, I resolved, before entering New York, not to follow this advice, because the said hotel had recently acquired disagreeable notoriety, by a New Orleans physician of large practice killing a fellow-guest in the house, and by an outrage perpetrated by

another Southerner on a friend of mine, who, with no further provocation than merely looking at him, had practical evidence of fiery southern blood, by receiving an ugly blow from a fork, which was hurled at his face across the public dinner-table.

During the summer months, when these events occurred, the large hotels in New York are thronged by Southerners, who not unfrequently exhibit a little outbreak of manners, more characteristic of society in the Southern than in the Northern States.

It will be seen by the following extract from the judge's charge, that a human being may be killed in the United States with an impunity which the English law does not recognize. "Killing," said Judge Mitchell, "is excusable when committed, first, by accident and misfortune; second, in the heat of passion; third, upon



a sudden combat; fourth, without any undue advantages being taken; fifth, without any dangerous weapon being used; sixth, and not done in a cruel and unusual manner."

The reader is now in possession of my reasons for not going to the St. Nicholas Hotel; so I went to Delmonico's, near the lower end of Broadway—an excellent house, kept on the English system of charging only for the meals eaten. Having secured a room, for which I paid a dollar per day, I made a general acquaintance with New York, by walking up Broadway, until I exchanged the crushing bustle and tumult of the business portion of the city for the stillness of untenanted streets. Thanks to the singular formation of the ground on which New York is built, which confines it in breadth to an average space of two miles, allowing extension only in a longitudinal direction, the city may be soon seen. Take an omnibus up Broadway, continue your explorations to the Croton reservoir, return by Fifth Avenue; sweep round the south-east portion of the city, taking care not to be annihilated by boxes, bales, and packages flung recklessly about in the vicinity of the stores; pause at the Battery, beneath the trees; ascend the spire of Trinity Church; and terminate your exploration by a ramble among the wharves crowded by throbbing steamers, departing or arriving from the North River, Jersey City, and Hoboken: all this may be done in three or four hours. And, though the New Yorkers doubtless consider their great and flourishing city requires and merits a much larger portion of the tourist's time, I am bound to declare it may be well seen and understood in the course of a morning, particularly if the ascent of Trinity Church be included in the programme I have sketched. The fact is, there are very few public buildings in New York to arrest attention. The tourist *blasé* by church, palace, and picture sights, will rejoice at this fact. But though New York may be "done" in a few hours, I do not advise so summary a dismissal of that great city. I spent three days in it, and all my time was pleasantly occupied.

As elsewhere, I was indebted to the great kindness and hospitality of warm, though new friends, for many pleasant hours in New York. I had the happiness of making Mr. Grinnell's acquaintance, who is known, wherever the sad story of Franklin expedition has penetrated, for his munificent endeavour to rescue our gallant countrymen. He was so kind as to introduce me to the Exchange, and point out many of the notabilities in the commercial part of New York, where stock and other jobbing have reared altars to Mammon. The fiery fever of speculation—a besetting sin of all great cities—rages in New York. It is said New York merchants toil in their stores to sleep in palaces. The ceaseless bustle in the business part of the city in some measure confirms this. Within and without the vast stores a continual ebbing and flowing of goods goes on from early morn till eve, and stately ships discharge their varied cargoes on the crowded wharves. The tortuous nature of the business streets contrasts curiously with the general formal plan of the city. This arises from the circumstance that the founders of "New Amsterdam" built without any settled design. "The sage council," says the immortal Knickerbocker, "not being able to determine upon any plan for the building of their city, the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their particular charge, and as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the

bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses; which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day."

Emerging from these commercial purlieus, which would be greatly improved by a few judicious police regulations, we entered Broadway. The throng of people and vehicles in this great artery is only paralleled by the Strand or Cheapside, which notable streets it somewhat resembles in width, for it would be more appropriate to call it Longway, as it is much more remarkable for its length than breadth.

The variety of characters streaming through this channel is very striking. Our Regent-street and City blend. But the commercial portion of the community hurry along with a rapidity unknown in Cheapside, and the ladies dress in a manner which would attract considerable attention at the West-end of London. Glaring colours prevail, and harmony is set at defiance. Every article of dress is of a different colour. Pink bonnets, green robes, yellow gloves, and blue silk boots, are not uncommon phenomena. The best time for seeing Broadway in all its feminine glory is on Sundays, when the churches and chapels pour forth their motley congregations. A few years ago Trinity Church was a fashionable place of worship. Now, the fashionable world must be sought higher up the town; for as commerce engrosses the streets in the neighbourhood of the Park, wealth and fashion seek more distant localities.

The New York belle will not, therefore, be seen in Trinity Church. I attended service in that building, and during my walk at the conclusion of service, I was much struck by the more dashing dresses and style of the women as I advanced up Broadway. The answer of a New York girl to a friend who asked her to go to Trinity Church is well known: "I am not dressed for Trinity." So it is—as every church and chapel have their religions, so have they their standing in the New York world of fashion.

It would, I apprehend, be impossible to find a greater contrast than the wealthy and poor quarters of the city. The mansions in the neighbourhood of the Fifth Avenue are of the most magnificent description; furnished regardless of cost. The power of wealth is here abundantly conspicuous. Every quarter of the globe has been subsidised to minister to the gratification of the merchant prince, who, despite his professions, is no longer the simple republican trader. Observe the equipages in Broadway. The majority bear coats of arms; strange devices for the most part, and would send "Garter," "Rouge," and "Dragon" into fits. But they have their meaning. They show that wealth cannot and will not be satisfied by the mere accumulation of dollars. Rank is the coveted object. To claim kinship with an ancient and honourable English family is an American's great boast. He may rave as he will against monarchical and aristocratical institutions and families—his worship of a lord and love of titles is greater than an Englishman's. New York abounds with shops where vanity may be fitted with coats of arms at small cost. The love for these things is not new. Seventy years ago Americans were lashed by Franklin and Jefferson for their desire to establish an order of hereditary knights, in direct opposition to the solemnly declared sense of their country. It was then contemplated to found an order of the Cincinnati. "If people," says Franklin, "can be pleased with small matters, it is a pity but they should have them; but I greatly wonder,

that when the united wisdom of our nation had, in the articles of confederation, manifested their dislike of establishing ranks of nobility, by authority either of Congress or of any particular state, a number of private persons should think proper to distinguish themselves and their posterity from their fellow-citizens."<sup>1</sup> The knighthood of Cincinnati has no existence, but the spirit and desire for the order, or one of a similar nature, remain. And it is worthy of remark, that while Franklin was rebuking this love for worldly honours and distinction among his republican countrymen, he himself bore a coat of arms, of which he made habitual use. Numerous letters, preserved in the archives of the Royal Society, written by Franklin to various scientific persons in Europe, are sealed with his arms. The crest, a fish's head in pale, or, erased gules, between two sprigs vert, is identical with that of the Lincolnshire Franklins. It further appears that Dr. Franklin was at much pains to search out the history of his immediate ancestors. He traced them back four generations, and was gratified that the name of Franklin was anciently the common designation of families of substance in England. Talking one evening with an American lady not unknown among the English aristocracy, I happened to say that I wondered at her frequent allusions to English lords, ladies, and sirs, as I thought such people were held in no greater respect by Americans than their fellows. Upon which the lady desired the servant to bring a certain "picture" from the library, which was placed in my hands. "There," said she, drawing my attention to the design, which was an embossed coat of arms, appertaining to her husband's English ancestry, "this is the way we honour aristocracy in America." Titles as high-sounding and empty as those which puff up the vanity of Germans are already common, and it is not unreasonable to infer that with the growth of wealth the desire will increase to make their distinctions hereditary. Jefferson partly predicts this; writing to Washington, he says: "Though the day may be at some distance, beyond the reach of our lives perhaps, yet it will certainly come, when a single fibre left of this institution (the order of the Cincinnati), will produce an hereditary aristocracy, which will change the form of our government from the best to the worst in the world."

The admiration and desire for social distinctions is not confined to the man of wealth. A learned American professor, describing his recent visit to London, when he attended a meeting of a scientific society in Somerset House, states that he was somewhat overpowered by the circumstance of his being in the ancient palace of English kings (which, by the way, the professor was not, as Somerset House never was a royal palace). And more recently, a well-known New England savant has considerably startled English aristocratic propriety, by distributing among scientific societies a quarto volume, elaborately illustrated, and filled with glowing panegyrics of an ancient English family, to which he desires to be linked.

Unless the tourist be sorely pressed for time, he should further not omit making an excursion to Staten Island, six miles from New York. It is a favourite resort of merchants, who occupy charming villas on its wooded heights. I spent an afternoon and evening in one of these pleasant abodes. A huge steam-ferry,

constructed to carry two thousand people, besides vehicles, piles frequently between the Battery and the Island. The trip on a fine day in autumn, when the air is balmy and the sun silvers the bay, is delightful. In half an hour we reach the Island. A short walk from the landing-stage up the hill brought me to my friend's house. Seldom have I seen a more lovely view than that from the verandah. Beyond a rich foreground of luxuriant foliage lay Long Island, from which Staten Island is separated by the Narrows. The bay was alive with vessels, from stately sailing ships and magnificent steamers, to spruce pilot-boats and tiny fishing-craft. Westward, the great city, fringed by forests of masts, lay on the waters with outstretched arms, receiving contributions from all parts of the globe. Seen from this point, her claim to the title of the Empire City, with the motto "Excelsior," cannot be disputed.<sup>2</sup>

## V.

UP THE HUDSON—RAILWAY CARS AND NEWS BOYS—THE PALISADES—MILITARY ACADEMY OF WEST POINT—VALLEY OF THE HUDSON—HERCULES PILLARS—DUYON SETTLEMENTS.

AN experienced traveller, remarking upon the climate of New York, says that the sudden changes, and especially the sudden brightenings of the atmosphere in this country are truly wonderful. A few hours ago it seemed as if New York and its sky were floating away together in murky cloud and storm, and now, just as I am setting off, a sudden glory lights up land and water, the clouds vanish—the houses and every object stand out in clear sharp outline, and the deep bright blue sky, smiling like a child after a brief shower of tears, shows the beautiful shores and the silvery river stretching far away in unclouded splendour.

The Hudson looked as tempting to me as it once did to the world-renowned captain of that name, its discoverer, and I had been told that the steamer *Alida* would afford me the means of gratifying my wishes, but when I proceeded to the place where she was lying at anchor, I perceived that she was making no sign of preparation, and had not even begun her travelling toilette. On inquiry I was told "Yesterday she has ceased to run."

As no day-boat was to be had I determined on proceeding by rail, and I did not lose much by the change, for the line runs along the very margin of the stream, and it and its beautiful valley are never out of sight.

I found the company in the carriage by no means

<sup>1</sup> A curiosity in the suburbs of New York that is visited by all tourists, are the Falls of the Passaic. A ferry-boat takes the traveller to Jersey, on the south side of the Hudson. Here is a railway station, ordinarily the focus of prodigious bustle, for it is the point of departure for the trains to Philadelphia, Lake Erie, the Ohio and the Fur West. Starting at five in the morning, a train took me, in less than an hour, to Paterson, across a rural and picturesque country. My way lay thence along the banks of a small river, with a rocky and diversified bed, and whose torrential waters put no end of mill wheels in action. Arrived at the summit of a hill, we found the chief fall of the Passaic right before us; a picturesque bridge had been carried across the rocks above. The rocks were covered with glossy green vegetation, below which the spray dashed against reddish coloured walls. Close by was also an establishment, embosomed among trees, from whence the comforts of infinite picnics held at this pleasant spot are generally derived (See p. 8).

<sup>2</sup> The order was so far established, that a person was despatched to France to procure ribbons and medals to decorate the Cincinnati.

disagreeable, though they would have been among us divided into three or four classes. I did not see a single individual whose exterior was in the least offensive. Running about from carriage to carriage were little boys, who offered for sale apples, peaches, and confectionery.

I was much interested by the way in which the railway public was supplied with literary spiritual refreshment. The little news-boys were not content with displaying their goods to the passengers as they took their places, but shipped themselves along with us. A traveller, before he is seated, has little time to buy and pay for newspapers, but the probability of custom for them is much greater when all are quietly

placed. Ennui, too, is sure to create, before long, an appetite for mental aliment, which is not felt in the excitement of departure.

The news-boys have, in the meantime, arranged their little stock of political, commercial, serious, and humorous literature in some convenient corner, and then from time to time undertake an excursion through the flying community, and whenever they see anybody yawn, immediately apply the remedy; and, since their goods are moderate in price, and reading is here as customary as alternate talking and sleeping among us, they generally do a good deal of business.

It is quite usual for them to bring a selection of new books with these newspapers, and they afford no con-



LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

temptible assistance in the diffusion of literary productions. American books are published ready cut, and in a convenient form for a traveller's use. Even English books are not altogether as well adapted to this sort of use. Here in America people expect to have no more trouble in reading a book than in smoking a cigar.

In America they are continually throwing books in your way, and you have but to stretch out your hand to reach them. It may be easily imagined that when publishers can command the services of thousands of such active and energetic assistants as I have described, they can sell their productions at low prices, and in quantities otherwise incredible.

I had not, on setting off, a place near a window, but a young man, who afterwards told me he was a ste-

boat steward returning from California, civilly resigned his to me when I explained that I had never made the journey before; and I had then an opportunity of enjoying the beauty of the landscape.

We were passing the remarkable high precipitous rocks called the "Palisades" (see p. 13), which extend for twenty miles along the western bank of the river. They are full of stone quarries, and a fellow-passenger informed me that the materials for the reconstruction of the Mexican fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, after the French bombardment, had been taken from them, and that afterwards, in the Mexican war, the Americans had found themselves shooting down their own native granite.

The Palisades occasion a slight contraction of the

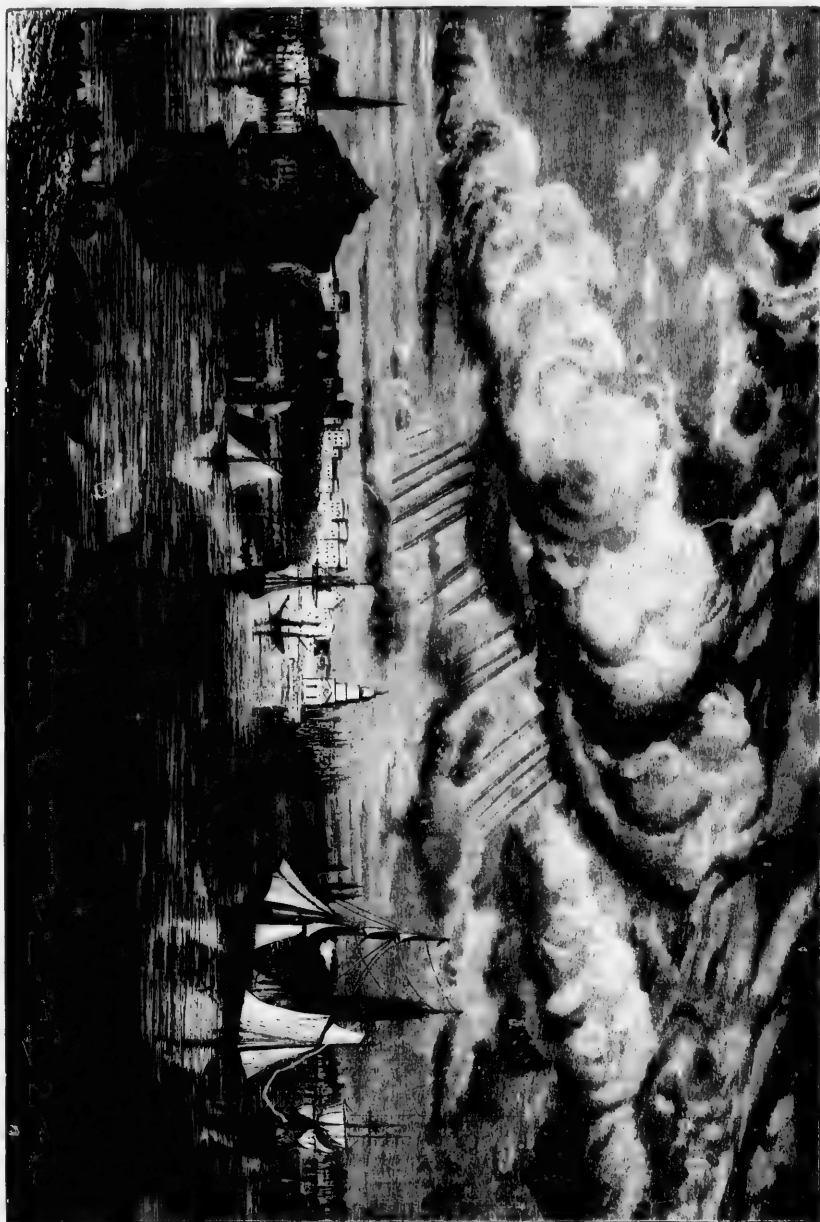
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bed of the river, and when they cease to offer it any obstruction, it spreads out into a kind of lake called Tappan Bay, but in the wide as well as in the narrow part it is of great depth. On this account, as well as from its almost imperceptible current, it is more like an arm of the sea than a river; and for a considerable distance up the water is salt or brackish. Several kinds of sea animals (*Cirripedia*) are found as much as seventy miles above New York, and even at West Point cover the bottoms of vessels and floating timber, as in a sea-port. Since also the river has so slight a fall, in fact almost none at all, the tide is felt two hundred miles from New York as strongly as at New York itself. It goes as far as Albany, and is there only three feet lower than at New York; so that it appears doubtful whether the Hudson falls into an arm of the sea at New York or at West Point, or even higher.

The sea-like river now contracted its channel—mountains appeared again, and when the evening was pretty far advanced we reached West Point, and a small steamer received us and took us over to the other side.

The moon rode bright and high in the heavens, and shone down on the beautiful landscape, the richly-wooded hills, the not very numerous scattered dwellings, the lofty forest-clad shores, and the calm waters, fifty fathoms deep. How gladly would I have gone on for many miles thus, but my enjoyment of the scene was very brief. We were soon seated in a carriage and driving up to the high plateau, on which the hotel is the only house besides the long row of buildings which constitute the celebrated Military Academy of West Point.

The mountain country on which you look from the heights of West Point is one of the most beautiful districts in the United States. The mountains are of very graceful forms, with many terraces and gradations, and they are covered far and wide by woods and meadows of richest verdure, through which flows majestically the broad tranquil river. These advantages are perceived at once, but the geographical and historical importance of the position is not so immediately obvious, though it is readily admitted when pointed out.

One of the principal ridges of the Appalachian system, called by the New Yorkers their Highlands, is cut through by the Hudson, and the mountains to the east and west are of precisely similar geological structure. It is evident that the same series of elevations has taken place, and that the same formations exist, from the western side of the Hudson to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Probably at one time this geological connection was also a geographical one, that is to say, the two mountain-ridges were united. At that time the waters on the north-west declivity must have flowed towards the St. Lawrence and its lakes, or rather these lakes must have extended to the foot of the declivity. Only when the chasm through which the Hudson now flows was formed, did a part of the water of those lakes burst forth and find an outlet to the south, and thus constitute the present system of the Hudson and its tributaries. That this chasm was the work of the river, such as may be seen in many other passes of the Alleghenies, is more than doubtful. In the midst of the chasm the bed of the river is extremely deep, as much as 200 feet, and at the same time its current is unusually tranquil, and it glides along its whole line with a scarcely perceptible motion.

In the whole 150 miles from New York to Albany, it has not a fall of more than three or four feet.

The case is quite different, not only at Niagara, where a river is cutting through a rock before our eyes, but at the many other gaps and breaks in the districts of the Susquehanna, the Delaware, and the other rivers of Eastern North America. All these rivers have a perfectly different character, and the Hudson may be said to be quite unique among them. They mostly take an excessively winding course, while the Hudson flows as straight as a canal from north to south. They are only deep at a very short distance from the sea, while the Hudson is navigable for large ships more than a hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, up to which distance the tide reaches, whilst it is never felt above fifty miles up in any of the other streams. They have almost all a deep fall and a rapid course, and form cataracts and rapids, whilst the Hudson along its whole course has neither one nor the other. Those rivers and their branches must have flowed first through the long valleys between the two Allegheny chains, but afterwards turned aside and slipped through gaps or clefts, hurrying rapidly on through beds which it is almost certain they themselves hollowed out; but the Hudson shoots like an arrow through the mountains, apparently in no way affected by their conformation, and flows among them as deep and as tranquilly as in the plain.

From all this we may, I think, conclude that the bed of the Hudson was not hollowed out by itself, but that it existed before the river. Probably some great rent or chasm was formed by volcanic forces, and then the river, or rather some little springs found their way into it, the sea entering at the same time at the opposite extremity, and both together have rather choked up than enlarged the chasm.

From these circumstances, which, as I have said, are quite exceptional on the whole eastern coast of North America, result the peculiar advantages for the harbour of New York. The Hudson appears as a canal, which, beginning at the north-west in the region near the Canadian lakes, flows right on to the Atlantic, forming a grand water communication between plain and plain. Westward and northward from Albany all is level, and to this point roads, canals, and railways may easily be led, and there intrust their treasures to the longer watery arm. The level country near Albany is only the south-eastern corner of the immense plains, which do not even terminate at the sources of the Mississippi, and which in their broad and numerous lakes possess such a system of water communication as scarcely any other country in the world can boast. They may be regarded as one connected fresh-water sea, but in its own natural outlet, the St. Lawrence, this inner sea has hitherto had a very inconvenient connection with the ocean. This way is too a very long one; it turns far to the north, is interrupted by rocks and rapids, and is much encumbered and deteriorated for navigation by ice.

The Hudson valley rivals the St. Lawrence as a natural outlet for those plains and lakes; it is the horn of plenty, the artery through which the rivers of those regions are poured into New York. They are sent down to Albany by many channels from Ontario and Erie, and at New York they are delivered to the great reservoir the ocean.

It is the wonderful natural formation of the cleft or gate at West Point that we have to thank for the



possibility of this combination. Here was the grand difficulty of the route, and human hands would never have succeeded in overcoming it in so grand a manner as nature has done. It was much more than the cutting through Mount Athos, and were the New Yorkers of the mind of the old Greeks, they might erect at this beautiful gate of their Highlands, on the summit of these Hercules Pillars, a temple to Volcano, as well as to Neptune, and celebrate here their Olympic games and their Eleusinian mysteries. But as matters stand they are rarely good enough geographers to admire specially the work of nature at this point, and to perceive its advantages—far less to offer up a portion of the wealth it brings them in sacrifices.

Immediately above West Point you enter into quite a different region of Nature. The climatic effects of the ocean cease at the New York Highlands, and are replaced by those of the interior continent, by the sky of Canada. Thus far do the winds and other weather phenomena of the north-west prevail—and thus far from the other side do the eastern clouds and fogs come up from the ocean—as well as the more equable ocean temperature.

In winter, when the Upper Hudson is sometimes covered with ice as far as the gate of West Point, and you travel in sledges over land and water, the vessels below West Point move about freely, the streets in New York are deep in mud, and the people are rejoicing in alternate sunshine and rain.

As the atmospheric conditions, so do the plants and animals of the north-west find at West Point and along the mountain-range the end of their vast territory. Very important geological differences are also found on the two sides, if not in the internal structure of the mountains, at all events, in the more modern and superficial structure of the lowlands and plains.

The ocean and continent are both in a hydrographical and commercial relation here connected and confounded together, whilst they are separated by the still in a great measure undisturbed mountain dykes.

The railroad runs close to the water-side as far up as Albany, and it is an extremely pleasant and varied route. Sometimes there was between the rocks on the right and the river on the left only just room enough for our locomotive to slip through. Sometimes the line runs on dykes and bridges fairly into the water, and as the tide was in when we passed, the water was up to the level of the dykes, and it seemed as if the carriage were rolling along its surface. Sometimes the rocks opened to the right into a wide valley watered by a smaller stream, and we obtained a glimpse into the interior of the country, over meadows, swamps, wooded declivities, and here and there a little town; but the fine, broad, brimming river on our left proved the most attractive.

It was not a bright Canadian day; the clouds and mists of the ocean had forced their way through the Hercules Pillars of West Point and hung low and heavy over the landscape. The Hudson at this part, too, again resembled an arm of the sea, and we could scarcely see the opposite shore; but it was a pleasant surprise when it sometimes emerged suddenly from the mist, and revealed a town or a headland surrounded and set in clouds. There was, of course, no lack of sails and shipping, innumerable small craft glided up and down, and vessels of considerable size were moving along with a fresh breeze and full sails, and, as if they

had been at sea, without any anxious soundings; and occasionally a steam-tug would appear with a whole fleet in tow. A different method seems to be adopted by tugs from that in use with us. Instead of dragging the ships along slowly by long ropes, one after another, the steamers here have them close to her on her right and left and moves along in the midst of them. The motive power is said to be more efficient by this method. If only one ship is to be towed, the little tug does not take it behind her, but attaches herself to its side, so as to form an acute angle with it. Her prow seems to pierce the hull of the large vessel, as a little narval does the belly of the whale, and she rather pushes than drags it along.

Many of the villages and localities on this part of the Hudson still bear the names bestowed on them by its discoverers the Dutch, who first opened it to the world of commerce. The Dutch possessed the river and its shores about sixty years, and when the English conquered both, they changed the names of the principal places—"New Amsterdam" became New York, and "Fort Orange" Albany; but the Dutch had sown so many little settlements over the country, and so filled it with local appellations, that it seemed impossible to root them all out from the intercourse of daily life, and they are therefore mostly still in use. One place we passed was called Rhynebeck; another, Stuyvesant; a third, Schodack; and on the other side of the river we saw Malden, Catskill, &c. Near New York are Hoboken and Brooklyn, and the beautiful and celebrated group of blue mountains that stretched northwards from West Point and to the west of the river bears still its old name of the Catskill Mountains. The Dutch *kill*, or spring, has been retained as a generic name for little tributary streams—such as "Norman's-kill," "Fish-kill," &c., such as the English in Australia call creeks. Besides these names, many other traces and reminiscences of the Dutch time are observable. Many landed estates are still held according to the provisions of the Dutch law; and many of the old Dutch, though now Anglicised families, are still in possession of the same lands as at that time. Such, for instance, as the family of Reusseler—the most distinguished one in Albany and its neighbourhood—which has even retained an old Dutch rather aristocratic title through all the vicissitudes of the times. Down quite to the present day the head of that family was known as the "Pacoon." There are other families of similar descent in Albany and New York, who form the kernel of society. They are the oldest families of the town, and a certain air of dignity and opulence distinguishes them. Dutch staidness and English enterprise are the two chief elements in the character of the true New York merchant; and it is but lately that they have become thoroughly amalgamated. Many of the customs and habits of the few hundred Dutchmen who first founded the city have now become those of millions. Even the Dutch language has not quite died out, but is still spoken in the old colonies of Long Island and New Jersey, and in some of the domestic circles of the above-mentioned old families. It is not, however, modern Dutch, but that which was spoken at the period of the settlement. In confirmation of this fact it was mentioned to me on good authority, that when a few years ago an American from Albany was sent as ambassador to the King of Holland, and the king at his first audience addressed him in French, the ambassador apologised for his in-

ability to reply in that language, and spoke Dutch. King William listened to him for a while in great surprise, and then exclaimed that he spoke exactly as people did two hundred years ago in Holland.

## VI.

ALBANY—OLD FORT ORAUGH—TROY—SARATOGA—CONGRESS SPRING—LIFE AT SARATOGA—LAKE GEORGE—SQUIRREL HUNT—TICONDEROGA FORT—LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

A POWERFUL steamer came to fetch us from our last railway station over to Albany. A forest of ships of all kinds and a labyrinth of houses met our eyes as we approached it; and ships, quays, and streets were all swarming with people.

The greater steamer delivered us at a still more colossal hotel, which rose like a mountain not far from the shore. It was tea-time; the gong was sounding far and wide, and from all the innumerable doors and staircases came trooping the guests—ladies and gentlemen, old and young, and taking their places at some one of the long tables. The attendants at table are all of the feminine gender, and a little army of waitresses was drawn up in rank and file awaiting us. We charged into the room at speed, and in much the same tumultuous throng which in London invades the House of Lords when Her Majesty has spoken the words "Call the Commons in."

The troop of maidens was immediately in motion, pushing chairs into their places, and distributing cups of tea and coffee, sandwiches, cakes, mutton-chops, &c., with the celerity of a practised player dealing cards. To my astonishment they were commanded, and all their movements directed, by a negro, who was the head-waiter. I say to my astonishment, for, according to my notions of the prejudices of American whites against blacks, I should have thought it impossible that these white republican damsels could have been induced to submit to such a rule; though, under different circumstances, the same thing may be seen in the harems of Oriental grandees. I did see, too, a few little tossings of the head, and saucy faces, which reminded me of the well-known picture of a girl mocking a eunuch in a seraglio.

This negro appeared, however, born to be a head-waiter; he did the honours of the room with a skill, politeness, and tact that was really surprising. He had nothing of the noisy, obtrusive manner of head-waiters in our country. He received every guest at the door with a decorum and even dignity which was equally remote from too great obsequiousness and too much self-assertion: just the true mean which a gentleman is accustomed to observe.

After tea I walked through the town of Albany, from one end to the other, to pay a visit to a celebrated geologist of New York, Professor Hall. A little Irish boy accompanied me, and amused me not a little. "Do you know the way to Delaware turnpike?" I asked. "I know it first-rate, sir," was the reply; he supposed I was going westward, and would like to go himself. I asked why, and what he knew of the West? "Oh, sir, the West is a good money-making place, I guess." On the way I was much struck by the extent and importance of the bookselling establishments: they were large, and filled with a great number of handsomely bound books. Albany is, it appears, a great staple place for the literary productions of New York, Boston, and other book-producing places of the Eastern States;

and as the line of the great immigrant march to the West passes through it, it provides also for the spiritual wants of the wayfarers.

The appearance of the apothecaries' shops, too, both here and in New York, make it seem quite a pleasure to be ill, so gaily and elegantly were they decorated. All this external splendour is, however, it must be owned, somewhat deceitful. These gorgeous shops are often mere whitewashed sepulchres, where I am told the most ignorant quacks pursue their nefarious trade.

The streets of the suburbs, as we proceeded on our walk, gradually became wider, darker, and more desolate, until at last we found ourselves in an entirely houseless region. The so-called streets terminated in broad, deep, seemingly bottomless streaks of mud along the side of which a few boards were laid by way of pavement. You go on for miles along these planks, keeping your balance as well as you can in the darkness; right and left no houses are to be seen, and nevertheless you are still inside the town. After a while we again came to some human habitations, and I knocked at a door to ask my way, for my little Irishman, in spite of his "first-rate" knowledge, had lost his way. The people of the house were Germans from Cobourg, and I stopped with them for a short rest. They had lived here fourteen years, and were, they said, extremely content, though the father of the family was still only what he had been in Cobourg, a day labourer. Even as such he had been able to make some savings, and to buy a piece of land. He had a house of his own, a horse, a few cows, and pigs, and he would assuredly never have attained to such opulence as that in Cobourg.

Following the left bank of the river, we arrived at Troy, celebrated as the great depot of the lumber trade, from whence enormous quantities of timber are sent down the Hudson. The Americans are proud of their Troy. The classical visitor will, however, seeing it is a busy manufacturing town, exclaim, alas, for *Ilium et ingens gloria Teucrorum!* and he will be the more inclined to sigh over past and present associations, when he hears that two small hills in the vicinity of the town bear the high-sounding titles of Ida and Olympus. The traveller has an excellent opportunity of seeing the principal streets, as the railway passes directly through them before crossing the Hudson, and thus passengers are conveniently dropped at the doors of the hotels.

It was dark when we arrived at Saratoga. Following a train of passengers who were going to the United States Hotel, I found myself among a crowd of eager applicants for rooms. Having obtained an apartment, I was seized by four negroes, who, with prodigious large whisks, commenced a vigorous attack on the dust covering my clothes and hair. After this operation, I indulged in a luxurious bath, and, having changed my dress, mingled with the numerous and gay company promenading the corridors. The vastness of the hotel was amazing. In comparison with its halls, those at the Revere House sink into insignificance. After supper strains of music drew me upstairs, where, in a large and handsome ball-room, about two hundred ladies and gentlemen were dancing and promenading, the former *en grande toilette*, while the latter, as at Nahant, wore their morning costume.

The following morning I rose early, and went to the celebrated Congress Spring, which rises in a small park at the end of the main street. The bubbling fountain, inclosed by a temple, was surrounded by a crowd of



both sexes, drinking the curative element out of glasses handed to them by boys. The ladies were dressed in loose morning robes, and wore on their heads a kind of fringed hood of crochet work. An advertisement suspended in the temple, set forth that Congress Spring was discovered in 1792 by a member of Congress. The water is a purely natural acidulous or carbonated saline aperient, and is pronounced peculiarly beneficial in stomach complaints, and diseases of the blood.

So fair a promise of restoring health, combined with fashionable amusements, draws a large concourse of invalids and pleasure-seekers to Saratoga. Such, indeed, are its real or imaginary attractions, that as many as two thousand visitors have arrived in a week.

Exercise being enjoined in the interval between drinking the requisite large number of glasses, an ingenious contrivance has been devised combining exercise and locomotion. Not far from the spring is an extensive circular railway, on which are daily painted miniature cars holding two persons, who sit on the wheels for themselves. A number of these cars are careering round at a great rate on the morning of my visit, the amusement consisting in the different parties running races with each other, the ladies helping their partners most vigorously in propelling the machines.

Besides this, bowls, and nine, or ten-pins as they are called in America, were in vogue, the ladies joining heartily in the game. At a short distance from the springs is an establishment where the water is bottled, and despatched to all parts of the Union, for the Americans implicitly believe it is the best mineral water of its kind, and the consumption is consequently very large. It was difficult to recognise the ladies at the spring as the same I had met at the breakfast table, so great was the change in their dress. Remembering that the majority purpose passing through two more transformations, for dinner and the nightly ball, and that to appear in a different dress on every occasion is the height of fashion, I no longer doubted the story of some ladies travelling with fifty dresses. It is also said, that when ladies have exhibited their wardrobe, they depart, the great object of their visit being accomplished.

Independently of the attractions of Saratoga as the most fashionable watering-place in the United States, its historical associations are interesting. Not far from it, and on an elevation, about a mile from Hudson, is the celebrated battle-field, claimed by Americans as the locality where the advancing wave which threatened to overwhelm their liberty was arrested.

The great event of the day at "the Springs" is dinner, which takes place at half-past three. This, at the United States Hotel, is a tremendous undertaking. Conceive sitting down in an enormous saloon, or rather four saloons, at right angles to each other, with some six hundred guests, waited upon by one hundred and fifty negroes, commanded by a black *maitre d'hôtel*. The operation of finding places for such a multitude—in itself no trifling task—being over, the waiters, dressed in spotless white jackets, extend their hands over the covers, and, at a signal from their chief, stationed in the centre of the saloons, remove them simultaneously. Then arises a clatter of knives, plates, and forks perfectly bewildering, in the sharp rattling fire of which conversation is drowned, and confusion seems established. But a glance at the commander-in-chief shows that, although his black troops are rushing hither and thither in hot haste, at the bidding of impetuous

Southerners or less irascible Northerners, he has not lost his authority. At a clap of his hands they fall into their places, and at another all the dishes are removed. Bearing these dexterously on their extended arm, they march in step to the side-doors, through which they disappear. Scarcely, however, are they out of sight, when, like harlequin in the pantomime, in they come again, each with three fresh dishes, with which they marched to their appointed places. Then, with their eye on the commander, they hold a dish over the table, and pop it down at the first signal. With clap two the second dish descends; and at the third signal the tables are covered. So through the dinner; for even in the changing of knives, forks, and spoons, the same regularity is observed. The whole thing is excessively entertaining; and, what between looking at the various manoeuvres, and at the ladies' dresses, I fared badly in the way of eating. The fault, however, lay entirely with myself, for the abundance of dishes was overpowering. This admirable organisation is, of course, a great economy of time; for although no counting-houses are near, the guests, without any display of quick eating, were evidently desirous not to remain longer at table than necessary; and in less than an hour the rooms were deserted.

At Saratoga, to see each other and to be seen is evidently the main object. The ladies, in their gay attire, with their beautiful hair uncovered by bonnet or cap, promenade in the galleries and through the main streets, from hotel to hotel; some of the gentlemen, meantime, being seated in very remarkable attitudes in the verandahs, from whence they enjoy commanding views of the ladies; while others seek the billiard-rooms or shooting-galleries. As evening closes, the promenaders return, and at seven a loud gong summons to tea. After this repast, the drawing-rooms fill, and some of the ladies play and sing. Later, there is generally "a hop," as the negro waiters call it.

Such is a sketch of the life I saw at Saratoga—highly amusing to contemplate for a short time, but presenting no temptation to the stranger to mix in for more than a couple of days.

Leaving the gay and glittering scene, in the afternoon I took the railway cars to Monroe, and proceeded by stage over a plank-road to Lake George, a distance of eighteen miles. I was the only passenger, and for some minutes it seemed doubtful whether the driver would proceed with so unremunerative a load. However, I insisted on his starting, having been assured at Saratoga that a stage invariably communicated with the trains at Monroe; and, after a little growling, he mounted his box and we set off. The road was wretched. The planks had not been renewed for many years, and we floundered about in a manner more ludicrous than pleasant. When we had accomplished about half the distance, and the night had set in, we came to a wooden bridge, at the approach to which the driver paused. "What is the matter?" I demanded. "Why, I guess there's a darn'd hole in this 'ere bridge," was the reply. At this intelligence I suggested, as it was very dark, he should get out and lead his horses. This, however, did not meet his approbation; and, before I could alight, he whipped the animals furiously, and over we went, clearing hole and bridge at a bound. As this was my first introduction to American disregard to life and limb, it made a considerable impression on me. Subsequent adventures tended greatly however to harden me. At ten I arrived at the hotel, situated at the southern

extremity of Lake George, and soon after forgot my fatigues in a comfortable bed.

I had made a *détour* for the express purpose of seeing this lake; and the scenery which burst upon me the following morning was so lovely, I resolved on devoting a day to its varied beauties.

I was confirmed in my determination by hearing at breakfast there was to be a grand squirrel hunt in the neighbouring woods, and all the farming population were to take part in it. These hunts, or, as they are called, "Squirrel Bees," take place at the close of the harvest, and are generally attended with a terrible destruction of squirrels and other animals; for, although squirrels are the principal objects of pursuit, no quadruped or bird comes amiss to the hunter. A recent battue in the woods to the east of Lake Champlain had yielded 1 wild cat, 7 red foxes, 29 racoons, 76 woodchucks, 101 rabbits, 21 owls, 42 hawks, 103 partridges, 14 quails, 39 crows, 4,497, gray, red, black, and striped squirrels, 25 wild ducks, besides unnumbered pigeons, jays, woodpeckers, &c.

On the present occasion only 4,300 squirrels fell, of which about 200 were black. I shot one of these, and eight red squirrels, and might have easily added to the number, but from a circumstance which paralysed my energies, and kept me in a state of constant apprehension.

This was the unwelcome information that the woods swarm with rattlesnakes, rendering it highly dangerous to traverse them without having the feet and legs protected by stout boots. Now, as I wore shoes which left my ankles entirely unprotected, I confess I felt very uncomfortable, and was particularly careful not to stray from the beaten track in my pursuit of game. These terrible reptiles are not, however, shunned by the hunters. Some men are particularly dexterous in capturing them for the sake of their oil and gall, which are reputed to be valuable specifics for certain diseases; and my friend, Mr. Lanman of Washington, who is well acquainted with Lake George, says that the principal amusement of the girls residing in a small hamlet on the shores of the lake is rattlesnake hunting. Their favourite play-ground is the sunny side of Tongue Mountain, near Rattlesnake Island, where they pull the reptiles from between the rocks by their tails, and, snapping them to death, carry them off in baskets as trophies of their skill. In this manner he was told they had killed, in one day, the incredible number of 1,100.

While the mountains and forests are tenanted by a variety of game and reptiles, the angler will be glad to hear that the waters of this beautiful lake are famous for the number and variety of trout, and particularly for black basses, which, like trout, seem to be partial to romantic places. This fine fish is a genuine native American, and justly takes high rank among the game fish of the country. The true angler will respect it more for its love for gaudy flies, which it seizes with the avidity of the numerous islands, dozens of basses of from two to six pounds weight may be taken in the course of a few hours; so the angler may reckon on excellent fishing should he feel disposed to remain some time on the shores of this lake, and should he tire of sport, he will have abundant opportunities of studying herpetology if he be inclined.

Let the Americans praise Lake George as much as they please, its great beauties cannot be exaggerated. Its Indian name is Horicon, a musical and appropriate

word, signifying "pure water," and it is to be regretted that this was exchanged for the more common-place name which it now bears. It is thirty-four miles long, from two to four wide, and reflects upwards of three hundred islands on its clear bosom. It is completely surrounded by elevations, the most prominent of which are Black and Tongue Mountains, famous for their dens of rattlesnakes. French Mountain, which rises picturesquely at the south extremity, is memorable as having been the camping ground of the French during the Revolutionary War. Instead of ascending the mountain, I visited the remains of Fort George, and Fort William Henry, celebrated as the scenes of the terrible massacre of the English army by the Indians in 1757.

The following morning I embarked in a small steamer for the head of the lake. The day was lovely, and the trip most beautiful. An old fellow belonging to the boat pointed to all the objects of interest; and when we came abreast of Tongue Mountain, confirmed its unenviable reputation for rattlesnakes, by producing a large box containing about a dozen of these reptiles which he had caught on the slopes. It is his yearly habit to catch, at the beginning of the season, a number of these snakes, which he keeps without food, and at the end of the year kills them, and sells their oil. Those which he had were extremely large, and in a furious state of excitement.

At the head of the lake rude stages were waiting to convey us to Ticonderoga, five miles distant. This drive introduced me to a corduroy road, over the irregularities of which our vehicle rose and fell with a violence of motion threatening every moment to hurl me from my outside seat. On our way we passed several log huts. Altogether the drive was of the wildest nature. At Ticonderoga, or, as it is called, "Old Ty," we had to wait some hours for the Lake Champlain steamer, during which time I explored the extensive ruins of the fortress. This was built by the French in 1756, and called Carillon. The Indian name was Cheonderoga, signifying sounding water, on account of the rushing waters at the outlet of Lake George at the Falls. The place is identified with the most deadly strife between the English and French, and subsequently between the former and the Americans. The ruins are situated on a peninsula, comprising about five hundred acres, and are at an elevation of about one hundred feet above Lake Champlain. It was a very strong fortress, and the numerous relics of war, in the form of bullets and arrow-heads which are still found, attest how fiercely battles must have raged about its walls.

The storm which had raged on Lake Champlain the day before our arrival, with such violence as to occasion some shipwrecks, had passed away when we reached it, and the little fury now lay peaceful, and smiling, and smooth as glass before us. A north-west wind, here called the "fine-weather wind," had swept the sky clear of clouds, and one of the beautiful steamers, white painted and exquisitely clean, was floating like a swan on the water at Burlington, and ready to carry us away to the north. The Americans are certainly the cleanest people in the world, and a traveller who has not yet convinced himself of the fact may do so by inspecting one of these steamers. There is not a place in them which the most elegant passenger could hesitate to enter; throughout the drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, sleeping cabins, he will

find everything in the most perfect order, and brilliantly clean. The washing and bathing rooms, perfumery and hair-dressers' shops (for all these things are to be found on board), are as elegant and as well kept as in the streets of New York or Boston.

For the enjoyment of the air and scenery too these steamers are admirably adapted. A broad high platform called the "Promenade Deck" rises in the midst, floored like a dancing-room, and affording a free view all round, and you have plenty of room for pacing about it. If the wind is cold you descend to the floor below, where you find open verandahs and wide balconies, and where you are protected from the wind without being hindered in the enjoyment of the scenery; or you may go lower, and find a still more sheltered seat under the colonnade that runs round the apartments of the ladies. It was really no trifling enjoyment to navigate this glorious lake in such a vessel as this.

The Frenchman Champlain was the first man who ever fired a gun upon these waters. In 1609, when he came here from Canada, he had but three musketeers with him, but with these he struck terror into the country, and gained many victories over the wild tribes round the lake. That a man who must be regarded as the real founder of Canada, and who did more to spread European civilisation and authority here than any other, should have given his name to the lake, is what no one can object to, especially as he has scarcely any other geographical monument here in the north. It is certain, however, that the Indians would long since have found a much better one.<sup>1</sup> In the language of one of the tribes it is called *Petawa bougue*, or 'Change of land and water,' which on account of its numerous islands is very suitable. Another called it *Camaderi quarante*, which signifies 'Mouth or Gate of the Country.' The small lake connected with it to the south, which we call Lake George, the Indian natives called by a name that signifies 'water attached to the great lake.' The appellation 'Mouth of the Country' particularly pleased me, for Lake Champlain, and its continuation, the River Richelieu, which runs into the St. Lawrence, is the only natural entrance to the wide mountain district around it. It is doubtless an old Indian road, and in the time of the French dominion in Canada it was the mouth through which the hostile nations, the French and English, spoke to one another continually with musket and cannon thunder. But now for forty years past this mouth happily no longer pours forth armed soldiers and ferocious Indians, guns and blood and scalps, but steamers and locomotives and peaceful traders, and bales of goods from New York and Montreal—between which two great marts it forms the chief if not the only direct connection. On the line four hundred miles long between New York and Montreal, Lake Champlain, with the Hudson, is the principal channel of communication. It offers a hundred miles of water navigable for the largest ships; but, unfortunately, its outlet, the Richelieu, is hindered by rocks and rapids. There remained, therefore, an isthmus between the northern extremity of the lake and the St. Lawrence, as between the southern and the Hudson; but canals and railways have now removed this difficulty, and made of it a single uninterrupted line.

Sea-shells and brackish water and the sea-tide reach,

<sup>1</sup> There is in Canada a county of Champlain.

as I have said, as far up as Albany; and here on Lake Champlain I learned that seals come up the lake, along the path of the whales of old times. They come through the mighty St. Lawrence, and wriggle their way among the rocks and cataracts of the Richelieu to the land-locked water, where in the winter they are often killed on the ice. On talking the subject over with the captain of the steamer, I learned that it was by no means uncommon; and that two or three seals were found every year as far south as Whitehall. There is much of the islander in the character of the New England men. It is more narrow, compact, and solid than that of the people of the other States.

The whole northern part of Lake Champlain is filled with larger and smaller islands, some covered with forest, some cultivated and inhabited, and some even with little towns or villages, and others again mere rocks rising out of the water. (See p. 16.)

It was a beautiful evening on which we were steaming through these islands, the sun went down behind the Aderondag mountains in a flood of light, passing into a thousand glorious tints, till the moon rose and melted them all into her silvery splendour. The crew of our steamer consisted entirely of French-Canadians, the first whom I had seen, and they made a very favourable impression on me. They were all lively, well-behaved, agreeable men, and they still retained so much of the spirit of *la belle France*, as to find perpetual amusement in gossiping and joking with one another, when there was nothing else to be done; and the captain declared he preferred them to the Americans, who were too "independent," and would not do all kinds of work. Here also I met with Indians for the first time. As they sat in silence, wrapped in dark mantles, I took them for a group of poor German emigrants, until one of them, to whom I had in vain spoken in French, German, and English, repeated several times, "I am *savagesh*,"—that is, "savage."

## VII.

MONTREAL—DONNAGANNA'S HOTEL—VILLE MARIE—HOCHELAGA—CATHEDRAL—SUPERSTITION—ARTILLERY BARRACKS—GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM—VICTORIA BRIDGE—FARMS OF THE HABITANS—SEIGNIORIAL RIGHTS—IMPORTANCE OF MONTREAL.

I FIRST touched Canadian soil at Rouse's Point, at the northern extremity of the lake, on a beautiful moonlight night, and it was on entering into British territory, at the same place, that a foreigner said that for the first time in his life he was treated by custom-house officers as honest passengers ought to be treated.

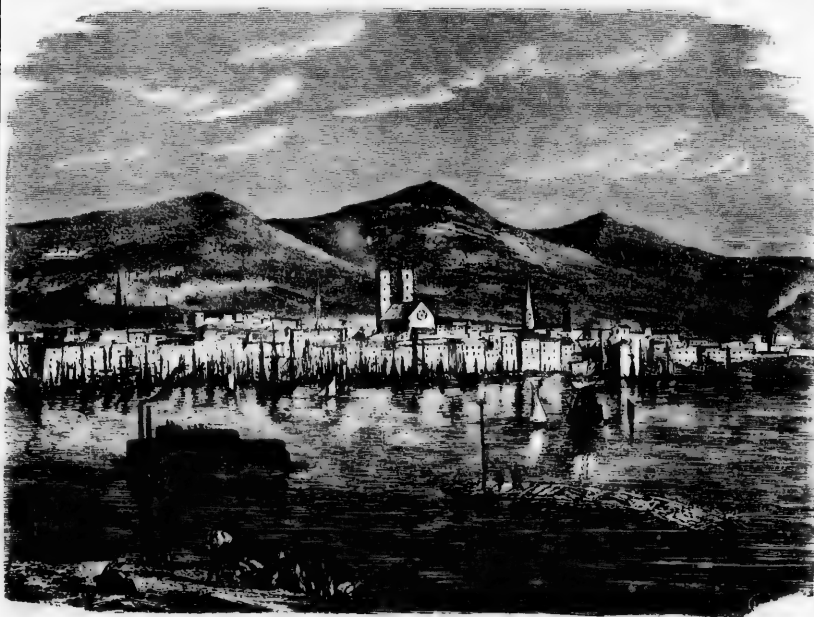
"Gentlemen, have you anything that pays duty?"

We answered in unison, "No," and were then passed, with bag and baggage, without the officers making any examination to discover whether we were or were not liars and cheats. On the quay was a post with a board, on which was inscribed, "No smoking allowed west of this board;" and I have often had occasion to notice how completely this wandering people must have the compass by heart to profit by such directions. Even in the labyrinth of streets in a great city they seem never at a loss, and on the addresses of letters you will see, "Two doors east or north of such a street."

Though in a railway train and at night, I immediately perceived indications of being in a different country. There were differences in the arrangements

of the carriages, different figures and costumes, and from time to time I heard French, or rather Canadian, spoken. The mountains and hills of Vermont and New York had now entirely disappeared, and the moon shone over a wide plain, in which we could distinguish tracts of forest, of stoney heath or grass-land, intermingled with corn-fields and thinly scattered villages. At some of these we stopped, and I could see that the outlines of the houses differed widely from those of the United States;—girls with their hands stuck in the pockets of their aprons, and young peasants with long nightcaps were talking to them as they lounged against the wall. We were passing through the counties of Acadie and Chambly, and at the last

station, St. Lambert, we came in sight of the mighty St. Lawrence, its broad flood gleaming in the moonlight; the steam ferry-boat took us up as the steam carriage set us down, and we were soon again afloat. In former days, when steam did not toss people this way head over heels from one place to another, we should have passed the night in St. Lambert, and have had time the next day before the "bateau"<sup>1</sup> came, to have duly considered the situation, and made many philosophical reflections upon it; but there is now only time for this in winter, when the river is covered with ice, and the two shores are long separated from one another. We proceeded in a straight line across the river, but we had nevertheless several miles to go



MONTREAL.

before we saw anything of the handsome "Silver Town." At last something glimmered silvery through the mist, namely the tin-covered houses and churches of Montreal. This metal, *un-precious* as it is, nevertheless preserves its white brightness a long time without rusting; and when the moon or the setting sun plays on the roofs and cupolas they produce an effect that Canaletto, or Quaglio, or any other painter of cities and houses, would be enchanted with. When I saw Montreal by common day-light, indeed, I could not help thinking the epithet of "Silver Town" far too complimentary; but subsequently, when I saw the church towers under the rosy light of evening, they seemed to glow with eternal fire, and I became of a different opinion.

The Americans regard Montreal and Quebec much as we do Memphis or Thebes, as places of the highest antiquity, and go thither if they desire to see something very old-world and European. The carriages in which we and our efforts were received, on our arrival at Montreal, were certainly adapted to support this view. One cannot imagine how a coach-builder could hit on such a contrivance, and still less how such an old-fashioned, inconvenient machine could have continued in use to the present day. Fancy a large, high, clumsily-made sort of a post-chaise, or rather box, hung between two rickety wheels. At the top of the machine sits the driver, and as soon as you have engaged

<sup>1</sup> Canadian for "bateau."

him he backs it so as to enable you to step in at the door behind, and then away it jolts, you and your trunks and hat-boxes and carpet-bags tumbling about together, and settling your respective places as you can. For the use of this contrivance, too, you have to pay very dearly, at least if you get an impudent extortionate Irishman to drive you, instead of a modest, good-tempered, honest Canadian.

In certain departments of social life—hotels, railroads, river-steamers, and newspapers—Canada is a good deal Americanised, and the great hotel at which we alighted, "Donnaganna's," was quite on the plan of those of the United States; it was, too, very republican in its spirit, according to which, while the great mass of the guests are admirably served, each individual appears neglected. When the multitude, summoned by the loud tones of the gong, come crowding into the vast dining-room, they find a whole army of waiters ready to supply every possible want; but if, as an individual, he requires, out of the regular time, as much as a cup of broth, he may starve before he gets it. Society at large finds saloons fitted up with princely splendour, but when you withdraw your individuality into your private room, you find yourself shut up in a mere cell, with four white walls, with a gas-pipe sticking out from the wall, at which you must yourself kindle a light, and where you may ring and stamp and call yourself hoarse even for a glass of water, and probably at last find that the only way to get it is to fetch it yourself.

Standing at an early hour the following morning on the summit of the mountain at the back of the city, I thought of the emotions Jacques Cartier must have experienced when he first beheld the magnificent prospect disclosed from this elevation, to which, in honour of his royal master, he gave the name of Mont Royal. At that period (1535) the Indian village of Hochelaga stood on the site of Montreal. For many miles above and below the St. Lawrence is seen flowing majestically through a richly-cultivated country, expanding frequently into lakes of vast proportions. A century after the discovery of Hochelaga, the French, with much solemnity, founded a city on the site, to which they gave the name of Ville Marie; and although, in common with all other French settlements in North America, it subsequently came into the possession of Great Britain, the original French features remain singularly unaltered. The streets in the old parts of the city retain their ancient saintly names; French is heard in all quarters, particularly in the markets; and the vast Roman Catholic cathedral, calculated to contain 10,000 persons, with its convents, nunneries, and other ecclesiastical establishments, attest the former sway of the French and the abiding influence of the Roman Catholic religion.

Among the many bold and gigantic structural designs for which North America is celebrated, the Victoria Railway Bridge at Montreal takes high rank. The Colossus of Rhodes, under which the pigmy shallops of former ages sailed, was esteemed a wonder of the Old World. But an iron bridge, spanning a river two miles in width, giving safe passage to burdens of hundreds of tons on its rivetted floor, and permitting ships of large tonnage to sail beneath it, is an achievement still more remarkable for the New World, and is worthy of the young giant rising in the West. The great enemy with which the structure will have to contend is ice, which, in spring, rushes down the river

in vast masses with a force apparently irresistible. Mr. Stephenson designed the piers of his bridge in such a manner as to resist an amount of pressure far greater than what the best authorities describe as existing in the severest seasons.

In the course of a drive through the environs of Montreal, I saw the farms of some of the *habitués*, descendants of the original French settlers. These settlements are interesting, as being relics of the ancient feudal tenure which was transplanted to the New World when the system was in full force in Europe. The kings of France, as feudal lords, gave to noblemen and officers titles to lands, denominated seigniories, held from the sovereign *en fief*, on condition of their rendering fealty or homage for the same. The kings of Great Britain becoming successors to the claims of the kings of France, the custom was continued and the gifts were extended.

Great prosperity existed among the farms which I visited. Orchards, famous for their delicious apples, abounded, and the variety of other fruits and vegetables shows that the land is highly prolific, and cultivation successfully practised. Indeed, it is a pleasant sight to see these French settlers on their prosperous little farms.

There are many charming villas in the neighbourhood of Montreal commanding lovely views. Some of these belong to merchants engaged in extensive business operations in the city. Montreal, from its population and situation, may be regarded as the capital of Canada, though no longer enjoying the honour of being the seat of government.

Besides its importance as a great commercial emporium, Montreal is celebrated for its extensive financial operations. The tourist whose exchequer needs replenishing will do well to remember he can obtain all descriptions of coin in this city; and it may be worth mentioning that the English shilling bears the rather perplexing value of fifteen pence, and the English sovereign of twenty-four shillings and four pence.

### VIII.

THE OTTAWA—LA CHINE—INDIANS OF KOHNAWAGA—OTTAWA STEAMERS—FINE BRIDGE—CARILLON—BYTOWN OR OTTAWA CITY—ORIGIN OF THE TOWN—REASONS FOR SELECTION AS THE METROPOLIS OF CANADA.

THE Ottawa is the largest tributary of the St. Lawrence, and it is also, from its geographical position, the most important. The east and west course of the main stream is continued by it, while the upper St. Lawrence bears more to the south. The Ottawa is the shortest water route to the great upper lakes, and has, therefore, served from the earliest times more than the upper St. Lawrence as the high-road to the west. Lake Superior, Lake Huron, and the Georgian Bay were discovered by means of the valley of the Ottawa, and most of the Jemuit missionaries passed up this valley, and reached thus the western branches of those inland seas.

The canal route of the Ottawa was, as early as the first quarter of the seventeenth century, one of the best known navigation lines of Canada, though subsequently it was from various causes much neglected; so much indeed that at the present moment many parts of it, and especially its sources, are nearly unknown, but steamers and railroads are now active in restoring the Ottawa country to its natural importance. It will



become once more what it was at first—a great road to the west—but in a much higher degree.

That it is at the same time a new country, and the scene of old and primitive undertakings, made it so attractive to me that I determined on an excursion to Bytown,<sup>1</sup> the capital of the country.

I went first to "La Chine," the principal port of Montreal for all vessels going to the Ottawa. The rapids of St. Louis interrupt the navigation, at least for upward-bound vessels, and you make a circuit by land to reach La Chine, where the water is again deep and tranquil. A railroad and a canal lead thither by the most direct route, but we preferred taking a carriage and driving along the old road, in order to enjoy the sight of the water falls.

The whole mighty river here divides itself between rocks and islands into a number of wildly foaming torrents, but with high water the steamers coming down venture the passage, and a very interesting one it is said to be. In our little chaise, however, we got so close to the rapids that it was nearly as good. The road was very lonely and ran on the very edge of the water, and we often had, before and behind and on either side of us, roaring waves, black foam-covered rocks and wooded islands, with here and there glimpses of distant water, and at last the church tower and the white cottages of the Indian village of Kohnawaga, or St. Louis, which lies exactly opposite to La Chine. That Indians should have remained so long at this point, is probably to be ascribed to the existence of the cataract. The Indian natives were the first guides of European ships through this dangerous labyrinth, and they are still the best pilots to be found here. They are not only acquainted with every rock and shallow, and the state of the river at various seasons of the year, but they have peculiarly the quick eye and the energetic hand required to turn the arrow-like course of a ship from a danger which is perhaps only indicated by a spot of rather darker colour in the water. Many of the pilots on these waters are to this day Indians of Kohnawaga.

La Chine, though only a village, is one of the oldest and most famous places in Canada. Its name is a memorial of the time when it was still supposed that the St. Lawrence was one of the shortest ways to China, and that Montreal and Quebec were destined to become the chief staple places for Chinese goods, and the little harbour of La Chine was to be the place where they were first deposited. These hopes were not fulfilled, but the extraordinary name of the village has remained as a memento of the geographical error. During the flourishing period of the old French fur trade, La Chine was the rendezvous of the voyageurs and Canadian hunters, and their little fleets of canoes, in which they brought down their furs from the north-west. Here was the end of their journey, for their wares were here unshipped for Montreal. Here the Indian chiefs were received and rewarded, and hither came the "Onontios," or French governors, to listen to their speeches, say something pretty in return, and conclude treaties of peace or commerce with them, and much the same thing is going on at the present day.

A steamer carried us from La Chine, first on the broad bosom of the Lake of St. Louis, and from that lake the steamer slipped through a narrow pass and a

group of islands into another lake. It is rather remarkable that the mighty St. Lawrence has not yet worn down the rocky steps over which it flows, and hollowed out its rocky passes into a regular channel, but consists, like all the other rivers of the northern half of North America, of an endless chain of lakes, cataracts, rapids, and river straits or narrows. In the Mississippi territory and the Alleghanies, the character of the rivers is changed. A great raft of wood, such as the Prince of Wales floated upon down the rapids of the Ottawa, which is the chief forest plank and beam river in Canada, and supplies most of the timber for the trade of Quebec.

There are now above a dozen larger or smaller steamers on the Ottawa, but they navigate it only in a fragmentary manner. Between every two cataracts are stationed a few of these boats, which carry you over the lake or smooth part of the river, but you then go ten or twelve miles by land, till you come again to smooth water and more steamers, and the higher you go up the river the smaller they become. Our present one was as large and as luxuriously fitted up as the river steamers of America mostly are. The tables were covered at the appointed hours with a superabundance of all kinds of viands, and handsome and convenient little rooms were provided for our repose at night. I could not help thinking as we glided along in this floating palace, of the Jesuit fathers and their canoe voyages, and the numerous hardships and privations they underwent, and it was precisely on the River Ottawa that they made most of these adventurous journeys, of which they have left many descriptions.

The bridge beneath whose magnificent arches we passed out of the Lake of St. Lawrence to that of the "Two Mountains," is a work worthy of the Romans. It is built of vast blocks of dark gray limestone, and has an aspect of solid grandeur worthy of its destination, namely, to form part of the Grand Trunk railway, which is to connect the whole St. Lawrence system from east to west. I wondered not a little to find so superb a work in so thinly inhabited a region; but here in Canada, as I have said, they build for the future, and on a grand scale; they give the child a wide garment, and leave it to grow up to it. There will soon be people enough to avail themselves of all these things.

The first division of our steam-boat journey carried us as far as a French place called Carillon, where we found a whole crowd of Canadian stage-coaches with four horses each, waiting to convey us further, but both the vehicles and the cattle made a very ancient and broken-down appearance. The roads along which we drove were much more primitive than our carriages, and it required all the skill of a Canadian coachman, and all his practice in bad words, to carry us pretty quickly and in a good state of preservation, through all the holes and quagmires, and over all the blocks of stones and stumps of trees that lay in our way.

Carillon, which lies at the beginning of our twelve-mile-broad isthmus, is the last French village. All beyond this are new British settlements, filled with Irish, Scotch, &c., and they do not wear by any means so pleasing an aspect as the old French ones. The first of these is Grenville, the opposite pole of the Portage; but it consists of merely wooden log-houses, among the rocks and tree stumps. The place seems, however, to be well provided with churches; indeed, to have nearly as many as houses. There was a little Presbyterian

<sup>1</sup> Since named Ottawa, where the Prince of Wales, on his recent visit, laid the first stone of the House of Parliament.

church of stone, with two windows; an English High Church with three; a Methodist chapel, built of wood, and not larger than a log-hut; and a Catholic church, with a cross made of two laths nailed together, and probably quite after the model of the first chapels that the Jesuits erected in the country.

From Grenville, where by degrees all the four-horse coaches came in, we glided like swans down a beautiful smooth part of the Ottawa river, which here again assumes a majestic appearance, consisting of a long broad expanse of water, like a rapidly flowing lake, bordered on either side with wooded hills.

Several of these straight, regularly formed portions occur as exceptions to the usually winding and irregular course of the Ottawa, but the most remarkable is that which is found about the middle of its course, above Ottawa City, and which bears a special name among the Canadians, though I have unluckily forgotten it. At this part of the river the current seems to have cut through the rocks, like a cannon-ball, and formed a broad channel of from thirty to forty miles in length, between high perpendicular walls of stone. You can look through it with a glass, from one end to the other; the depth of water is everywhere equal, and it flows quite smoothly. Canal digging would be most superfluous if Nature had formed rivers in general like this part of the Ottawa.

A section of somewhat similar character had occurred at Grenville, and our steamer glided pleasantly over its brown, glassy surface. The mountains were here higher and grander than further down the river, and not entirely uninhabited. As it grew dark we could see lights twinkling here and there out of the woods, occasionally showing faint outlines of windows and houses, and as Carillon was the last village, we here reached the last "*Seigneurie de la petite nation*," as it was called. Here dwells, in complete retirement, M. Papineau, whose name was so conspicuous in the Revolution of 1837, and who has been called the Mirabeau of Canada; but I only saw his habitation from afar, as circumstances unfortunately did not permit of my paying him a visit.

About midnight we landed on a high shore, where the navigation of the river terminates, and had then half an hour's race over marsh and corduroy roads, before we found ourselves safely lodged in the capital, Ottawa, in one of the large crowded hotels, of which, in the youngest towns of Canada, there is never any lack.

It is little more than twenty-five years since the first tree was felled on the spot where now stands Ottawa, and it is a very few years since there existed here anything that could be called a town, and yet it already covers as much ground as Boston, and though its inhabitants did not, when I visited it, exceed 10,000, it was as grand in its pretensions as Quebec or Montreal. As yet it was only called a town, but as soon as its inhabitants should exceed the number above mentioned, it was to be declared a city, and, as a corporation, would attain to a greater amount of independence, and it was proposed that its name should then be altered.

The first occasion of building a town here was this: Both shores of the St. Lawrence are Canadian, or British, as far up as a little way above the mouth of the Ottawa, but from that point the southern one begins to be American; and since this part of the river is also difficult to navigate on account of the number of cataracts, the British government was desirous of

finding a more inland water-communication between East and West Canada, by which the transport of troops, or other operations, could be undertaken without disturbance or observation from the Americans. They therefore passed up the Ottawa as far as its confluence with the Rideau, a small river which, by means of a series of lakes, has a pretty direct communication with the important town and fortress of Kingston on Lake Ontario; and it was determined to perfect the communication by canalling, and so obtain a much safer and more convenient route for soldiers and munitions of war than that of the St. Lawrence. Colonel By, of the Engineers, was commissioned to undertake the work, and this was the origin of the Rideau Canal, and thence also arose in the midst of the forest, at the mouth of the Rideau, where the chief supplies were received in the Ottawa, a little settlement of labourers, boatmen, engineers, &c.; and since in Canada you cannot drop a spark but that forthwith arises a forest conflagration, so from this little collection of huts sprang up the present city with its numerous houses, shops, magazines, churches, schools, colleges, and other buildings, varying in size and style, that now cover so wide an extent of ground. The man who gave his name to the city is still living in the "Old Country;" nay, the woodman who cut down the first tree, and the stonemason who hewed out the first block of stone for its foundations, are still extant, and their fortunes have run parallel with those of the city. They are rich landowners, "Honourables, and Senators;" but the town still bears traces of its recent forest-birth, and presents a singular aspect.

There has been as yet no time to pave the streets, and in bad weather they are in a desperate state; only near the houses, as in most of the youngest towns of Canada, there run what are called "plank-roads," that is, footpaths made of boards. As for gardens, fruit-trees, or flowers, no one has had time so much as to think of them, and the old rough boulders and masses of rock are lying about still among the groups of houses, and firs and other forest-trees are springing up again out of the stumps. Here and there amongst elegant colleges and churches are to be seen fragments of the primeval forest, lofty pines and firs, and thick underwood that occasionally may give shelter to a bear. Many spots still covered with these moss-grown rocks, roots, and stumps, are nevertheless inclosed, and serve sometimes for keeping cattle. By and by they will be changed into gardens, but as yet the unbroken mass of the primeval forest fences in the town on all sides, up to its very streets, and if you get a view of it from a high point you see for miles and miles nothing but a sea of woods, in which the town lies like the nest of a heathcock.

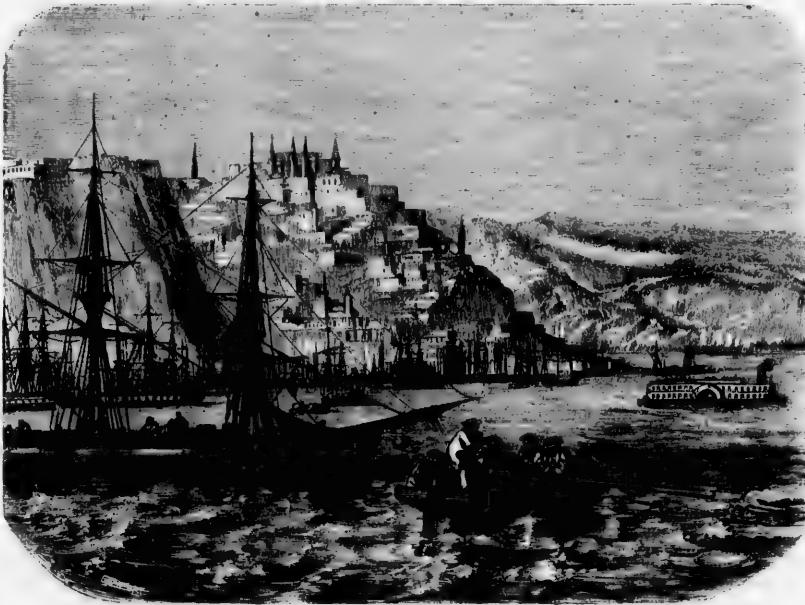
The grounds upon which Bytown—actually Ottawa City—has been selected as the future capital of all Canada, are, in the first place, that the Ottawans have calculated their city as geographically the most central position in all Canada, and is, on the average, nearer to the most important places in the country than Quebec, Toronto, or even Montreal, and so many telegraph lines, canals, and railroads are making, or made, that Ottawa is already intimately interwoven with the whole network by which the traffic of Canada is carried on. The persons forming and connected with the government who would have to reside here, and who are accustomed to the enjoyments and luxuries of civilisation, would find indeed no theatres, concert-rooms,



do, but what is there that cannot be quickly procured in America; and, on the other hand, they would not find here violent party discord among the inhabitants, and an unruly mob, such as that which burnt the Parliament Houses in Montreal. In the United States it is an old and judicious custom to place the centres of government out of the more populous towns, in comparatively *by-places*, where it can better act, without fear of disturbance, for the welfare of the country. The relation of Ottawa to Montreal is, in this point of view, the same as that of Albany to New York.

Finally, Ottawa has the advantage, at least over Montreal and Toronto, of being more secure from attack by an external enemy. Each is nearer to the

frontiers than Ottawa, and cannot be made so secure in a military point of view; they are more exposed to *coupes de main*. Ottawa lies more in the interior—has an excellent natural site for an Acropolis and citadel, and its enabling military preparations to be carried on without approaching the frontier, was the very occasion of its origin. The rivalry between the three large cities of Canada was also in favour of the claims of the future Ottawa city, so that the matter ended like the presidential elections in the United States, where the mutual jealousies of the powerful parties have the effect of keeping a Webster, Scott, or Clay out of the chair, and raising to it a Fillmore, a Lincoln, and other inferior men.



QUEBEC.

## IX.

VOYAGE TO QUEBEC—HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM—CALOECH—BAD HOTELS—FORTIFICATIONS—MAGNIFICENT VIEW—WOLF'S MONUMENT—LOWER TOWN—HISTORICAL SOCIETY—FALLS OF MONTMORENCY—SPENCER WOOD—SAINT LAWRENCE STEAMERS—IMMIGRANTS—THE THOUSAND ISLANDS—KINGSTON.

THE distance by water from Montreal to Quebec (180 miles), by the great comfort and elegance of the mode of transit, is almost annihilated. Large steamboats leave Montreal every evening at seven o'clock, and arrive at Quebec at the same hour the following morning. The vessel in which I voyaged was unusually crowded, upwards of 300 passengers being on board; fortunately I secured a state-room in the morning—

wise precaution—and thus suffered no inconvenience. The saloon at supper-time, with its 300 occupants, presented a singular appearance; but, though there was an extraordinary run on the provisions, and stewards were in great request, the utmost regularity and order prevailed. This was the more surprising as the company was very mixed, consisting of all political grades and parties, who discussed with great warmth the probable fall of the reigning administration.

At a late hour I retired to my state-room, where I enjoyed perfect privacy and an excellent bed. When I rose in the morning, the steamer was passing under high cliffs, which for a considerable distance above Quebec confine the St. Lawrence in a narrow channel. The cold was intense; and was the more felt as at

Montreal the temperature was uncomfortably warm. Large ships lined the left bank of the river, moored amidst enormous rafts. Presently the celebrated heights of Abraham appeared, beyond which Quebec was visible, with its picturesque church-steeple. (See page 29.) Gliding through a fleet of timber-ships our steamer took a sweep round, and, as the clocks were striking seven, came to rest opposite a pier projecting from the lower town. On landing my ears were assailed by cries of "Calash, calash," the old French *caldche* being still the favourite public carriage of Quebec. In one of these I proceeded through, or rather up, the lower to the higher town—for the road is almost precipitous—and was set down at Russell's Hotel, where a friend had secured a room for me. At all seasons the Quebec hotels are bad; but when I was there, in consequence of the opening of parliament having brought crowds of people into the city, they were peculiarly wretched. My room was one of a suite improvised for the occasion out of a dining-room, and bore very great resemblance to a wooden box of rather large proportions with two small holes serving for door and window. There was, however, nothing better to be had; and I was told to consider myself fortunate, having my box to myself. After a wonderful scrambling breakfast I set out to explore the city, and bent my steps in the first instance to the citadel. This, thanks to an officer of the engineers, to whom I had a letter of introduction, I saw in detail,—passing through the underground communications and over bastions bristling with heavy cannon, which are not accessible to the public.

The circuit of the fortifications inclosing the upper town is two miles and three-quarters; the total circumference, outside the ditches and space reserved by government, on which no house can be built on the west side, is about three miles. The upper town may be said to be entirely surrounded by a lofty and strong wall of hewn stone. The castellated appearance produced by the battlements, ditches, embrasures, round towers and gates, adds much to the grand and imposing effect of the place. But although the fortifications, with all their complicated war machinery, are exceedingly interesting, and should not be left unvisited, the view from the flag-staff tower, three hundred and sixty feet above the river, is the great feature lingering pleasantly in the remembrance of the traveller. This is admitted to be one of the finest in the world, presenting a rare combination of mountains, valleys, and plains, watered by the St. Lawrence and St. Charles Rivers, and if the scene be lighted by a September sun, its magnificence and rich variety are the more impressive.

Few cities have had so fine a cradle as Quebec, which was founded on the site of an Indian village, called *Stadacona*, signifying, in the Algonquin language, the Place of a Strait. Gazing on it, we cannot wonder at the French striking a medal with the words,

"Francia in Novo orbe victrix,  
Kobeca liberata 1690;"

when in that year success crowned their arms; nor that proportionate sorrow was felt, when, in a little more than half a century afterwards, the daring prowess and judgment of Wolfe transferred it to the British Crown.

Having prepared myself, by an examination of the very interesting original plan of the Battle of Quebec,

preserved in the citadel, I went to the plains of Abraham, which commence a short distance from the fortifications. Here the fate of Canada was decided; and when we look at the scene, and remember how fearful the odds were against Wolfe, we are lost in admiration of his courage and military strategy. For it must not be forgotten that, a short time before this event, he had experienced a sad reverse at Montmorency, which struck despair into his troops, and inspired the brave Montcalm with fresh energy.

The gray dawn of morn, however, saw Wolfe's army undismayed on the heights of Abraham, which had been scaled in the face of frightful difficulties, and before the sun went down Quebec had fallen. The mortality and number of wounded were very great. An account of the battle by an eye-witness, preserved in the Seminary, and lately printed by the Historical Society of Quebec, states that, although five hundred beds were set up in that convent, as many more were required. Among the wounded were seventy-two officers, of whom thirty-three died. Lint and linen were sadly deficient. The nuns, however, gave all their available linen, and tended the wounded with great tenderness. The spot where Wolfe received his mortal wound is marked by a column surmounted by a helmet and sword. The base bears the simple inscription—

"Here died Wolfe victorious."

The chivalrous Montcalm was also slain. A monumental pillar erected to these heroes, by Lord Aylmer on Cape Diamond, bears this well-merited tribute to Wolfe's gallant enemy: "Honneur à l'ennemi: Le Destin, en lui dérobant la victoire, l'a ensé par une mort glorieuse." It adds considerably to the interest of the scene of this victory, to learn that scarcely any alteration has been made in the disposition of the battle-field, which is still rugged and barren. Among the chronicles of warriors who have died in the arms of victory, there is none, perhaps, to which an Englishman clings with greater interest than the story of Wolfe's brilliant career and immortal end.<sup>1</sup> And yet it would seem that when on the eve of his desperate enterprise, peaceful thoughts occupied his mind. Drifting slowly down the river on the night before the battle, when silence was strictly imposed on all in the ships, Wolfe repeated to his officers surrounding him, the whole of Gray's undying Elegy, adding, when he had concluded, "I would rather have written this poem than take Quebec." Had he a dark foreshadowing of the truth,—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

or did his spirit yearn for peace?

The tourist will rejoice that there are no distracting guides on the plains of Abraham; and should he not have the misfortune to visit them at the season of the Quebec races, which are held in an adjoining inclosure, he will be able to meditate over the spot unmolested. At least, I was left alone; and, indeed, so little are the people in the neighbourhood alive to the interest of the

<sup>1</sup> When a motion was made in Parliament for a monument to Wolfe, Pitt spoke thus:—"The horror of the night, the precipice scaled by Wolfe, the empire he, with a handful of men, added to England, and the glorious catastrophe of contentedly terminating life where his fame began,—ancient story may be ransacked, and ostentatious philosophy thrown into the account, before an episode can be found to rank with Wolfe."

place, that a small public-house near the plains bears an erroneous designation of the hero of Quebec.

I devoted the morning to a ramble through the lower town, which extends along the base of the precipice on the summit of which the upper town is built. The site has been gained by excavation in the cliffs, or redeemed from the river. The wooden houses are huddled together, and divided by narrow streets, disgracefully dirty. Here the emigrants land; and in the absence of commodious dwellings to receive them, it is not surprising that fever and cholera make sad ravages. Extensive wharves, fringed by serried ranks of stately ships, extend opposite and considerably above the lower town, and are carried more than two hundred yards into the water. The St. Lawrence is here a mile broad, and about one hundred and eighty feet deep; and yet we are nearly four hundred miles from the mouth of this majestic river. The two towns are connected by a tortuous passage, popularly known as Breakneck Stairs, only used by foot-passengers.

The population of Quebec has a very French appearance. The *habitans* in their ancient costume, consisting of a fur cap, loose coat gathered round the waist by a red or green sash, and large boots, are seen in all the streets; and, occasionally, Indians are met in their more picturesque dress. I saw one under the influence of *fire-water* reeling along, whooping, and brandishing his tomahawk. The present race of Indians are as fond of this beverage as their forefathers, who, according to an old missionary chronicle, were in the habit, when they obtained a portion of fire-water only sufficient to make one of the party drunk, of drawing lots to decide who should enjoy the extreme bliss, as they deemed it, of becoming intoxicated. Charlevoix, however, states that the Huron tribes near Quebec abjured all intoxicating liquors. Unfortunately the extremely low price of whisky in Canada, a quart costing less than the same measure of beer in England, leads to much intemperance among the lower classes.

I visited the Historical Society of Quebec, one of the oldest literary institutions in Canada. It has rendered good service by the publication (in French) of curious and important documents, relating to the early history of the country. Among the MSS. are nine original volumes of the Journals of the English House of Commons for the year 1642. I could not learn how they came into the Society's possession.

Canada happily retains her love for science and literature, though her present rulers have as strong a desire to make fortunes as their American forefathers.

The stranger visiting Quebec during the summer months cannot fail to be struck by the steep flight of steps to the houses. The height of the entrance from the ground is the measure of the depth of snow, which covers Lower Canada during six months of the year. When the earth has received its winter mantle, the steps disappear, as the snow is then on a level with the door-sills. The cold at Quebec is terribly severe. Lieutenant Noble, of the Artillery, who kept a meteorological register during the winter of 1853-4, informed me that during fifty days the thermometer was below zero; and on one day only, between November 15th and April 26th, did the mercury rise above 32°. Yet the Canadians enjoy excellent health.

Not far from Quebec, and on the way to the Falls of Montmorenci, a natural curiosity exists, which is well worthy of a visit. It is where the torrent rolls

with great impetuosity between two banks of very different aspect, the one side rising up like a rocky wall, whilst the other forms a colossal staircase, the regular slab-like strata protruding the one below the other, represent, indeed, perfectly some great work hewn out by a population of giants. The whole scene is wooded, and is as imposing from its solitude as it is picturesque in its details. (See p. 35.)

The St. Lawrence steamers had been equally crowded all the summer, and every year the number of immigrants is increasing. With respect to Canada, however, they are merely birds of passage, for nearly all of them are bound for the fish prairies on Lake Michigan and the Upper Mississippi.

The increase of the means of transport, the railroads, the steamers, &c., on the St. Lawrence line, is probably the cause of this increase of passengers, and great efforts are being made in Montreal and Quebec to strengthen still further the Canadian means of transport. Four large new steamers have been lately placed on the Quebec and England line, and the passage is cheaper than that by New York or Liverpool. It is now possible to reach Chicago, the great central port of the West, without ever leaving the ship, and this lake and river passage offers several advantages over the long railroad journeys by Philadelphia or New York.

The belief that the immigration by the St. Lawrence will now increase in an unheard-of manner is pretty general in Canada, and also that it will not have merely the transit trade, but retain some of the labour in the country.

I made it my business, of course, to observe and converse with the immigrants—for how much to occupy the understanding and interest the heart is offered by the sight of 300 people leaving Europe for America! They all looked deplorable enough, poor things! and seemed to have suffered much from the hardships of the voyage; they were very poorly clad too, and a few rather tastefully costumed Indian women, whom we had on board, were gazed at so respectfully by our German peasant lads, that if they had had to speak to them, I am convinced they would have addressed them as "Madame" or "Mademoiselle." (See p. 33.)

By the appearance of the yellow flaxen heads of the Scandinavians, it would seem that combs and brushes were scarce among them, and the babies that lay on their mothers' laps would, I hoped, some day consume more soap than had hitherto been expended on them. Germans, Swedes, and Dutch were all alike in this respect, but they looked, nevertheless, judging from their marked and characteristic physiognomies, as if something might be made of them.

The Swedes are quite a new element in the immigration, although formerly their Gustavus Adolphus did send a few of them over to the New World. Many of these our Scandinavian companions had not yet used up all the coarse bread they had brought with them from Sweden, and I saw more than one Nornalike matron take out for breakfast and dinner a large paper containing a collection of pieces of this hard bread, and distribute them sparingly to her children; and I noticed too that every little crumb that was left was carefully packed up again. I hope they have long since been eating good American wheaten bread.

The middle of that portion of the St. Lawrence which was formerly called Cataragui, has become, I scarcely know why, the chief centre of traffic for this

part of the country. The two most important towns of the district here lie opposite one another. Prescott on the Canadian side, and Ogdensburg on the American. Railroads from the interior terminate at both places, and there is, therefore, a great deal of life and bustle on the water. The St. Lawrence is rather narrow at this point, and nowhere can a comparison be made more conveniently between a Canadian and an Ame-

rican town. Prescott exhibits much darker hues than Ogdensburg, where all looks brighter and pleasanter; the houses of the former are built in solid style, of gray stone, the same building material that has served for Montreal. The Americans have a passion for white and green houses, and plant willows and other elegant trees between them, and the contrast might be continued to many other particulars were it worth while.



FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

You have before you at once a piece of the "old country," and one of the quite new.

Some miles beyond Ogdensburg lies another pretty river port, Brockville, and then again some miles further begins the celebrated "Lake of a Thousand Islands;" but to have a clear idea of the origin and configuration of this lake you must begin at Lake Ontario.

Lake Ontario forms on its western side a regularly-

drawn oval, with smoothly-cut shores, and no considerable islands or appendages. On its north-eastern side, however, where its waters have broken through the obstacles that opposed their progress, its hitherto broad smooth expanse is broken up among numerous islands and peninsulas.

First comes the large peninsula of Prince Edward, then Duck Island, and several others, as well as long gulfs, bays, and inlets, breaking the land right and left

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ENTRANTS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.



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Then near Kingston you have the great Wolf Island, Amherst Island, and others; rugged masses of land that the water could not overcome, or possibly which rose above the surface when the Ontario subsided into its present bed. At length, beyond Wolf Island the lake contracts to a breadth of six or seven miles, and here begins the "Lake of the Thousand Islands" (See p. 41.) These islands are, as the name indicates, extraordinarily numerous, and the water is split up into a corresponding number of channels: but at length the river develops itself again out of the labyrinth. For a distance of thirty miles, reckoning from Kingston, the waters contract more and more, hollow out a deeper and deeper channel, and wear away more and more of the islands, which gradually become less numerous,

and cease entirely some miles above Brockville. The current now becomes stronger, the two shores appear, the lake disappears, and the river takes its place; but this is for any one coming down the river; we were pursuing an opposite course.

The name of the locality, "Thousand Islands," was probably bestowed by the Jesuits, or the celebrated Canadian traveller, Champlain, who was the first discoverer of Lake Ontario. The number of the islands is, of course, only guessed at; some make them 1,500, and some as many as 3,000, as they perhaps may, if they bestow the name of island on every separate bit of rock that sticks out of the water—or every reef or sand-bank that lies just under it.

Half of these islands lie along the American shore



GIANT'S STAIRCASE, CANADA.

the rest nearer to Canada, and the frontier line has been drawn between the two, and the channel for the steamers keeps pretty closely to this line. The whole scene is renowned as interesting and picturesque both in the United States and in Canada, and parties of pleasure, pic-nics, and sporting excursions are made to it both from Kingston and Brockville. People hire one of the elegant yachts or boats built at Kingston, and sail about with their friends from island to island, dine, camp under the trees, shoot the water-fowl, fish, and amuse themselves in many ways. Many remain for days together, for the tours among these almost countless islands have something of the charm of voyages of discovery. One of the party, perhaps, declares he

knows of an island that has never yet been visited; another tells of a deep, wooded bay, in whose clear, calm waters no one has yet tried to anchor.

We reached the first of the islands a little above Brockville, and soon found ourselves surrounded by them; sometimes lying in a long string like a row of beads; sometimes thrown pell-mell together in a heap. Some are large and covered with thick woods; all have trees, and there are some so small that they have only just room for one tree or a bush. There is an infinite variety in the grouping of the trees too, some being gathered into social parties, some living as solitary hermits, so that perpetually new combinations are formed in the scenery. Some of these islands are



just barely hidden under a thin covering of moss and other vegetation, and sometimes the crystal water is flowing over a mass of naked rock that it barely covers.

The foundation of all these islands I believe to be granite, and in general they are not high, though picturesque pedestals are afforded for the trees by banks of twenty feet deep. The larger have hills and valleys, and are arable land enough to be worth cultivating, though hitherto little has been obtained from them besides game, fish, and wood. Villages there are none, and only a few scattered dwellings or shanties for sportsmen, wood-cutters, and lumber-men, with a few mechanical contrivances, such as are seen on the Ottawa, for the collecting and transport of the felled trees. The islands all have owners, but, as everywhere in America where land, wood, and water remain unused, they have been to some extent invaded by squatters, whose huts we saw here and there on the shores, and the owners seldom offer any objection, as they consider that these people help to reclaim the land and make some steps towards its cultivation.

The best time to visit the islands is in spring and in the early summer, for then the trees and shrubs are fragrant from every cliff; the woods are full of birds and various animals; and sometimes when the air is very hot, the water is so deliciously cool and fresh that it is a delight to plunge into it. But in the cold autumn day when I visited the lake the water is less attractive; Goethe's fisherman could only have been enchanted by the Nixie on a warm summer's evening.

The autumn is, however, the loveliest time for one of the greatest attractions of the islands, and the green, red, yellow, brown, and golden leafage was beautifully mirrored in the clear water beneath. Some of the islands, when the sunbeams fell on them, seemed quite to flame, and, in fact, this does sometimes happen in more than a metaphorical sense, and the burning woods produce, it is said, a most magnificent spectacle. If you chance to be passing in a steamer, you may enjoy the sight nearer and more conveniently than a similar scene elsewhere, as the intervening water renders it safe. The boats there run very close in shore, and the passengers can look deeply into the recesses of the blazing woods and yet remain in security. I was told this by a gentleman who had enjoyed the sight; and another, who noticed the interest I took in these Thousand Islands, mentioned some further particulars.

In his youth, he said, they were still inhabited by Indians, remnants of the Iroquois or Six Nations, to whom the whole north of the State of New York belonged. These islanders were called *Massassoga*, a name that still occurs in various localities on the St. Lawrence; their chief resided on one of the principal islands, and the rest of the tribe was scattered about on the others, in birch-huts or tents. Their canoes were of the same material, and with these they used to glide softly over the water, and, in the numerous little bays or arms of the river, surprise the fish, which, having never been disturbed by noisy steamers, filled the waters in countless abundance. The birds and other game were equally plentiful in the woods; but now, when greedy squatters and sportsmen with guns have exhausted the district, the islands are comparatively devoid of animal life.

It was the practice among the *Massassoga*, at certain times of the year, to leave the islands to their young people, and make great hunting expeditions, northward into the interior of Canada, and southward to New

York. My informant had visited them once when he was a young man, and being hospitably received, had afterwards repeated his visits, made acquaintance and friends among them, lived with them for weeks, and shared the joys and sorrows of the life of the hunter. Once when he had been on a journey to Niagara and the West, and had been a long time absent, he could not desist when he passed the Thousand Islands on his return to his native town, Brockville, from making a call by the way on his *Massassoga* friends. They recognised him immediately, gave him the warmest reception, and carried him on their shoulders to their chief, who made a great feast in his honour, and canoes full of Indians came gliding in crowds from the islands to see and welcome him. He had to pass the night among them; the squaws prepared his couch, and two of them insisted in serving him as a guard of honour at his tent-door, where they camped out and kept up the fire. "I was almost moved to tears myself, sir, on seeing my half-savage friends again. Believe me, it is a race very susceptible to kindness, though, at the same time, certainly very revengeful for injuries. They never forget their friends, but are terrible and even treacherous against their enemies. We have very erroneous notions of the Indians. We call them poor and miserable, but they appear quite otherwise to themselves. They are proud of their prowess and animal daring, and of the performances of their forefathers. In fact, they think themselves the first race in creation."

"Are there now any remains of these proud people on the islands?"

"No. They have been scattered like chaff; their fisheries and their hunting become continually less productive; the villages and towns of the whites grew up around them; they began to feel the pressure of want; their race died away like the fish in their waters, and at last the few who remained accepted a proposal of the government, that they should exchange these islands for a more remote habitation—I do not myself know exactly where."

The only living being that appeared very common here now was the bird the English call the "loon." It is a water-fowl as large as a goose, with a very thick head and long beak; its colour black with white spots on the wings. This large bird was swimming about everywhere among the islands, and it was curious to see how exactly similar was the impulse of instinct in the numerous specimens that we met in the course of thirty miles. As long as our boat remained pretty far off, they swam quietly about on the glassy water, attending only to their own affairs, and busy in catching insects or fish; but as soon as we came within three hundred yards they shot up into the air, with their long necks stretched out, and rolling about their still longer heads, so as to look at us timidly, now with the right, and now with the left eye.

In the second stage of their fear, this anxious movement was communicated to their whole body, and they steered alternately right and left, and at last flew straight on before us; but when they noticed that our winged steam monster was soon again within a hundred yards or so, they seemed fairly to give it up—rolled their heads about a little more, and then threw a somersault, and went down heels over head into the water and disappeared. All these motions were repeated by every individual as exactly as if they had been previously agreed upon.

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FALLS OF NIAGARA





These "loons," the "wintergreens," and the numerous watch-towers among the islands, were the only objects that specially attracted my attention. This wintergreen, or *pyrola*, is a low plant or bush, that does not at all, at least in the autumn, correspond with its name—for it looked blood-red, and covered the ground under the trees with a red carpet. Sometimes it ran as a border round the islands, and then the groups of trees seemed to be inclosed in a wreath of red flowers, as I have seen them in an English park. The light-houses, too, tended to convey the impression that we were not upon the mighty St. Lawrence, but on the artificial waters of some pleasure-ground—for they were elegant white buildings, like pavilions or kiosks—sometimes half hidden in a grove, sometimes rising from a little island promontory. They are numerous, and of course very necessary, as the winding watery channel is continually changing its direction in this labyrinth of islands.

By degrees—after you have breakfasted once, and had one dinner—the garden comes to an end, and you emerge upon the open field—that is to say, the broad water, and the approach of the Ontario and the city of Kingston is announced. On the Canadian shore to the north, close along which we were moving, the houses, farms, and villages were again numerous, and on observing the dwellings closely, I discovered in some of them, to my great satisfaction, a striking resemblance to those of my worthy French Canadians of Lower Canada; the houses lie along the river as closely as there, and in the midst of them is a church—from its form and style evidently a Catholic one.

## X.

KINGSTON—LAKE ONTARIO AS COMPARED WITH LAKE ERIE—TORONTO—CATHEDRAL—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—WAGES AND PROSPERITY—EDUCATION—ENVIRONMENT—FROM TORONTO TO NIAGARA RIVER—LOWER NIAGARA RIVER—LAWTISTON AND QUEENSTON—DISCOVERY OF THE FALLS—APPROACH TO THE FALLS—EFFECT OF THE SCENE—ITS INFLUENCE ON THE MIND.

We got into Kingston in the evening, a warm, bright, richly-coloured autumn evening, and the stately town, with its numerous churches, City Hall, and other buildings, made a most imposing appearance as it lay in the light of the setting sun before us. It is the largest and most populous place on the eastern side of the Ontario, as Toronto and Hamilton are on the west. All these three coast-towns of Lake Ontario are British or Canadian; the United States have two, Oswego and Rochester, but Great Britain has run its frontier line round the larger portion of the lake, so that more of it lies in its territory than in the American, and the British flag is consequently predominant on its waters. This is not the case with any other of the lakes of the St. Lawrence, and on the next in succession, Lake Erie, the relative proportions are reversed. The principal ports, Erie, Buffalo, Cleveland, Fort Clinton, Toledo, Sandusky, Detroit, all belong to the Americans, and though England has nearly the half of the coast oval, it has few or no important towns: here the American flag is most common, and the lake may almost be called an American water. An extraordinarily animated one it is; the Ontario and other St. Lawrence lakes seem half dead beside it. There is certainly not another lake in the world so covered with vessels. The town of Buffalo alone, which twenty years ago had but one

small steamer, has now a hundred large ones, and if they go on increasing at the same rate the ships will be as thick here as herrings in the Bay of Fundy.

We passed a few hours at Kingston very agreeably, before the departure of the steamer that was to take us on, and I got such a fine view from a height of the whole situation of the town and its environs, that I shall not readily forget it. It is certainly the most picturesque site on the whole Ontario, for neither Toronto nor Hamilton are to be compared with it in this respect. The principal mass of the buildings lies on a peninsula between the St. Lawrence and the Rideau Canal; the peninsula is a gentle slope on which the town rises from the shore. On the other side of the Rideau Canal lies Fort Henry, which is a very strong and well-armed fortress, the next after that of Quebec, and consequently the second in all Canada. On other tongues of land between the town and the fortress lie other buildings, connected with the town by long bridges, and islands show themselves lying far and near before the harbour. On the one side you see the Bay of Quinté, a long, very picturesque, and, I am told, interesting arm of the lake, that winds about in a zig-zag course for eighty miles at the back of the peninsula of Prince Edward. To the south you see between other islands the open water, the great expanse of the Ontario.

Kingston is the oldest of the Ontario towns, for the French had a fort and a village here, Fort Frontenac, that in the Iroquois wars, and in the transactions with the fur traders and the voyageurs, has played a great part. When the English took the place in 1759, its renowned old name, Frontenac, was exchanged for Kingston. The town has now more than 20,000 inhabitants, but I was not able to learn anything of the few French families that were probably living here. In Detroit, formerly a French fur-trading fort, and now a great town, you still find descendants of the original French settlers. Most of the houses in Kingston are built of the blueish gray stone which seems so abundant in the St. Lawrence territory, and has therefore, like other Canadian towns, a certain air of melancholy solidity and antiquity, but I must premise that I mean that when looked at by American eyes; the steamers of the British-Canadians are also less gay and brilliant than those of the American States. An American river or even sea-going steamer looks as if it were built for mere pleasure, perhaps for Queen Cleopatra's trips up the Nile. The English vessels were formerly mostly painted black outside, and, at least according to the Americans, were old fashioned, dusty, and melancholy within; but now they have begun to lay aside this mourning costume, and appear in gay, white, green, and gold holiday garments, and have, in other respects, considerably Americanised themselves.

"Why, the British sea-steamers are not as near as fast as ours," said one with whom I had begun a conversation. "They have most likely a lot of old-fashioned instructions, according to which they are to take a certain time, and would be liable to penalty if they went faster, or came in sooner than is ordered; but in our country the steamers may go as fast as their steam will permit, and race each other too if they like. This does, to be sure, cost a good many ships and a good many lives. Just look here in the newspaper—only yesterday a boiler burst on Lake Erie and set the

ship on fire, and it burnt down to the water's edge; seven and twenty people lost their lives, and two or three whole families; a father was drowned with his daughter, and there were two or three other melancholy cases. It is horrible, it makes one sick to read it."

My Yankee really seemed to be growing quite sentimental, and giving himself up to serious reflections, and a countryman of his who had also read the "horrible" report, seemed for a moment inclined to throw some blame on the reckless American captain, but they very soon recovered their spirits. "Yes, it is grievous, that's true!" said one, throwing aside the paper, "but I dislike a slow ship; if I travel, I like her to jump in the water."

"So do I," was the response; "I don't care how quick she goes."

We reached at last the Queen of the Lake—the once boasted capital of West Canada. Toronto is indeed, *par excellence*, the show-city of Canada. I had heard much of its wonderful rise and prosperity; but the reality far exceeded my expectations. It is the growth of this century. In 1793 Governor Simcoe founded the town then called Little York. In 1813 the Americans burnt it; and, when rebuilt, the name, with great good taste, was changed to "Toronto," the original Indian appellation, signifying place of meeting. At that time the site was a bushy wilderness, which might have been purchased for a few dollars; now the value of the assessed property is upwards of 4,000,000*l.*, and the population numbers 45,000.

The day I arrived, which was Sunday, I attended divine service in the cathedral—a vast building of good architectural design, possessing an organ, built at Montreal, of great power and sweetness. The numerous congregation had a very English appearance; and, indeed, but for a general use of fans, the scene might have been in the old country.

It was apprehended that when Toronto ceased to be the seat of government its prosperity would suffer; but the contrary is the fact. Besides the large public buildings already erected, others are in process of construction: busy streets are stretching their long arms into the bush, and the wharves exhibit the vigorous activity of a thriving maritime port. Ships of 900 tons are built for the corn-trade, which proceed direct to Europe; the railways will shortly connect the city with Montreal and Quebec to the east, and with Lake Huron to the west. Lines already extend to Lake Simcoe, and through Hamilton to Detroit and Chicago.

Thus Toronto will soon enjoy the advantage of quick and direct communication with the Atlantic cities during the winter as well as summer seasons. It is interesting to contrast this progress with the state of things little more than half a century ago. The *Upper Canada Gazette*, under the date of Jan. 5, 1799, congratulates its readers on being able thus early to inform them of Nelson's naval victory of the preceding 2nd of August.

The shops in King-street, the main thoroughfare, already upwards of two miles long, are equal to any in the largest of our country towns, and contain an endless variety of goods. With this plethora of prosperity—for it is worthy of mention that the merchants and traders of Toronto enjoy a solvency not generally shared by their United States neighbours—property, and particularly land, has increased enormously in value. House command rents as high as are obtained

in the States. Toronto is a favourite resort of fugitive slaves, many of whom have considerable property in and about the city.

It is pleasant to see, amidst so much vigorous activity, how large a place England holds in the memory of the citizens of Toronto. In every street, inns, with familiar household names, meet the eye, recalling associations dear to the native of the British isles. Pleasant, too, is it to find that the engrossing pursuits of commerce have not blighted a taste for literature and science.

Besides the two colleges, which bear a high character for their system of instruction, and enjoy ninety scholarships of 30*l.* annual value, there are excellent grammar-schools and literary and scientific establishments. The observatory is celebrated for the magnetic observations lately made under the direction of Captain Lefroy, and is now reorganised for permanent meteorological and astronomical observations.

I was highly pleased by several drives in the neighbourhood of Toronto. The country is very beautiful. Charming villas, surrounded by well-kept gardens, remind one continually of England. The cemetery, wisely placed at some distance from the town, is a most picturesque spot, happily undeformed by hideous monuments.

Altogether it is impossible to conceive a more vigorous or healthy Anglo-Saxon offspring than Toronto. Its situation, climate, and soil are all favourable; but probably much of its sound prosperity is due to the circumstance of the whole province having been settled by American royalists, who found here a refuge and a home.

The passage from Toronto to Niagara river is usually performed in the "Peereless," a large and swift steamer, elegantly fitted up, and of the same construction as ocean steamers, the engines being below the deck. Although the distance is only forty miles, the lake is sometimes very rough and Weld says he rarely suffered more from sea (lake!) sickness than he did during the three hours' voyage from Toronto to Lewiston. Others, like Kohl, have had to make the passage in a mist—the fog-bell sounding the whole day. We were more fortunate, the lake was placid, the sky serene, and all lay bright and clear before us.

On entering Niagara river we came in sight of two forts and settlements, on the west a British, on the east an American, and between them the broad deep channel of the transparent river, and its sharply-cut banks. Nowhere else, I believe, are British and American cannon brought so closely together as at this port, where they gaze at each other across the watery abyss. May they never do anything else than gaze!

In the small villages near the forts where we stopped, we found the usual crowd of passengers of various classes and both sexes, labourers, pleasure-takers, ladies and gentlemen; and there were piles of goods lying heaped up in readiness. The bales and packages were snatched up by the negroes and hurried on shore with the utmost rapidity, and others were taken in and swallowed eagerly by our steamer, as if she had come in hungry; and through all the clamour locomotives rushed in and out, till one was quite perplexed to think where the people all came from, and where they were going to—all were as busy as a swarm of bees, as they usually are in busy America.

The river, up to the whirlpools and falls, is about fifteen miles long, and in this portion flows so calmly as to

seem almost motionless, as if it had need of rest after such passionate excitement. The shores on each side are from thirty to forty feet high, and adorned with villa-like farm-houses, and many beautiful trees. The autumn foliage was here what I may call more blooming than around Toronto, and the golden trees were reflected in the clear tranquil water below. Not a leaf appeared to have fallen, they were like the vigorous old men you sometimes see whose hair and beard has become gray, but who have not lost a single hair; our European trees in autumn soon get their tresses torn and dishevelled, and show many bald places among them.

The Niagara stream below the Falls has no islands,

branches, nor divisions, but flows in one volume like a canal, but the canal is mostly forty fathoms deep, and passes with this depth through the sharply-cut bed, as through a volcanic chasm in the earth, almost as straight as a canal in Holland. It runs direct from south to north, and down to its mouth in Lake Ontario is not interrupted by so much as a sand-bank, and even there it has no bar, but the lake is as deep as the river. Soundings show only a very slight rising of the bottom, like the commencement of such a bar.

A distinguished traveller remarks upon this that he should have expected the very contrary, and that it almost shook his faith in the generally accepted theory that the stream does not flow through a volcanic cleft



THOUSAND ISLANDS, LAKE ONTARIO.

formed for it, but has worn a bed for itself through the strata of stone that form the isthmus.

The beautiful tranquil river passage is unfortunately of short duration; it lasts only to the edge of the plateau, at the foot of which lie opposite to each other two handsome towns, the American Lewiston and the British Queenston. At this point the river becomes more agitated and unnavigable, and already begins to foam as it rushes through a deep mountain valley. As we rose gradually from Lewiston by a succession of ascents to the elevated plateau, along a villanous, muddy, rugged road, full of holes and stumps of trees, we enjoyed the most splendid views of the stream below. The plateau ridge, as I have said, though it appears when seen from a distance abrupt and sharply cut,

offers much variety of outline when observed more closely. From some open points we obtain views over a wide extent of country, and could follow the highland for miles as it runs inland parallel with the shore of the lake. There is no doubt that it is the same ancient lake beach, that to the north of Toronto forms the highest of the oak ridges. The country all round was magnificently wooded, and promontories covered with trees were seen projecting from among the lovely gardens of the villages with which the plain was thickly sprinkled.

The first man (white man *videlicet*) who discovered the Falls of Niagara is said to have been a Frenchman—Father Hennepin—one of the discoverers of the Mississippi. This statement is repeated in almost all



the works on the cataracts—one writer copying it from another. Hennepin travelled and wrote about the year 1678, but there is no doubt that this great marvel of nature was known to the Europeans at least half a century before, for on the maps of the St. Lawrence and Canada, made in the middle of the seventeenth century, we find the "Great Falls" laid down quite distinctly.

The approach to the Falls of Niagara reminds one more of the approach to a great city than of a wild and lonely abode of the water Nymphs and Nixies, and it is very possible that it may once have been true, though it now seems a fable, that you could hear the roar of the Falls many miles off in the forest. The hissing and screaming of steam-engines proceeding in various directions to and from it; the hallooing of coachmen and waggoners, and the countless noises of the farmers and the townspeople who are settled around the Falls, make the uproar of Nature seem quite gentle in comparison. Three miles off them the houses begin to be close and numerous, handsome villas of landowners alternate with spacious and excellent hotels, and between these you find numbers of small farmhouses. The ground is torn up like a ploughed field, with rails, tunnels, viaducts, and deep cuttings for the railroads, and magnificent suspension bridges, and other works of art rise out of it like rocks. Finally, on the level plateau of the peninsula point which the Niagara rushes round to form the Falls, there lies the so-called village of Niagara Falls, which is in no way distinguishable from what is usually in America called a city. The streets are straight, broad, and miles long; it has numbers of new houses, great and small; half a dozen churches, and a dozen of the great eating, drinking, sleeping, and doing-nothing establishments, known in all American towns as hotels. Of the ancient woods there is no trace; the forest has been changed into beautiful gardens and pleasure-grounds, and great saw-mills, corn-mills, and paper-mills crowd to the very edge of the Falls, of which a small portion at least has been like Pegasus in harness, tamed, forced into a mill-dam, and compelled to work. Should things go on at the same rate for another century as they have been doing for the last thirty years, we shall have crushed this prodigy of creation, like the ape-mother who kissed her darling to death; and people will not come here to gaze at the glories of nature, but at the wonders of human art. Many wealthy New York families, who hold lands in the neighbourhood, have their regular residences, which are like palaces, in the above-mentioned village.

Before venturing into the thick of the throng, I left my post-chaise, and betook myself, in accordance with the advice of a friend, side-ways towards the river, following a little foot-path that winds along the top of the cliff. This path, on which I did not meet a human creature, is about a mile long, and runs over the flat tops of the rocks along the edge of meadows and corn-fields. It is shaded by a narrow border of trees and bushes, perhaps a fragment of the old forest, and between the boughs, glowing with their crimson autumn tints, glimmer occasionally the white waves of foam. It is probably an old Indian path, and in all likelihood the one followed by that "first white man" before-mentioned, whether his name was Champlain, Brébœuf, or Hennepin, who ever beheld the cataracts. By this path you pass round the stately village; you have lovely views on each side, and in the back-ground you

catch glimpses of the grand picture at the end of a colossal rocky corridor. You only hear at a distance the occasional rattle of a carriage; and even one of the most recent inventions of man, the telegraph line, only came in my way once, and then it had assumed a certain rustic and Idyllic character that brought it into harmony with the scene. It winds like a vine about the boughs and trunks of the ancient trees, and flings itself off from the last twig in a flying arch across the river from the United States to Canada, where again it clings to oaks, and climbs the heights in order to flash its messages right and left about a plateau covered with towns, the former country of the Hurons.

In Canadian and English works the Falls of Niagara are mentioned as a Canadian wonder of Nature; but in the American geographies they are entitled the greatest natural curiosity of the territory of the Union, and both parties talk as if it entirely belonged to them. In fact, however, it is pretty equally divided between them, and the frontier line of the two countries follows as far as possible that of the deepest water-channel of the river, and cuts through the innermost section of the great Horse Shoe Fall. America has, therefore, the half of this Fall and the whole of the smaller so-called American Fall, but Canada has by far the finest half, and the finest view of the scene. Its lofty shore runs along the whole line of the magnificent spectacle, and the American fall fronts towards this side, so that America cannot properly view her own treasure without crossing into a foreign country. The great Horse Shoe Fall, too, looks full towards Canada, and at its side lies the celebrated Table Rock, from which the most beautiful view of the whole is obtained. The Canadian shore also, though by no means lonely or desolate, is much more rural, or less town-like, and more open than the American. Except a row of pretty little "prospect houses" and curiosity shops, there is only a great hotel, the Clifton House, renowned throughout America, of which I had during my walk caught several glimpses through the trees.

A walk of a few minutes from the Clifton House Hotel brought me to the Table Rock, from whence I gazed on the descending sea before me with feelings of awe and wonder, tempered by a feeling of gratitude that I was permitted to look upon a scene whose stupendous majesty is identified with my earliest knowledge of the wonders of the world. (See p. 87.)

Seen from the Table Rock, no disappointment can be felt. For my part, so entirely was I unprepared for the enormous volume of water, that in the weakness of my comprehension and inability to grasp the scene, I was unwilling to turn my aching eyes from the glorious spectacle, apprehending it could only endure for a season, and that the overwhelming rush of water must speedily cease. But as I gazed with trembling anxiety, and marked no change beyond the masses of spray clouds, swayed by the wind across the mighty sheet, which ever retained its sublime proportions, the truth began to force itself upon me, that for thousands of years the waters had been falling, by day and by night, at all times and seasons, ever sounding, in a voice which once heard can never be forgotten, the praise of Him that bade them flow. It was probably with feelings of deep awe that the Indian of olden time, worshipping the Great Spirit, gave the peculiarly appropriate name O-Ni-aw-ga-rah, the Thunder of Waters, to this matchless scene. It is indeed eloquent "as with the voice of a great multitude—the



voice of many waters—the voice of many thunders, saying, "Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

How long I remained spell-bound to the spot where I had seated myself, I know not; but as a proof of the entire concentration of all senses on the scene, I was entirely ignorant of the fact that I had been sitting some time in a pool of water formed by the spray.

The power of Niagara over the spectator within its influence is extraordinary, or, as one fanciful writer has it, all spectators on this glorious scene feel their garments a little plucked at by the water nymphs, and one of the guides mentioned, *à propos* to this feeling, an anecdote of curious physiological interest. He was one day taking a young lady and her mother to one of the finest points of rock surrounded by the wild foaming waters, and the romantic young girl stepped out on the extreme point, her hair and her dress fluttering in the wind, and seemed quite absorbed in gazing at the wild commotion below. At last the mother and the guide both became alarmed, and the latter laid his hand on her shoulder saying, "Young lady, you are exposing yourself needlessly to danger."

"Oh," she answered, smiling, "there's no danger, I feel as if I could just jump down! Do you think it would hurt me? I believe I should hover over it like a balloon. Mother, I do think I could fly."

The terrified mother and the guide with some difficulty got her back, and then she sank down as if recovering from a kind of fit.

## XI.

BUFFALO—GIANTIC STEAM-BOATS—BRIDAL CHAMBERS—LAKE ERIE—WOODS ISLAND—WATER SHAKES—DETROIT—NEW FRANCE—VINEYARDS—DAWN—NEW BUFFALO—LAKE MICHIGAN—CHICAGO—ITS RAPID GROWTH—VALLEY OF LAND—GALENA—THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI—DOG'S PRAIRIE—IMMIGRANTS ON A MARCH—LAKE PEPEIN—SAINT PAUL'S—FALLS OF SAINT ANTHONY—TWIN TOWNS—FORT SNELLING.

My destination from Niagara was Chicago, to which I had the choice of two routes, one by rail to Detroit, the other by Lake Erie. I chose the latter. Leaving Clifton House in the afternoon, I proceeded by rail to Chippewa, six miles from Niagara. The line passes within a few yards of the Great Fall; so my last view of the cataracts was from the window of a railway carriage. At Chippewa I found a steamer, in which I descended the Niagara to Buffalo. We passed Navy Grand Island, the former celebrated as the headquarters of the leaders of the Canadian insurrection; the latter, from an attempt made by a mad-brained individual named Major Noah to gather within its precincts the lost tribes of Israel.

Shortly before entering Lake Erie we saw numerous ships which had passed through the Welland Canal, and were now spreading their sails to navigate the ocean-like lake. The resemblance to the sea was further increased when we arrived at Buffalo, where the harbour presented all the activity of a thriving maritime city.

As the steamer to Detroit was advertised to depart at nine P.M., I had ample time to explore Buffalo, one of the most remarkable examples of the rapid growth of American cities. Founded in 1801, destroyed by fire in 1813, it now contains a population of above 60,000. This extraordinary prosperity is due principally to its being the great natural gateway between

the marts of the East and the producing regions of the West, for the passage of the lake commerce. The principal business streets contain an endless variety of stores full of pedlars' goods and "Yankee notions." I walked into the Clarendon Hotel, where I supped in the company of about three hundred persons, the majority of whom boarded in the house. The ladies were very gaily dressed, prismatic colours being greatly in vogue.

Much as I had been astonished by the steamboats on the St. Lawrence, they sink into insignificance compared with those plying between Buffalo and Detroit. Indeed, my determination in favour of the lake route resulted principally from my desire to make a trip in one of these mammoth ships. There are four on the station, similar in size and appointments. That in which I voyaged was *The Western World*. This ship is 2300 tons burthen, 364 feet long, has engines of 1000 horse power, and is provided with 116 state rooms, 113 permanent berths, and has additional sleeping accommodation for 1000 passengers. She has three boilers, each 37 feet in length, ordinarily subjected to a pressure of 56 lbs to the square inch. The officers of the ship are forbidden by law to touch the safety-valve. The diameter of the paddle-wheels is 64 feet; there are 6 life-boats, 75 buckets, 1000 life-preservers, and 700 feet of hose in constant readiness. The saloons are fitted up in a style of extraordinary magnificence, with rich carpets, luxurious sofas, lounging chairs and settees covered with costly velvet, pianos, marble tables, and enormous mirrors. At one end there is a large dome of painted glass, from which elegant chandeliers are suspended. The engines are visible from the saloon, being inclosed by plate glass. The portions exposed to view are highly polished and adorned by artificial flowers.

The doors of the state-rooms are elegantly painted, and provided with cut glass handles. These apartments are equally handsomely fitted up. Two, called bridal-chambers, are decorated in a style of regal splendour; as they were not occupied, the stewardess permitted me to see them. The beds are covered with white satin, trimmed with gold lace; painted Cupids are suspended from the ceiling; the toilet furniture is of the finest china; hot and cold water are laid on, and flow by pressing ivory knobs; the chairs and sofas are covered with the richest velvet; the carpets are of the softest pile; and the walls display beautiful floral designs. Everything was new and fresh, for the ship had only been recently launched, and the apartments had never been occupied. The charge for each is five dollars.

We steamed out of the harbour at nine o'clock; and, but for a slight tremulous motion, and the noise of the huge paddle-wheels striking the water, it would have been easy to have imagined the saloon in which we were seated belonging to a large hotel. Indeed, these huge steamers are hotels on a vast scale, comprising, not only the accommodation I have mentioned, but also commodious bar and smoking rooms; and barbers' shops, where black barbers perform tonsorial operations from morning to night. We numbered about six hundred cabin passengers, and five hundred emigrants, who occupied the lower deck; so great, however, was the space, no crowding or inconvenience was felt; and the meals were served with the regularity and order of a first-class hotel. It was an extraordinary sight to see the breakfast-tables covered with a profusion of

dishes, to which all the passengers did ample justice. My companions were principally commercial men. A few were curious to know my calling and pursuits; when satisfied, they volunteered to enlighten me respecting their own occupations; one gentleman was even so obliging as to favour me with his card, notifying that the blasting gunpowder he was commissioned to sell was the best in the world.

With a few exceptions, the male passengers were extremely well-behaved; and it is worthy of remark that the bibles, of which there were many copies on board, were in constant use throughout the voyage. On looking out in the morning, water only was in sight, dotted here and there by ships, some of which were of large size. About noon, we were running up Detroit River, the shores of which, like those of Lake



THE WHITE-HEADED EAGLE.

Erie, are exceedingly tame. The wooded islands at the head of the lake tend to relieve the monotony of the scene. These are fringed by beds of large lilies, a favourite basking-place for the water-snakes; alluded to by Moore—

"O'er the bed of Erie's lake  
Slumbers many a water-snake,  
Basking in the web of leaves  
Which the weeping lily waves."

Up in the air, too, high in the regions of the clouds, white points might occasionally be discovered, describing circles or darting in zig-zags after the fashion of lightning. These were the white-headed eagles so ably described by Audubon, and the emblem of the once United States. (*See above.*)

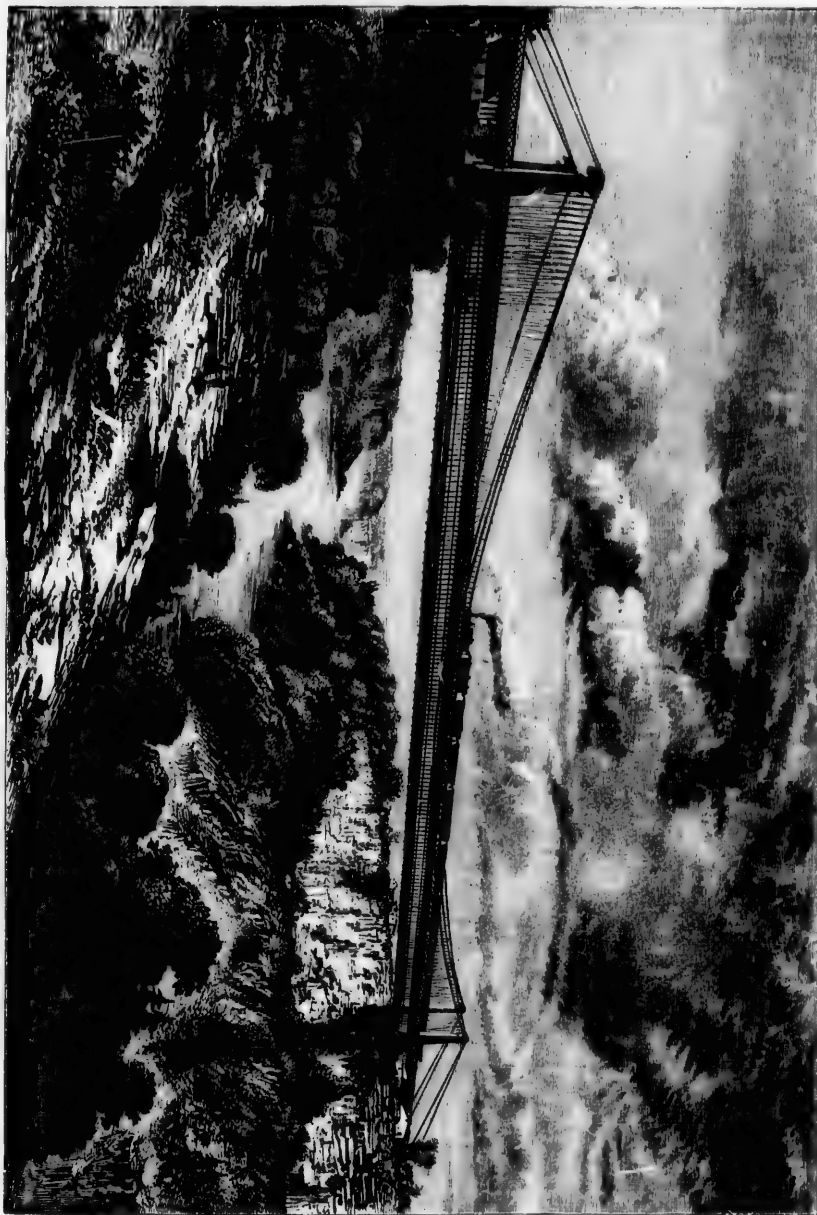
Detroit, originally a little French village of wooden houses, is now a flourishing city, possessing large public buildings, huge stores and hotels, long quays lined with

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DOUBLE BRIDGE OVER THE NIAGARA





shipping. It is doubtless greatly indebted to position for its prosperity; but an Englishman may reflect with some pride that this is also in some measure due to the Anglo-Saxon character. "Les Français ne savent pas coloniser," was said by a wise politician; but we must not forget that New France was attempted to be colonized by a government; New England by a people. Charlevoix tells us, that "Cartier out beau vanter le pays qu'il avoit découvert; on insista qu'il ne seroit jamais d'aucune apparence de mines." A hundred years later, the fishermen alone were found sufficient to enrich France. At Detroit the American and British flags wave in close proximity, as the opposite side of the river is British ground. The small town of Windsor on the English bank of the river is about half a mile from Detroit. This is the ardently desired goal of fugitive slaves, who have arrived in such vast numbers as to have founded a settlement called Dawn, a short distance from the river, where I was told they are thriving. The climate here is very mild, as proof of which vines grow on the islands in the lake. I found the heat so great in comparison to what it had been at Niagara, that I was glad to be able to travel by night to Chicago. I left Detroit at nine o'clock by the Michigan Railway, which traverses the peninsula between Lake Huron and Michigan to New Buffalo, where I arrived at six in the morning, and from thence crossed the lake to Chicago, which occupied two hours. This was a most fatiguing journey, and I was extremely glad to come to rest in the comfortable hotel.

Independently of the interest in contemplating the rapid spread of civilization in the western states, nowhere more apparent than in Illinois, it is worth while going there for the purpose of seeing the prairie near Chicago; at least I thought so, for although they are not the prairie of the far west, where the herbage rolls in long waves under the passing winds, they are yet prairie covered by wiry grass and a profusion of wild flowers. Here and there clumps of scrubby trees appear like islands on the plain; but excepting these, there is nothing to arrest the eye, which takes exceeding delight in boundless vision after a long confinement in dense forests. It expands the mind too, to know that one may walk without a check westward across Illinois, which consists principally of prairie land. The summer had been so dry and hot that the surface was more than usually parched. Some miles to the west it had taken fire, and burnt over a large area. In the course of my ramble I started some prairie hens, which afforded excellent shooting.

The history of Chicago is startling. In 1829, when it was laid out, a solitary log-tavern sufficed to supply the wants of the scanty population. Twelve outnumbered the white men, and the wigwags of the painted savage dotted the prairie on every side. In 1840, the population was 4,479; in 1851, 75,000. The oldest inhabitant born in the town is a lady, who according to our authority was only twenty-two years old in 1853. Spacious stores, fine ecclesiastical establishments—including a Swedish church, to which Jenny Lind contributed largely when she visited Chicago—large public buildings, and fine houses now meet the eye on all

sides. All is new, excepting a block-house built thirty-eight years ago when the country was peopled by savage Indians, prior to the laying out of the town. The inhabitants of Chicago are proud of this relic of antiquity. In a journal advocating its preservation it is urged, "Let it be surrounded by a neat iron fence that we may be able to illustrate to our children the nature of the defenses which the early settlers of Chicago were obliged to adopt. Let the giant arm of modern improvement sweep away, if necessary, every other vestige of Fort Dearborn; but let the shrill scream of the locomotive, as it brings up its long train of cars from the Gulf of Mexico, or rests from its labours after the mighty race of a thousand miles from the Atlantic seaboard, age after age echo around this humble but significant monument of the past."

The increase in the value of land has kept pace with the growth of the town. In 1810 the entire township might have been purchased for 500 dollars; now it is worth many millions. A New York clerk who came here to improve his fortune last year with 4,000 dollars, laid it out upon land, which he sold, six weeks after purchasing it, for 40,000.

The newspapers teem with advertisements illustrative of the "Go-aheadism" of this busy and thriving community. Excessive speed in every art seems to be the ruling passion. Under the head "Rapid Marriages," I observed several advertisements setting forth that parties were very desirous of "rapid union with, &c." Nor, as will be seen by the following extract, does bereavement cause the hymeneal torch to remain long extinguished:—"Married on the 10th July Mr. Patrick Welch to Miss Sarah E. Davis. Died July 24, Mr. Patrick Welch. Married August 12, Mr. Thomas Collins to Sarah E. Davis, relict of the late Mr. Patrick Welch."

After a brief stay at this city of yesterday, familiar to minds of many from the late sad steam-boat catastrophe, in which, among others, perished the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, my mineralogical predilections led me to take the railway to the lead-mines of Galena. The town, which thus derives its name, is built on the flanks of a hill over a narrow river. The houses are built on platforms rising one above the other, which gives to it a peculiar and striking aspect. There are steam-boats on this river, a tributary of the Mississippi, which ply between Galena and Saint Paul, the last station of the Mississippi boat proper. I took advantage of this circumstance for a further exploration westward. Progress, however, was but slow. There were villages to stop at, and stations wherein to take in wood. The navigation was also replete with obstacles, the water being very shallow. The aspect of the banks varied at every moment; sometimes they rose up like walls, and the broken rocks assumed the aspect of gigantic fortresses. This was also the case in the Upper Mississippi, which we joined in the heart of two beautifully wooded hills. In this greater expanse of water we found the navigation of the stream embarrassed by the presence of numerous islands clad with a dense vegetation. The scene presented by so wide an expanse of water thus dotted with islands was, however, at times exceedingly picturesque, and nowhere so than at the points of junction of the Wisconsin, or what is designated as the Dog's Prairie. (See p. 53).

It is not now half a century ago, that Major Pike ascended the Mississippi in a boat to explore its upper

<sup>1</sup> The energy of the Anglo-Saxon race under a great impression on the Indians in the early days of colonization. On one occasion, being accompanied by acts of oppression, they buried some Englishmen, saying, "You English, since you came here, you have grown considerably above ground; but as now we have you will grow under."

affluents, and to obtain permission from the natives to establish factories and military posts. Now in the place where the rare wigwam stood, beneath the shade of the cotton-wood tree, villages and even flourishing towns are to be met with, and flocks of sheep occupy the lands where the deer and the bison roamed but a few years previously. Such is human activity, and streams of immigrants may still be seen almost daily slowly wending their way to the sound of the creaking waggon, over the flowery prairies and past some new-born city, to found others along the great valley of the Father of Rivers, or up the wooded and fertile valleys that open into it to the right or left. (See p. 60).

Arrived at Lake Pepin, three Chippeway Indians came on board. They were fine tall men, but had coarse features, and very dark red skins. Nor was their dress much more inviting than their appearance. Leather gaiters, and no end of tongs and rags, the whole covered with a great blanket. They were going to Saint Paul's to reclaim a horse which they accused the Sioux of having made away with. Lake Pepin is formed by the river itself, which expands at this point to a width of three or four miles. On one side was the Maiden's Rock, so called from an Indian legend, that a young girl precipitated herself from its heights into the waters below, rather than marry a man whom she did not love. (See p. 61). The history of this poor creature seems to symbolise the destiny of the whole Indian race, which plunges itself into solitude, and suicides itself in brutalisation rather than wed with civilisation.

The town of Saint Paul, which we attained shortly afterwards, contained in 1860 a population of 18,000 inhabitants. It is the chief city of Minnesota, and is built in an amphitheatre on the left bank of the river, which it dominates. A magnificent bridge is being constructed to cross the bed of the river to the opposite side, the banks of which are low, the Mississippi resuming its navigability below the falls of Saint Anthony. This is the point, as before observed, for the departure of steam-boats to the Lower Mississippi as far as to New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico, as also of communication with Red River Settlement in British America to the north. There is a town on each bank of the falls: Saint Anthony on the one side, and Minneapolis on the other. Each possesses about 8,000 inhabitants, good hotels, and numerous saw and other mills moved by the rapid waters. The two towns are united by as many bridges, one an iron suspension bridge which is carried over the stream above the falls, which are some seven or eight yards in depth, the other crosses the river a little way below. Heated upon the platform crowned by Fort Snelling, whose ramparts, raised against the Indians, have now no meaning, a beautiful prospect is obtained of the two sister towns at the falls of the rapids beneath, of the junction of the St. Peter's river, and, further off to the south, of the gardens and steeples of Saint Paul. (See p. 68).

## XII.

CINCINNATI—BURNET HOUSE—RAPID CHANGES—COMMERCIAL PATRIOTISM—COLUMBIAN—ZARETSKY—ORIO COAL FIELD—CAMBRIDGE—MORRISTOWN—WHEELING—WISSE BRIDGE—CRUISE THE ALLEGHANIES—MARSHBURGH FORESTS—CINCINNATI—THE FORTY-NINE—NARROW ESCAPE—HARPER'S FERRY—ARRIVE AT WASHINGTON.

PATRIOTISM AS WAS my journey back to Chicago, that to Cincinnati, a distance of 300 miles, was much more

distressing. The railway was execrable, and what between the terrible jolting, frequently rendering it necessary to hold on, the great heat, and the tobacco-chewing with its sickening results, I had a sorry tin of it. The passengers were as rough as the road. The usual courteous prefix of "gentle" was dropped, and I was addressed as "man." These were signs that the "aristocracy of soul," as a lady described it, which reigns at Boston, has not yet reached the Western States. The rude familiarity, had it not been attended by perpetual expectations which flooded the floor of the cars, would have been amusing.

The dinner in the middle of the day was a wonderful scramble, and though fully half-an-hour was allowed for the meal, it was bolted in five minutes. There was just sufficient light to see the vines clothing the picturesque hills, as, in the evening, we drew near Cincinnati. We passed through vast suburbs composed of wooden houses; and after a long drive in a wonderful omnibus calculated to contain any number of people, I was put down at the Burnet House, one of the largest and best hotels in the States, where I slept off my fatigue, though the heat and angry hum of baffled mosquitoes, happily outside the net, were enemies to sound slumber.

Two dinners are provided daily at the Burnet House, served in different saloons. The guests at each repast averaged 300 persons. Printed bills of fare, including a great variety of *entrées* and dishes for both tables, are prepared every day.<sup>1</sup> The taciturnity at these large gatherings is remarkable. But here, as well as elsewhere in the States, people sit down to eat and not to talk.

Some Americans affirm that America does not commence until the Alleghenies are crossed, all to the east of that chain of mountains being old and worn-out, while the Western States are full of bustle and prosperity. Making due allowance for this burst of western patriotism, the couplet

"The Eastern States be full of men,  
The Western full of words, Sir,"

no longer holds good, for the forests are fast disappearing, and cities, towns, and villages are as quickly springing up. The rapidity of these changes is marvellous. But little more than half a century ago there was not a single Anglo-American settlement in Ohio—now the population amounts to upwards of 2,000,000, nearly all of whom are Anglo-Saxons. Cincinnati in 1800 was a hamlet of 750 inhabitants; by the last census, in 1850, it contained 115,435 persons. Enjoying the advantage of a beautiful situation on a series of terraces on the right bank of the Ohio, it is fairly entitled, from its locality and prosperity, to be called the "Queen of the West." In the year ending August 31, 1854,

<sup>1</sup> The consumption of provisions at these large hotels is amazing. On the morning after my arrival at Cincinnati, I was roused from my slumber at dawn by the convulsive-like cackling of fowl, the noise continued so long (above two hours), that I got up and looked out of my window commanding the back-yard. Immediately beneath were two long carts covered by netting, from beneath which a man desperately drew unfortunate fowls by means of a stick provided with a hook. Seizing each fowl, he swung it swiftly round by the head, which he wrenched off, and dropped the body into a large cask, which was nearly full of the decapitated birds. The operation, which I was informed was repeated every morning on the same extensive scale, continued until the vessel was full; but I cannot vouch for the amount of murder on other days, as I changed my quarters to a front room after breakfast.



there were 3,867 steamboat arrivals; the value of the imports during the same period was 66,000,000 dollars, and that of the exports 46,000,000, being an increase over the preceding year of nearly 50 per cent. A walk through the business part of the city is sufficient to show that these figures are not mythical. The stores occupy a vast frontage on the river, and extend back over a large area, each a hive of industry. They are filled with almost every conceivable description of goods, for Cincinnati is at present the great emporium for supplying the countless thousands of emigrants settling in the west. Here domestic furniture is manufactured to an extent that would be almost incredible were we not made aware that the demand extends as far west as California.

With few exceptions, all the labour in and near Cincinnati is performed by Irish. Though the River Ohio only divides the city from Kentucky, which is a slave State, there were not more than 3,237 free blacks in Cincinnati in 1850. They occupy a quarter of the city near the river called "Buckeye," and are principally engaged in occupations connected with the shipping.

The Ohio, which, during spring months is sixty feet deep at Cincinnati, had now only eighteen inches of water in its channel; thus I was disappointed in my hopes of being able to proceed to Pittsburgh by water, and was obliged to leave Cincinnati by railway.

My route lay over the Alleghanies; and as these mountains are crossed by two railways, it became a consideration which line I should take. One starts from Pittsburgh, and passes through the heart of Pennsylvania; the other, commencing at Wheeling, traverses Maryland, crosses the Alleghanies at an elevation of 2,400 feet, and follows the picturesque windings of the Potomac to Baltimore. I had heard so much of the grandeur of the scenery on this line, and of the engineering difficulties which have been overcome, that I decided in its favour; not being at the time aware of its reputation for frequent accidents, of which I was destined to have a practical illustration. It is a great convenience in America to be enabled to take a through ticket for a long journey involving change of railways. In the present case Washington, 680 miles from Cincinnati, was my destination; and although I had to travel over lines belonging to different companies, one ticket carried me through. Besides the saving of much trouble by this plan, it is a little less expensive.

I left Cincinnati in the afternoon, and arrived at Columbus, 120 miles distant, at ten o'clock. Here I slept; and, for the first time in the States, experienced incivility at an hotel. The following morning I resumed my journey to Zanesville, where I had to remain six hours, until a train on another line proceeded to Cambridge. I did not, however, regret this delay, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing in detail the very interesting and remarkable coal beds of this part of the Ohio.

The town stands on the sandstone formation near the falls of the Muskingum, in a most picturesque and beautiful region. Overlaying the sandstone in the adjacent hills, which rise about 200 feet above the river, are beds of bituminous coal which almost crop out at the summit and sides of the hills. These beds are on the verge of the great Pittsburgh coal-field, which extends over portions of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Virginia, occupying an elliptical area 225 miles in its longest diameter, and about 100 in its maximum

breadth; its superficial extent being about 14,000 square miles.

At seven in the evening I resumed my journey, proceeding in the first instance to Cambridge, where the Baltimore and Ohio Railway terminated, as the works between that village and Wheeling were not completed. We arrived at Cambridge in a couple of hours, and found stages waiting to take us on to Wheeling. Although the distance is only forty miles, twelve hours are spent on the road.

At Cambridge I procured a bed, but not a room to myself, and the next morning, after a breakfast more notable for its rough abundance than elegance, consisting of beefsteaks two inches thick, Indian corn bread, molasses, and very sedentary coffee, I set out on a stage to Wheeling. The morning was delightful, the air was crisp, and the great heat of the past week had subsided. Although the large and ponderous stage on which I rode had only two passengers, a second vehicle of the same unwieldy construction accompanied us, in order to keep up the supply at Wheeling.

An American stage-coach is nearly as great a curiosity as one of our old four-horse stages; so I was not sorry to have an opportunity of travelling during the day by one of these vehicles. I was fortunate too in having an outside seat, for the country is extremely beautiful between Cambridge and Wheeling. We passed a succession of fine farms, situated in sheltered hollows, surrounded by fields of stately maize, whose flowing tassels waved in the breeze, orchards filled with ripe apples, and occasional vineyards. In the middle of the day we stopped to dine at a small place called Morristown—passengers, drivers, and conductors sitting down together. The repast was abundant, though coarse, including the sempiternal ham and eggs, and enormous crocks of molasses. These attracted clouds of flies, which were kept in an unsettled state by a company of grinning negroes waving peacock's tails over the table. The scenery continued to be of the same charming character as I have described, all the way to Wheeling. Occasionally beds of coal darkened the hill-sides, enabling the proprietors to procure this valuable combustible by the mere trouble of carting it from the surface.

As the evening was closing we came in sight of Wheeling, celebrated for its manufactures of glass and iron and for its wire bridge spanning the Ohio. The distance between the piers is 1010 feet; and the structure is so slight that a storm a few months ago permanently injured one carriage track. It is contemplated to rebuild it, so as to allow the railway to be carried across the river. My impressions of Wheeling are not favourable. The hotel to which I was driven was dirty and poor. My bed was straw stuffed into a coarse ticking, and the furniture of the room was of the meanest kind. I had the companionship of the driver and conductor at supper, who were treated with more deference by the waiters than other guests.

It was strange, after being so long accustomed to the delicious purity of the atmosphere in the towns as well as country through which I had passed—hitherto dimmed only by the smoke of the memorable forest fires—to wake up beneath a pall of dense coal smoke that would have done honour to Manchester or Sheffield. Indeed, for the moment, I fancied I had been spirited away during the night hours to a Lancashire manufacturing town. As this glimpse of Virginia was

far from pleasing. I was not sorry when the time arrived for the departure of the train to Cumberland at the foot of the Alleghanias. As the scenery on this line of railway is extremely fine, I obtained permission from the manager at the station to sit in the ladies' car, which, being the last carriage of the train, gave me an opportunity of seeing everything very well from the end windows and exterior platform. As far as Fairmont, seventy-seven miles from Wheeling, the country continued pretty level: here, however, we struck the roots of the Alleghanias, and commenced the ascent of the Appalachian chain of mountains. Few persons in these days of travel have not seen an Alpine road zig-zagging up the face of a mountain. Convert the road into a railway; dwarf the height to 2,400 feet, which, however, is a very respectable elevation; substitute cars for lumbering diligences, and an iron horse for animals of blood and bone, and a very good idea may be formed of the passage of the Alleghanias via Baltimore and Ohio Railway.

The forests clothing this superb mountain region are very grand, consisting of glorious cedars, hemlocks, beeches, pines, elms, and maples; the latter being easily distinguished by their brilliant hues. Luxuriant rhododendrons fringe the cliffs, and the tropical-leaved sumach, with its clusters of bright berries, shows conspicuous among a dense undergrowth of evergreens. From the summit of the ridges I looked down upon vast amphitheatres of dense wood, and sometimes upon valleys over which I seemed to be suspended perpendicularly. The precipices, on the crest of which the railway is carried, are fearful, and remind me of parts of the Pyrenees. At five o'clock we were on the highest ridge, consisting of a kind of table-land, devoid of trees, in the middle of which is a small station called "Crest Line Summit." Here we paused for a short time, and then commenced descending the mountain to Cumberland. We were within half-a-dozen miles of our destination when our engine sent forth a terrific shriek, the agonising throes of which reverberated among the recesses of the mountains, and, as the sound died away, we came to stand still. A coal train had gone off the line before us, and, although a large force was employed to clear the rails, we were detained four hours, and did not arrive at Cumberland until near midnight. There I was fortunate in finding an excellent hotel, the landlord of which, late as it was, put a capital supper before me, during which I was waited on by slaves; Cumberland being in Maryland, a slave state. I was not aware of this fact at the time, or perhaps I should not have eaten my meal with equal gusto. As it was, I thought my able attendants merry fellows.

I had so arranged my plans as to spend the following day, which was Sunday, at Cumberland. The town lies on the slope of the Alleghanias, where the mountain barriers turn the water-courses towards the east. Swelling hills rise around, among which the beautiful Potomac winds. The whole scene has an English aspect, similar to our lake scenery, and the resemblance is increased by a charming Gothic church, built of fawn-coloured stone, which crowns a hill in the upper part of the town.

I proposed proceeding to Washington by a train due at Cumberland on Monday morning at eight o'clock, and was in readiness with fourteen other passengers at the proper time. Ten o'clock arrived, but no train; accordingly three cars and a baggage-wagon were pro-

pared for our conveyance. The conductor guessed we were very late in starting, and guessed again, 'twould be smartish work to pull up the time. To effect this required additional speed, and this was maintained where the line, following the windings of the Potomac, described sharp curves which no English railway train could keep. The consequence was the overthrow of the cars at a sharp turn, from which I luckily escaped half stunned, and with no broken limbs. We had to wait the train from Baltimore by which to proceed, and at length, after a detention of five hours, we resumed our journey; and, as it was no longer possible to pull up the lost time, our speed was not excessive. The wretched state of the line kept us in a continual state of apprehension; but we fortunately reached Harper's Ferry without further accident. Here the beauties of the Potomac centre, forming a scene which Jefferson declared worth going across the Atlantic to see, as being "one of the most stupendous in nature."

The main features consist in the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, which pass through a gorge in the Blue Ridge Mountains, here upwards of 1,200 feet high. In the distance, looking up the river, the mountains gradually blend their wooded summits, and, glancing outward, the country spreads in a soft, rich, cultivated landscape; this is the view so highly praised by Jefferson. There was happily sufficient light to see it while the train stopped, but the rest of my journey to Relay House was performed in the dark. Had all gone well I should have reached Washington in the evening; as it was, in consequence of the accident, and being obliged to lie by at sidings to allow trains to pass, I did not get to Relay House until two hours after midnight, of course too late for the Washington trains. With some difficulty I obtained entrance into the hotel, where I was glad to rest after a long day of more than usual fatigue and excitement. The following morning I took a train, after breakfast, to Washington. The country is picturesque, but not being favourable for agriculture, the curious spectacle of large tracts of land bristling with stumps meets the eye to the verge of the capital. When liberated from the cars, I fell into the hands, or arms rather, of a ravenous host of hotel touts and cabmen, whose conduct did not give me a very favourable idea of the police regulations of the United States' metropolis. At length I was rescued by the agent of the hotel to which I proposed going, and, after a long drive through sandy streets, I came to a pause for some days in the Marble House.

### XIII.

WASHINGTON—THE MARBLE HOUSE—THE CAPITOL—ROME—POLITICAL SITUATION OF WASHINGTON—HOURS OF WASHINGTON—THE BALD EAGLE AGAIN—PATENT OFFICE—MUSEUM—TANNED NEGRO SKIN—FRANKLIN'S PRINTING PRESS—STATE PAPER OFFICE—OBSERVATORY—SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION—VISIT TO ALEXANDRIA AND MOUNT VERNON.

My first sight-seeing act in Washington was to ascend the Capitol, from the summit of which the city of "magnificent distances" is seen to great advantage. Moore's lines on this metropolis, written half a century ago, hold good now:

"This famed metropolis, where Fancy sees  
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;  
Which travelling fools and gossamers adore,  
With apices unbuild and larvae yet unborn."

For with the exception of the heart of the city, traversed by the great artery, Pennsylvania Avenue, which is lined by fine blocks of public and private buildings, the greater portion consists of streets made up of houses alternating with groves, which, as the eye follows their shadowy outline, are swallowed up in the forest.

Bearing in mind the ambitious prognostications entertained by the founders of Washington, originally called Rome—Goose Creek having been at the same time raised to the dignity of The Tiber—the Federal metropolis must be considered a signal failure; for while almost every other town and city in the States has been and is increasing in a manner setting all calculations at defiance, the population of Washington still remains beneath that of fourth-rate towns, and her commerce is scarcely worth mentioning.

Had the extraordinary growth of the States been imagined, it is probable a more western locality would have been selected for the seat of government. A writer, who may be said to have been present at the birth of the city, as it was laid out in 1792 and he visited it in 1793, observes with respect to the site:—"In the choice of the spot there were two principal considerations: first, that it should be as central as possible, in respect to every State in the Union; secondly, that it should be advantageously situated for commerce, without which it could not be expected that the city would ever be distinguished for size or for splendour; and it was to be supposed that the people of the United States would be desirous of having the metropolis of the country as magnificent as it possibly could be. These two essential points are most happily combined in the spot which has been chosen."<sup>1</sup>

When, in antagonism to these flourishing commercial prospects, the statistics of Cincinnati, then undrunk of, are examined, we cannot fail to be struck by the short-sightedness of the projectors of Washington.

As a locality for government, it, however, enjoys advantages possessed by no other city in the States, being in the neutral district of Columbia, which, by an act of Congress, possesses no political privileges, and, therefore, cannot be regarded with jealousy by any State. That discord would result from the establishment of the legislature in any State city, is evident by antecedents. The writer before alluded to, observes: "Shortly after the close of the American war, considerable numbers of the Pennsylvanian line, or of the militia with arms in their hands, surrounded the hall in which Congress was assembled at Philadelphia, and with vehement menaces insisted upon immediate appropriations of money being made to discharge the large arrears due to them for their past services. The members, alarmed at such an outrage, resolved to quit a State in which they met with insult instead of protection, and quickly adjourned to New York, where the session was terminated. A short time afterwards, the propriety was strongly urged in Congress of fixing on some place for the meeting of the legislature, and for the seat of the General Government, which should be subject to the laws and regulations of the Congress alone, in order that the members in future might not have to depend for their personal safety, and for their freedom of deliberation, upon the good or bad policy of any individual State. This idea of making the place

which should be chosen for the meeting of the legislature independent of the particular State to which it might belong, was further corroborated by the following argument:—That, as the several States in the Union were in some degree rivals to each other, although connected together by certain ties, if any of these was fixed upon for the seat of the General Government in preference, and thus raised to a state of pre-eminence, it might perhaps be the occasion of great jealousy amongst the others. Every person was convinced of the expediency of preserving the union of the States entire; it was apparent, therefore, that the greatest precaution ought to be taken to remove every source of jealousy from amongst them, which might tend, though remotely, to produce a separation. In fine, it was absolutely necessary that the seat of Government should be made permanent, as the removal of the public offices and archives from place to place could not but be attended with many and very great inconveniences."

If Washington were in keeping with the Capitol, it would indeed be a magnificent city. This building, constructed of white marble, with its imposing facade and immense wings, for these are nearly completed, is a remarkably fine object. With a liberality worthy of European imitation, the visitor is allowed to ramble freely through the interior; and although Congress was not sitting, the Houses of Legislature were open. These are on the east and west of the Rotunda. The House of Representatives, which is much larger than the Senate Chamber, is also more handsomely decorated, the ubiquitous American eagle figuring largely in gilt edifices. By the way, Franklin was right in his objections to this bird, which, being the bald eagle, is not an honourable emblem of America. In one of his letters he observes:—"I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country; he is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly; you may see him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labour of the fishing-hawk; and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald eagle pursues and takes it from him. With all this injustice, he is never in good case; but, like those among men who live by sharpening and robbing, he is generally very poor, and often very lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward; the little king-bird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district. I am, on this account, not displeased that the figure is not known as a bald eagle, but looks more like a turkey. For, in truth, the turkey is in comparison a more respectable bird, and withal a true original of America. He is besides (though a little vain and silly, it is true, but not the worse emblem for that) a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British guards, who should presume to invade his farm-yard with a red coat on."

The original design of placing an equestrian statue of Washington near the Capitol has been abandoned, and a colossal seated figure substituted. The work is by Greenough, who has erred by representing the hero in the half-naked garb of a Roman general, with his right arm extended in the direction of the Patent Office. This attitude led a witty member of the United States Legislature to observe, that Washington doubtless points to that building because it contains his uniform, which he very naturally desires to put on.

<sup>1</sup> Weld's Travels, Letter IV.

In the cool of the evening I strolled down to the Potomac, in whose radiant wave

"The dying sun prepared his golden grave."

The view of this river and of the country beyond, as seen from the Navy Yard, is extremely beautiful, fully realising Moore's praise—

"Oh great Potomac! oh you banks of shade!  
You mighty scenes, in Nature's morning made,  
While still in rich magnificence of prime,  
She poured her wonders, lavishly sublime."

Alas that its clear waters should be now stained with blood spilt in civil warfare!

I was somewhat startled when, on sitting down in my room to write before going to bed, I found my portfolio literally covered by innumerable tiny red ants. Further examination showed that these animals had taken possession of every available spot. In my alarm at this plague of insects, I rushed down stairs, and begged to have another room. My wish was gratified, but the change was not productive of any benefit. The little insects were fully as numerous in my new apartment; and it seems the entire city of Washington suffers under a formic plague. Happily, however, the ants are not of a stinging species.

On the following morning, accompanied by two gentlemen connected with government, I visited the Patent Office, a handsome white marble building, resembling the Parthenon, having a frontage of 413 feet, with a depth of 280. Besides various offices for the transaction of "patent" business, large rooms are appropriated to the reception of models, now amounting to nearly 25,000, arranged in glass cases. The number of applications for patents has greatly increased during late years. In 1842, 761 were filed; in 1852, they had risen to 2,639. These figures show the inventive genius of America; and the multitude of "notions" in the shape of models of flying machines, and other possible and impossible mechanical adaptations for locomotive purposes, are convincing proofs of Jonathan's desire to economise time. The greater portion of these are consigned to the basement, where they are stowed in cases, without any attempt at arrangement. This, perhaps, is of little consequence; but it is to be regretted that no catalogue exists of the models—in many instances highly interesting and instructive—preserved in the upper rooms, illustrating inventions for which patents have been granted. The number of patents issued is less than the applications, the returns being 517 patents granted in 1842 out of 761 applications, and 1,020 in 1852 out of 2,639 applications. Of these, more than ten per cent. were for locomotive and engineering inventions. It is worthy of remark, that ninety per cent. of the patents were taken out by the Free States. An original inventor only is entitled to apply for a patent; the introducer of an invention has no claim whatever. The fees payable by a citizen amount to 6*l*. These are increased in the case of all foreigners, not natives of Great Britain or Ireland, to 63*l*., and to a native of these islands to 105*l*. This exorbitant increase appears the more unjust, as a citizen of the United States, applying for a patent in England, stands on an equality with British subjects.

The rooms above the patent Office are devoted to a museum, containing numerous articles of considerable interest. The curator, Mr. Verdon, has prepared a catalogue of the contents, but government will not be at the expense of printing it. This is short-sighted

parsimony, as there are many objects of high scientific interest, including the natural history collections resulting from Commander Wilkes' exploring expedition, and that lately returned from Japan.

Englishmen will naturally look with interest at the original "Declaration of Independence," which is appropriately preserved in a glass case. This historical document, undoubtedly one of the most important in the world, is written on a large sheet of vellum, and signed by the fifty-six representatives of the original thirteen states. The autograph of sturdy John Hancock appears boldly at the head of his republican brethren. In the same case are various relics of Washington. These consist principally of uniforms and other articles of dress, and bespeak the simplicity of the man. Indeed, the only courtly relic is a panel of his official carriage, covered with groups of Cupids, beautifully painted by Cipriani. In the same case are numerous presents made to American ministers by foreign powers, which, as their acceptance is unconstitutional, are preserved here. Among them were several jewels of great value, which a clever thief succeeded in abstracting a few years ago, and which may now be shedding their lustre in European ball-rooms; for the articles were never recovered. Near this case, and not far from the "Declaration of Independence," I observed the tanned skin of an African. Is this exhibited to show the use to which the animal may be put for, as the leather is extremely thick, to illustrate the doctrine held by some slave-owners with respect to the corporal punishment of their slaves.

I examined, with great interest, the old worm-eaten printing-press at which Franklin worked when a journeyman printer in London. It is inclosed in a large glass case, which Mr. Verdon kindly opened. An inscription records, that when Franklin returned to England in 1768, as agent to Massachusetts, forty-three years subsequent to his residence in London, he visited Mr. Watts' printing establishment in Great Wild Street, and, going up to the press in question, addressed the men who were working at it:—"Come, my friends, we will drink together; it is now forty years since I worked like you at this press as a journeyman printer." Franklin then sent for a gallon of porter, and drank with them "Success to printing."

Before leaving the Museum, my attention was drawn to a frame containing portions of the hair of all the Presidents of the United States, with their autographs. The absence of white, or even gray, hair among these relics is remarkable. Although this museum is still far behind those in large European cities, it is well worth visiting. I must say, however, my pleasure was greatly destroyed by the seas of liquid filth which deform and befoul the marble floor. Black men were, it is true, removing the impurities caused by their white brethren, but it seemed an Augean task, never ending; for fresh visitors produced fresh catarracts of abomination.

My new friends took me to the State Paper Office, where I was introduced to the chief clerk, formerly a judge,<sup>1</sup> who kindly showed me several interesting documents. Among these was the original draught of the "Declaration of Independence," in Jefferson's

<sup>1</sup> The retiring allowance to supernumerated officers in the United States is, generally speaking, so small that it is no uncommon circumstance to see judges acting as clerks.

handwriting, with various alterations, principally modifying his severity of language, as, for example, the words "destroy us" being substituted for "deluge us with blood." I also saw the letters of the unfortunate Major André, including the celebrated document penned on the eve of execution, in which he prays to be shot instead of hung. An early number of the *Pennsylvania Gazette* is preserved, with this curious advertisement:—"Printed by B. Franklin, who will give ready money for old rags, and sells glazed, fulling, and bonnet papers."

"From the State-Paper office I went to the Observatory, where I had the pleasure of meeting Lieut.

Maury, director of the establishment, who kindly conducted me over it. This was a most agreeable and instructive visit. Lieut. Maury's profound acquaintance with the physical sciences generally is made apparent by the efficient condition of the Observatory. The instruments are of the best description, and all the recent scientific arrangements for the instantaneous record of observations by electric agency are adopted. A few days prior to my visit, a new asteroid was discovered by Mr. James Ferguson, assistant astronomer, to which the graceful name of *Euphrosyne* has been given. This is the first new star added to the family of asteroids by America, and is an honourable



DOG'S PRAIRIE, WISCONSIN

memorial of the zeal of the officers of her national Observatory.

It is much to be regretted that the locality of the Observatory, though favourable for astronomical purposes, is most insalubrious, being on the verge of a vast marshy area, which, during the great heats of summer, emits pestilential miasma, rendering residence in the Observatory highly prejudicial.

Officially connected with the Observatory, though in another part of the city, is the Coast Survey and Chart Office, where, under the superintendence of Lieut. Bache, the results of the admirable United States Coast Survey are laid down. The execution of the maps and charts is excellent, every pains being

taken to render the work as perfect as possible. Here I saw the delicate instruments and apparatus used in the marine meteorological observations commenced by the United States Government at the recommendation of Lieut. Maury, and in which European governments now co-operate.

It forms part of the duties of this office to construct copies of the standard weights and measures. Besides these, three very accurate balances, weighing from 50 lbs. down to the ten-thousandth of an ounce, are supplied to the capital of every State, at a cost, for the three, of about £900. Twenty-four States have already been supplied. The workmanship is of the highest order of excellence.



Among the new buildings, to which, however, Washington is not indebted for architectural beauty, is the Smithsonian Institution, whose ugly towers and pinnacles are, unfortunately, very conspicuous. The building is so tasteless as to call to remembrance a Frenchman's observation on Fonthill, which edifice, by the way, was loveliness itself compared to the Smithsonian Institution: "Un homme doit avoir le diable au corps pour bâtir une maison comme ça." Not, however, satisfied by building an architectural deformity, a party possessing considerable influence are endeavouring to warp the sense of Mr. Smithson's will, by which he bequeathed upwards of half a million dollars to Congress "To found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Nothing can, apparently, be simpler or plainer than those words. Yet it is sought by the party in question to limit the expenditure of the trust to local purposes; such as founding a library, courses of lectures, &c. Smithson was a practical man; and though his illegitimacy soured his temper, his love for science was the pole-star of his existence.<sup>1</sup> His great desire was, that the establishment he so munificently endowed should increase knowledge, and diffuse that increase world-wide. And any deviation from a liberal and comprehensive interpretation of the terms of the bequest involves a breach of trust.

It is due to Professor Henry, the present excellent secretary of the Institution, to state he is not a party to any attempt even to divert the funds from their legitimate channel. The annual income at the disposal of the trustees is about £8,000, which, judiciously expended, may be made to diffuse much knowledge among men. It has been well observed, "Science is inseparably interwoven in all that gives power and dignity to a nation," and the United States Government will find there is more honour to be gained, and good to be effected, by carrying out the wishes of Smithson, than by circumscribing his reputation within the narrow limits of a library.

Hitherto the Institution has done good service by publishing valuable scientific works, which, through the agency of the Royal Society, have been extensively circulated throughout Europe. Among other interesting matters I saw here Mr. Warner's invention of gutta-percha stereotype employed in carrying out Professor Jewett's method for printing catalogues by means of separate titles. "The titles of the books being set up, a matrix is made therefrom, and a stereotype plate cast in gutta-percha. This is sawn into the number of titles of which it is composed, and the alphabetising is accomplished by the simple assortment and arrangement of those titles, which are fixed together in the requisite pages. By this means the books added to any library may be inserted in their proper places, and an annual catalogue published at a comparatively small cost." The catalogue of the Congress Library is printed in this manner.

It formed part of my plans to visit Mount Vernon.

<sup>1</sup> Hugh Smithson was the illegitimate son of Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, and Elizabeth, niece of Charles, Duke of Dorset. He originally intended to leave his property to the Royal Society; but in consequence of the rejection of one of his papers, he altered his will in favour of his nephew, at whose death the property was to revert to the United States, in trust for the foundation of an institution bearing his name.

This, during the summer and autumn, can be easily accomplished by means of a small steamer, which runs to and from the Mount twice a week. We set out at nine in the morning, and, steaming down the Potomac, stopped at Alexandria to take in passengers; and at Fort Washington, which is charmingly situated, we were allowed half an hour to ramble about the fort. In the course of my explorations I came upon a huge snake, which I had great trouble in killing. This fort has been garrisoned since the breaking out of civil war, and constitutes, since the defeat at Bull's Run, one of the chief defences of Washington. At the expiration of half an hour we were summoned on board by the ringing of a bell, which brought our party, including several pretty girls in evening dresses and sandal shoes, tripping down the hill-side at the great risk of encountering snakes in the long grass. We arrived at Mount Vernon at noon; two paths lead through a tangled wilderness to the house. One conducts to Washington's tomb, which is the first object visited. Whatever Americans may think and say respecting this great man, it is evident his remains concern them not; their resting-place is a disgrace to the nation. On arriving at the little inclosure, within which the tomb is situated, I saw a man busily engaged removing the dust and dirt from the monument. He was an American, but felt so pained by the state of the tomb that he had preceded us, hoping to remove the dirt before we arrived.

The house and grounds are equally neglected. A letter procured me admittance to rooms not usually shown; but every place was in ruin. Adjoining the house are a set of small cabins in which Washington kept his slaves. A writer relates:—"A person was kept at Mount Vernon during Washington's absence, whose business it was to attend to strangers, who were not only handsomely entertained, but provided with beds." On a *chapel tout cela*, and although a descendant of Washington, bearing the same name, occupies the house, its appearance is forlorn and desolate in the extreme. And yet it possesses great natural advantages, being situated on an eminence commanding lovely views of the Potomac and the country beyond.

#### XIV.

STREAM DOWN THE POTOMAC—ACQUIA CREEK—ARRIVE AT RICHMOND—SLAVE MARKET—MODE OF SELLING SLAVES—QUADROON—BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN—CAPITOL—HOUDDON'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON—STATE PRISON.

I HAD now exhausted the catalogue of Washington sights; and although the kindness of many friends desirous to extend their hospitality to me was a temptation to prolong my stay, my waning holiday forbade accepting their invitations, particularly as I determined to make an excursion into Virginia for the purpose of seeing the slave-market at Richmond. When this became known, several gentlemen evinced great anxiety to prevent me carrying this project into effect. It was clear they did not wish me to see the dark spot on their much-loved country. For, though slavery exists in Washington, there is no slave market there; and, indeed, the number of slaves in the district of Columbia has been decreasing since 1820. They are a merry set of fellows, taking a special delight in balls. Here is an invitation I received:—



### "GRAND FANCY BALL."

"The pleasure of your company is respectfully invited to a Grand Fancy Ball, to be given by John Dade, at Page's large Brick House, at the foot of 7th Street, on Tuesday next, Oct. 13, 1854.

"(PERMIT SECURED.)

"Tickets, admitting a lady and gentleman, One Dollar.

"Single Tickets, 50 cents.

"Omnibuses, 6½ cents each way."

I am sorry I can give no account of the sable beauties who figured on this occasion; certainly, had it been in my power, I would have assisted at the ball; but, before it came off, I was obliged to leave Washington.

I left Washington at six in the morning by the steamer for Aquia Creek, on the Potomac. Not being well, I omitted the necessary precaution of looking after my luggage. The consequence was that, although it had been carried in the baggage van from the hotel to the quay, and was labelled "Richmond," the porter accompanying the van did not put it on board. I mention this to show the necessity of not trusting porters in the United States.

The sail down the Potomac, which is picturesque, was diversified by a very abundant breakfast; and the lively conversation of a charming girl, who gave me reason to believe she did not regret the fate which brought us together for a brief period, as she gave me her card when we parted. Of course I reciprocated the courtesy; but as our lives are cast in different quarters of the globe, it is not very likely we shall ever meet again.

At Aquia Creek a train was waiting to convey us to Richmond, sixty miles distant, where we arrived at two o'clock. The cars stopped in the middle of a thronged street. On getting out I was surrounded by a noisy set of oily and shining negroes, clamouring in favour of the ho-ho which they represented. I drove to the Exchange, lighter in property than on any previous occasion, for I was luggageless. Though I had sent a letter back by the steamer, directing my portmanteau to be forwarded by Adams's Express (an admirable establishment for the transmission of parcels throughout America), I deemed it advisable to take the additional precaution of sending a telegraphic message; but on going to the office, I was informed the telegraph was not in action, and would not be in working order until the following day. This was my last experience of United States telegraphs, and it must be admitted I was not fortunate in the results.

My first inquiry was respecting the slave-market. The landlord of the hotel looked upon this mart evidently in the light of a place for the sale of quadrupeds. The niggers, he said, were sold every morning, excepting Sunday, at ten o'clock, in the lower part of the town, and as this was Saturday, it was probable, if I wanted to buy, I should find a good chain of likely slaves at Monday's market. I at once disabused his mind of any idea he might have formed of me in connection with slave-owning, stating I was an Englishman, who had journeyed to Richmond for the sole purpose of seeing the slave market. "Ah, well, I guess," he replied, "you'll see plenty of slaves without going there; all the niggers in the hotel are slaves, and all the work in Richmond is done by slaves."

Not, assuredly, greater is the contrast between a fair landscape illumined by brilliant summer sunshine, and

steeped in the purple gloom of an impending thunder-storm, than that presented by the banks of the James River and the Richmond slave market.

I visited this place with mingled feelings of sadness and curiosity. The market consists of three human shambles, situated in the lower part of the town, far from the dwellings of the whites, easily distinguished by red flags over the entrances, to which are attached particulars of the slaves for sale. The number greatly varies, sometimes amounting to about fifty, and occasionally falling to one or two. On the day of my visit, fourteen male, and seven female "likely" slaves, with their children, were advertised to be sold by auction. The first establishment I entered, consisted of a large barn-like room, about forty feet square, furnished with rude wooden benches and chairs; a platform for the display of the human goods; a desk, and a screen across the upper end of the room. The floor, walls, and indeed every object, were befouled by tobacco juice. About a score of ill-looking fellows were present, engaged, with scarcely an exception, in perpetual chewing and whittling. The benches, chairs, and all the woodwork, exhibited abundant marks how vigorously the latter practice had been carried on. The pillars were in many cases nearly severed. One man, who had tilted his chair back, was whittling one of the raised legs, with such energy of purpose, as to speedily threaten the amputation of that most important member of a chair's economy. By degrees more people arrived. When about fifty were present, the slaves were brought in from the neighbouring jail, where they had been confined. There were four men, and two girls. The former were immediately led behind the screen, stripped stark naked, and examined with great minuteness. Marks were criticised with the knowing air assumed by horse-dealers, and pronounced to be the results of flogging, vermin, or scrofula. Little value was apparently attached to the answers of the slaves, though considerable pains were taken to ascertain their ages, (of which, by the way, they were generally very ignorant,) and the cause of their sale; with one exception, none could assign any reason. The exceptional case was a youth, who stated he was the slave of a tobacco manufacturer, and that although his master treated him well, the overseer was harsh and cruel, and frequently beat him. In proof of this he exhibited a scar on his shoulder. His master, he added, had consented to allow him to be sold. The women were more tenderly dealt with. Personal examination was confined to the hands, arms, legs, bust, and teeth. Searching questions were put respecting their age, and whether they had children. If they replied in the negative, their bosoms were generally handled in a repulsive and disgusting manner. When sufficient time had been given for the examination of the slaves, the auctioneer left his desk, and desired his assistant, who was a slave, to bring up the first lot. This was a male negro about thirty years of age, who had been working on a tobacco plantation. He was ordered to ascend the platform, and the auctioneer stood on a chair by his side. The assistant now tucked up the slave's trousers, bared his neck and breast, and the sale commenced. "Here," said the auctioneer, "is a likely young nigger, used to all sorts of farm work; what will ye bid, gentlemen? He's worth a thousand dollars. Who'll bid? come, 500 dollars to begin. Thank ye sir; 500 dollars—500 doll'r—doll'r—doll'r—doll'r—(uttered with bewildering rapidity),

"500 doll'r—doll'r—doll'r : 600, thank ye sir." Here the bidding hung fire, and the auctioneer, after expatiating on the good qualities of the lot, ordered him to be walked up and down the room before the people, who now amounted to about 200. During his progress, he was frequently stopped by parties who examined him. On returning to the platform, the biddings were renewed with greater spirit, until they reached 808 dollars, at which sum the man was sold. The next lot—also a male, who stated he was worn out, and unable to do good work, though apparently under fifty years of age—sold for 630 dollars; the third male, about thirty years old, who had been working in a plantation, for 940 dollars; and the fourth, the young man who was sold at his own request, for 750 dollars. In all these cases the same process was gone through, each slave being trotted up and down the room precisely like a horse. Now came the women's turn. The first put up was a good-looking girl, gaily-dressed, her hair adorned with ribbons—who, according to her statement, was nineteen years old, and was skilful in the use of her needle. "Can you make shirts?" was a question put to her by a dozen men. "Yes," she replied, "and wash them too." The auctioneer expatiated at great length on the excellent qualities of this "prime lot," for which he expected 1000 dollars at least. He obtained more—the first bid was 500, and she was knocked down for 1005. The second woman, aged twenty-five, who had been a domestic servant, realised only 700 dollars, on account of some scars on her shoulders, which a man near me was confident were produced by the whip. As all the slaves present were now sold, I thought business was over in this establishment; but just as the last woman was led away, a mulatto entered the room with another woman followed by two little children about three and four years old, and carrying a third still younger in her arms. These were the children announced for sale. The circumstances of this woman, or lot, as she and the children were called, being brought in alone, led me to suppose there was some distinction between her and the preceding slaves. In slavery none—she and her children were slaves like those just sold; but in appearance the difference was great. She was a remarkably handsome mulatto, and her children were nearly, if not fully, as white as the fairest Americans. If any doubt existed in my mind respecting the revolting nature of this human traffic, the case of this woman would have determined my judgment. Her story was brief: she was not married, and the man whose passions had made her his mistress as well as slave, willed that she should be sold with his children. More she would not divulge; nor would she answer questions relative to her occupation. All attempts at extracting further information were met by a scornful refusal to divulge aught of her past life, and when her small soft hand and bosom were examined, on which her infant was reposing, her eyes flashed fire, and I sincerely believe, had a knife been within her grasp she would have plunged it in the hearts of her tormentors. Followed by her two little children, who clung to her dress like scared lambs, shrinking from the gaze of the rough men who pressed round them, she ascended the platform, and the auctioneer recommenced his business. Whether he dreaded a scene, or that he deemed it unnecessary, I am unable to say; but he limited his prefatorial harangue to the simple announcement that he had a fine young woman to offer, with her children,

who would not be sold separate, adding that in a few years the boys would be fit for work. What could he say of her, whose heart's finest affections were perhaps at that moment lacerated to satisfy the greed of a man! He set a high price on the woman and her children, declaring he expected at least 2,500 dollars for the lot. The first bid was 800; languid bidding succeeded, until the amount reached 900 dollars. The woman was then ordered down, and followed by her little children, was made to walk up and down the room. On resuming her place on the platform, the bidding became a little brisker; but as no eloquence on the part of the auctioneer could raise them above 1,100 dollars, the lot was withdrawn. I was informed the woman alone would have raised more than this amount, but there is a strong aversion against purchasing white children.

It is unnecessary to carry the reader to the other slave marts. I visited both, and saw slaves sold under circumstances similar to those described. I conversed with most of the slaves, a few expressed great sorrow at leaving their late home and masters, and gazed inquiringly on those that examined them with a view of purchasing; but the majority exhibited a dogged apathy, as if their hearts were callous to all sensations. The spectacle I had witnessed the previous day was, however, fresh in my remembrance; and I well know the black man has strong feelings.

Many masters, as I was informed, have a great dislike to pass slaves whom they desire to sell through the degrading ordeal of public auction. To avoid this, they dispose of them by private contract, or provide them with papers of sale, authorising them to sell themselves, on the understanding that they bring the price asked to their masters. Thus the business transacted in the Richmond slave-market does not represent the total number of slaves sold. It falls also far short of supplying the demand.

The want of capital is a serious bar to improvement in the slave states. In expectation of supplying this want, a place called Manchester was laid out for cotton mills, on the James River, opposite Richmond; but up to the present time only two have been erected. These employ free white labour alone, but the manager is an Englishman. The entire State of Virginia is most favourably adapted, by its situation and command of water-power, for developing a large trade in cotton-spinning and weaving, yet it only possesses twenty-seven mills, employing a capital of under two millions of dollars. Contrast this with the cotton-manufactures of Massachusetts, and it will be seen how heavily slavery presses on the energies of a State.

The census, which always sheds clear light on the progress of a nation, shows still farther how slavery has crippled Virginia. In 1810 she was the leading State in the Union, and had a population of 974,622, including 392,518 slaves and 30,570 free blacks. New York, her rival, had a population of 959,049, including 15,017 slaves and 25,333 free coloured. In 1850, Virginia had 1,421,661 inhabitants, of which 472,528 were slaves, and 54,333 free negroes—an increase of 343,266 whites, 23,763 free blacks, and 30,010 slaves. The comparatively small augmentation of slaves shows how large a number of the poor fellows have been consigned to dealers and consumers further South. Now turn to New York in 1850. The total number of inhabitants in the Empire State was 3,097,394, of which 49,069 were free blacks, and no slaves—almost the same increase of free blacks as Virginia, and an in-

crease of 2,112,000 whites to 343,266 in Virginia. These figures furnish a more unanswerable argument against the Nebraska bill than any figures of rhetoric.

If it were not for the moral pestilence proceeding from the slave mart, I should say Richmond would be a pleasant city to dwell in. It is agreeably situated on the ascending slope of the north bank of the James River, which is broken into several hills of different elevations, giving a picturesque appearance to the place. The residences of the upper classes exhibit considerable taste, and are built of stone. The chief public building is the Capitol, finely situated in the centre of a small park on the brow of a hill. Mr. Jefferson intended that this building should be a copy of the chaste Maison Carrée at Nîmes, a plan of which he sent from France to Richmond; but his ingenious countrymen fancied they could improve it, and accordingly placed the columns on the top of the attic story. In many other respects the plan was inverted. The building contains a statue of Washington by Houdon, which possesses far more merit than the seated figure of the hero at Washington.

Apart from its artistic excellence, it is particularly interesting, as being by far the best likeness of Washington in existence, so authentic, in fact, that almost all the portraits of him have been copied from it. When the State of Virginia determined to have a statue of Washington, the Legislature commissioned Jefferson and Franklin, who were at Paris, to secure the services of the most eminent European sculptor to execute the work. Accordingly Houdon,<sup>1</sup> who at that period (1785) enjoyed a very high reputation, was engaged, and although he had many pressing professional orders to execute, he crossed the Atlantic with Franklin, for the express purpose of modelling a bust of Washington. The artist had the advantage of residing for some weeks at Mount Vernon, where he had every opportunity of studying Washington's face and expression. The result was an admirable plaster bust, with which he proceeded to Paris, and which served as his model for the present statue.

The costume was a subject of considerable discussion, terminated eventually by Washington, who, in compliance with a desire to have his opinion, wrote to Jefferson, suggesting that a modern dress would be preferable to "a garb of antiquity." In his reply, Jefferson expressed his entire satisfaction with this idea, adding, "I find it strongly the sentiment of West, Copley, Trumbull, and Brown, in London." The statue is therefore an authentic historical representation of Washington in the costume which he habitually wore as commander-in-chief. No other statue was ever made from his person. It was modelled about two years after the close of his military career, when he was in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

Its resemblance to Washington fully satisfied his contemporaries, several of whom declared it represented the original as perfectly as a living man could be represented in marble.

Thus, I regarded this statue with very great interest, and while contemplating the expressive features of the great patriot, fully subscribed to the following brief but noble tribute, which is inscribed on the pedestal, and which tradition says was penned by Madison on his knee, in the midst of the Legislature of Virginia:—

"The general assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia have caused this statue to be erected as a

monument of affection and gratitude to George Washington, who, uniting to the endowments of the hero the virtues of the patriot, and exerting both in establishing the liberties of his country, has rendered his name dear to his fellow-citizens, and given the world an immortal example of true glory."

I visited the great State Penitentiary, which, like all similar establishments in the States, is conducted on the principle of making the labour of the prisoners profitable. The governor boasted that the prison-labour in 1854, produced 10,000 dollars more than it yielded during the preceding year, forgetting, apparently, that this involved a larger number of prisoners, and consequently a greater amount of crime. The gross earnings of 220 prisoners for one year, were 72,213 dollars. Among the prisoners were 75 coloured males, and four coloured females. Respecting these persons, the official Report says:—"It is needless to state how poorly they are qualified for good mechanics." Among the crimes and sentences of prisoners in 1853, are two for slave-stealing, sentenced to imprisonment for two and a half and six years; three for carrying off slaves, sentenced to ten and thirteen years, and life imprisonment; six for aiding slaves to abscond, sentenced to confinement for two, four and a half, five, seven, and two years; and one for giving a register to a slave, sentenced to imprisonment for five years, which exceeds by two years the average length of imprisonment for manslaughter. The prisoners are not separated. During the day they labour together in large rooms, and at night are locked up by couples in their sleeping cells. In fact the system appears to have for its object, making the prison self-supporting, rather than punishing and reforming criminals. Economy is strictly studied. My attention was drawn by the governor to a man dressed in good plain clothes, seated in a verandah with his legs on the balcony rails. He was under sentence of imprisonment for life for killing his brother, but being a doctor by profession, he was put in charge of the hospital, by which arrangement the establishment saved the expense of a paid medical officer. This, I apprehend, is a feature in prison discipline which would not find favour in England.

## XX.

FIRST SETTLEMENTS IN NORTH AMERICA—WAR OF INDEPENDENCE—RAPID PROGRESS OF POPULATION—FEDERAL SYSTEM—REVENUE.—RELATIVE POSITION OF THE STATES—WEAKNESS OF UNION—ARMAMENTS.

HAVING arrived at Richmond, the temporary capital of the Secessionist or Confederate States, it may be well that we should pause a moment to consider some of those social and political problems which are involved in the progress of the once United States, their present unfortunate state of disruption, and their future destiny. The

<sup>1</sup> The reader must bear in mind, that when this narrative was written, the great civil war was raging between the Northern and Southern States of America, the Southern slave-holding States having taken up arms to constitute themselves into an independent "Confederate" Republic; and the Northern States fighting to force them back into the "Federal" Union. The armies engaged in this fratricidal war amounted to upwards of one million of men. After fighting for several years, and sacrificing thousands of lives and spending millions of money, the Northern States were victorious, and the people of North and South have once more settled down to industrial pursuits. However much this fratricidal war may be deplored, yet no one can deny that great good resulted from it, in the abolition of slavery—that great curse and foul blot on all countries where it exists.

manner in which the country was colonised, the peculiarities of the original European inhabitants, and of the emigrant population since superseded, the rupture with the mother country, the war that ensued, the form of government adopted when first independence was declared, the features of the country, the progress of population, the revenue, the vast and rapidly increasing commerce, the manners and customs, the prevailing characteristics of social life, the variety of surface, soil, and climate, the moral character of American progress, education and literature, religion, and the influence of slavery as an institution in the Southern States, have all to be considered before we can arrive at any definite ideas as to the causes of the rapid advancement and prosperity of the United States, before we can form even an approximative opinion as to the dangers of the existing crisis, and still more so before we can thoroughly understand and appreciate in all its bearings the duty of England and America in relation to each other.

Previous to her disruption, the government of the United States exercised dominion over a country which came next to that of Great Britain and Russia, in point of extent and of the number of inhabitants that it was capable of supporting. We place Great Britain before Russia because its colonies are most populous, but accidental populations which may any day detach themselves from the mother country can scarcely be placed in the same category as the system of colonisation and aggrandisement pursued in Russia, and whose only danger is the natural incoherence of wide-spread dominion.

With respect to the United States, from the Atlantic in the east to the Pacific in the west, from the lake countries in the north to the Gulf of Mexico in the south; her shores thus washed by the great ocean; her lakes, and seas, and rivers, the most majestic that water the earth; her commerce whitening every sea; her railroads and canals, like great arteries, intersecting nearly her whole surface, carrying life and activity to the very borders, and in some places into the nooks and corners of the Great Desert Plains, and then again beyond these into the great valleys of the Rocky Mountains, down to the shores of the Pacific; and whose more densely populated surface is overspread with a network of magnetic wires; this colossal empire, embracing every characteristic of soil and every degree of climate, had extended within the last half century, and filled the untrodden forest, the uninhabited plain, and the bleak hills with commerce, increasing towns, and a numerous population. The sun was four hours in its passage from the time when it first shone on the eastern shores of Maine till it struck the waters of the Pacific, and it was about four months in passing through the degrees of latitude of the once United States, in its northern and southern declination embracing six varieties of climate.

North America was first really settled in Virginia in the reign of James I.; and at James Town, which occupies a peninsula projecting from the northern shore of James River, may still be seen the ruins of the first church of North America; and this, with the surrounding burial-ground, is now almost the only memorial to be found of the original colony. This town was established two years before the settlement of Canada by the French, seven years before the founding of New York by the Dutch, and thirteen before the landing of the Puritans at Plymouth Rock. Subse-

quently, and at different intervals, the territory was peopled along parts of the coast of the Atlantic, as far as Plymouth, by the English, Dutch, French, Swedes, and Finns. New York was colonised by the Dutch in 1614. The Swedes, Finns, and Germans settled in Delaware and New Jersey in 1683. Plymouth—the general name applied to New England—was established in December, 1620, by the Puritans who arrived in the *Mayflower*.

These several settlements, as arranged by the British Government, consisted of thirteen states, which long existed as provinces of Great Britain, each state containing from ten to twenty thousand inhabitants. But Parliament, pushed by the expenses incurred in defending the colony against the French, attempted to tax the colonists without the intervention of their legislative assemblies; and this, added to some irritating circumstances previously existing, such as the refusal of government to sanction an extension of the colonies into the interior, the forcible deportation of the French population of Nova Scotia, together with other assumptions of power considered equally arbitrary and unjust, all contributed to produce an alienation of the colonies from the English rule. A civil war ensued, which, commenced at Lexington, near Boston, Massachusetts, in 1775, soon raged all over the limits of the States, from Concord, Bunker's Hill, the Lakes, and Saratoga, Lexington, in the Delaware, Schuylkill, the Chesapeake, and other scenes, to Charleston and New York in Virginia, where, the colonists having been powerfully assisted by France, and to some extent by Spain and Holland, the grand termination was effected by the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. The colonists thus successful, Great Britain acknowledged their independence by the peace of 1783, after a calamitous and unnatural struggle of seven years' duration.

By this struggle the Confederate States released themselves from the exactions of a distant dominancy; they gained not only their independence but their liberty. And though the whole country was impoverished, the Union dissolving, its seaports desolate, its ships decayed, and the flower of its youth withered in the prison-ship or on the battle-field, it awoke to an almost instantaneous and marvellous display of enterprise and energy, and suddenly sprang into the rank of the mightiest of the nations, shining, till the fatal moment of disavowance and civil war, as a star of the first magnitude in the constellation of earthly kingdoms, and almost sharing with her former mistress the dominion of the sea.

Though England, in her contest with the United States, had neither the support of popular sympathy nor the dignity of military success, she retired from the field of her disasters with some consolation. She had laid the broad foundation of a nation gifted with her own courage, intelligence, and enterprise, an imperishable population, however divided or subdivided, or however ruled, possessing her arts, her morals, her literature, and her religion; and although it was severed from her dominion, men of experience soon began to see that future commercial intercourse with the States would be more advantageous to the mother country than it could have been if they had remained in colonial subjection.

The census of the United States, published in 1851, estimated the entire population at 25,000,000; of which about one-third were slaves, Indians, and free

persons of colour. The free states were found to contain between 13,000,000 and 14,000,000, the slave states between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 free, and about 3,000,000 slaves. The population may be now estimated, according to its great average ratio of increase, which has been of 3,929,227 in 1790, to 23,191,876 in 1856, at 28,000,000; but the relations of the populations as between the free states and the slave states may be supposed to have remained the same. The growth of the population is without a parallel in the history of man. The emigration from Europe was calculated at 1,000 per day. In 1850 Lord John Russell showed that 223,078 had sailed from the mother country for the States in that single year. Full 2,500,000 of the population of England, it is estimated, have gone within the last forty years to swell the population of the States.

The Irish emigrants settle in the commercial towns and along the great thoroughfares; the Germans settle mostly in the country; the English in the neighbourhood of towns, on cultivated lands; the Scotch largely in New England and New York; the French in cities; and the Welsh in the neighbourhood of woods and mines.

In whatever direction you proceeded, from the centre of every city or town to its various outlets, rows and piles of new buildings were in progress of erection, and green fields and fruitful gardens were being rapidly converted into streets and squares, with magnificent edifices. The flood of population, doubling itself every twenty years, has swept over the Alleghanies, crossed the blue Ohio and the Father of Waters, has followed the shores of the Great Lakes, has rolled up the Mississippi to the far west; its advancing tide has already enveloped the coasts of Florida and Texas, settled in New Mexico and the Utah wilderness, and pushed across the Rocky Mountains to the shores of California and Oregon, the very lines by which the Atlantic was to be united to the Pacific had been laid down, when this great Anglo-Saxon empire was, by the fiat of Providence, in all human probability broken up for ever.

The particular form of government of the United States was, as is well known, a federative republic, or representative democracy, designated "the Congress of the United States," and, like the constitution of England, it provided for three branches of government, only that these branches were all elective, and that by a widely diffuse suffrage. Such a government assured to the people the grand principles of freedom, liberty of conscience in matters of religion, liberty of the press, trial by jury, and the right of choosing and being chosen to office. Democracy was in the United States a palpable existence in full operation—an active principle, demonstrating man's capability to govern himself, and to determine between right and wrong, in all political as well as civil and religious affairs.

But every federal system contains defects which baffle the efforts of the legislator. De Tocqueville, in his well-known work on *Democracy in America*, long ago pointed out the relative weakness of the government of the Union as a defect inherent in the federal system, that the sovereignty of the separate states was apparently weaker, but in reality stronger, than that of the Union, and that, above all, war was the main peril of confederations.

If this was the case with regard to foreign war, still more so would it be the case in civil war. The Federal system was not only deficient in every kind of

centralised administration, but the central government itself was and is imperfectly organised, and this would just as much be an influential cause of incapability when opposed to another batch of confederated States nearly similarly circumstanced, but united for purposes of self-defence or opposition, as it would when opposed to other countries which might be governed by a single authority.

The revenue of the general Federal government has been hitherto derived almost exclusively from the sale of lands, and from duties on imports and tonnage, or foreign merchandise; and it could create no other. The necessity for direct taxation and internal levies on the people, now rendered so imperiously necessary, may be borne for a time under the impulse of excitement, but can scarcely be expected to last without entailing new relations between the governing power and the people. There are no tithes, no church-rates, no poor-rates, yet under such a system the receipts into the treasury had increased from 28,000,000 to over 40,000,000 dollars, and the Californian trade—the commercial phenomenon of this commercial age—has also added 100,000,000 dollars to the national commerce, and more than any event in the last forty years, has invigorated the navigating interest of the country, exerting a powerful influence over the commercial marine of the world by swelling the internal trade of the United States, and enabling her to own more than two-fifths of the tonnage of the world. The government has hitherto extracted nothing more from the pockets of the people than has been absolutely necessary to meet the expenses. It, above all, extracted nothing from the miseries of the people. Expenditure was reduced to the utmost, without detriment to the public service. No taxes were levied on local manufacturing industry. The practice seemed to accord more with the theory of Siamondi than with that of Adam Smith. The restriction of cash payments having proved fatal to the progress of the doctrines of the latter, they have viewed political economy as a science of proportions; they appear to have recognised the principle that income must increase with capital, that population must not go beyond the income upon which it has to subsist, that consumption should increase with population and that reproduction should be proportioned to the capital which produces and to the population which consumes it.

Although, however, equality among its citizens was so universally recognised and enjoyed under the laws of the United States, it must not be understood that it is equality of property and power; it must not be supposed that there were no gradations in society. The equality was not so much equality of social position as of political, civil, and religious right. From the settlement of the republic, notwithstanding the adjunction of all aristocracy, there has been an upper, a middle, and a lower class. There are distinctions of property, diversity of condition, subordination of rank, and a variety of occupations. Equality before the law is no more synonymous in the United States of personal independence than in any other country. So there has also existed for now some time back in the United States, two parties—the Federal or Aristocratic, and the Democratic. "One party," said Jefferson, "fears most the ignorance of the people; the other, the selfishness of rulers independent of them."

Strange that in a government so constituted its advantages should be invidious and partial. While



the roar of her cannon on every anniversary of her independence was heard from a thousand hills, and the air was filled with her shouts and hurrahs for liberty, three millions of her subjects were denied the precious breath, and doomed—themselves and their posterity—in drag out their lives in perpetual bondage. Though Congress had solemnly declared, in the face of the world and before the God of Heaven, that freedom was the rightful inheritance of every man and daughter of Adam, yet have they continued in the true spirit of Pagan tyranny to withhold it from those upon whom the wickedness of their ancestors riveted the fetters of slavery.

The "domestic institution," as it is called, has been

at the bottom of every thing questionable in the policy of the government—everything wicked, everything foolish, every thing impolitic, everything mischievous, done by the Congress of the United States for a long course of years. Every political change, every unconstitutional new law, must be studied by the baleful light of this institution, and all will be intelligible. It is an institution—half a disastrous remnant of barbarism—that has made the whole nation barbaric in many of its aspects.

In public, as in private matters, there is no possible durable, permanent, and ultimate success where all principle, morality, and uprightness are out of thought. De Touqueville, among others, foreshadowed



MOMENTS ON THE MARCH.

the results of slavery as upheld by democracy long ago.

All the States have been borne onwards at the same time in the path of fate, but they have not all increased and prospered in the same proportion. To the north of the Union, the detached branches of the Allegheny chain, which extend as far as the Atlantic Ocean, form spacious roads and paths which are constantly accessible to vessels of the greatest burden. But from the Potomac to the Mississippi the coast is sandy and flat. In this part of the continent, and which constitutes the territory of the confederated Southern States, the mouths of almost all the rivers are obstructed, and the few harbours which exist amongst these lagoons afford much shallower water to

vessels, and much fewer commercial advantages, than those of the North. The North is, therefore, superior to the South both in commerce and manufacture; the natural consequences of which is, the more rapid increase of population and of wealth within its borders. But, again, the States situate upon the shores of the Atlantic are already half-populated. These districts cannot, therefore, receive so many emigrants as the Western States, where a boundless field is still open to their exertions. The valley of the Mississippi is far more fertile than the coast of the Atlantic Ocean. This reason, added to all the others, contributes to drive Europeans westward. It is found that the sum total of the population of all the United States has almost tripled in the course of forty years; but in the



recent States adjacent to the Mississippi, the population has increased thirty-one fold within the same space of time.

The relative position of the central Federal power is thus continually displaced. Forty years ago the majority of the citizens of the Union was established upon the coast of the Atlantic, in the environs of the spot upon which Washington now stands; but the great body of the people has been now some time past advancing inland and to the North, so that in Dr. Tompkins's time that writer was enabled to predict that the majority would, in twenty years' time, be unquestionably on the western side of the Alleghenies. This is precisely what has occurred, and, more than

that, the extreme north-west provinces, which by their character and position are more hostile to slavery than the north-east provinces, or even the central north, have been able to determine the presidential election, and thus easy for a time, at all events, the fortunes of a country for which we have not any precise name, but which was lately the United States of North America.

"Whatever faith I may have in the perfectibility of man," says M. de Tocqueville, "until human nature is altered, and men wholly transformed, I shall refuse to believe in the duration of a government which is called upon to hold together forty different peoples, disseminated over a territory equal to one-half of



LARGE FIGURE.

Europe in extent; to avoid rivalry, ambition, and struggles between them; and to secure their independent activity to the accomplishment of the same designs."

And then on the point now in question: "It is difficult to imagine a durable union of a people which is rich and strong with one which is poor and weak, even if it were proved that the strength and wealth of the one are not the cause of the weakness and the poverty of the other. But union is still more difficult to maintain at a time at which one party is being strengthened, and the other is gaining it. The rapid and disproportionate increase of certain States threatens the independence of the others. Now York might, perhaps, succeed, with its two millions of inhabitants and its forty representatives, in dictating to the other

States in congress. But even if the more powerful States make no attempt to lord it over the weaker, the danger still exists, for the power is concentrated in the possibility of the act as in the act itself. The weak, generally, mistrust the justice and the power of the strong. The States which increase less rapidly than the others, look upon those which are more favoured by fortune with envy and suspicion. Hence arise the deep-seated uneasiness and ill-defined agitation which are observable in the South, and which form something a contrast to the confidence and prosperity which are common to other parts of the Union. The inhabitants of the Southern States are, of all the Americans, those who are most interested in the maintenance of the Union; they would, assuredly, cut

most from being left to themselves; and yet they are the only citizens who threaten to break the tie of Federation. But it is easy to perceive that the South, which has given four presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe—to the Union, which perceives that it is losing its Federal influence, and that the number of its representatives in congress is diminishing from year to year, whilst those of the Northern and Western States are increasing; the South, which is peopled with ardent and irascible beings, is becoming more and more irritated and alarmed. The citizens reflect upon their present position, and remember their past influence, with the melancholy uneasiness of men who suspect oppression. If they discover a law of the Union which is not unequivocally favourable to their interests, they protest against it as an abuse of force; and if their ardent remonstrances are not listened to, they threaten to quit an association which loads them with burdens whilst it deprives them of their due profits.

If the changes which are here alluded to were gradual, so that each generation at least may have time to disengage with the order of things under which it had lived, the danger would be less; but the progress of society in America is precipitate, and almost revolutionary. The same citizen may have lived to see his State take the lead in the Union, and afterwards become powerless in the Federal assembly; and an Anglo-American republic has been known to grow as rapidly as a man, passing from birth and infancy to maturity in the course of thirty years.

It must not be imagined, however, that the States which bear their proportion, also bear their population or their riches. No steps is put to their prosperity, and they even go on to increase more rapidly than any kingdom in Europe. But they believe themselves to be impoverished because their wealth does not augment as rapidly as that of their neighbours; and they think that their power is lost, because they suddenly come into collision with a power greater than their own; thus they are more hurt in their feelings and their position, than in their interests. But this is simply sufficient to endanger the maintenance of the Union. If kings and peoples had only their true interests in view ever since the beginning of the world, the name of war would scarcely be known among mankind.

Whilst the standing army (such being considered incompatible with a republican government) is estimated at about seven or eight thousand men of all arms, including about eight hundred commissioned officers, twelve thousand of whom are engaged, some as far off as to New Mexico, in protecting the so-called frontiers against the depredations of the Indians, the militia was calculated when the States were united at upwards of two millions. It may be said, indeed, that every man in the republic is a trained soldier disciplined to arms. Every year calls out a new army of local soldiers from among the peasantry; they thus train the entire rustic population. "America," as the once United States were pompously designated, could, it was said, if necessary, bring three millions of men into the field. The call of the president upon congress for four hundred thousand men is then a mere nothing, were it not for two drawbacks: firstly, what is good of the North is just the same with regard to the South, where the provision of arms is not merely the prerogative of the few, but the practice, the pride, and the passion of the many; and secondly, it is admitted,

notwithstanding this love of arms, that the States have not the qualities of a military nation—rather those of an agricultural and commercial, of an industrial and civilising people. As De Tocqueville justly pointed out, the patriotism of the statesman is a mere matter of interest, and as the interests of each State are local, and those of every individual peculiar to himself, it is almost impossible to expect civil war to be prolonged under such circumstances. A nation may unite to a man in self-defence, and yet not fight for a week for an abstract cause, for which he has to undergo fatigue, privation, and loss, to pay, fight, and shed his blood, without any personal, or sometimes even State interest in the question at issue. Hence it is that, from the onset, malingering on a scale perhaps never witnessed in the history of armies, a wholesale and unblushing desertion, aggravated into a national stampede, has been the characteristic of the civil war and the subject of popular jesting.

War was a game which, if the dominant party in congress, or the irascible party of the South had been wise, they would neither have ever played at. It is rare, that nations, like England, come out of a civil war unscathed; and even then the experiment is a bad one, and not worthy of being repeated. Prompt and eager to settle every petty quarrel by invading and annexing her neighbour's territory, Rome played out her game and lost her empire. Had the Romans yielded to the Italians rather than drive them to revolt, and to have to arm the Numidians and Gauls against them, an inevitable fate would have quenched Rome, and freedom and civilisation, beneath the feet of Germany. Had Persia made any moderate concessions to save Spartan honour, instead of at once rushing recklessly to arms, they would have saved Greece from Macedonian despotism and spoliation.

"It appears to me unquestionable," said De Tocqueville, nigh a quarter of a century ago, "that if any portion of the Union seriously desired to separate itself from the other States, they would not be able, nor, indeed, would they attempt, to prevent it; and that the present Union will only last as long as the States which compose it choose to continue members of the Confederation." The error in this is not if they were able, but that they would not attempt it. The North has proceeded to treat the South separating, as the South in rebellion; and it will remain to be seen even if the success of war, or the holding the main places and strongholds of the South, would subject States voluntarily desolved: certainly not without the creation of a military despotism upon the ruins of Federal democracy. A compromise is the only alternative that can yet save the once United States.

Then, again, while the United States are not free from foes within her territories, there is hardly one line of her frontier that is not beset with enemies. Her insular love of aggrandisement has rendered her southern frontier a hornet's nest. She has, in reality, scarcely a foot in New Mexico and New California, and while her slave population burns to avenge years of tyranny, the red race would be but too ready to avail themselves of civil dissensions to exterminate the whites, were far separated from their fellow men. This would be a most fearful and terrible catastrophe, which may Heaven avert! The blustering, domineering spirit of the Yankee has made him equally disliked in the North. Arrogance in the Bay of Fundy was not calculated to conciliate the Nova Scotians and the New

Brunswick; open and repeated threats of invasion and annexation, have only added to a host of grievances with the Canadians, while not content with driving the Columbians from the River Oregon to Vancouver's Island and Fraser's River, the attempt to take forcible possession of an island nearly in mid-channel between the two, so as thus to obtain a command over both, has not left an impression of esteem or cordiality in the far north-west. But these have now become questions of little import, for if the United States do not pursue a wise and more peaceful policy they will soon crumble to pieces, and while threatening Canada and fighting for San Juan, they will lose both Oregon and California.

Add to all this, what would be the effect of disunion among the more compact, civilized, and highly populated States? Here, again, we will refer to De Tocqueville. "If," says that intelligent and philosophical writer, "the States were to split, they would not only diminish the strength which they are now able to display towards foreign nations, but they would soon create foreign powers upon their own territory. A system of inland custom-houses would then be established, the valleys would be divided by imaginary boundary lines, the courses of the rivers would be confined by territorial distinctions, and a multitude of hindrances would prevent the Americans from exploring the whole of the vast continent which Providence has allotted to them for a dominion. At present they have no invasion to fear, and consequently, no standing armies to maintain, no taxes to levy. If the Union were dissolved, all these burdensome measures might, ere long, be required. The Americans are, then, very powerfully interested in the maintenance of the Union."

It is not only that civil war entails burdensome taxes, and at the onset 400,000,000 dollars were asked for, with four hundred thousand men, but the president was obliged, from the weakness inherent in government, to abstain for what was designated as a large accession of confidence in himself and his cabinet. It is a grievous fact, the more so as hitherto the United States have set a great example of enlightenment, liberality, and prosperity under free institutions to the wise and the good in the world; but most certain it is that any prolonged civil war would be found to be totally incompatible with the existence of those institutions. Either a rapid conquest or a compromise must be effected, or power will be concentrated in the hands of the one who shall have strength or intelligence enough to wield the majority, even against their own inclinations, to subject the minority, and upon such subjection, and upon the means used to bring it about, will be raised, as in all past history, a dictatorship of one kind or another.

## XVI.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION—CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE—  
CAUSES OF RAPID ADVANCEMENT AND PROSPERITY—  
PROSPERITY OF STATES—CAUSES OF PROSPERITY—RE-  
VERY—RESOURCES OF AMERICA—RELATIONS WITH GREAT  
BRITAIN.

THE two extremes, servitude or despotism, are the more to be regretted, as the United States have admittedly taken the precedence, not in actual amount, but in comparative amount, with respect to time and population, of all the nations in the world in regard to commerce. They equal England and excel most other countries in their magnificent lines of river and ocean

steamers, in their canals, railroads, and electric telegraphs, in their naval architecture and shipping, in their agricultural products, in their manufactures and manufactures, in their reaping-machines and daguerrotypes—in fact, in all strictly industrial and agricultural arts.

But the country has not yet been distinguished by any large amount of industrial splendour, nor are luxuries, though common, either abundant or widespread. Nor may the once United States have ever been considered so rich and dignified, so luxurious and refined, as the old courts and their appanages in Europe; but this was a mere matter of time, and in the interval it was pleasant to reflect that what was far more charming existed—the whole mass of the population shared and participated alike in all the blessings that it had pleased Providence to bestow upon the country. In no region, indeed, since the fall of the Roman Empire have the masses of the people been placed in so advantageous a position as in the United States, not only as to the enjoyment of civil rights, but also as to a command of the material necessities and comforts of life. Contentment and happiness were participated in by the million.

The general absence of beggars, such as infest all the old countries, was proverbial. The Duc de Liancourt affirmed that he saw but one beggar in the United States; and the testimony of the Earl of Carlisle, of Captain Hall, Hamilton, and Marryat, of Charles Dickens and of Miss Martineau, are pretty nearly to the same effect. "Through the whole prodigious expanse of this country," said Miss Martineau, in her voluminous "Society in America," "I saw no poor men, except a few intemperate ones. I saw many very poor women. I saw no beggars but two professional ones, who were making their fortunes in the streets of Washington. I saw no table spread in the lower order of houses that had not meat and bread spread upon it. Every factory child carries his umbrella, and drivers wear spectacles." The Earl of Carlisle says: "In America they really have no poor amongst them; a beggar is what you never see."

All through the Free States of America there is an absence of that visible wretchedness and degradation to be everywhere seen mingled with the wealth and splendour of European cities. The whole mass of the working classes are better dressed, and appear more cleanly in their persons and attire. As far as the necessities of life and even material comforts are concerned, even the backwoodsman is in circumstances of comfort amid the affluent solitudes of nature. And these remarks apply with still greater force to personal requirements. Having mostly to live by their own exertion, and debarr'd from expensive pleasures, the lower classes are induced to improve themselves with unremitting assiduity; and for this they possess the most ample opportunities.

In a word, the United States have hitherto been a country in which every human being has been profitably employed in business and not in the destruction of human life. His energies have been stimulated by required labour, every branch of industry has flourished, and every industrious man has had it in his power to be prosperous and happy. Everywhere, till recently, were heard, in her cities and remotest villages, the joyful sounds of enterprising industry, the ringing music of the workman's tools and the anvil, and the ceaseless hurry of commercial occupation.

Nor has the progress of this great country been exclusively of a material character. Benevolent and philanthropic societies have increased; literature and education, and the means of religious teaching, have advanced step by step with the progress made in commerce and in national wealth. Most of those institutions, indeed, by which the civilisation of the Old Country is distinguished, exist also in the New; they have their Sabbath observance societies, their societies for the abolition of war and promotion of universal peace and brotherhood, their Bible and tract societies, their temperance and anti-tobacco societies, their home and foreign missions, their asylums, schools, and hospitals, but the result has been pretty nearly the same as elsewhere, and nothing is left at present but hope for the future.

The causes of the rapid advancement and prosperity of the United States, up to the present time, may be traced to the qualities of government, freedom of commerce, of speech, and of action, religious as well as civil and political liberty, exemption from old habits and prejudices, superior enterprise and energy of her people, freedom of institutions, facilities of locomotion, stimulus applied to agricultural labour, number of small proprietors, superior domestic economy, general self-reliance and independent spirit of the people, great economy of the government, prevalence of education, the character of the first settlers, the general diffusion of Protestant Christianity over the land, and the prevalent conviction of the final evangelisation of America, or, in other words, the strong religious spirit on the national character.

Almost all these advantages, all these great and praiseworthy grounds of progress and advancement, have, for the time being, been sacrificed before the withering, blighting curse of slavery. When President Lincoln devotes the major portion of his address at an extra session of congress to prove that there is no such thing as Sovereignty of States, that the Union existed before the States, or the body before its members, and that it is not in the power of one State to separate from another, he breaks with the past, and dissipates with the wand of a budding despotism all the traditions and legends of American independence, however much he may be justified by the necessity of circumstances. The time has come when every patriot must feel that the Anglo-American must rise or fall by the Union. But President Lincoln himself attests to the shallowness of the reasons upon which this necessarily despotic mode of procedure is founded, by averring that there is not, he believes, a majority of the legally qualified voters of any State, except, perhaps, South Carolina, in favour of disunion.

"There is much reason to believe that the Union men are the majority in many, if not in every other one of the so-called seceded States. The contrary has not been demonstrated in any one of them. It is ventured to affirm this even of Virginia and Tennessee, for the result of an election held in military camps, where the bayonets are all on one side of the question voted upon, can scarcely be considered as demonstrating popular sentiment. At such an election all that large class who are at once for the Union and against coercion would be coerced to vote against the Union."

Thus in one paragraph he denies the right to secession, and in another he would concede the right to a majority of voters, by denying that that majority has been fairly tested.

That the movement forced upon the government of the United States by the disruption of the South is of a despotic tendency, is still more strongly evidenced by the president's own words: "Must a government of necessity be too strong for the liberties of its own people, or too weak to maintain its own existence?" There is no sophistry here: President Lincoln openly avows that what has long been foreshadowed of the American government, that it must be strong enough to coerce the people, and that it must be stronger in order to enforce the Union and to maintain its own existence!

Nothing but the imperious force of circumstances, which historically rules all things, could justify the Free States going to war with the Slave States, in order to force them into union with them. But such coercion must be put in force, or the whole Union breaks to pieces, and with it all its existing and much-vaunted institutions, and hence it is that war became a justifiable and imperious necessity. But coercion having once taken the place of liberty of action, it is not at all likely that, notwithstanding the president's assurances to the contrary, the executive once strengthened, once armed, once victorious, and once habituated to trample upon law, institutions, and precedents, will ever return precisely to what it was. The chief causes of the rapid advancement and prosperity of the United States, the qualities of her government, freedom of action, civil and political liberty, exemption from old habits and prejudices, economy of governments, and freedom of institutions, are all placed in jeopardy by a curse that was sure eventually to entail a retributive punishment—the upholding of slavery on one hand, and its toleration on the other.

There are many who have long regarded the so-called United States as an aggregate of inharmonious parts, brought together by chance, without any organised centre—a confederacy founded on principles necessarily producing the wild convulsions of popular fanaticism—a mode of government deemed impracticable in the present imperfect state of human society by many even of its friends.

To this it has been answered, that the republic of the United States, as it exists, is a Union of several States for mutual advantage and strength, each possessing the most simple and absolute power within itself to regulate every particular relating to mere local necessities; and no new State loses its distinctiveness, it may be said its "nationality," by joining the Union, but that, however weak the new comer into the Federal family, the other States, for their own sake, protect its independence. Thus, while all enjoy the benefit, no partiality exists; while each pays but a mite, as it were, towards the general good, the good is enjoyed in common. The interest of each is, therefore, so interwoven with the prosperity of the commonwealth, that none would willingly attempt the injury of the smaller part. "The individuality of the States is the very life of the Union." "If ever this principle of admission to a perfect equality of privileges, and to a complete participation of government, is replaced by the subjection of conquered or voluntarily annexed territories to the whole Federal Union, or to one particular State, or even by the least subservience to the parent republic, then, indeed, serious danger would arise."

There cannot be the least doubt as to the truth of the last prophecy. If one portion of the Union was to

conquer another, a permanent subjection, if possible, would be intolerable, and it would at the same time be utterly incompatible with the existing form of government. The very principles laid down as those upon which that government was formed, and as constituting the vitality of the Union, have been already superseded by the statement that the States have neither more nor less power than that reserved to them in the Union by the constitution, no one of them ever having been a State out of the Union!

The original States (quoth President Lincoln) passed into the Union even before they cast off their British colonial dependence, and the new ones came into the Union directly from a condition of dependence, excepting Texas; and even Texas, in its temporary independence, was never designated as a State. The new ones only took the designation of States on coming into the Union, while that name was first adopted for the old ones in and by the Declaration of Independence. Therein the United Colonies were declared to be free and independent States. But even then the object plainly was not to declare their independence of one another or of the Union, but directly the contrary, as their mutual pledge and their mutual action before, at the time, and afterwards, abundantly shows.

The express plighting of faith by each and all of the original thirteen States, in the Articles of Confederation, two years later, that the Union shall be perpetual, is most conclusive, having never been States either in substance or in name outside of the Union. Whence this magical omnipotence of State rights, asserting a claim of power to lawfully destroy the Union itself? Much is said about the sovereignty of the States; but the word, even, is not in the national constitution, nor, as is believed, in any of the State constitutions. What is a sovereignty, in the political sense of the term? Would it be far wrong to define it, a political community without a political superior? Tested by this, no one of our States, except Texas, was a sovereignty; and even Texas gave up the character on coming into the Union, by which act she acknowledged the constitution of the United States, and the laws and treaties of the United States, made in pursuance of States which have their status in the Union, made in pursuance of the constitution, to be for her the supreme law. The States have their status in the Union, and they have no other legal status. If they break from this they can only do so against law and by revolution. The Union, and not the States separately, procured their independence and their liberty, by conquest or purchase; the Union gave each of them whatever of independence and liberty it has. The Union is older than any of the States, and in fact it created them as States. Originally some dependent colonies made the Union, and in turn the Union threw off their old dependence for them, and made them States such as they are. Not one of them ever had a State constitution independent of the Union. Of course it is not forgotten that all the new States formed their constitutions before they entered the Union, nevertheless dependent upon and preparatory to coming into the Union. Unquestionably, the States have the powers and rights reserved to them in and by the national constitution. But among those, surely, are not included all conceivable powers, however mischievous or destructive, but at most such only as were known in the world at the time as governmental

powers. And certainly a power to destroy the government itself had never been known as a governmental or as a merely administrative power. This relative matter of national power and State rights, as a principle, is no other than the principle of generality and locality. Whatever concerns the whole should be confined to the whole general government; while whatever concerns only the State should be left exclusively to the State. This is all there is of original principle about it. Whether the national constitution, in defining boundaries between the two, has applied the principle with exactness, is not to be questioned.

The principles here expounded are diametrically opposed to all that has ever been understood of the constitution of the United States. The form of government had its origin in the principle of the sovereignty of the people, which predominates over the whole of society in that portion of America. Hence arose the so-called sovereignty of the States, even if the word is not in the Constitution. There are twenty-four small "sovereign nations," says De Tocqueville, "whose agglomeration constitutes the body of the Union." "Whenever," says the same writer, "the political laws of the United States are to be discussed, it is with the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people that we must begin." "In America, the principle of the sovereignty of the people is not either barrier or concealed, as it is with some nations; it is recognised by the customs and proclaimed by the laws; it spreads freely, and arrives without impediment at its most remote consequences. If there be a country in the world where the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people can be fairly appreciated, where it can be studied in its application to the affairs of the society, and where its dangers and its advantages may be foreseen, that country is assuredly America." "I have already observed that, from their origin, the sovereignty of the people was the fundamental principle of the greater number of British colonies in America." It therefore existed before they cast off the British colonial independence. "The American revolution broke out, and the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, which had been nurtured in the townships, took possession of the State; every class was enlisted in its cause; battles were fought, and victories obtained for it, until it became the law of laws." It existed, therefore, before the Union; and it is absurd, therefore, to assert that the Union gave to each of the States whatever of independence and liberty it now has.

"To examine the Union," says De Tocqueville, "before we have studied the States, would be to adopt a method filled with obstacles. The form of the Federal government of the United States was the last which was adopted, and it is, in fact, nothing more than a modification or a summary of those republican principles which were current in the whole community before it existed, and independently of its existence. Moreover, the Federal government is the exception; the government of the States is the rule." "The great political principles which govern American society at this day, undoubtedly took their origin and their growth in the State." Alluding again to the consolidation of the States at the time of the War of Independence, De Tocqueville says: "No sooner was peace concluded than the faults of legislation became manifest, and the State seemed to be suddenly dissolved. Each



colony became an independent republic, and assumed an absolute sovereignty." That at the first constitution of the Federal government the government of the States remained the rule, and that of the Confederation became the exception. (See the Amendment to the Federal Constitution; Federalist, No. 32; Story, p. 711; Kent's Commentaries, vol. i. p. 364.) "The powers delegated by the constitution," says the Federalist (No. 45), "are few and defined. Those which remain in the State government are numerous and indefinite."

It is amusing, but it is not surprising, to hear President Lincoln, in defiance of all past facts connected with the history of the Declaration of Independence, the formation of the Federal Union, and the adoption of the constitution framed by Washington, Madison, Hamilton, Jay, and others, of which the independence and sovereignty of the government of each State constitutes the essential basis, declaring that the States have no legal status except the Union, that they have no liberty or independence save in the Union, and that there is no such thing as sovereignty of the people or of States. This leads us to anticipate that we may some day hear where sovereignty does lie!

It has been the fashion with some to appeal to the history of the ancient republics as confirmatory of their prophecies of the impracticable character of the government of the United States. This, again, has been met by pointing out that there is an important distinction between the material of American strength and that of the republics of old. Those republics, unlike America, had neither sufficient territory nor large enough population to give them a permanent existence. They were more particularly destitute of an agricultural population, the class most essential to permanent power. Lastly, it has been said that the tendency of society in the ancient world, even in republics, was to personify itself in great despots; whilst the tendency of society in America has ever been towards equality of rank and power among its members. But what is here declared to be an element of permanent strength, has by others been looked upon as a source of weakness; and the immense agricultural interest so rapidly springing up in the valley of the Mississippi has long been deemed incompatible with the manufacturing interests of the seaboard States, while the tendency of all republics to despotism has not failed to manifest itself at the very first moment that the independent action of separate States came to threaten the permanency of the Union.

Still, with all the influence on society of the now disavowed principle of the sovereignty of the people, and of the long-cherished sovereignty of the States, there is no doubt but that the preservation of the Union in its integrity is one of the strongest points of American nationality. "This," said Captain McKinnon, "renders the maintenance of the present form of government, for some time to come, more certain than that of any government on the face of the earth!" And "no one," remarked Miss Bremer, "who has lived for any length of time in the United States, with leisure to study their life, can fail to perceive that they are within themselves possessed of a common creative principle of life which is vital in the highest degree, and that this is their civil and religious consciousness."

Pity for such anticipations that there should have been all the time a hideous sore, a sloughing ulcer at the extremities of the body politic, which was inevi-

tably hurrying the whole to an inevitable disintegrating catastrophe.

"Yonder, upon a throne made of the affections of the slave-master," wrote the Rev. T. M'CConnell, "in the face of an indignant nation, and of an offended God, sits slavery, horrible as a hag of hell; her face is brass, her heart is stone, her hand is iron; with that iron hand she wrings from the multiplied sufferings and labours of the hapless, hopeless children of Africa the wealth by which she is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fareth sumptuously every day; watching with unslumbering jealousy every ray that would enlighten the darkness of her kingdom, and frowning indignantly on every finger that would disturb the stability of her throne."

The States, when united, possessed, it is estimated, 3,500,000 slaves, and 433,643 persons of colour, nominally free, the latter also occupying a socially degraded position. The presence of such an immense population, alien in blood and aspect, in the midst of 350,000 of their immediate oppressors, in the Southern States has ever been a dangerous feature in their condition. It was now a hundredfold more so.

Slavery exists in about fifteen States, while two more have been sought to be added—the wild steppes of Nebraska and Kansas, a district of country where the western Missouri pours its turbid waters along its perilous course, forming the eastern boundary of the savage western land of the Indian tribes, and extending eastward to the gigantic Mississippi, where heathendom still contends for dominion with Christianity.

"Slavery," said Lord Stanley, "cannot be permanent in the United States; the reason is, it is unjustifiable, contrary to the universally accredited and honoured rules of morality, and it must, therefore, come to an end, not only in America, but in Cuba, Brazil—everywhere."

Every year the institution of slavery has been becoming more difficult to preserve. The slaves themselves, in spite of every effort to keep them back, are becoming more enlightened, and, therefore, more difficult to keep in subjection; even the difference in race and colour—the great bulwark of slavery—is gradually breaking down. The two races are, in fact, being amalgamated; there are now 500,000 mulattoes in the Union, and they are increasing in a corresponding ratio from year to year. Serious as this question is, there is another still more so. Are the slaves to go on increasing in a geometrical ratio?—500,000 on the first establishment of the government; 700,000 in 1790; 3,200,000 in 1855; 6,000,000 in 1875; 12,000,000 in 1900; and so on, doubling themselves every quarter of a century through an indefinite of years.

What is to be done with the slaves if they are set at liberty, despised and down-trodden by almost the entire nation? Are they to grow up as a powerful alien people in a confederation of States, or a forced Union, dangerous in their numbers, and doubly dangerous in their consciousness of wrong, and in the passion which might excite them to acts of vengeance?

Yet, on the other hand, what will become of them in the event of an indefinite postponement of freedom to the slave? Before the rupture of the Slave States with the Free States, the whole southern frontier, from Maryland to Louisiana, as a natural consequence of the violence and oppression inseparable from that unnatural and iniquitous system, indicated a social system



in the last stage of decrepitude, a soil irrecoverably impoverished, and a proprietary fast verging towards bankruptcy. Already in Virginia, naturally rich and beautiful, there was a growing impoverishment, notwithstanding that large sums were realised by the individuals who reared human stock for the more southern plantations. In the partially deteriorated state of that fine old domain, and its apparent incapability of keeping pace with the more prosperous communities of the North, it may be said to approximate to the physical and moral condition which disfigured Italy in the second century.

Both public and private interests and honour have been hitherto powerless to destroy the fascination or to inflict the death-blow on the demon that has preyed on the very vitals of the republic. The curse has involved a separation of the Union into two halves, and has entailed civil war between brethren; yet if the united power of the commonwealth was impotent to protect it against the danger of annihilation, how much greater these dangers, whether of permanency of slavery or of its abolition, will be to a confederation of Southern States, suppose their independence to be maintained! What will Free States or Slave States do to avert the danger! The highest intellects in Europe are looking with breathless wonder at the sad and anomalous position of the once United States, and for the solution of this great problem.

America is not like her native also, that blooms not till the end of life, and blossoms but to die. Great as has been her progress, she is still, as it were, in an infantine and transitional state of being. Even society as in childhood—education in morals and politics may be said to have only just commenced; two centuries only have elapsed since all her dominions were a pathless wilderness.

She has still, to use the words of one of her ablest writers, many a dark, silent, untrodden forest of unknown extent, where the hardy settler has never yet awake the slumbering echoes with the ringing blow of the axe; many a rolling prairie whose virgin soil the ploughshare has never yet disturbed; many woods and forests through which agricultural produce has never yet been hurried on the railroad car; and many a lake where the water-bowl has never yet been startled by the sails of commerce. She has still vast deserts where alternate deluge and drought are forming the basis of a future region of fertile ground; forest-hidden rivers are still waiting the hand of man to reduce them to practical use, and which the geological processes are daily materially altering and improving. Her innate elements of strength and progress, as also the genius of her people to turn them to profitable account, are comparatively undeveloped, while her long line of insular and continental coast, broken and penetrated by gulfs and bays, which form harbours of every degree of capacity and security, from the open roadstead to the land-locked port in which the navies of the world might ride in safety, is still comparatively unoccupied.

The climate of the once United States is, throughout, splendid; it is adapted to every constitution, and seems fitted for every description of vegetation and of animal life. The geographical position and extent of what we must permit in designating as the Sovereign States, their mighty appliances of steam-boat navigation and railroad travelling, their already vast and still rapidly-increasing population, placed under circumstances of such rapid intercommunication as to be

equal, perhaps, to half as many more in some other kingdoms, while growing civilisation is combining many conflicting forces, are still bringing out beneficial issues; the public mind advancing to a better understanding of the elements of national prosperity and the laws of national life, and the increasing discovery, discussion, and propagation of true principles of all kinds, preparing the way, let us hope, for a still more happy condition of the masses—all point out America as destined to play an important part in the history of the world.

And European power, in passing into her hands, goes to one people, for the hundreds of millions that must one day inhabit her vast regions will be one, having one language, one literature, one religion, one common soul. This is a unity that secures, separation, civil war, nor any amount of political divisions—the predominance of the free States or that of the slave States, the permanent antagonism of the two, the antagonism of the agricultural centre of the Mississippi with the commercial and industrial centre of New England, the seclusion of religious fanaticism on the borders of the Great Salt Lake, the rising up of new generations of Highlanders in the fertile plains and valleys of the Rocky Mountains, or the progressive march of prosperity and power on the Pacific—cannot affect and cannot destroy. That a people thus situated no matter under what form of government they live, or what number of political divisions they may be led to constitute, must exert a dominant influence on the world, is unavoidable. Their facilities for the acquisition of wealth, for intercourse with all parts of the globe, and the restless enterprise of her population, are all so many means by which America will be brought to influence the character and the destinies of other sections of the world.

Thus, although the disunited States may no longer be so formidable an enemy to England as the once United States were, still, if higher principles did not guide us, mere interests should dictate the necessity of promoting, by every practicable expedient, the development of the resources of all separate Confederate or Federal States, amid unbroken peace, amity, and intercourse. The value of our imports from America have been about thirty millions; while our exports somewhat exceed twenty-two millions. This exceeds far surpasses that existing separately with British India and Australia; and it is even more extensive than that of England with the whole continent of Europe. The imports of large cotton alone in 1854 amounted to £17,374,677. The articles of import next in value are wheat-meal, £3,763,793; after that, maize, £1,971,280; and corn, £1,487,725.

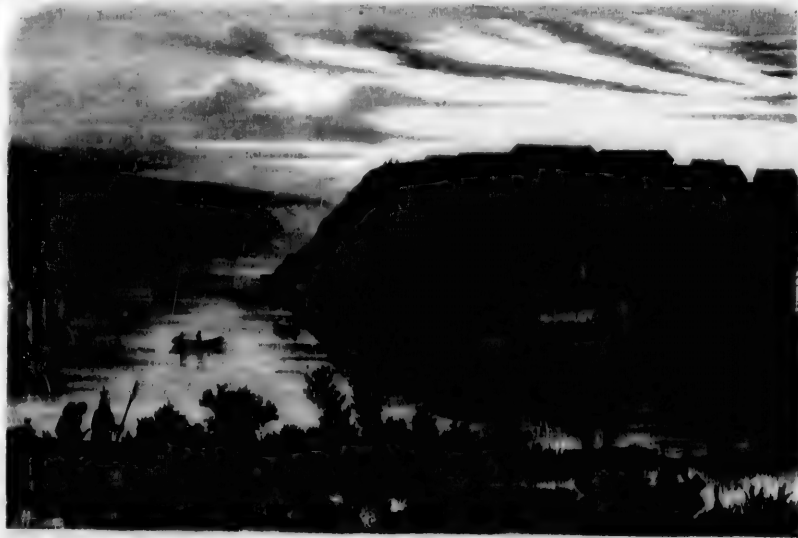
While, therefore, we encourage as a matter of duty and caution the cultivation of cotton in Queensland and India, and open new cotton countries to the capitalist, the colonist, and the planter in Africa and other regions, we must not forget that America has been hitherto our customer for manufactured cottons to the value of £3,500,000 and upwards; for woollens, upwards of £3,000,000; silks, nearly £1,500,000; and for iron, £7,000,000 and upwards, not to mention the traffic existing between the mainland and the West India Islands. The consumption of sugar in America has been amazing; and she has been in main part dependent for such on the West India. The consumption averages nine hundred and fifty millions, or forty pounds for every man, woman, and child in the

Union. It will be thus seen that, while America grows cotton for England, England manufactures her goods for America. While America buys from six or seven millions' worth of iron from England, England expends an almost equal sum with America in the purchase of the necessaries of life—in flour, grain, salted provisions, tobacco, and furs, proving the fallacy of the old idea that what is one man's gain is another man's loss. It may, indeed, be said that America feeds England as the Roman daughter fed her parent. Fifteen hundred ships traverse the ocean between England and America, measuring upwards of a million of tons, exclusive of steamers; while two mail steamers leave both countries every week, if not one every alternate day, from New York and Boston, and Liverpool and Southampton. What immense interests in

peace, on both sides of the Atlantic, are represented by these figures and considerations! We have whole populations in mutual dependence, bound up together for weal or woe.

There must also ever be many fond ties and sympathies between the two nations, founded on ancient memories and a brotherhood of ages, which hours of passion are not lightly to dissolve; and the personal pride of each, in whatever the other shall achieve that is great and glorious, is a motive of attachment which neither of the two nations should be so covetous and ambitious as to disregard.

That a feeling of amity and hearty good will, notwithstanding several local displays of cupidity overruling principle, towards the States generally exists throughout England, admits not of a question, and



FORT SNELLING.

that this feeling is reciprocated by the wisest and best men in the United States is equally evident. The unprincipled and reckless among the public journals in England do not represent the mass of the population nor the thinking portion of the community, still less do similar prints express the public sentiment of America.

This feeling does not arise from any low, sordid apprehension of consequences in a mere pecuniary point of view, but from a humane dread of the horrors and insanity which such a fratricidal war would evoke, while it itself could lead to no possible or tangible good. As Providence leaves not the innocent unprotected nor the guilty unpunished, and as all injustice terminates, sooner or later, in revolution, we must leave the question of freedom and slavery, of union or disunion, to be settled amongst the States themselves by the

sword or by mutual arrangement. The disruption concerns us so far as it for the time being interrupts trade and intercommunication, and arouses strong passions, but we have nothing to do with the results, which it remains with the Americans themselves to determine. We can afford to wish them well out of a trouble that was inevitable, so long as the plague-spot remained in her side. It has been long foreseen, and better that the crisis should come, and the curse and the shame be removed, it is to be hoped for ever. It will only tend to strengthen the ties already existing, for exclusive nationalities differ little from sects distinguished for their bigotry; while true patriotism like true religion, the more faithful is its devotion to its great object of love and worship, the more largely and freely does it breathe the spirit of charity and good will to all mankind.

## BARTH'S TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

FROM TRIPOLI BY FEZZAN AND ACROSS TO THE IMOSHAGH OR COUNTRY OF THE  
TAWAREK TO AGADES, THE CAPITAL OF AIR OR ABBEN.

### I.

NIGRITIA OR NEGROLAND, A COUNTRY OF POPULOUS AND  
POWERFUL STATES—MOUNTAINOUS BORDER-LAND OF THE  
SAHARA—THE STONY AND BURNING HAMMADA—TERRACED  
TOWN OF EDERI—ARRIVE AT MURRUK.

THE idea of a negro is so completely associated with  
that of a slave, that it will probably take some time  
before the existence of powerful Black States, fertile

in resources, with large cities and a people in a transi-  
tion state of civilisation in the heart of Africa, will be  
a generally accepted fact; and, thanks to the great  
rivers which open a highway into these productive  
realms, they will probably be brought into commercial  
and friendly relations with this country before the  
empire of Sokoto, or the great states of Air, Boughlay,  
Gando, Kanem, Bagirmi, or Adamawa, are, as they



TERRACED TOWN OF EDERI.

ought to be, terms familiar to every educated person.  
Another reason for the absence of general information  
in regard to Central Africa is the state of the maps  
which are placed in the hands of most young persons,  
the sale of which has been outstripped by the progress  
of geographical discovery, and the proprietors of which  
are, nevertheless, most unwilling to send forth a new  
issue till Africa, with its vast imaginary sandy Sahara  
and its great central blank, is exhausted.

The little intimacy of the civilised world, more espe-

cially of England and France, with the frontier states of  
the Sahara, once civilised by the Romans, and with the  
populous and powerful states of Negroland, and their total  
ignorance of the many powerful and productive regions  
that may exist between Livingstone's northernmost  
and Barth's southernmost explorations, is something  
astounding. The latter traveller justly remarks, that so  
profound is this ignorance of the interior of Africa,  
that every succeeding traveller has effected his dis-  
coveries solely by the openings made by the labours

of his predecessor. "Thus," he says, "our expedition would never have been able to achieve what it did, if Oudney, Denham, and Clapperton had not gone before us; nor would these travellers have succeeded so far, had Lyon and Ritchie not opened the road to Fezzan; nor would Lyon have been able to reach Tejerri, if Admiral Smyth had not shown the way to Ghirza." The publication of Dr. Barth's work will constitute a great epoch in the history of African discovery.<sup>1</sup> Much of the matter has appeared in a desultory form, but it is now before the public as a comprehensive and instructive whole, drawn up with every care and attention to historical antecedents, to the different races of men, and to the geographical and political relations of empires, states, and provinces, confederated or not; of Islamism and Paganism constantly arrayed against each other in open or secret warfare; and of man-trapping and slavery in its most extended form. The settlements of the Arab and the Berber, the poor remnants of the vast empires of the middle ages, are shown to be proceeding southwards from the Mediterranean, succeeded by a country dotted with the monumental relics of Roman dominion and civilisation, now only in part tenanted by the wild roving hordes of the Tawarek, and these again by the Negro and half-Negro tribes who dwell in fertile lands, irrigated by large navigable rivers and lakes, adorned with the finest timber, and producing various species of grain—rice, sesamum, ground-nuts, sugar-cane, and cotton and indigo, the latter among the most valuable commodities of trade. The whole of Central Africa, from Bagirmi in the east as far as Timbuktu to the west, is now found to abound in these products, the natives not only weaving their own cotton, but dyeing their home-made shirts with their own indigo. Above all, Dr. Barth's work is illustrated; and faithful representations of things, speaking as they do at once to the mind through the eye, often do more to familiarise persons with new ideas than much reading. The forest scenery of this most interesting region is brought home to us by such scenes as the Bir el Etain, or the encampment of January, 1853; and the lake and river scenery, by the beautiful views of the open water and of the shores of Lake Tsad, the shallow water at Demmo, the Wulia, the Logon Burni, and the confluence of the Benue and Faro. The rich productiveness of the same regions is made evident to our senses by such scenes as are depicted of the environs of Musgu, the corn-fields of Mbutudi, with their slender date-palms; the rich and thinly-wooded pastures of the Yo and the Komadugu, and the crops of Guinea corn alternating with fields of yams, and adorned with fine spreading trees, amongst which the tamaru and the kuka, or monkey-bread-tree; and even by the rocky eminences, all overgrown with fresh vegetation, as at Demsa. And lastly, the modes of living of the inhabitants are made familiar by several coloured drawings and woodcuts, while the populousness of the country is as clearly depicted in the scene attendant upon the return of the Sultan of Bagirmi to Masena; and some idea can be formed of the extent of its cities by the general view of Kano, the great emporium of Central Africa—the London of Negroland.

<sup>1</sup> Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa: being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the auspices of H.B.M.'s Government, in the years 1849-1855. By Henry Barth, Ph. D., D.C.L., &c.

Mr. Richardson was still waiting in Paris for despatches when his younger and more zealous colleagues, Drs. Barth and Overweg, reached Tunis by way of Philippeville and Bona, on the 15th of December, 1849. From thence they proceeded to Tripoli by land, and, when joined there by the head of the expedition, finding that the preparations for the final departure for the interior would occupy at least a month, they wisely resolved to pass the time in an excursion through the mountainous region that encompasses Tripoli in a radius of from sixty to eighty miles. Coasting the district of Zensur—one of the finest in Tripoli for richness of soil and good water—they next traversed that of Zawiya, "the corner," which, although it consists for the main part of sand-hills, contains an aggregate population of 20,000 souls. Hence they turned inland over the fine prairies of the Belasa, first reaching the tertiary limestones and gypsum at the foot of the hills, at the Wady al Ethel, or valley of the Oriental Tamarik. They now began to meet with those remains of Roman civilisation which are to be found throughout the northern borders of the Sahara, and which in this region comprise the hilly districts of the Jebel Yefren, the Ghunan, and the Tarhona. The first-named district was approached by the Wadi (valley or oasis) Sheik, defended at its entrance by the castles of the Beni Iran and of the Welad Morabatin. These were in a country of limestones, with isolated caves and wells, and even what are pompously designated as cascades, and which may, at certain seasons, present an imposing fuvial aspect in this otherwise burning and arid region.

Date palms and fig trees are succeeded on the slopes of the Kasr Jebel, or "Castle Mount," which attains an elevation of 2150 feet, by the first olive trees. The culminating point of the Jebel Yefren, whose average elevation is 2,200 feet, is at Enshel a Sufet, where is a monument of Roman times, at an elevation of 2,800 feet. The population is estimated at about 60,000. This region is separated by a double valley from the Ghurian—a fertile region of rich red loam, with luxuriant plantations of olive trees, saffron, corn, &c., at an average elevation of 2,000 feet; Castle Ghurian being only 1,000, and the highest point Mount Tekut, an extinct volcano, and considered to be the culminating point of the whole range, rather over 2,800 feet.

The Tarhona has only an average elevation of 1,000 feet, is rich in corn, full of Roman ruins, and inhabited by a wandering people living in tents; and lastly, reaching down to the sea, we have the Masellata, a lower hilly district, which attains, at the old Spanish castle, now called Kumbad Kallah, an elevation of 1,250 feet, a region of olive trees, with fixed inhabitants. Returning along the easterly coast to Tarabulus, or Tripoli, as they had started by the western, our travellers finally left that city for the interior on the 24th of March, 1850, and taking the direct way back to the Ghurian, by Urgat and Akarah, a region of fertile undulating plains, cultivated with barley, and covered with patches of corn herbage, they crossed the Ghurian hills by the Chapel of Sidi Sanies, and by a Roman sepulchre at the foot of Mount Tekut, down to where the barren country commenced, at the foot of Mount Toeahah, with a region of limestone strata.

This barren region, or Ghadama, is separated from the region designated the Hammada—an extensive stony table-land, uninhabited, and without wells—a true region of terror, by many wadis, or oases, the largest of which is that of Sofejin, and which is said

to be the most fertile region of the Regency of Tripoli. It is inhabited by the Guntarar, the Zintan, and Welad bu Saef tribes, and at its head is the small town of Miada, fortified with walls and towers, and surrounded by gardens with palm-trees, onions, and barley.

The northern edge of the dreaded Hammada was reached on the 15th of April. And its southern edge on the 22nd of the same month. It was not, says Barth, till we had passed the little hill called Le-bacrek, and made another slight ascent, that we reached the real level of the terrible Hammada; the ascent, or shelving ground, from Taboniye to this point being called el Mudhar mta el Hammada, and the spot itself, where the real Hammada begins, Bu-safar, a name arising from the obligation which every pilgrim coming from the north, who has not before traversed this dreaded district, lies under, to add a stone to the heaps accumulated by former travellers.

But, notwithstanding all the importance attached to the dreary character of this region, I found it far less naked and bare than I had imagined it to be. To the right of our path lay a small green hollow, of cheerful appearance, a branch of which is said, probably with some degree of exaggeration, to extend as far as Ghadames; but the whole extent of the Hammada is occasionally enlivened with small green patches of herbage, to the great relief of the camel. And this, too, is the reason why the traveller does not advance at a rate nearly so expeditious as he would expect. In the latter part of our preceding journey we generally had made almost as much as two and a half miles an hour; but we scarcely got over two on this level open ground. Of course, the wider the space, the wider the dispersion of the straggling camels; and much time is lost by unsteady direction. At the verdant hollow called Garra mta e' Nejm the eastern path, which is called Trik el mugitha (*via auxilii*), and passes by the village of Ghariya, joined our path.

At Wadi Mamura, I first observed the little green bird generally called *asfir*, but sometimes *mosim*, which lives entirely upon the caravans as they pass along, by picking off the vermin from the feet of the camels. In the afternoon we observed, to our great delight, in the green patch called el Wuashkoh, a cluster of stunted palm-trees. Hereabouts the camel-drivers killed a considerable number of the venomous lizard called bu-keshah; and the Tarki in particular was resolute in not allowing any which he saw to escape alive. After a moderate march of little more than ten hours and a half, we encamped in a small hollow called, from a peculiar kind of green bush growing in it, el Jaderiya. A strong cold wind, accompanied by rain, began to blow soon after we encamped. The tent, not being sufficiently secured, was blown down in the night; and we had some trouble in pitching it again.

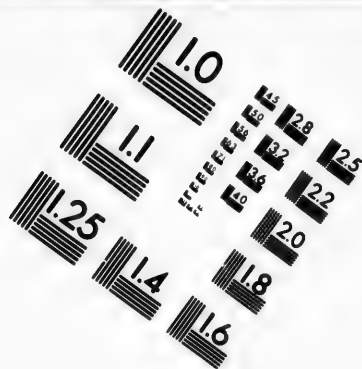
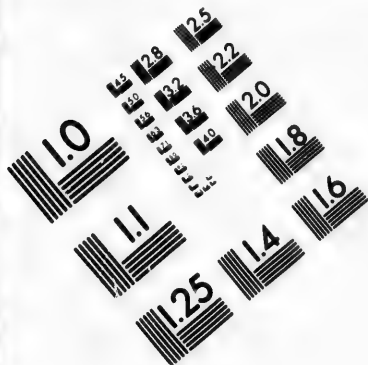
Continuing our march, we passed, about ten o'clock in the morning, a poor solitary talha-tree bearing the appellation of el Duheda. Further on we found truffles, which in the evening afforded us a delicious truffle-soup. Truffles are very common in many parts of the desert; and the greatest of Muhammadan travellers (Ebn Batuta) did not forget them in relating his journey from Sejetnass to Walata, in the middle of the fourteenth century. The sky was very dark and hazy; and the moon had an extraordinary "dara," or halo. We slept this night without a tent, and felt the cold very sensibly.

The march of the following day was a little enlivened by our meeting with two small caravans: the first, of five camels; the second, belonging to the Ghadamsi people, and laden with ivory, of fifteen. With the latter was also a woman, sitting quite comfortably in her little cage. Shortly after half-past one o'clock in the afternoon, we had reached the highest elevation of the Hammada, indicated by a heap of stones called, very significantly, Rejm el erha, 1,568 feet above the level of the sea. We encamped soon after, when a very heavy gale began to blow from N.N.W., driving the swallows, which had followed our caravan, into the tent and the holes formed by the luggage; but the poor things found no protection, for our tent, which was light and high-topped, was blown down again during the night, while a heavy rain accompanied the storm, and we, as well as our little guests, were left awhile without shelter, in a very uncomfortable situation.

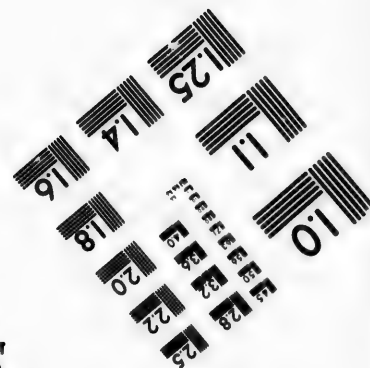
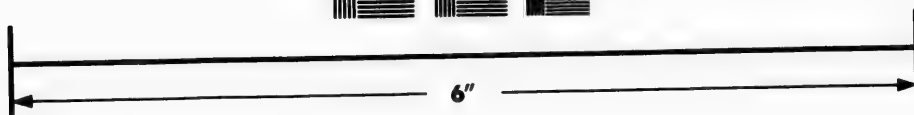
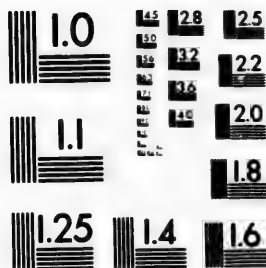
We started rather late the following morning, entering now upon the very driest part of the Hammada, called el Homra. So far there had been only one track over this stony plateau; but in the afternoon a path, called Maer ben Wadi, branched off towards the left. This path, which leads to the eastern parts of Wadi Shati, formed formerly the common road to Fezzan, the road by way of el Hasi being considered as too insecure, on account of the robberies of the Urilla. Hence the latter is still called the new road, "Trik el jodid." Richardson, who had had enough of the inconveniences of travelling by night, easily got in advance of us this morning, after our short march of yesterday, and had advanced a good way by day-time. We were therefore anxious to come up with him; and on our way we encountered a heavy shower of rain before we pitched our tent.

The whole caravan being once more united, the increased variety of our own party relieved a good deal of the feeling of monotony arising from the desolate character of the country through which we travelled. After marching about seven miles, we arrived at the greenest and largest hollow of the Hammada, called Wadi el Alga, which we ought to have reached yesterday, in order to be able to get this day as near the well as possible.

As it was, when we encamped in the afternoon, we had still a long day's march before us, and therefore the next day, from general impulse, in order to make sure of our arrival at the well, we started at an early hour, keeping the caravan together by repeated shouting. After a march of about twelve miles, we reached the first passage leading down from the Hammada and called Thie Twnnin; but it was too steep and precipitous for our rather heavily laden caravan, and we had to continue till we reached the Thie el Ardha, a little after eleven o'clock, when we began to descend from the plateau along a rough winding pass. The sandstone of which it is formed presented to us a surface so completely blackened, not only in the unbroken walls of the ravine, but also in the immense blocks which had been detached from the cliffs, and were lying about in great confusion, that at first sight anybody would have taken it for basalt; but when the stones were broken, their real nature became apparent. Over this broad layer of sandstone, which in some places covered a bed of clay mixed with gypsum, there was a layer of marl, and over this, forming the upper crust, limestone and flints.



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After a winding course for an hour the narrow ravine, shut in by steep, gloomy-looking cliffs, began to widen, and our direction varied less; but still the whole district retained a gloomy aspect, and the bottom of the valley was strewn with masses of black sandstone, while the country ahead of us lay concealed in a hazy atmosphere, which did not admit of an extensive view. Eager to reach the well, the caravan being scattered over a great extent of ground, we three travellers, with one of the shaushes, pushed on in advance, the south wind driving the sand, which lay in narrow strips along the pebbly ground, into our faces. We cherished the hope of finding a cool little grove, or at least some shade, where we might recline at ease after our fatiguing march; but, to our great disappointment, the sand became deeper, and nothing was to be seen but small stunted palm-bushes. But even these ceased near the well, which was dug in the midst of the sandy waste, and had once been protected by an oval shaped building, of which nothing but crumbling ruins remained.

It was a cheerless encampment after so fatiguing a march; but there was at least no more fear of scarcity of water, for the well had an abundant supply. No name could be more appropriate to this place than el Hasi (the well). There is no need of any discriminating surname; it is "the Well"—the well where the traveller who has successfully crossed the Hammada may be sure to quench his own thirst and that of his animals. But it is not a cheerful resting place, though it is the great watering-place on this desert road, as he has to cross the fearful "burning plain" of Hammada before he reaches the spot. There are several wells hereabouts, which might easily supply with water the largest caravan in an hour's time; for the water is always bubbling up, and keeps the same level.

When they at length left the uncomfortable encampment at El Hasi, the camel drivers pursued a dismal and dreary road, which became desolate in the extreme as they began to enter the region of the sand-hills. The character of the country varied, however, as they proceeded, alternating between rocky eminences and hollows more or less clothed with brushwood. On the 28th of April, Barth relates, mid-day was past, when we obtained a distinct view of the date-grove in Wadi Shati, and the high sand hill's which border the valley on the south. Towards the north it was rather open, and we hastened on to escape from the hot desert through which we were marching; but a good while elapsed before we reached the border of the valley, which on this side abounded in herbage. After a mile and a-half we reached the first wild palm-trees, thriving in separate and casually-formed groups. Then followed a belt of bare black ground, covered with a whitish crust of salt. The town, on the top of a broad terraced rock, seemed as far off as ever. But I urged on my Bu-Sed along the winding path over the hard ground; Richardson and Overweg followed close behind, while the camel-drivers had fallen back to exchange their dirty costume for one more decent. At length we reached the north-western foot of the picturesque hill, and chose our camping-ground beyond the shallow bed of a torrent between the date-trees and the corn-fields, near the largest fountain—a very agreeable resting place, after the dreary desert which we had traversed.

We had felt tired so long as the place was yet ahead of us; but we had no sooner reached it than all fatigue

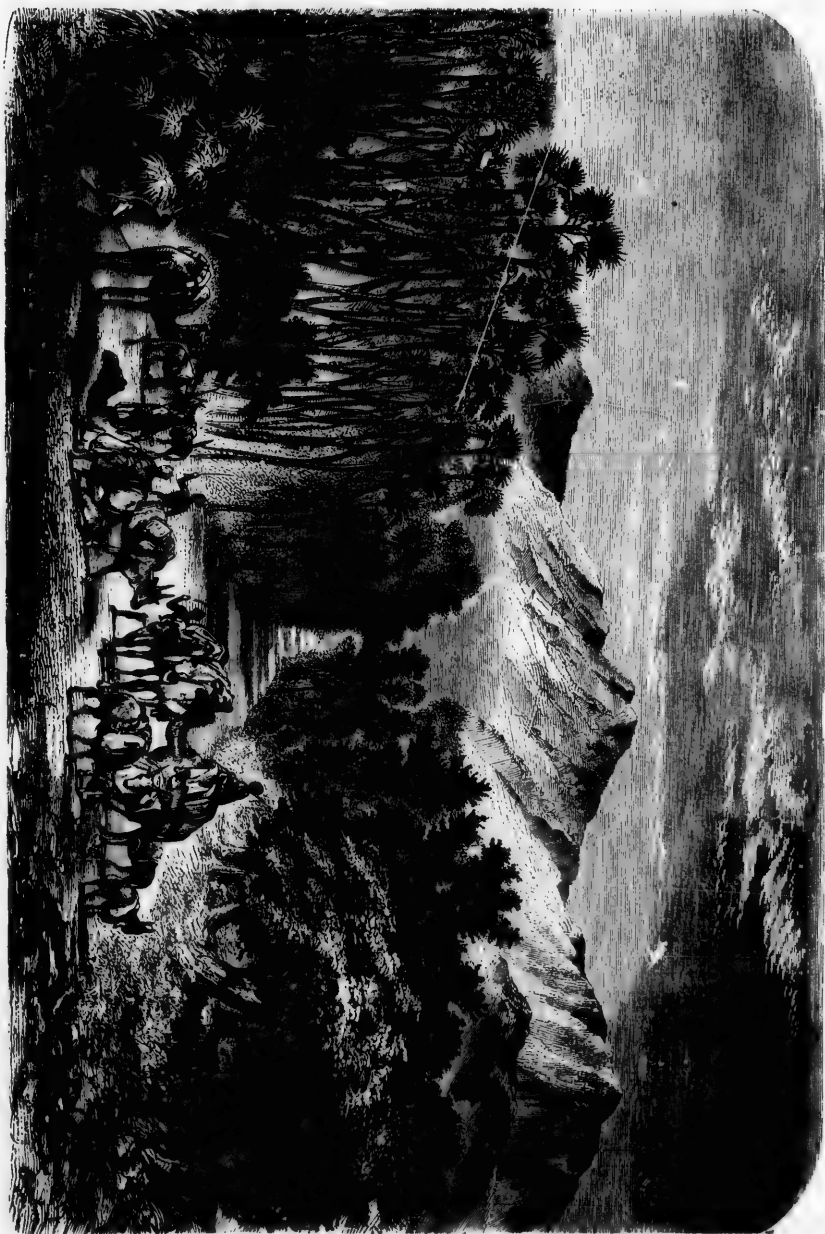
was gone, and Overweg and I, under the guidance of a malleem, went forth to view the interesting features of the locality. It is certainly a very rare spectacle in this quarter of the world, to see a town on the top of a steep terraced hill in the midst of a valley, and occupying an advantageous position which might be supposed to have given the place great importance from very ancient times. Ederi seems to have been a considerable place till fourteen years ago, when the independent spirit of its inhabitants was broken by the despotism of Abd el Jelil ben Sef e Nasr, the famous chief of the Welad Sliman. The old town on the top of the hill having been destroyed, and there being no longer a necessity for a fortified residence, under the civilised though exhausting government of the Turks, the new village was built at the northern foot of the hill, on which side lies the chapel of the Merabet Bu-Derbala, and another of less fame, a little east of the former, called Sidi Abd e Salan.

The new village has two gates. Crossing it, we ascended the steep narrow streets of the old town, which seem to have been densely inhabited, and from the highest part, which is 190 feet above the bottom of the valley, obtained a very interesting view over a great part of the Wadi, with its varied features—here, black sandstone, which in several places forms hills of considerable extent; there, green fields of wheat and barley; then, again, a large grove of date-trees scattered in long narrow strips behind the high sand-hills bordering the valley on the south. The black ground, covered with a whitish crust, lay bare and naked in many parts, while in others it was entirely overgrown with herbage. Towards the north the slope of the rock on which the town stands is rather steep and precipitous. On this side lie the caverns which have been already noticed by Oudney, and which are interesting only on account of the oval-shaped form in which they have been excavated, as they are neither remarkable for dimensions nor for regularity. A large group of caverns has been made in a detached rocky eminence, upon which at present the cemetery is situated; but it is only seventy-two feet in length, and its ground-plan is far from being regular.

From this place I went through the adjoining grove, which, with a little more care, might easily become a very beautiful plantation; for there are a great many wells of very little depth, and the water is led through the channels with slight trouble. Our encampment in the beautiful moonlight, with not a breath of wind to disturb the tranquillity of the scene, was pleasant in the extreme, and we all felt much delighted and greatly restored.

Early on Sunday morning, after having finished my sketch of the village on the hill, (See p. 69), with our encampment in the foreground, I took a walk all round the scattered groups of the plantation, which must have suffered a great deal from Abd el Jelil, even though the number of 6,000 trees, which he is said to have cut down, be an exaggeration. Towards the east side the salt crust is still thicker than on the west, and is very unpleasant for walking. I found here that, in addition to wheat and barley, much amara was cultivated in the garden-fields, besides a few figs, but I saw no grapes. Several families were living here outside in light huts or sheds made of palm branches, and seemed to enjoy some degree of happiness. At the south-east end of the plantation rose a hill also formed of marl, and very similar to that on which the town is situated.

VALLEY OF AUDESAK.



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Leaving their picturesque encampment, they commenced their passage over the sand hills which separated the Wadi Shiyate from the deeper valley called the Wadi el Gharbi. There were here clusters of palm trees. The sand-hills, however, at times assumed a steepness which was very trying for the camels, particularly at the brink of the slopes. At length, on the 1st of May, they got out of the sandy district and arrived in the Wadi, *par excellence*, where they found water, villages inhabited, and clumps of splendid ethel trees (*Tamarix orientalis*), and date trees.

The caravan left the Great Wadi, where is an interesting monument of Roman times, on the afternoon of the 3rd of May, through a defile which appeared to have been once defended by walls, and, having crossed some irregular depressed plains, encamped in the evening in a wadi with a moderate supply of herbage. Starting on the following morning at an early hour, they soon emerged into a more open level, beautifully adorned with fine talha trees, but which was followed by a dreary wilderness, to their encampment at the plantation of Aghar. Hence to Murzuk, which they reached the next day (May 6th), the country in general was very sterile, presenting only a few small date-groves; and at length, when they reached the plantation of Murzuk itself, they were far from finding in it that picturesque and refreshing character which they had admired in the palm-groves of the Wadi. These had formed a dense beautiful shade and fine groups; while the plantation of Murzuk was scattered about in thin growth, so that it was scarcely possible to determine exactly where it began or where it ended.

Thus they reached the wall of the town, built of a sort of clay glittering with saline incrustations; and going round the whole western and northern sides, which have no gate wide enough for a caravan, they halted on the eastern side of the town, not far from the camp of pilgrims, who were returning from Egypt to Morocco and Tawat, till M. Gagliuffi came out of the town, and took them in, treating our travellers with all possible hospitality, and doing everything in his power to render their sojourn in the "city of the desert" as agreeable as possible.

## II.

CITY OF MURZUK—DENDAL OR BOULEVARD—BAZAR—WADI ARENUSH—AKAKUS RANGE—PALACE OF THE GENI—BARTK LOST IN THE MOUNTAINS—ARRIVAL AT GHAT—NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE ASKAR TAWAREK.

The appearance of Murzuk is rather picturesque; but its extreme aridity is felt at once, and this feeling grows stronger on a prolonged residence. Even in the plantation which surrounds it there are only a few favoured spots where, under the protection of a deeper shade of the date-trees, a few fruit-trees can be cultivated, such as pomegranates, figs, and peaches. Culinary vegetables, including onions, are extremely scarce; milk, except a little from the goats, is of course quite out of the question.

The town lies in a flat hollow, "Hofrah," which is the appropriate native name of the district, but nevertheless at the considerable elevation of 1495 feet, surrounded by ridges of sand; and in this hollow lies scattered the plantation, without the least symmetry of arrangement or mark of order. In some places it forms a long narrow strip extending to a great distance, in others a detached grove, while on the south-

east side of the town the desert approaches close to the walls in a deep inlet. Towards the east a little grove apart forms as it were an advanced post. The densest and finest part of the grove is towards the north, where also are the greatest number of gardens and fields in which wheat, barley, gedheb (or rather kedheb), and a few vegetables, are cultivated with much labour. In the same quarter also the greatest number of cottages are to be found, including huts (large and small) made of palm-branches—the former consisting of several apartments and a small court-yard, the latter having generally only one room of very narrow dimensions.

In the midst of this plantation lies Murzuk. It is situated so as not to face the cardinal points, but with a deviation from them of thirty degrees, the north side running N. 30° E., S. 30° W., and so on: it is less than two miles in circumference. The walls, built of clay, with round and pointed bastions, but partly in bad repair, have two gates, the largest on the east, and the other on the west side. There is only a very small gate on the north side, and there is none towards the south. This quarter of the town has been greatly contracted by Abd el Jeli, as the remains of the old wall of the time of Mukni clearly show; but the town is still much too large for its scanty population, which is said now to amount to 2800, and the greatest part of it, especially in the quarters most distant from the bazaar, is thinly inhabited and half in ruins. The characteristic feature of the town, which shows that it has more points of relation with Negroland than with the lands of the Arabs, is the spacious road or "dendal" stretching out from the eastern gate as far as the castle, and making the principal part of the town more airy, but also infinitely more exposed to the heat.

The bazaar, of course, is the most frequented part of the town. It lies nearly half-way between the east and west gates, but a little nearer to the former, and affords, with its halls of palm-stems, a very comfortable place for the sellers and buyers. The watch-house at the east end of the bazaar, and almost opposite Mr. Gagliuffi's house (from the terrace of which the view—*See page 78*—was taken), is ornamented with a portico of six columns, which adds to the neat appearance of this quarter of the town. The kasbah is the same as in Captain Lyon's time, with its immense walls and small apartments; but the outer court has been much improved by the building of a barrack or kishlah, which now forms its northern portion. It is a large quadrangular building, with a spacious esplanade in the interior, around which are arranged the principal apartments. The building is said to be capable of containing 2000 men, though at present there are but 400 in the garrison, who are well lodged and fed.

With regard to commerce, the condition of Murzuk is very different from that of Ghadames. The latter is the residence of wealthy merchants, who embark all their capital in commercial enterprises, and bring home their own merchandise. But Murzuk is rather the thoroughfare than the seat of a considerable commerce, the whole annual value of imports and exports amounting, in a round sum, to 100,000 Spanish dollars; and the place, therefore, is usually in great want of money, the foreign merchants, when they have sold their merchandise, carrying away its price in specie—the *Mejabeza* to Jalo, the *Tebu* to Bilma and Bornu, the people of Tawat and Ghadames to their respective

homers. Few of the principal merchants of Murzuk are natives of the place. The western or Sudan route is more favourable to commerce than the route to Bornu. On the latter the Tawarek are always ready to furnish any number of camels to carry merchandise, and to guarantee their safety, while the road to Bornu, which is the nearest for Murzuk, is in such a precarious state, that the merchant who selects it must convey his merchandise on his own camels and at his own risk. As for the routes through Fezzan, the Hotman, the Zwaya, and the Megecha, are the general carriers of the merchandise; while, on the route to Sudan, the conveyance at present is wholly in the hands of the Tinyikum.

As soon as Gagliuffi learned distinctly the plan of our expedition, he made an agreement with these people to take our things as far as Selufet; and they were anxious to be off. After much procrastination, they fixed upon the 6th of June for taking away the merchandise with which we had been provided here. We were to follow on the 12th; but the luggage not being ready at an early hour, our final departure was fixed for the 13th.

The expedition left Murzuk on the 13th of June by the western gate. Arrived at Tasawa, however, and owing to the non-appearance of certain Tawarek chiefs who were to accompany them across the border-lands which lie between Fezzan and Negroland, which is inhabited or rather frequented by those veiled and mysterious pirates of the desert, Mr. Barth had to return to Murzuk, and it was the 25th before the final start was accomplished.

From Tasawa to Wadi Elawen, where the presence of pools of rain-water, rich herbage, and numerous birds, induced them to rest from the 2nd to the 4th of July, their way lay along the Wadi Abergush, a shallow valley, with herbage and patches of talha-trees scattered throughout its extent, a vast naked plain to the north and a range of sand-hills to the south. Crossing hence a stony table-land with scarcely any herbage, they ascended another wadi, or rather a series of wadis, to the Pass of Ralle, a narrow passage between perpendicular rocks, constituting the water parting between Murzuk and Ghat, and which broke off abruptly in perpendicular cliffs of fantastic shape several hundred feet high, that constituted the western edge of the table-land of Fezzan or Murzuk.

Hence their way lay across the Plains of Taita, an arid region covered with pebbles and blocks of sandstone and limestone, intersected by a few wadis, with scanty herbage, to the Akakus range, composed of slate-marl, of castle-like and battlemented shape. Their road had hitherto, since leaving Murzuk, been in a westerly direction, but once the Akakus range passed, they assumed a more southerly course, first, by the Wadi Tanesuf, with a firm level surface of sand, covered with a scanty herbage, and lying between the Akakus range on the one side and high sand-hills on the other, and that by the Wadi Ighelfannis, with trees, pasture, and corn to Ghat. Between the two wadis there rose out of the desert a huge mass of rock, formed of marl and limestone strata, resting on black sandstone to the westward of the Akakus range, and on their right as they journeyed southwards. This mass of rock had a peculiar serrated crest with turretted pinnacles, attaining an elevation of from 2,000 to 2,400 feet, and which gave to it so singular an appearance that the Arab called it, Kasr Jenin, or the Palace of the Genii. It

was also known as Idinin. Barth very nearly came to grief at the onset of his journey in an attempt made to explore this curious formation. Monday, July 15, he says, was a *dies ater* for me. Overweg and I had determined to start early in the morning for the remarkable mountain; but we had not been able to obtain from the Tawarek a guide to conduct us from thence to the next well, whither the caravan was to proceed by the direct road. Hatita and Utaeti having again resisted all our solicitations for a guide, I at length, determined as I was to visit the mountain at any cost, started off in the confidence of being able to make out the well in the direction indicated to me. By ill-luck, our provision of summita (a cool and refreshing paste, on which we were accustomed to breakfast) was exhausted the day before, so that I was obliged to take with me dry biscuit and dates, the worst possible food in the desert when water is scarce.

But as yet I needed no stimulus, and vigorously pushed my way through the sand-hills, which afforded no very pleasant passage. I then entered a wide, bare, desolate-looking plain, covered with black pebbles, from which arose a few black mounds. Here I crossed the beginning of a *fumara* richly overgrown with herbage, which wound along through the sand-hills towards the large valley-plain. It was the abode of a beautiful pair of maraiya (*Antelope Sommeringii*), which, probably anxious for their young ones, did not make off when roused by my approach, but stopped at a short distance, gazing at me and wagging their tails. Pursuing my way over the pebbly ground, which gradually rose till it was broken up by a considerable ravine descending from the western part of the mount, I disturbed another party of three antelopes, which were quietly lying down under the cover of some large blocks. At last I began to feel fatigued from walking over the sharp-pointed pebbles, as the distance proved to be greater than I had originally imagined; and I did not seem to have got much nearer to the foot of the Enchanted Mountain. In fact it proved that the crest of the mount formed a sort of horseshoe, so that its middle part, for which I had been steering all the time, in order to gain a depression which seemed to afford an easy ascent, was by far the remotest. I therefore changed my course and turned more eastward, but only met with more annoyance, for, ascending the slope which I hoped would soon convey me to the summit, I suddenly came to the steep precipice of a deep ravine, which separated me from the crest.

Being already fatigued, the disappointment, of course, depressed my spirits, and I had to summon all my resolution and energy in order to descend into the ravine and climb the other side. It was now past ten o'clock; the sun began to put forth its full power, and there was not the slightest shade around me. In a state of the utmost exhaustion I at length reached the narrow pinnacled crest, which was only a few feet broad, and exhibited neither inscriptions nor sculptures. I had a fine prospect towards the S.W. and N.E.; but I looked around in vain for any traces of our caravan. Though exposed to the full rays of the sun, I lay down on my high barbiican to seek repose; but my dry biscuit or a date was quite unpalatable, and being anxious about my little provision of water, I could only sip an insufficient draught from my small water-skin.

As the day advanced I got anxious lest our little band, thinking that I was already in advance, might



continue their march in the afternoon, and, in spite of my weakness, determined to try to reach the encampment. I therefore descended the ravine, in order to follow its course, which, according to Hatita's indications, would lead me in the direction of the well. It was very hot; and being thirsty, I swallowed at once the little water that remained. This was about noon; and I soon found that the draught of mere water, taken upon an empty stomach, had not at all restored my strength.

At length I reached the bottom of the valley. Hatita had always talked as if they were to encamp at no great distance from the mountain; yet, as far as I could strain my view, no living being was to be seen. At length I became puzzled as to my direction, and, hurrying on as fast as my failing strength would allow, I ascended a mound crowned with an ethel-bush, and fired my pistols; but I waited in vain for an answer: a strong east wind was blowing dead against me. Reflecting a moment on my situation, I then crossed the small sand-hills, and, ascending another mound, fired again. Convinced that there could be nobody in this direction, at least at a moderate distance, I thought myself that our party might be still behind, and very unluckily, I kept more directly eastward.

The valley was here very richly overgrown with *sebot*; and to my great delight I saw at a distance some small huts attached to branches of the ethel-tree, covered on the top with *sebot*, and open in front. With joy in my heart I hastened on towards them, but found them empty; and not a living being was to be seen, nor was there a drop of water to be got.

My strength being now exhausted, I sat down on the naked plain, with a full view before me of the whole breadth of the wadi, and with some confidence expected the caravan. I even thought, for a moment, that I beheld a string of camels passing in the distance. But it was an illusion; and when the sun was about to set, not being able to muster strength enough to walk a few paces without sitting down, I had only to choose for my night's quarters between the deserted huts and an ethel-tree which I saw at a little distance. I chose the latter, as being on a more elevated spot, and therefore scrambled to the tree, which was of a respectable old age, with thick tall branches, but almost leafless. It was my intention to light a fire, which promised almost certain deliverance; but I could not muster sufficient strength to gather a little wood. I was broken down and in a feverish state.

Having lain down for an hour or two, after it became quite dark I arose from the ground, and, looking around me, desisted to my great joy a large fire S.W. down the valley, and, hoping that it might be that of my companions, I fired a pistol, as the only means of communicating with them, and listened as the sound rolled along, feeling sure that it would reach their ears; but no answer was returned. All remained silent. Still I saw the flame rising towards the sky, and telling where deliverance was to be found, without my being able to avail myself of the signal. Having waited long in vain, I fired a second time—yet no answer. I lay down in resignation, committing my life to the care of the Merciful One; but it was in vain that I tried to sleep, and, restless, and in a high fever, I tossed about on the ground, looking with anxiety and fear for the dawn of the next day.

At length the long night wore away, and dawn was drawing nigh. All was repose and silence; and I was

sure I could not choose a better time for trying to inform my friends, by signal, of my whereabouts. I therefore collected all my strength, loaded my pistol with a heavy charge, and fired—once—twice. I thought the sound ought to awaken the dead from their tombs, so powerfully did it reverberate from the opposite range and roll along the wadi; yet no answer. I was at a loss to account for the great distance apparently separating me from my companions, who seemed not to have heard my firing.

The sun that I had half longed for, half looked forward to with terror, at last rose. My condition, as the heat went on increasing, became more dreadful; and I crawled around, changing every moment my position, in order to enjoy the little shade afforded by the leafless branches of the tree. About noon there was of course scarcely a spot of shade left—only enough for my head—and I suffered greatly from the pangs of thirst, although I sucked a little of my blood till I became senseless, and fell into a sort of delirium, from which I only recovered when the sun went down behind the mountains. I then regained some consciousness, and crawled out of the shade of the tree, throwing a melancholy glance over the plain, when suddenly I heard the cry of a camel. It was the most delightful music I ever heard in my life; and raising myself a little from the ground, I saw a mounted Tarki passing at some distance from me, and looking eagerly around. He had found my footsteps in the sandy ground, and losing them again on the pebbles, was anxiously seeking traces of the direction I had taken. I opened my parched mouth, and crying, as loud as my faint strength allowed, "Aman, aman" (water, water), I was rejoiced to get for answer "Iwah, iwah!" and in a few moments he was at my side, washing and sprinkling my head, while I broke out involuntarily into an uninterrupted strain of "El hamdu lillahi! el hamdu lillahi!"

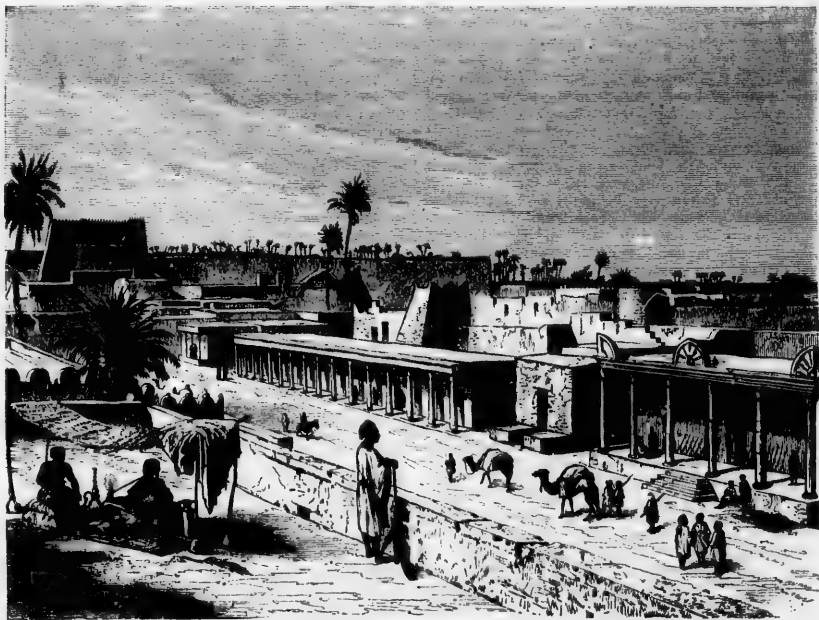
Having thus first refreshed me, and then allowed me a draught which, however, I was not able to enjoy, my throat being so dry, and my fever still continuing, my deliverer, whose name was Musa, placed me upon his camel, mounted himself in front of me, and brought me to the tents. They were a good way off. The joy of meeting again, after I had been already despaired of, was great; and I had to express my sincere thanks to my companions, who had given themselves so much trouble to find me. But I could speak but little at first, and could scarcely eat anything for the next three days, after which I gradually recovered my strength. It is, indeed, very remarkable how quickly the strength of a European is broken in these climes, if for a single day he be prevented from taking his usual food.

Luckily, the expedition arrived at Ghat, the second great station on their journey to Negroland on the 18th, and Barth was enabled to rest there awhile and recover from the mishap which had so nearly proved fatal to him. The valley, Barth says, after some time became free from ethel-trees, and opened a view of the little town, situated at the north-western foot of a rocky eminence jutting out into the valley, and girt by sand-hills on the west. Its plantation extends in a long strip towards S.S.W., while another group, formed by the plantation and by the noble-looking mansion of Haj Ahmed, appears towards the west. Here we were joined by Muhammad Shorif, a nephew of Haj Ahmed, in a showy dress, and well-mounted on a horse;

and we separated from Hatita in order to take our way round the north side of the hill, so as to avoid exciting the curiosity and importunity of the townspeople. But a good many boys came out of the town, and exhibited quite an interesting scene as they recognized Yakub (Mr. Richardson), who had visited this place on his former journey. Many people came out to see us, some offering us their welcome, others remaining indifferent spectators.

Thus we reached the new plantation of Haj Ahmed, the governor, as he is called, of Ghat, and found at the entrance of the outbuilding, which had been destined for our use, the principal men of the town, who received us with great kindness and politeness. The

most interesting among them was Haj Ahmed himself, a man of grave and dignified manners, who, although a stranger to the place, and a native of Tawat, has succeeded, through his address and his mercantile prosperity, in obtaining for himself here an almost princely position, and has founded in reality a new town, with large and splendid improvements, by the side of the old city. His situation as governor of Ghat, in reference, and in some degree in opposition, to the Tawarek chiefs, is a very peculiar one, and requires, on his part, a good deal of address, patience, and forbearance. I am convinced that when we first arrived he did not view us with displeasure, but, on the contrary, was greatly pleased to receive under his roof a mission of



MURZUK, CAPITAL OF FEZZAN.

Her Britannic Majesty's Government, with whose immense influence and power, and the noble purpose of whose policy, he was not entirely unacquainted; but his extraordinary and precarious situation did not allow him to act freely, and besides, I cannot say that he received from us so warm an acknowledgment as his conduct in the first instance seemed to deserve.

The view from the rocky hill, which reaches its greatest elevation just over the town, and together with a cistern, offers a few Berber and Arabic inscriptions to the curious traveller, proved far less extensive and picturesque than that from a sand-hill a little distance westward from the house of Haj Ahmed. I ascended this little hill in the afternoon of the 22nd, and,

screened by an ethel-bush, made the accompanying sketch of the whole oasis, which I hope will give a tolerably good idea of this interesting locality—the separate strips of palm-trees, the wide desolate valley, bordered by the steep slope of the Akakus-range, with its regular strata of marly slate and its pinnacled crest of sandstone; the little town on the left, at the foot of the rocky hill, contrasting with the few and frail huts of palm-branches scattered about here and there; the noble and spacious mansion of the industrious Haj Ahmed in the foreground, on the northern side of which lies the flat dwelling assigned to us. When descending from this hill towards the south, I was greatly pleased with the new improvements added by Haj Ahmed to

his plantation. The example of this man shows how much may be achieved by a little industry in these favoured spots, where cultivation may be infinitely increased. In the southernmost and most recent part of the plantation a large basin, about 100 ft. long and 60 ft. broad, had been formed, receiving a full supply of water from the northern side of the sand-hills, and irrigating kitchen-gardens of considerable extent. Thus the wealthy governor makes some advance every year; but, unfortunately, he seems not to find many imitators.

Our negotiation with the Tawarek chiefs might have been conducted with more success, if a letter written by Her Majesty's Government to the chief Jabur had not been produced at the very moment when all the chiefs present were ready to subscribe the treaty. But their attention was entirely distracted from the object in view. This letter made direct mention of the abolition of the slave-trade; hence it became a very difficult and delicate matter, especially as Mr. Richardson's supplies of merchandise and presents at that moment were entirely in the hands of the merchant Haj Ibrahim, who, even if liberal enough to abstain from intrigue against admitting the competition of English merchants, would be sure to do all in his power to prevent the abolition of the slave-trade.

It was a serious undertaking to enter into direct negotiation with these Tawarek chiefs, the absolute masters of several of the most important routes to Central Africa. It required great skill, entire confidence, and no inconsiderable amount of means, of which we were extremely deficient. To this vexation let there be added the petulant and indiscreet behaviour of our servants, who were exasperated by the sufferings of the Rhamadan during the hottest season of the year, and were too well aware of the insufficiency of our means to carry out the objects of our mission; and the reader will easily understand that we were extremely glad when, after repeated delays, we were at length able to leave this place in the pursuance of our journey.

### III.

TOWN AND PLANTATION OF BARAKAT—HIGH MOUNTAIN PASS—  
—DEEP Ravine of EGERI—WILD OXEN AND SHEEP—  
—APPROACH OF THE ENEMY—THE SLAVES DANCE.

On the 26th of June the expedition were once more on the back of their camels, casting from their elevated seats a last glance over the pleasant picture of the oasis of Ghat. They soon came to the pleasant considerable plantation of Iberke, separated into two groups, one on the west, and the other on the east side, the town of Barakat lying at the foot of a sandy eminence, and glittering through the thinner parts of the plantation. This town, as usual, formed a quadrangle enclosed by a wall of clay about five-and-twenty feet high, and provided with quadrangular towers.

Several women, of good figure and decently dressed, were seated tranquilly, as it seemed, enjoying the cool air of the afternoon, for they had no occupation, nor were they selling anything. Although I was dressed in a common blue Sudan shirt, and tolerably sunburnt, my fairer complexion seemed to alarm them, and some of them withdrew into the interior of the houses crying "la ilah." Still I was not molested nor insulted by the people passing by; and I was pleased that several of them courteously answered my salute.

They were apparently not of pure Berber blood. It appeared that a good many of the inhabitants had gone to their date-groves to look after the harvest, as the fruit was just about to ripen; hence the place, though in good repair, and very clean, had a rather solitary appearance. There is no commerce in this place as in Ghat, the whole wealth of the inhabitants consisting in their plantations. Yet they are said to be better off than the population of Ghat, who are exposed to great and continual extortions from the Tawarek on account of their origin, while the people of Barakat enjoy certain privileges. The houses were all two or three stories high, and well built, the clay being nicely polished. A few palm-trees decorate the interior of the town. It is of still more diminutive size than Ghat, containing about two hundred houses, but it is built with great regularity.

Having stuck fast awhile in a lane which had no thoroughfare, we at length got safely out of the little town of Barakat by the south gate. It has, I believe, four gates, like Ghat. On this side of the town, inside of the walls, stands the mosque, a building of considerable size for so small a place, neatly whitewashed, and provided with a lofty minaret.

Leaving the town, we took a more southern and circuitous road than that by which we had come, so that I saw a good deal of the plantation. The soil is for the most part impregnated with salt, and the wells have generally brackish water. There was much industry to be seen, and most of the gardens were well kept; but the wells might easily be more numerous, and only a small quantity of corn is cultivated. The great extent to which dukhn, or Guinea corn, or *Pennisetum typhoides*, is cultivated here, as well as near Ghat, in proportion to wheat or barley, seems to indicate the closer and more intimate connection of this region with Negroland. Some culinary vegetables were also cultivated; and some, but not many, of the gardens were carefully fenced with the leaves of the palm-tree. The grove was animated by numbers of wild pigeons and turtle-doves, bending the branches of the palm-trees with their wanton play; and a good many asses were to be seen. Cattle I did not observe. But far more interesting were the scenes of human life that met my eyes. Hap-piners seemed to reign, with every necessary comfort, in this delightful little grove. There was a great number of cottages, or tekabber, built of palm-branches and palm-leaves, most of them of considerable size, and containing several apartments: all of them had flat roofs. They are inhabited by the Imghad or Meratha. A great many of the men seemed at present to be busy elsewhere; but these lightly-built straggling suburbs were full of children, and almost every woman carried an infant at her back. They were all black, but well formed, and infinitely superior to the mixed race of Fezzan. The men wore in general blue shirt, and a black shawl round the face; the women were only dressed in the turkedi or Sudan cloth, wound round their body, and leaving the upper part, including the breasts, uncovered. They understood generally nothing but Temashight; and only a few of them spoke the Hausa language. The men were nearly all smoking.

Passing hence a luxuriant valley rich in herbage and full of ethel trees, all crowning the tops of small mounds, they encamped near a pond of dirty rain-water, frequented by great flocks of doves and water-

fowl. Beyond this valley came an ascent by a narrow path winding round the slope of a steep promontory. The ruins of a castle at the bottom of the valley formed an object of attraction. The ascent led to a sort of table land with large basin of water like little alpine lakes or tarns, in which the negro slaves swam about with immense delight. The next day (July 29th), the path, winding along through loose blocks on a precipitous ascent, proved still more difficult. Several loads were thrown off the camels, and the boat several times came into collision with the rocks, which, but for its excellent material, might have damaged it considerably. The whole of the cliffs consisted of red sandstone, which was now and then interrupted by clay slate, of a greenish colour. The ascent took us almost two hours; and from the level of the plateau we obtained a view of the ridge stretching towards Arikim, the passage of which was said to be still more difficult. Having successively ascended and descended a little, we then entered a tolerably-regular valley, and followed its windings till about noon, when we once more emerged upon the rugged rocky level, where Amankay, the well-travelled buzu or mulatto of Tassawa, brought us a draught of deliciously cool water, which he had found in a hollow in the rocks. Here our route meandered in a very remarkable way, so that I could not lay aside my compass for a moment; and the path was sometimes reduced to a narrow crevice between curiously-terraced buttresses of rocks.

The ground having at length become more open, we encamped about a quarter past three o'clock in a small ravine with a little sprinkling of herbage. Here we had reached an elevation of not less than 4,000 feet above the sea—the greatest elevation of the desert to be passed, or rather of that part of Africa over which our travels extended. The rugged and bristling nature of this elevated tract prevented our obtaining any extensive views. This region, if it were not the wildest and most rugged of the whole desert, limiting vegetation to only a few narrow crevices and valleys, would be a very healthy and agreeable abode for man; but it can only support a few nomadic stragglers. This, I am convinced, is the famous mountain Tantanah, the abode of the Azkar mentioned by the early Arabic geographers, although, instead of placing it to the south-west of Fezzan, they generally give it a southerly direction. I am not aware that a general name is now given to this region.

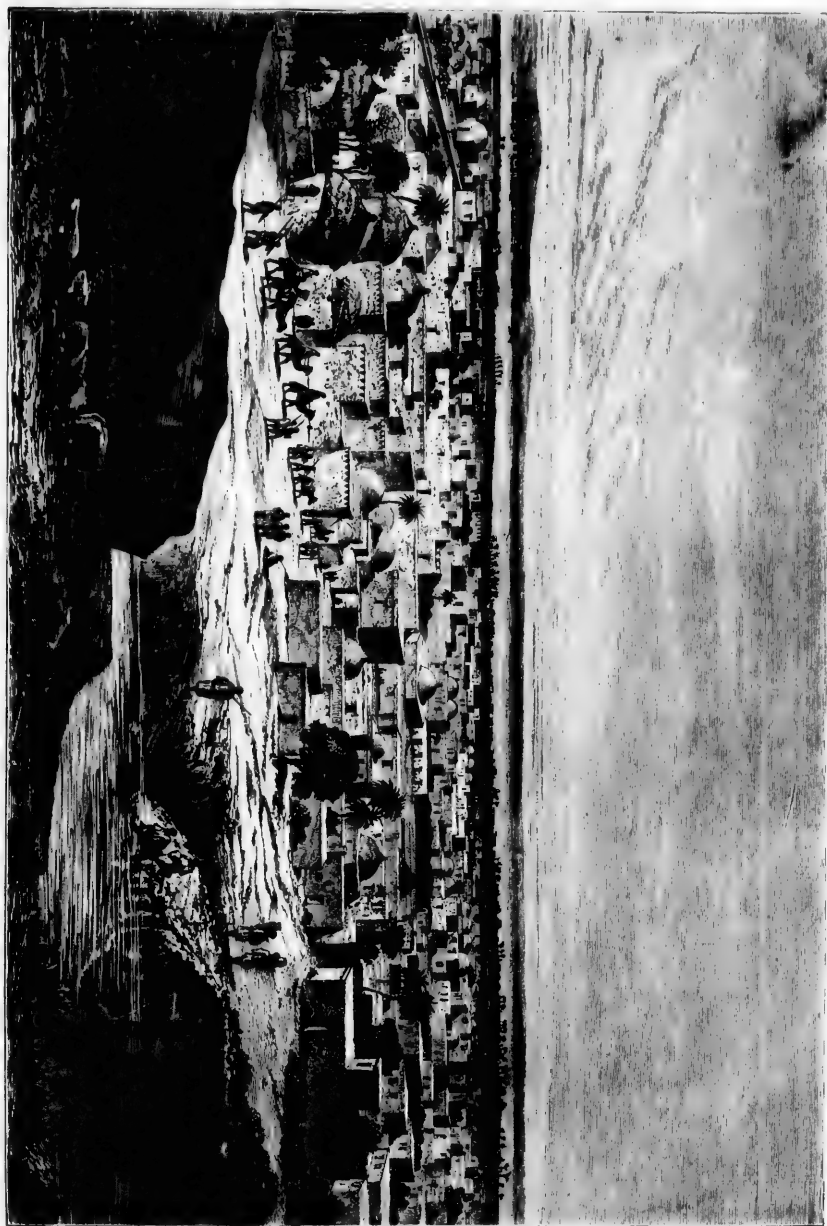
But this highest part of the table-land rather forms a narrow "col" or crest, from which, on the following morning, after a winding march of a little more than three miles, we began to descend by a most picturesque passage into a deeper region. At first we saw nothing but high cones towering over a hollow in the ground; but as we advanced along a lateral wadi of the valley which we had entered, the scenery assumed a grander aspect, exhibiting features of such variety as we had not expected to find in this desert country. While our camels began slowly to descend, one by one, the difficult passage, I sat down and made a sketch of it, which conveys a better idea of this abrupt cessation of the high sandstone level, with the sloping strata of marl where it is succeeded by another formation—that of granite, than any verbal description would do.

The descent took us two hours, when we reached the bottom of a narrow ravine about sixty feet broad, which at first was strewn with large blocks carried

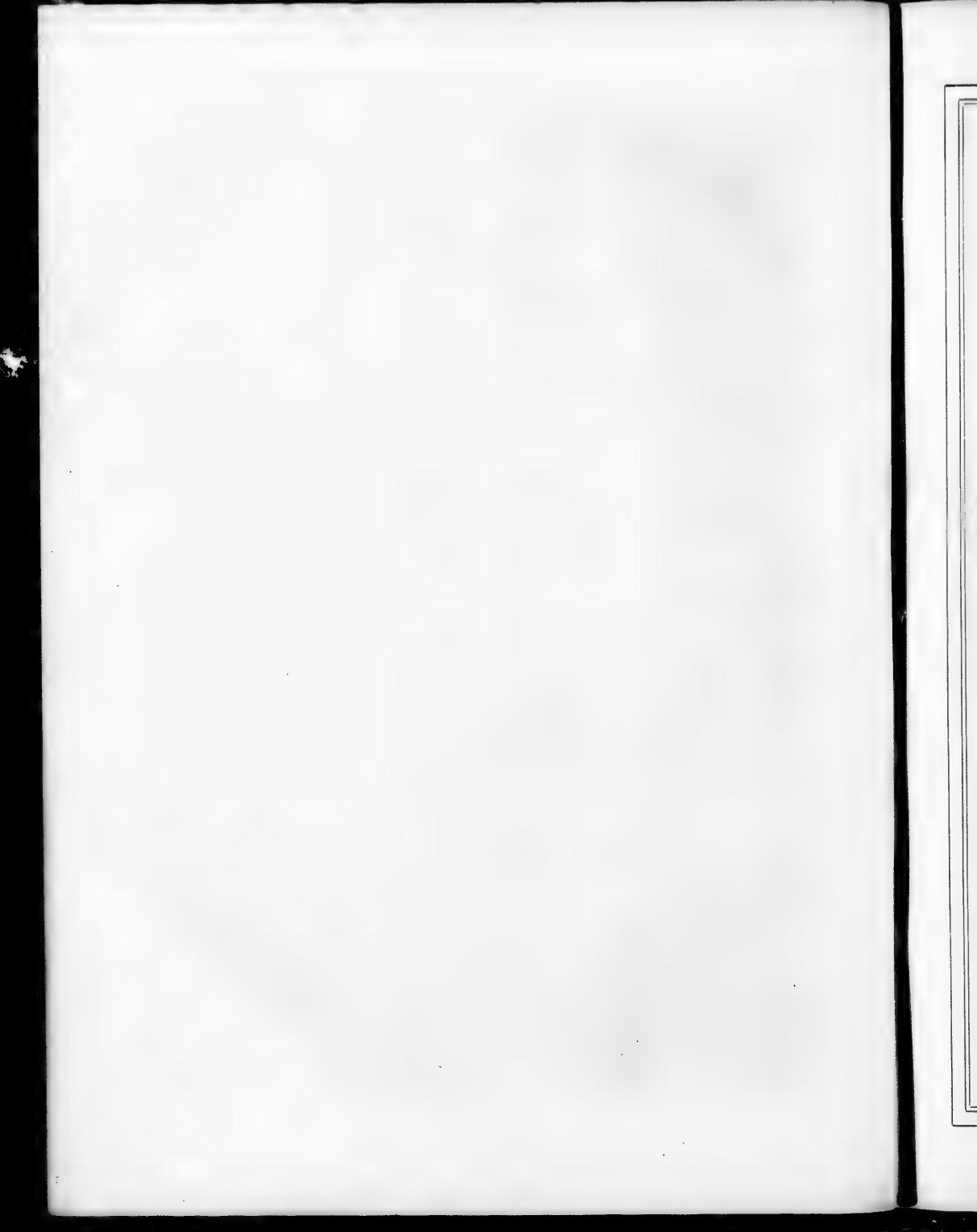
down by occasional floods, but a little further on had a floor of fine sand and gravel. Here the valley is joined by a branch wadi, or another ravine, coming from the north. Near the junction it is tolerably wide; but a few hundred yards further on, it narrows between steep precipitous cliffs looking almost like walls erected by the hand of man, and more than a thousand feet high, and forms there a pond of rain-water. While I was sketching this remarkable place, I lost the opportunity of climbing up the wild ravine. The locality was so interesting that I reluctantly took leave of it, fully intending to return the following day with the camels when they were to be watered; but, unfortunately, the alarming news which reached us at our camping-ground prevented my doing so. I will only observe that this valley, which is generally called Egeri, is identical with the celebrated valley Amais or Mais, the name of which became known in Europe many years ago.

Hardly had they thus crossed the highlands of the Azkar and entered upon a new vegetation of aesclepias and colocynths, than difficulties of another nature arose. They were informed that an expedition had been prepared against them by the mighty chieftain Sidi Jafel inck (son of) Saskertaf, to whom a great number of the Imghad settled thereabouts were subject as bondsmen or serfs. Their way beyond the Azkar Highlands lay across what is designated as the desert plains of Mariaw, then by Afaleseles and its sand-hills, the approach to the tropical climates being indicated by clouds and a few drops of rain. Bare and desolate as the country appeared, it is covered, as well as the whole centre of the desert, with large herds of wild oxen (*Anilope bubale*), which rove about at large, and, according as they are more or less hunted, linger in favoured districts or change their haunts. Granite rocks and a more open country led the way to the Valley of Nghakeli, remarkable as well on account of its picturesque appearance as because it indicated the approach to a more favoured region. Besides being richly overgrown with luxuriant herbage shrubs and trees of different species, it exhibited the first specimens of the hajilij (*Balanites Egyptiaca*), the rope-like roots of which, loosened by the torrent which at times swept along the valley, grew to an immense length over the ground. The wadan, or as the Tawarek call it, andad, the wild sheep of the desert (*Ovis tragelaphos*) are, it is to be observed, met with all over the same districts as the wild ox, only selecting the more mountainous parts.

On Friday, August 16th, descending a rocky crest covered with gravel, the Hausa slaves pointed out in the far distance, with a feeling of pride and joy, Mount Absen or Asben. They had now reached the frontier territories of the Azkar Tarawek, and the Kelowi Tarawek, and frontiers are always debateable ground, and in unsettled countries the most frequent scene of marauding expeditions. On the 18th, while quietly pursuing their road, with the Kel-owi in the van, the Tynlkum marching in the rear, suddenly Muhammad the Sfaksi came running behind us, swinging his musket over his head, and crying lustily, "He awelad, awelad bu, aduna ja" ("Lads, lads, our enemy has come"), and spreading the utmost alarm through the whole of the caravan. Everybody seized his arms, whether musket, spear, sword, or bow; and whosoever was riding jumped down from his camel. Some time elapsed before it was possible, amid the noise and



CITY OF KANO.





uproar, to learn the cause of the alarm. At length it transpired. A man named Muhammad, belonging to the caravan, having remained a little behind at the well, observed three Tawarek mounted on meharas approaching at a rapid rate; and while he himself followed the caravan, he left his slave behind to see whether others were in the rear. The slave, after a while, overtook him with the news that several more camels had become visible in the distance; and then Muhammad and his slave hurried on to bring us the intelligence. Even Mr. Richardson, who, being rather hard of hearing, judged of our situation only from the alarm, descended from his slender little she-camel and cocked his pistols. A warlike spirit seemed to have taken possession of the whole caravan; and I am persuaded, that had we been attacked at this moment, all would have fought valiantly. But such is not the custom of freebooting parties: they will cling actively to a caravan, and first introduce themselves in a tranquil and peaceable way, till they have succeeded in disturbing the little unity which exists in such a troop, composed as it is of the most different elements; they then gradually throw off the mask, and in general attain their object.

When at length a little tranquillity had been restored, and plenty of powder and shot had been distributed among those armed with firelocks, the opinion began to prevail, that, even if the whole of the report should be true, it was not probable that we should be attacked by daylight. We therefore continued our march with a greater feeling of security, while a body of archers was despatched to learn the news of a small caravan which was coming from Sudan, and marching at some distance from us, behind a low ridge of rocks. They were a few Tebu, with ten camels and between thirty and forty slaves, unconsciously going to meet a terrible fate; for we afterwards learned that the Imghad of the Hogar, or rather the Hadanara, disappointed at our having passed through their country without their getting anything from us, had attacked this little troop, murdering the Tebu, and carrying off their camels and slaves.

On the 20th they had crossed a remarkable ridge of rocks, bearing different names corresponding to the more prominent parts into which it is separated by hollows or saddles, and they were entering a shallow valley full of herbage, when suddenly, Barth relates, four men were seen ahead of us on an eminence, and instantly a troop of lightly-armed people, amongst them three archers, were dispatched, as it seemed, in order to reconnoitre, marching in regular order straight for the eminence.

Being in the first line of our caravan, and not feeling so sure on the camel as on foot, I dismounted, and marched forward, leading my maheri by the nose-cord, and with my eyes fixed upon the scene before us. But how much was I surprised when I saw two of the four unknown individuals executing a wild sort of armed dance together with the Kel-owi, while the others were sitting quietly on the ground. Much perplexed, I continued to move slowly on, when two of the men who had danced suddenly rushed upon me, and grasping the rope of my camel, asked for tribute. Quite unprepared for such a scene under such circumstances, I grasped my pistol, when, just at the right time, I learnt the reason and character of this curious proceeding.

The little eminence on the top of which we had ob-

served the people, and at the foot of which the armed dance was performed, is an important locality in the modern history of the country which we had reached. For here it was that when the Kel-owi (at that time an unmixed and pure Berber tribe, as it seems) took possession of the country of Old Guber with its capital, Tin-shaman, a compromise or covenant was entered into between the red conquerors and the black natives, that the latter should not be destroyed, and that the principal chief of the Kel-owi should only be allowed to marry a black woman. And as a memorial of this transaction, the custom has been preserved, that when caravans pass the spot where the covenant was entered into, near the little rock Maket-n-ikelan, the 'slaves' shall be merry and be authorised to levy upon their masters a small tribute. The black man who stopped me was the "serki-n-bal" (the principal or chief of the slaves).

These poor merry creatures, while the caravan was proceeding on its march, executed another dance; and the whole would have been an incident of the utmost interest, if our minds and those of all the well-disposed members of the caravan had not been greatly oppressed and vexed with sad forebodings of misadventure. The fear was so great that the amiable and sociable Sliman (one of the Tinyikum, who at a later period manifested his sympathy with us in our misfortunes) begged me most urgently to keep more in the middle of the caravan, as he was afraid that one of those ruffians might suddenly rush upon me, and pierce me with his spear.

#### IV.

COUNTRY OF AIR OR ASSEN—DEFINITIVE ATTACK ON AND PILLAGE OF THE TRAVELLERS—ARRIVAL AT TIN-TELUST—SIDE JOURNEY FROM TIN-TELUST TO AGADES—MOUNT ASSELA—PICTURESQUE VALLEY OF AGADES—CITY OF AGADES.

ROCKY ground, overtopped by higher mountain masses or by detached peaks and hollows overgrown with rich vegetation, and preserving for a longer or shorter time the regular form of valleys, succeed by turns and constitute the predominant feature of the country of Air or Assen, upon which our travellers had now entered. After another alarm from marauders at the camping-ground of Taghagit they continued their way pestered by the same bands of desert pirates who attended upon the caravan, and it was with the greatest difficulty they extricated themselves from their hands.

We were only about eight miles from Selufet, where we might expect to be tolerably safe; and we had not the least doubt that we were to sleep there, when suddenly, before noon, our Askar madogu Awed el Kher turned off the road to the right and chose the camping-ground at the border of a broad valley richly overgrown with herbage. As if moved by supernatural agency, and in ominous silence, the whole caravan followed: not a word was spoken.

It was then evident that we were to pass through another ordeal, which, according to all appearance, would be of a more serious kind than that we had already undergone. How this plot was laid is rather mysterious; and it can be explained only by supposing that a diabolical conspiracy was entered into by the various individuals of our caravan. Some certainly were in the secret; but Annur, not less certainly, was sincere in our interest, and wished us to get

through safely. But the turbulent state of the country did not allow this weak, unenergetic man to attain his object. Black-mail had been levied upon us by the frontier-tribes; here was another strong party to be satisfied, that of the Merabetin or Anislimen, who, enjoying great influence in the country, were in a certain degree opposed to the paramount authority of the old chief Annur in Tin-tellust; and this man, who alone had power to check the turbulent spirit of these wild and lawless tribes, was laid up with sickness; in Agades there was no sultan, and several parties still stood in opposition to each other, while by the great expedition against the Welad Sliman, all the warlike passions of the people had been awakened, and their cupidity and greediness for booty and rapine excited to the utmost pitch. All these circumstances must be borne in mind, in order to form a right view of the manner in which we were sacrificed.

The whole affair had a very solemn appearance from the beginning; and it was apparent that this time there were really other motives in view besides that of robbing us. Some of our companions evidently thought that here, at such a distance from our homes and our brethren in faith, we might yield to a more serious attack upon our religion, and so far were sincerely interested in the success of the proceedings; but whether they had any accurate idea of the fate that awaited us, whether we should retain our property and be allowed to proceed, I cannot say. But it is probable that the fanatics thought little of our future destiny; and it is absurd to imagine that, if we had changed our religion as we would a suit of clothes, we should have thereby escaped absolute ruin.

Our people, who well knew what was going on, desired us to pitch only a single tent for all three of us, and not to leave it, even though a great many people should collect about us. The excitement and anxiety of our friend Annur had reached the highest pitch; and Boro was writing letter after letter. Though a great number of Merabetin had collected at an early hour, and a host of other people arrived before sunset, the storm did not break out; but as soon as all the people of our caravan, arranged in a long line close to our tent, under the guidance of the most respected of the Merabetin as Imam, had finished their Mughreb prayers, the calm was at an end, and the scene which followed was awful.

Our own people were so firmly convinced that, as we stoutly refused to change our religion though only for a day or two, we should immediately suffer death, that our servant Muhammad, as well as Mukni, requested us most urgently to testify, in writing, that they were innocent of our blood. Mr. Richardson himself was far from being sure that the sheikhs did not mean exactly what they said. Our servants, and the chiefs of the caravan, had left us with the plain declaration that nothing less than certain death awaited us; and we were sitting silently in the tent, with the inspiring consciousness of going to our fate in a manner worthy alike of our religion and of the nation in whose name we were travelling among these barbarous tribes, when Mr. Richardson interrupted the silence which prevailed, with these words:—"Let us talk a little. We must die; what is the use of sitting so mute." For some minutes death seemed really to hover over our heads; but the awful moment passed by. We had been discussing Mr. Richardson's last propositions for

an attempt to escape with our lives, when, as a forerunner of the official messenger, the benevolent and kind-hearted Sliman rushed into our tent, and with the most sincere sympathy stammered out the few words, "You are not to die."

They did not die, but they were pillaged, and that scientifically too, for the amount of the spoil taken from them was regulated by the sum which they had paid to their Kelowi escort. Selufiet, which they reached next day after this untoward incident, was a mere village, consisting of sixty or seventy grass huts, but Tin-tellust, which they reached on the 4th of September, was a large place, and the residence of one of the chiefs of Air or Asben.

It was from this place that Barth made a side excursion to the city of Agades, the capital of the whole country, and a considerable town, said to have been once as large as Tunis, situated in the midst of lawless tribes, on the border of the desert and of the fertile tracts of an almost unknown continent, established there from ancient times, and protected as a place of rendezvous and commerce between nations of the most different character, and having the most varied wants. It is by mere accident, says Barth, that this town had not attracted as much interest in Europe as her sister-town Timbuktu.

The country through which this journey from Tin-tellust to Agades lay is described as a picturesque wilderness, with rocky ground intersected at every moment by winding valleys and dry water courses, richly overgrown with grasses and mimosas, while majestic mountains and detached peaks towered over the landscape: one of these mountain masses is more remarkable than others for its grand and beautiful shape. This was mount Abila, or Bila, which is at once one of the most picturesque objects in the country of Air, and seems to bear an interesting testimony to a connection with that great family of mankind which we call the Semitic; for the name of this mountain, or rather of the moist and "green vale" at its foot (throughout the desert, even in its most favoured parts, it is the valley which generally gives its name to the mountain), is probably the same as that of the well-known spot in Syria, from which the province of Abila has been named.

At length we descended from the rugged ground of Taghist into the commencement of the celebrated Valley of Auderas, the fame of which penetrated to Europe many years ago. Here we encamped, wet as we were, on the slope of the rocky ground, in order to guard against the humidity of the valley. Opposite to us, towards the south, on the top of a hill, lay the little village Aerwen van Tidrak. Another village, called Ifarghen, is situated higher up the valley on the road from Auderas to Damerghu. On our return I saw in this valley a barbarous mode of tillage, three slaves being yoked to a sort of plough, and driven like oxen by their master. This is probably the most southern place in Central Africa where the plough is used; for all over Sudan the hoe is the only instrument used for preparing the ground.

While the weather was clear and fine, the valley, bordered on both sides by steep precipices, and adorned with a rich grove of dum-trees, and bush and herbage in great variety, displayed its mingled beauties, chiefly about the well. (See p. 73.) This valley, as well as those succeeding it, is able to produce not only millet, but even wheat, wine, and dates, with almost every

species of vegetable; and there are said to be fifty garden-fields (gonaki) near the village of Ifarghen.

On the 10th of October Barth entered the town of Agades, passing through a half-deserted quarter to the house of Annur, one of the Tawarak chiefs attached to the expedition, and where he took up his abode (See p. 87). The day after his arrival, and after a visit from the Tawat, who are the chief merchants of Agades, Barth relates, the chief eunuch of the sultan came, and I was ordered by my Kel-owi companions, who had put on all their finery, to make myself ready to pay a visit to the sultan. Throwing, therefore, my white helali bernus over my black tobe, and putting on my richly-ornamented Ghadamsi shoes, which formed my greatest finery, I took up the letters and the treaty, and solicited the aid of my servant Muhammad to assist me in getting it signed; but he refused to perform any such service, regarding it as a very gracious act on his part that he went with me at all.

The streets and the market-places were still empty when we went through them, which left upon me the impression of a deserted place of by-gone times; for even in the most important and central quarters of the town, most of the dwelling-houses were in ruins. Some meat was lying ready for sale; and a bullock was tied to a stake, while numbers of large vultures, distinguished by their long naked neck, of reddish colour, and their dirty-greyish plumage, were sitting on the pinnacles of the crumbling walls, ready to pounce upon any kind of offal. These natural scavengers I afterwards found to be the constant inhabitants of all the market-places, not only in this town, but in all the places in the interior. Directing our steps by the high watch-tower, which, although built only of clay and wood, yet, on account of its contrast to the low dwelling-houses around, forms a conspicuous object, we reached the gate which leads into the palace or fada, a small separate quarter with a large irregular courtyard, and from twenty to twenty-five larger and smaller dwellings. Even these were partly in ruins; and one or two wretched conical cottages built of reeds and grass, in the midst of them, showed anything but a regard to cleanliness. The house, however, in which the sultan himself dwelt proved to have been recently repaired, and had a neat and orderly appearance; the wall was nicely polished, and the gate newly covered in with boards made of the stem of the dum-tree, and furnished with a door of the same material.

The interview with Abd-el-Kaderi, a tolerable stout man, with large benevolent features, was pleasant and satisfactory, and the visit was followed by the present of a ram. In the afternoon I took another walk through the town, first to the *er-arar-n-akan*, which, though it had been quiet in the morning, exhibited now a busy scene, about fifty camels being offered for sale, most of them very young, and the older ones rather indifferent. But while the character of the article offered for sale could not be estimated very high, that of the men employed in the business of the market attracted my full attention.

They were tall men with broad coarse features, very different from any I had seen before, and with long hair hanging down upon their shoulders and over their face, in a way which is an abomination to the Tawarak; but upon inquiry I learnt that they belonged to the tribe of the Ighdalen, or Eghdel, a very curious mixed tribe of Berber and Songhay

blood, and speaking the Songhay language. The mode of buying and selling, also, was very peculiar; for the price was neither fixed in dollars, nor in shells, but either in merchandise of various description, such as calico, shawls, tobacs—or in Negro millet, which is the real standard of the market of Agades at the present time, while during the period of its prime, it was apparently the gold of Gaghio. This way of buying or selling is called "karba." There was a very animated scene between two persons; and to settle the dispute it was necessary to apply to the "serk-n-kaswa," who for every camel sold in the market receives three "rejel."

From this place we went to the vegetable-market, or "kaswa-n-deleti," which was but poorly supplied, only cucumbers and molukhia (*Cochorus olitorius*) being procurable in considerable plenty. Passing thence to the butcher's market, we found it very well supplied, and giving proof that the town was not yet quite deserted, although some strangers were just gathering for the installation of the sultan, as well as for the celebration of the great holiday, the Aid el kebir, or Salla-leja. I will only observe that this market (from its name, "kaswa-n-rakoma," or "yobu yowoeni") seems evidently to have been formerly the market where full-grown camels were sold. We then went to the third market, called Katanga, where, in a sort of hall, supported by the stems of the dum-tree, about six or seven women were exhibiting on a sort of frame a variety of small things, such as beads and necklaces, sandals, small oblong tin boxes such as the Kel-owi wear for carrying charms, small leather boxes, of all possible sizes, from the diameter of an inch to as much as six inches. They are very neatly made in different colours, and are used for tobacco, perfumes, and other purposes, and are called "botta." I saw here also a very nice plate of copper, which I wanted to buy the next day, but found that it was sold. A donkey-saddle, "akomar," and a camel-saddle, or "kiri" were exposed for sale. The name "Katanga" serves, I think, to explain the name by which the former, (now deserted) capital of Yoruba is generally known. I mean Katanga, whose name is given to it only by the Hausa and other neighbouring tribes.

I then went, with Muhammad "the Foolish," and another Kel-owi, to a shoemaker who lived in the south-western quarter of the town, and I was greatly surprised to find here Berbers as artisans; for even if the shoemaker was an Amghi and not a free Amoghagh (though from his frank and noble bearing I had reason to suspect the latter), at least he understood scarcely a word of Hausa, and all the conversation was carried on in Uraghie. He and his assistants were busy in making neat sandals; and a pair of very handsome ones, which indeed could not be surpassed either in neatness or in strength, by the best that are made in Kano, were just ready, and formed the object of a long and unsuccessful bargaining. The following day, however, Muhammad succeeded in obtaining them for a mithkal. My shoes formed a great object of curiosity for these Emgedesi shoemakers; and they confessed their inability to produce anything like them.

On returning to our quarters we met several horsemen, with whom I was obliged to enter into a longer conversation than I liked, in the streets. I now observed that several of them were armed with the bow and arrow instead of the spear. Almost all the horse-

are dressed with the "karurawa" (strings of small bells attached to their heads), which make a great noise, and sometimes create a belief that a great host is advancing, when there are only a few of these horsemen. The horses in general were in indifferent condition, though of tolerable size; of course they are ill fed in a place where grain is comparatively dear. The rider places only his great toe in the stirrup, the rest of the foot remaining outside.

The occurrences of the day were of so varied a nature, opening to me a glance into an entirely new region of life, that I had ample material for my evening's meditation, when I lay stretched out on my mat before the door of my dark and close room. Nor was my bodily comfort neglected, the sultan being so kind and attentive as to send me a very palatable dish of "finkaso," a sort of thick pancake made of wheat, and well buttered, which, after the unpalatable food I had had in Tin-tellust, appeared to me the greatest luxury in the world.

Having thus obtained a glance into the interior of the town, I was anxious to get a view of the whole of it, and ascending, the following morning, the terrace of our house, obtained my object entirely, the whole

town being spread out before my eyes, with the exception of the eastern quarter. The town is built on a level, which is only interrupted by small hills formed of rubbish heaped up in the midst of it by the negligence of the people. Excepting these, the line formed by the flat-terraced houses is interrupted only by the Mesallaje (which formed my basis for laying down the plan of the town), besides about fifty or fifty-five dwellings raised to two stories, and by three dum-trees and five or six talha-trees. Our house also had been originally provided with an upper story, or rather with a single garret—for generally the upper story consists of nothing else; but it had yielded to time, and only served to furnish amusement to my foolish friend Muhammad, who never failed, when he found me on the terrace, to endeavour to throw me down the breach. Our old close-handed friend Annur did not seem to care much for the appearance of his palace in the town, and kept his wife here on rather short allowance. By and by, as I went every day to enjoy this panorama, I was able to make a faithful view of the western quarter of the town as seen from hence, which will give the reader a more exact idea of the place than any verbal description could do.

#### FROM TASAWA BY KANO TO KUKA OR KUKAWA, CAPITAL OF BORNU.

##### V.

THE TAGAMA—CORN-LANDS OF DAMERGHU—TAGELEL—THE DEVIL'S DANCE—TASAWA, FIRST TOWN OF NEGROLAND—THE MARKET-PLACE—PAGAN TOWN OF GAZAWA—KATENA, CAPITAL OF FLANSA—THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE.

BARTH rejoined his friends at Tin-tellust, after two months' absence. They were detained there against their will for six months more. At length, on the 12th of December, the expedition resumed its march across a mountainous region, intersected by fertile valleys, with groups of the Egyptian Balanites and growths of indigo; hence they crossed a pebbly zone, crossed by ridges of gneiss, till they reached the plains which constitute the transition from the rocky soil of the Desert to the fertile territory of the Sudan or Negroland—plains which are the true habitat of the giraffe and the *Antilope leucoryx*. These plains, barren at first, become gradually clad with bushes, and further in with the bu-rekkeba (*Avena Forsk.*), amid which luxuriant herbage rove troops of ostriches, the ants rear their habitations, and the earth-hog (*Orycteropus* *Ethiopicus*), the fox and the fenel (*Megalotis famelicus*) dig their holes.

The northern limits of the giraffe is the southern land of the lion of Air, which does not seem to be a very ferocious animal, and, like those of all the border-regions of the Desert, has no mane, whilst the lion of Central Africa, and even of Bornu and Logon, has a beautiful mane.

The dum, palm, and all other trees dependent on water for their existence, disappear on the uninhabited waterless desert plateau, which averages an elevation of about 2,000 feet, and which separates Air or Asben from the country of the Tagama. Whole districts are, however, to be seen covered with karéngin (*Pennisetum distichum*) and bu-rekkeba, as also with brushwood.

The region of the Tagama presents much pasture land, and is consequently rich in cattle and horses, and

it is followed by the still more profitable region of Damerghu—an undulating, fertile country, the granary of and tributary to the Sultan of Air or Asben.

This was certainly an important stage in our journey. For although we had before seen a few small patches of garden-fields, where corn was produced (as in Selufiet, Auderas, and other favoured places), yet they were on so small a scale as to be incapable of sustaining even a small fraction of the population; but here we had at length reached those fertile regions of Central Africa, which are not only able to sustain their own population, but even to export to foreign countries. My heart gladdened at this sight, and I felt thankful to Providence that our endeavours had been so far crowned with success; for here a more promising field for our labours was opened, which might become of the utmost importance in the future history of mankind.

Leaving a village of considerable size on our right, at a quarter to three o'clock, we reached a small hamlet, from which numbers of people were hurrying forward, saluting us in a friendly and cheerful manner, and informing us that this was Tagel, the old chief's property. We now saw that the village consisted of two distinct groups, separated from each other by a cluster of four or five tamarisks or tamarind-trees—the first poor specimens of this magnificent tree, which is the greatest ornament of Negroland.

Our camping-ground was at first somewhat uncomfortable and troublesome, it being absolutely necessary to take all possible precautions against the dreadful little foe that infests the ground wherever there is arable land in Sudan—the white ant; but we gradually succeeded in making ourselves at home and comfortable for the next day's halt.

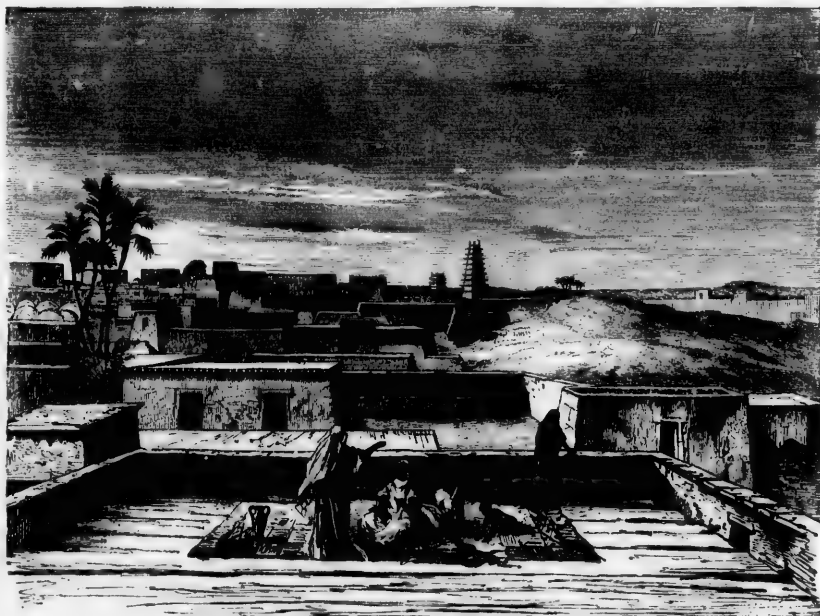
This was the great market-day in Tagel, on which account our departure was put off till the following day; but the market did not become thronged until a late

hour. I went there in the afternoon. The market-place, which was about 800 yards distant from our encampment, towards the west, upon a small hilly eminence, was provided with several sheds or runfas. The articles laid out for sale consisted of cotton (which was imported), tobacco, ostrich eggs, cheese, mats, ropes, nets, earthenware pots, guras (or drinking-vessels made of the *Cucurbita ovifera* and *C. lagenaria*), and korios (or vessels made of a fine sort of reed, for containing fluids, especially milk); besides these, there were a tolerable supply of vegetables and two oxen for sale. The buyers numbered about a hundred.

In the afternoon two magozawa, or pagans, in a wild and fanciful attire (the dry leaves of Indian corn or

sorghum hanging down from their barbarous head-dress, and from the leather apron which was girt round their loins, and richly ornamented with shells and bits of coloured cloth), danced in front of our tents the "devil's dance"—a performance of great interest in regard to the ancient pagan customs of these countries, and to which I may have occasion to revert when I speak about Dodo, or the evil spirit, and the representation of the souls of the dead.

Tagelei was a very important point for the proceedings of the mission on several accounts. For here we had reached the lands where travellers are able to proceed singly on their way; and here Overweg and I were to part from Mr. Richardson, on account of the



CITY OF AGADES.

low state of our finances, in order to try what each of us might be able to do single-handed and without ostentation, till new supplies should arrive from home.

Not only did our travellers separate at Tagelei, but the camel was here exchanged for the horse—a very delightful change for the wayfarer. With such means of progress Barth soon reached Tasawa, where Overweg had anticipated him, and with which town he describes himself as greatly pleased, as being the first large place of Negroland proper which he had seen; and it made, he adds, the most cheerful impression upon him, as manifesting everywhere the unmistakable marks of the comfortable, pleasant sort of life led by the natives,—the courtyard fenced with a "derne" of tall reeds,

excluding to a certain degree the eyes of the passer-by, without scouring to the interior absolute secrecy; then near the entrance the cool shady place of the "runfa," for ordinary business and for the reception of strangers, and the "gida," partly consisting entirely of reed ("daki-n-kara") of the best wicker-work, partly built of clay in its lower parts ("bongo"), while the roof consists of reeds only ("shibki")—but of whatever material it may consist, it is warm, and well adapted for domestic privacy,—the whole dwelling shaded with spreading trees, and enlivened with groups of children, goats, fowls, pigeons, and, where a little wealth had been accumulated, a horse or a pack-ox.

With this character of the dwellings, that of the

inhabitants themselves is in entire harmony, its most constant element being a cheerful temperament, bent upon enjoying life, rather given to women, dance, and song, but without any disgusting excess. Everybody here finds his greatest happiness in a comely lass; and as soon as he makes a little profit, he adds a young wife to his elder companion in life: yet a man has rarely more than two wives at a time. Drinking fermented liquor cannot be strictly reckoned a sin in a place where a great many of the inhabitants are pagans; but a drunken person, nevertheless, is scarcely ever seen: those who are not Muhammadans only indulge in their "giya," made of sorghum, just enough to make them merry and enjoy life with more light-heartedness. There was at that time a renegade Jew in the place, called Musa, who made spirits of dates and tamarinds for his own use. Their dress is very simple, consisting, for the man, of a wide shirt and trowsers, mostly of a dark colour, while the head is generally covered with a light cap of cotton cloth, which is negligently worn, in all sorts of fashions. Others wear a rather closely fitting cap of green cloth. Only the wealthier amongst them can afford the "zenne" or shawl, thrown over the shoulder like the plaid of the Highlanders. On their feet the richer class wear very neat sandals, such as we shall describe among the manufactures of Kano.

As for the women, their dress consists almost entirely of a large cotton cloth, also of dark colour—"the turkedi," fastened under or above the breast—the only ornament of the latter in general consisting of some strings of glass beads worn round the neck. The women are tolerably handsome, and have pleasant features; but they are worn out by excessive domestic labour, and their growth never attains full and vigorous proportions. They do not bestow so much care upon their hair as the Fellani, or some of the Bagirmi people.

The currency of this country is in cowries or kurdi (*Cypræa moneta*) which are not as is customary in some regions near the coast, fastened together in strings of one hundred each, but are separate and must be counted one by one. The governors of towns make up "takruks" in sacks made of rushes containing 20,000 kurdi each, but no private individual will receive them without counting them out. The perplexity of our travellers may be imagined then, when, even for their small purchases made at this place, they had to count out 800,000 shells.

In the afternoon we strolled a long time about the market, which not being so crowded as the day before yesterday, was on that account far more favourable for observation. Here I first saw and tasted the bread made of the fruit of the magaria-tree, and called "tuwo-n-magaria," and was not a little astonished to see whole calabashes filled with roasted locusts ("fars"), which occasionally form a considerable part of the food of the natives, particularly if their grain has been destroyed by this plague, as they can then enjoy not only the agreeable flavour of the dish, but also take a pleasant revenge on the ravagers of their fields. Every open space in the midst of the market-place was occupied by a fire-place ("maideffa") on a raised platform, on which diminutive morsels of meat, attached to a small stick, were roasting, or rather stewing, in such a way that the fat, trickling down from the richer pieces attached to the top of the stick, basted the lower ones. These dainty bits were sold for a single shell or "uri" each. I was

much pleased at recognising the red cloth which had been stolen from my bales in the valley of Afia, and which was exposed here for sale. But the most interesting thing in the town was the "marina" (the dyeing-place) near the wall, consisting of a raised platform of clay with fourteen holes or pits, in which the mixture of indigo is prepared, and the cloths remain for a certain length of time, from one to seven days, according to the colour which they are to attain. It is principally this dyeing, I think, which gives to many parts of Negroland a certain tincture of civilisation—a civilisation which it would be highly interesting to trace, if it were possible, through all the stages of its development.

A good start was effected on the 8th of January, the country hilly, and varied by forests of tamarinds, dum-palms, and bore-trees, till they reached Gazawa, the southernmost pagan place belonging to the Maradi Guber union. Gazawa has no open suburbs outside its strong stockade, which is surrounded by a deep ditch. It forms almost a regular quadrangle, having a gate on each side built of clay, which gives to the whole fortification a regular character, besides the greater strength which the place derives from this precaution. Each gateway is twelve feet deep, and furnished on its top with a rampart sufficiently capacious for about a dozen archers. The interior of the town is a sort of the same character as Tasawa; but Gazawa is rather more closely built, though I doubt whether its circumference exceeds that of the former place. The market is held every day, but, as might be supposed, is far inferior to that of Tasawa, which is a sort of little entrepôt for the merchants coming from the north, and affords much more security than Gazawa, which, though an important place with regard to the struggle carried on between Paganism and Islamism in these quarters, is not so with respect to commerce. The principal things offered for sale were cattle, meat, vegetables of different kinds, and earthenware pots. Gazawa has also a marina or dyeing-place, but of less extent than that of Tasawa, as most of its inhabitants are pagans, and wear no clothing but the leathern apron. Their character appeared to me to be far more grave than that of the inhabitants of Tasawa; and this is a natural consequence of the precarious position in which they are placed, as well as of their more warlike disposition. The whole population is certainly not less than ten thousand.

Between Gazawa and Kat-sena is disputed territory covered with forests, and formerly well-populated, but now a wilderness owing to the strife between Muhammadanism and Paganism. The forests were enlivened by guinea fowl and numbers of birds; the elephant and the delc palm, which is one of the most characteristic trees of the more southern regions, the kuka or baobab, the kokia, and other trees were first met with. The cultivated fields and pasture grounds of Kat-sena were protected from sudden inroads by a broad ditch and a belt of thick thorny underwood, and of the town itself, Barth says: The immense mass of the wall, measuring in its lower part not less than thirty feet, and its wide circumference, made a deep impression upon me. The town (if town it may be called), presented a most cheerful rural scene, with its detached light cottages, and its stubble-fields shaded with a variety of fine trees; but I suspect that this ground was not entirely covered with dwellings even during the most glorious periods of Katsena. We travelled a mile and a half



before we reached the "zinsere," a small dwelling used by the governor as a place of audience—on account, as it seems, of a splendid wide-spreading fig-tree growing close to it, and forming a thick shady canopy sufficient for a large number of people.

I, however, was conducted to the other side of the building, where a quadrangular chamber projects from the half-decayed wall, and had there to wait a long time, till the governor came into town from his new country-seat. Having at last arrived, he called me, and thanking me for remaining with him, he promised that I should be well treated as his guest, and that without delay a house should be placed at my disposal. He was a man of middle age, and had much in his manners which made him resemble an actor; and such he really is, and was still more so when younger.

Taking leave of him, I followed Bel-Ghet to my quarters; but we had still a good march to make, first through detached dwellings of clay, then leaving the immense palace of the governor on our left, and entering what may be strictly called the town, with connected dwellings. Here I was lodged in a small house opposite the spacious dwelling of Bel-Ghet; and though on first entering I found it almost insupportable, I soon succeeded in making myself tolerably comfortable in a clean room neatly arranged. It seemed to have once formed the snug seat for a well-furnished harem; at least the dark passages leading to the interior could not be penetrated by a stranger's eye. We had scarcely taken possession of our quarters, when the governor sent me a ram and two ox-loads of corn—one of "dawa" and the other of "gero." But instead of feeling satisfied with this abundant provision, we were quite horrified at it, as I with my three people might have subsisted a whole year on the corn sent us; and we began to have uneasy forebodings of a long detention. Indeed we suspected, and were confirmed in our suspicion by the statements of several people, that it was the governor's real intention to forward me directly to Sokoto, a circumstance which alienated from me my servants—even the faithful Muhammad el Gatroni, who was much afraid of going there.

The suspicions entertained by our traveller were further confirmed by subsequent incidents. The demands of the Sultan were even more extortionate than his expectations, and the departure of the travellers was delayed till they could be satisfied; matters were, however, ultimately arranged satisfactorily, and they parted the best of friends.

The town, if only half of its immense area were ever tolerably well inhabited, must certainly have had a population of at least a hundred thousand souls; for its circuit is between thirteen and fourteen English miles. At present, when the inhabited quarters are reduced to the eastern part, and when even this is mostly deserted, there are scarcely seven or eight thousand people living in it. In former times it was the residence of a prince, who, though he seems never to have attained to any remarkable degree of power, and was indeed almost always in some degree dependent on, or a vassal of, the king of Bornu, nevertheless was one of the most wealthy and conspicuous rulers of Negroland. Every prince at his accession to the throne had to forward a sort of tribute or present to Birni Ghaareggomo, the capital of the Bornu empire, consisting of one hundred slaves, as a token of his obedience; but this being done, it does not appear that his sovereign rights were in any way interfered with.

In fact, Katsena, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries of our era, seems to have been the chief city of this part of Negroland, as well in commercial and political importance as in other respects; for here that state of civilisation which had been called forth by contact with the Arabs seems to have reached its highest degree, and as the Hausa language here attained the greatest richness of form and the most refined pronunciation, so also the manners of Katsena were distinguished by superior politeness from those of the other towns of Hausa.

But this state of things was wholly changed, when, in the very beginning of the present century, in the year 1222 of the Hejira, or 1807 of our era, the Fulbe, called Fellani by the Hausa, and Fellata by the Bornu people, raised to the highest pitch of fanaticism by the preaching of the Reformer or Jihadi Othman dan Fodiye, and formed into the religious and political association of the Jemmas, succeeded in possessing themselves of this town. However, while Kano fell ingloriously, and almost without resistance, into the hands of Sliman (the Hausa king El Wali having escaped to Zaria), the struggle for Katsena was protracted and sanguinary. Indeed, Mallam Ghomaro had carried on unrelenting war against the town for seven years, before he at length reduced it by famine; and the distress in the town is said to have been so great that a dead "angulu" or vulture (impure food which nobody would touch in time of peace) sold for five hundred kurdil, and a kadangere or lizard for fifty. But the struggle did not cease here; for the "Habe" succeeded once more in expelling the conquerors from the town, without, however, being able to maintain their position, when Mallam Ghomaro returned with a fresh army. Five princes of Katsena, one after the other, fell in this struggle for religious and national independence; and the Fullo general was not quite secure of his conquest till after the total destruction of the town of Dankama, when Magajin Haddedu was slain only four months after his predecessor Mahamudu had succumbed in Sabongari. Even then the new Hausa prince Benoni, who still bore the title of "serki-n-Katsena," did not lay down his arms, but maintained the conquest till he likewise was conquered and slain in Tuntuma.

From this time the town declined rapidly, and all the principal foreign merchants migrated to Kano, where they were beyond the reach of this constant struggle; and even the Asbenawa transferred their salt-market to the latter place, which now became the emporium of this part of Negroland, while Katsena retained but secondary importance as the seat of a governor. This is indeed to be lamented, as the situation of the town is excellent, and both on account of its position to the various routes and of its greater salubrity, is far preferable to Kano. However, as matters stand, unless either the Fulbe succeed in crushing entirely the independent provinces to the north and north-west (which, in the present weak state of the empire of Sokoto is far from improbable), or till the Guberawa and Mariadawa, whose king still bears the title of serki-n-Katsena, reconquer the town, it will continue to decline and become more desolate every year. In fact, Muhammad Bello, the present governor, had conceived the design of giving up this immense town altogether, and of founding a new residence of smaller compass in its neighbourhood; but his liege-lord, Aliyu, the Emir el Mumenin, would not allow him to do so.

## VI.

BEAUTIFUL PARK-LIKE LANDSCAPES—KUSADA—TALL TREES AT GATES OF TOWN—APPROACH OF KANO—INTERIOR OF KANO—AUDIENCE OF THE SULTAN—STREET GROTTO—COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES—FUTURE OPENING OF NEGROLAND BY THE NIGER.

OUR traveller was as much rejoiced as if he had just got out of a prison when he passed through the south gate and inhaled the fresh air outside the walls of Katsena. The country at starting, with its few fortified villages, its little cultivation, and the thick forests that separated the villages one from another left the impression of a very unsettled and precarious existence. By degrees, however, the country became more cheerful, exhibiting a character of repose and ease which is entirely wanting in the northern parts of the province; separate comfortable dwellings of cattle breeding Fellani were spread about, and the corn-fields were carefully fenced and well kept. At times, the landscape was one of exceeding beauty. The ground was pleasantly undulating, covered with a profusion of herbage, and the trees, belonging to a great variety of species, were not thrown together with an impenetrable thicket of the forest, but formed beautiful groups, exhibiting all the advantage of light and shade. Birds of numberless variety were also playing and warbling about in the full enjoyment of their liberty. Cotton and karkesia fields interrupted the park-like scenery, nor were tilled fields of wheat and onions wanting. Cattle, horses, and goats were seen browsing everywhere about. All the cattle were of a white, and all the goats of a coffee-brown colour. So much for despised Negroland.

The first town met with on the road from Katsena to Kano is Kusada, a place of some importance, and very little less than Gazawa, but not so thickly inhabited; the wall of the town is in tolerably good repair, and the interior is rich in trees, making it look very cheerful and comfortable. Most of the huts consist of clay walls, with a thatched roof, which is the mode of architecture best adapted to the climate and the whole nature of the country. It may be remarked here that the majestic rimi, the bentang tree of Mungo Park (*Bombax Eriodendron Guineense*), the tallest of the vegetable kingdom is planted at the principal gate of all the large towns in Hausa, probably from superstitious motives.

The country around Kaferdi, another town close by, had the same delightful park-like appearance, and the variety of vegetation was extraordinary. Nor was industry on the part of the natives wanting; some were cultivating tobacco, others were carrying home loads of indigo-plants. Rich aromatic shrubs afforded most nourishing food for the bees, whose hives, formed of thick hollow logs, were fastened to the branches of the colossal baobabs.

Early the next morning (Feb. 2nd), says Barth, we started with an enthusiastic impulse, in order to reach before night the celebrated emporium of Central Negroland. Kano, indeed, is a name which excites enthusiasm in every traveller in these regions, from whatever quarter he may come, but principally if he arrives from the north. We thus started in the twilight, passing in the bush some herds of cattle remaining out in the pasture-grounds, and meeting several troops of travellers, which made us fancy the capital to be nearer than it really was. We listened to the tales of our comely and cheerful companion, the "baba-n-bawa" of Tagelel, who detailed to us the wonders of this African London, Birmingham, and Manchester—

the vastness of the town, the palace and retinue of the governor, the immense multitudes assembled every day in its market-place, the splendour and richness of the merchandise exposed there for sale, the various delicacies of the table, the beauty and gracefulness of its ladies. At times my fiery Tunisian mulatto shouted out from mere anticipation of the pleasures which awaited him.

They did not, however, reach the city till dark, and it took them forty minutes to reach the quarters assigned for them from the gate. "Kano," says Barth, "had been sounding in my ear now for more than a year. It had been one of the great objects of our journey, as the central point of commerce, as a great store-house of information, and as the point whence more distant regions might be most successfully attempted. At length, after nearly a year's exertions, I had reached it." (See p. 81.)

Our travellers had to visit and conciliate the Sultan, as also to convert their merchandise into cash, two operations which were delayed for a short time by illness. At length clothing himself as warmly as possible in the Tunisian dress, and wearing over it a white robe and a white burnus, Barth mounted his poor black nag and followed by his three mediators and advocates, Bawu, Elaiji, and Sidi Ali, he ventured forth to the palace.

It was a very fine morning; and the whole scenery of the town in its great variety of clay-houses, huts, sheds, green open places affording pasture for oxen, horses, camels, donkeys, and goats, in motley confusion, deep hollows containing ponds overgrown with the water plant the *Pistia stratiotes*, or pits freshly dug up in order to form the material for some new buildings, various and most beautiful specimens of the vegetable kingdom, particularly the fine symmetric gonda or papaya, the slender date-palm, the spreading alleluba, and the majestic rimi or silk cotton-tree (*Bombax*)—the people in all varieties of costume, from the naked slave up to the most gaudily-dressed Arab—all formed a most animated and exciting scene. As far as the market-place I had already proceeded on foot; but Bawu, as soon as he saw me, had hurried me back to my lodgings, as having not yet been formally received by the governor. But no one on foot can get a correct idea of an African town, confined as he is on every side by the fences and walls, while on horseback he obtains an insight into all the courtyards, becomes an eyewitness of scenes of private life, and often with one glance surveys a whole town.

Passing through the market-place, which had only begun to collect in crowds, and crossing the narrow neck of land which divides the characteristic pool "Jakara," we entered the quarters of the ruling race, the Fulbe or Fellani, where conical huts of thatch-work, and the gonda tree, are prevalent, and where most beautiful and lively pictures of nature meet the eye on all sides. Thus we proceeded, first to the house of the gado (the Lord of the Treasury), who had already called several times at my house, and acted as the mediator between me and the governor.

His house was a most interesting specimen of the domestic arrangements of the Fulbe, who, however civilised they may have become, do not disown their original character as "borrorej," or nomadic cattle-breeders. His courtyard, though in the middle of the town, looked like a farm-yard, and could not be conscientiously commended for its cleanliness. Having

with difficulty found a small spot to sit down upon without much danger of soiling our clothes, we had to wait patiently till his excellency had examined and approved of the presents. Having manifested his satisfaction with them by appropriating to himself a very handsome large gilt cup, which with great risk I had carried safely through the desert, he accompanied us on horseback to the "fada," "lamorda," or palace, which forms a real labyrinth of courtyards, provided with spacious round huts of audience, built of clay, with a door on each side, and connected together by narrow intricate passages. Hundreds of lazy, arrogant courtiers, freemen and slaves, were lounging and idling here, killing time with trivial and saucy jokes.

We were first conducted to the audience-hall of the ghaladima, who, while living in a separate palace, visits the "fada" almost every day, in order to act in his important and influential office as vizier; for he is far more intelligent, and also somewhat more energetic than his lazy and indolent brother Othman, who allows this excessively wealthy and most beautiful province, "the garden of Central Africa," to be ransacked with impunity by the predatory incursions of the serki Ibrahim of Zinder, and other petty chiefs. Both are sons of Dabo and Shekara—the latter one of the celebrated ladies of Hausa, a native of Daura, who is still living, and has three other children, viz. a son (Makhmud) and two daughters, one of them named Fatima Zahar, and the other Saretu. The governor was then eight and thirty, and the ghaladima seven and thirty years of age. They were both stout and handsome men, the governor rather too stout and clumsy. Their apartments were so excessively dark that, coming from a sunny place, it was some time before I could distinguish anybody. The governor's hall was very handsome, and even stately for this country, and was the more imposing as the rafters supporting the very elevated ceiling were concealed, two lofty arches of clay, very neatly polished and ornamented, appearing to support the whole. At the bottom of the apartment were two spacious and highly decorated niches, in one of which the governor was reposing on a "gado," spread with a carpet. His dress was not that of a simple Fullo, but consisted of all the mixed finery of Hausa and Barbary; he allowed his face to be seen, the white shawl hanging down far below his mouth over his breast.

In both audiences (as well as that with the "ghaladima" as with the governor) old Elaiji was the speaker, beginning his speech with a *captatio benevolentia*, founded on the heavy and numerous losses sustained on the road by me and my companions. Altogether he performed his office very well, with the exception that he dwelt longer than was necessary on Overweg's journey to Maradi, which certainly could not be a very agreeable topic to a Ba-Fellanchi. Sidi Ali also displayed his eloquence in a very fair way. The ghaladima made some intelligent observations, while the governor only observed that, though I had suffered so severely from extortion, yet I seemed to have still ample presents for him. Nor was he far wrong; for the black "kaba" (a sort of bernus, with silk and gold lace, which I gave him) was a very handsome garment, and here worth sixty thousand kurd; besides, he got a red cap, a white shawl with red border, a piece of white muslin, rose oil, one pound of cloves, and another of jawi or benzoin, razor, scissors, an English clasp-knife, and a large mirror of German silver. The ghaladima

got the same presents, except that, instead of the kaba, I gave him a piece of French striped silk worth fifty thousand kurd.

However, our audience did not go off so fast as I relate it; for, after being dismissed by the ghaladima, we were obliged to wait full two hours before we could see the governor; yet although we returned to our quarters during the very hottest hour of the day, I felt much better, and in the evening was able to finish a whole chicken, and to enjoy a cup of Cyprian wine, for which I felt very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Crowe, who had supplied me with this cheering luxury.

Having now at length made my peace with the governor, and seeing that exercise of body and recreation of mind were the best medicines I could resort to, I mounted on horseback the next day again, and, guided by a lad well acquainted with the topography of the town, rode for several hours round all the inhabited quarters, enjoying at my leisure, from the saddle, the manifold scenes of public and private life, of comfort and happiness, of luxury and misery, of activity and laziness, of industry and indolence, which were exhibited in the streets, the market-places, and in the interior of the court yards. It was the most animated picture of a little world in itself, so different in external form from all that is seen in European towns, yet so similar in its internal principles.

Here a row of shops filled with articles of native and foreign produce, with buyers and sellers in every variety of figure, complexion, and dress, yet all intent upon their little gain, endeavouring to cheat each other; there a large shed, like a hurdle, full of half-naked, half-starved slaves torn from their native homes, from their wives or husbands, from their children or parents, arranged in rows like cattle, and staring desperately upon the buyers, anxiously watching into whose hands it should be their destiny to fall. In another part were to be seen all the necessities of life; the wealthy buying the most palatable things for his table, the poor stopping and looking greedily upon a handful of grain: here a rich governor dressed in silk and gaudy clothes, mounted upon a spirited and richly caparisoned horse, and followed by a host of idle, insolent slaves; there a poor blind man groping his way through the multitude, and fearing at every step to be trodden down; here a yard neatly fenced with mats of reed, and provided with all the comforts which the country affords—a clean, snug-looking cottage, the clay walls nicely polished, a shutter of reeds placed against the low, well-rounded door, and forbidding intrusion on the privacy of life, a cool shed for the daily household work—a fine spreading allecuba-tree, affording a pleasant shade during the hottest hours of the day, or a beautiful gonda or papaya unfolding its large feather-like leaves above a slender, smooth, and undivided stem, or the tall date-tree, waving over the whole scene; the matron in a clean black cotton gown wound round her waist, her hair neatly dressed in "chokoli" or bejaji, busy preparing the meal for her absent husband, or spinning cotton, and at the same time urging the female slaves to pound the corn; the children naked and merry, playing about in the sand at the "urgi-n-dawaki" or the "da-n-chacha," or chasing a straggling stubborn goat: earthenware pots and wooden bowls, all cleanly washed, standing in order. Further on a dashing cyprian, homeless, comfortless, and childless, but affecting merriment or forcing a wanton laugh, gaudily ornamented with

numerous strings of beads round her neck, her hair fancifully dressed and bound with a diadem, her gown of various colours loosely fastened under her luxuriant breast, and trailing behind in the sand; near her a diseased wretch covered with ulcers, or with elephantiasis.

Now a busy "marina," an open terrace of clay, with a number of dyeing-pots, and people busily employed in various processes of their handicraft: here a man stirring the juice, and mixing with the indigo some colouring wood in order to give it the desired tint; there another, drawing a shirt from the dye-pot, or hanging it up on a rope fastened to the trees; there two men beating a well-dyed shirt, singing the while, and keeping good time; further on, a blacksmith busy with his rude tools in making a dagger which will surprise, by the sharpness of its blade, those who feel disposed to laugh at the workman's instruments, a formidable barbed spear, or the more estimable and useful instruments of husbandry; in another place, men and women making use of an ill-frequented thoroughfare, as a "kaudi tseggenabe," to hang up, along the fences, their cotton thread for weaving; close by, a group of indolent loiterers lying in the sun and idling away their hours.

Here a caravan from Gonja arriving with the desired kola-nut, chewed by all who have "ten kurdi" to spare from their necessary wants, or a caravan laden with natron, starting for Nupe, or a troop of Asbenawa going off with their salt for the neighbouring towns, or some Arabs leading their camels, heavily laden with the luxuries of the north and east (the "kaya-nghabbes") to the quarter of the Ghadamsiye; there, a troop of gaudy, warlike-looking horsemen galloping towards the palace of the governor to bring him the news of a new inroad of Serki Ibram. Everywhere human life in its varied forms, the most cheerful and the most gloomy, seemed closely mixed together; every variety of national form and complexion—the olive-coloured Arab, the dark Kanuri, with his wide nostrils, the small-featured, light, and slender Ba-Fellanchi, the broad-faced Ba-Wangara (Mandingo), the stout, large-boned, and masculine-looking Nupe female, the well-proportioned and comely Ba-Haushe woman.

Delighted with my trip, and deeply-impressed by the many curious and interesting scenes which had presented themselves to my eyes, I returned by way of the "ungwa-n-makafi," or "belad el amiyani" (the village of the blind), to my quarters, the gloominess and cheerlessness of which made the more painful impression upon me from its contrast with the brightly animated picture which I had just before enjoyed.

The great advantage of Kano is, that commerce and manufactures go hand in hand, and that almost every family has its share in them. There is really something grand in this kind of industry, which spreads to the north as far as Murzuk, Ghat, and even Tripoli; to the west, not only to Timbuktu, but in some degree even as far as the shores of the Atlantic, the very inhabitants of Arguin dressing in the cloth woven and dyed at Kano; to the east, all over Bornu, although there it comes into contact with the native industry of the country; and to the south it maintains a rivalry with the native industry of the Igbara and Igbo, while towards the south-east it invades the whole of Adamawa, and is only limited by the nakedness of the pagan *sans-culottes*, who do not wear clothing.

As for the supply sent to Timbuktu, this is a fact entirely overlooked in Europe, where people speak continually of the fine cotton cloth produced in that town, while in truth all the apparel of a decent character in Timbuktu is brought either from Kano or from Sansandi; and how urgently this article is there demanded is amply shown by the immense circuit which the merchandise makes to avoid the great dangers of the direct road from Kano to Timbuktu travelled by me, the merchandise of Kano being first carried up to Ghat and even Ghadames, and thence taking its way to Timbuktu by Tawat.

I make the lowest estimate in rating this export to Timbuktu alone at three hundred camel-loads annually, worth 60,000,000 kurdi in Kano—an amount which entirely remains in the country, and redounds to the benefit of the whole population, both cotton and indigo being produced and prepared in the country. In taking a general view of the subject, I think myself justified in estimating the whole produce of this manufacture, as far as it is sold abroad, at the very least at about 300,000,000; and how great this national wealth is, will be understood by my readers when they know that, with from fifty to sixty thousand kurdi, or from four to five pounds sterling a year, a whole family may live in that country with ease, including every expense, even that of their clothing: and we must remember that the province is one of the most fertile spots on the earth, and is able to produce not only the supply of corn necessary for its population, but can also export, and that it possesses, besides, the finest pasture-grounds. In fact, if we consider that this industry is not carried on here as in Europe, in immense establishments, degrading man to the meanest condition of life, but that it gives employment and support to families without compelling them to sacrifice their domestic habits, we must presume that Kano ought to be one of the happiest countries in the world; and so it is as long as its governor, too often lazy and indolent, is able to defend its inhabitants from the cupidity of their neighbours, which of course is constantly stimulated by the very wealth of this country.

Besides the cloth produced and dyed in Kano and the neighbouring villages, there is a considerable commerce carried on there with the cloth manufactured in Nyfi or Nupe. The chief articles of native industry, besides cloth, are principally sandals, which are made with great neatness, and are exported to an immense distance, tanned hides, red sheepskins, and various articles of leather-work are also similarly largely exported. Besides these manufactures, the chief article of African produce in the Kano market is the guro or kola nut, which is as necessary as tea or coffee is with us. The slave trade is also unfortunately an important branch of commerce, as is also the transit of natron and salt from Bornu to Nupe. Ivory does not at present form an important branch of commerce.

Of European goods the greatest proportion is still imported by the northern road, while the natural road, by way of the great eastern branch of the so-called Niger, will and must, in the course of events, be soon opened.

But here, says Barth, I must speak about a point of very great importance for the English, both as regards their honour and their commercial activity. The final opening of the lower course of the Kwara has been one of the most glorious achievements of English discovery, bought with the lives of so many enterprising men.

But it seems that the English are more apt to perform a great deed than to follow up its consequences. After they have opened this noble river to the knowledge of Europe, frightened by the sacrifice of a few lives, instead of using it themselves for the benefit of the nations of the interior, they have allowed it to fall into the hands of the American slave-dealers, who have opened a regular slave-trade with those very regions, while the English seem not to have even the slightest idea of such a traffic going on. Thus American produce, brought in large quantities to the market of Nupe, has begun to inundate Central Africa, to the great damage of the commerce and the most unqualified scandal of the Arabs, who think that the English, if they would, could easily prevent it. For this is not a legitimate commerce; it is nothing but slave traffic on a large scale, the Americans taking nothing in return for their merchandise and their dollars but slaves, besides a small quantity of natron.

## VII.

A FRESH START—ANIMATED SCENERY—FRONTIER TOWN OF BORNU—NATRON MART—AN INSURRECTION IN NEGROLAND—TURBULENT STATE OF THE COUNTRY—DEATH OF MR. RICHARDSON—PROVINCE OF ZURRIKALO—VALLEY OF THE WAUKE OR GREAT RIVER OF BORNU—VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF RICHARDSON—ARRIVE AT KUKA OR KUKAWA.

The traveller, says Barth, who would leave a place where he has made a long residence, often finds that his departure involves him in a great deal of trouble, and is by no means an easy affair. Moreover, my situation when, after much delay, I was about to leave Kano was peculiarly embarrassing. There was no caravan; the road was infested by robbers; and I had only one servant upon whom I could rely, or who was really attached to me, while I had been so unwell the preceding day as to be unable to rise from my couch. However, I was full of confidence; and with the same delight with which a bird springs forth from its cage, I hastened to escape from these narrow, dirty mud-walls into the boundless creation.

The road lay at first through cultivated country alternating with brushwood, meeting occasionally motley caravans of horses, oxen, and asses, all laden with natron, and coming from Muniyo. Animated scenes succeeded each other. Now a well, where the whole population of a village were busy in supplying their wants for the day; then another, where a herd of cattle was just being watered; a beautiful tamarind-tree spreading a shady canopy over a busy group of talkative women selling victuals, ghusub-water, and sour-milk or cotton. The dum-palms imparted a peculiar character at times to the landscape. The baobab attained to a height of sixty to eighty feet. In this country, as in some parts of Asia, the market days of the towns and villages succeed each other by turns, so that all the inhabitants of a considerable district can take advantage every day of the traffic in the peculiar article in which each of these places excels. Hence many villages exhibited the busy and animated scene of a well-frequented market.

The first considerable place on the way was Gerki, with good wall and pinnacles and about 15,000 inhabitants; beyond this was Birmenawa, the frontier town of Bornu.

We here took leave of Hausa with its fine and beautiful country, and its cheerful and industrious popu-

lation. It is remarkable what a difference there is between the character of the Ba-Hausa and the Kanuri—the former lively, spirited, and cheerful, the latter melancholic, dejected and brutal; and the same difference is visible in their physiognomies—the former having in general very pleasant and regular features, and more graceful forms, while the Kanuri, with his broad face, his wide nostrils, and his large bones, makes a far less agreeable impression, especially the women, who are very plain and certainly among the ugliest in all Negroland, notwithstanding their coquetry, in which they do not yield at all to the Hausa women.

Birnenawa is a very small town, but strongly fortified with an earthen wall and two deep ditches, one inside and the other outside, and only one gate on the west side. Around it there is a good deal of cultivation, while the interior is tolerably well inhabited.

The first town of any importance in Bornu was Gummel, chief place of a province of the same name. Though I had heard, says Barth, a good deal about Gummel, I was nevertheless surprised at the size and the activity of the market, although that held on Saturday is said to be still more important. Gummel is the chief market for the very extensive trade in natron, which, as I have mentioned above, is carried on between Kukawa and Muniyo on one side, and Nupe or Nyfi on the other; for this trade passes from one hand into another, and the Bornu people very rarely carry this merchandise further than Gummel. Large masses of natron, certainly amounting to at least one thousand loads of both qualities mentioned above, were offered here for sale—the full bullock's load of the better quality for five thousand, an ass's load of the inferior sort for five hundred kurd. There were also about three hundred stalls or sheds, but not arranged in regular rows, where a great variety of objects were offered for sale—all sorts of clothing, tools, earthenware pots, all kinds of victuals, cattle, sheep, donkeys, horses—in short, everything of home or foreign produce which is in request among the natives.

Barth received letters from Tripoli and Europe at this natron-mart, and, what was more, ten Spanish dollars from the British consul at Murzuk, and which were, under the circumstances, a god-send to his exhausted finances. The country beyond Gummel presented a dull and melancholy appearance, but was well inhabited, and many places of some size were passed, surrounded with earthen walls and ditches. At this very time the drum of civil war was being beat, which led to many changes in this part of Negroland.

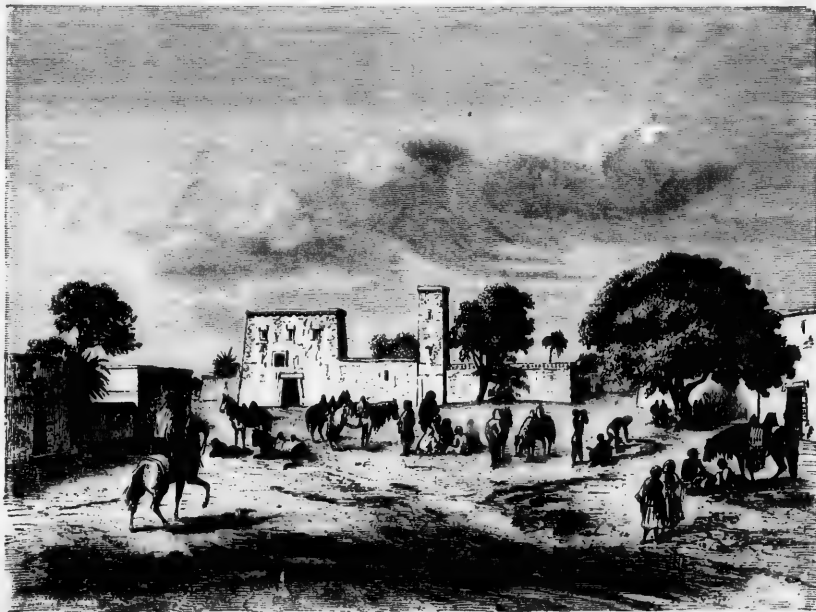
Kept in alarm by the drumming, and making some not very tranquillising reflections on the weakness of our little band, which consisted of three men and a boy, in the turbulent state of the country through which we were passing, we continued silently on, while the character of the landscape had nothing peculiarly adapted to cheer the mind. Cultivation beginning to cease, nothing was to be seen but an immense level tract of country covered with the monotonous *Acacias gigantea*, with only a single poor *Balanites* now and then. But the scene became more animated as we approached Chifowa, a considerable town surrounded by a low earthen wall, which I was greatly astonished to hear belonged still to the territory of Gummel, and was also assigned to Bokhari during his exile. The boundary between the provinces must run here in a very waving line.

All that I observed here testified that the Hausa population still greatly predominated; and as we had to turn close round the place on the north side, where the ground rose, we had a fine view over the whole interior of the town. It presented a very animated spectacle; and a large number of horsemen were assembled here, evidently in connection with the enterprise of Bokhari, while men and women were busy carrying water into the town from a considerable distance. Of cultivation, however, very few traces appeared; but a good many cattle and sheep, and even some camels, were seen grazing about.

A brief detention was brought about at the town of Yelkasa from the necessity of waiting upon the

governor of Mashena, who happened to be there at that moment conniving at the insurgency of Bokhari. His residence is, however, at the town of the same name situated in a granitic district at an elevation of 1300 feet above the level of the sea, and with a population of 12,000 inhabitants. Between it and Yelkasa was also the considerable town of Taganama, inclosed with a wall and double ditch, with large and spacious huts, and a certain air of well-being spread over the whole place.

The state of the country in this province, as also in the next, that of Brudi, and those that follow, is described as being very miserable indeed; all the petty governors around, as soon as they have any debts to pay,



DENDAL OR BOULEVARD AT KUKA.

undertaking a predatory expedition and often selling even their own subjects. As an example of the insecure state of property in Nigroland, Barth says, we then passed the little town of Alamay, surrounded not only with an earthen wall and ditch, but also with a dense thorny fence some ten feet thick on the outside. Here was exhibited the pleasant picture of a numerous herd of fine cattle lying tranquilly on the spacious area inside the walls, ruminating their last day's repast, while a large extent of cultivated ground around the town gave ample proof of the industry of the people. But the well-being of the inhabitants of those regions has very little guarantee; and when, toward the end of the year 1854, I again travelled this same road, not

a single cow was to be seen here, and the whole place looked mournful and deserted, tall reed-grass covering the fields which had been formerly cultivated.

Bundi, the chief place of the province next to Mashena, is the residence of the ghaladima or governor of the Ghaladi or of the western provinces of Bornu, but his power had at that moment sunk, and he was inferior to the chiefs of Muniyo, Zinder, and Mashena. There was no market of any importance at Bundi, but the inhabitants seemed to be tolerably at their ease, and there was music and racing in the evenings, accompanied by the joyous shrill voices of the women.

Beyond Bundi our traveller came upon what he says may be appropriately called the exclusive region



of the dum-palm (*Cucifera Thebaica*). At Turrikola, a large but decaying town, the neighbourhood being full of wild animals, he came upon the frontier of Bornu proper, and at the same place upon a komadugu or river which was one of the most westerly tributaries to the Waube (erroneously called Yeu) or river of Lake Tnad. The day after leaving Zurrikolo, Barth relates, I was leaning carelessly upon my little nag, musing on the original homes of all the plants which now adorn different countries, when I saw advancing towards us a strange-looking person of very fair complexion, richly dressed and armed, and accompanied by three men on horseback, likewise armed with muskets and pistols. Seeing that he was a person of consequence, I rode quickly up to him and saluted him, when he, measuring me with his eyes, halted and asked me whether I was the Christian who was expected to arrive from Kano; and on my answering him in the affirmative, he told me distinctly that my fellow-traveller Yakub (Mr. Richardson) had died before reaching Kukawa, and that all his property had been seized. Looking him full in the face, I told him that this, if true, was serious news; and then he related some particulars, which left but little doubt as to the truth of his statement. When his name was asked, he called himself Ismail; I learned, however, afterwards, from other people, that he was the sherif el Habib, a native of Morocco, and really of noble blood, a very learned, but extremely passionate man, who, in consequence of a dispute with Mallem Muhammad, had been just driven out of Kukawa by the sheik of Bornu. The intercourse on this road is described as being animated, and one motley troop followed another. Lively music never ceased till a late hour at the town of Deffowa, the next after Kabi in succession. The province of Zamikolo, which they were now traversing, might be summarily described as a region of high sandy downs with deep valleys and hollows full of dum-palma. The repeated ascent and descent along steep slopes of deep sandy soil was very fatiguing for the camels. Near Kalowa, further news was obtained from a horseman of Mr. Richardson, who had died twenty days ago in a place called Ngurutuwa, before reaching Kukawa. The next town, Wadi, a considerable place, was built, like many others in this turbulent and ill-governed country, in two different quarters, walled all round and separated from each other by a wide open space, where the cattle rest in safety. At Kabowa a noisy and populous market was being held, at which a weaver came up and begged our traveller's acceptance of a dish of well-prepared "fura." This is kindness and hospitality in remote places.

On the 27th of March, our traveller reached another tributary to the great river of Bornu, and, after his dreary and rather uninteresting journey from Kano, he was greatly delighted with the animated and luxuriant character of the scene before him. The river was full of small fish, and about twenty boys were plashing about in it in playful exercise, and catching the fish with a large net. Arriving hence at Bandego, Barth relates:—We were quietly pitching our tent on the east side of the village, and I was about to make myself comfortable, when I was not a little affected by learning that the girls, who had been bringing little presents to the festival, and who were just returning in procession to their homes, belonged to Ngurutuwa, the very place where the Christian (Mr. Richardson) had died. I then determined to accompany them, though

it was late, in order to have at least a short glimpse of the "white man's grave," and to see whether it were taken care of. If I had known, before we unloaded the camels, how near we were to the place, I should have gone there at once to spend the night.

Ngurutuwa, once a large and celebrated place, but at present somewhat in decay, lies in a wide and extensive plain, with very few trees, about two miles N.E. from Bandego; but the town itself is well shaded, and has, besides korna and bito, some wide-spreading umbrageous fig-trees, under one of which Mr. Richardson had been buried. His grave, well protected with thorn-bushes, appeared to have remained untouched, and was likely to remain so. The natives were well aware that it was a Christian who had died here; and they regarded the tomb with reverence. The story of his untimely end had caused some sensation in the neighbourhood. He arrived in a weak state in the evening, and early the next morning he died. The people had taken great interest in the matter; and the report they gave me of the way in which he was buried agreed in the main circumstances with that which I afterwards received from his servants, and of which I forwarded an account from Kukawa. Unfortunately I had no means of bestowing gifts on the inhabitants of the place where my companion had died. I gave, however, a small present to a man who promised to take especial care of the grave; and I afterwards persuaded the vizier of Bornu to have a strong fence made round it.

Keeping on through a country partly cultivated, partly covered with thick underwood, which was full of locusts, they were delighted with a view of a fine sheet of water—the Waube, or main channel of the great river of Bornu, belted with luxuriant vegetation. Our traveller's way now lay for some distance along the valley of the river, which is ferried over in places in immense calabashes. At length the river was left behind in the district of Duchi, where were a great number of widely-scattered villages, and a more direct road to Kuka, or Kukawa, was followed by the district of Dimberuwa, also with many villages, and corn and millet cultivation, diversified by pasturage, thence by brushwood and open country, with ostriches and gazelles, to the district of Wodoma, close by Kuka. It was a momentous day in his travels when Barth reached this imperial city of Negroland, for to reach that place was, he says, the first distinct object of the mission, and he was to come into contact with those people, on whose ill or good will the whole success of his journey had to depend.

#### VIII.

ENTRANCE INTO KUKA—INTERVIEW WITH THE SHEIKH—THE ENGLISH HOUSE—THE TWO TOWNS—PICTURES OF LIFE—THE GREAT MARKET—BUSINESS AND CONCOURSE—DEFECTIVE CURRENCY—PROVISIONS—BORNU WOMEN—DENDAL, BOULEVARD OR PROMENADE.

Our traveller's feelings on entering Kuka were certainly not of the most inspiring character. He was about to present himself before a chief, whom the mission, of which he had the honour to form a part, was especially sent out to salute, in a very poor plight, without resources of any kind, and, owing to the death of the leader, entirely by himself. He was, indeed, about to enter the city without a single companion.

Proceeding, he says, with some hesitation towards the white clay wall which encircles the town, and from which

a little distance could scarcely be distinguished from the adjoining ground, I entered the gate, being gazed at by a number of people collected here, and who were still more surprised when I inquired for the residence of the sheikh. Then passing the little daily market (the dyryya), which was crowded with people, I rode along the dendal, or promenade, straight up to the palace, which borders the promenade towards the east. It is flanked by a very indifferent mosque, built likewise of clay, with a tower at its N.W. corner, while houses of grandees inclose the place on the north and south sides. The only ornament of this place is a fine chedia or caoutchouc-tree in front of the house of Ali Ladan, on the south side; but occasionally it becomes enlivened by interesting groups of Arabs and native courtiers in all the finery of their dress, and of their richly caparisoned horses.

The sheikh, though he usually resides in his palace in the eastern town, was at present here; and the slaves stared at me, without understanding, or caring to understand, what I wanted, until Diggama, the storekeeper, was called, who, knowing something of me as Abd el Kerim, ordered a slave to conduct me to the vizier. Though I had heard some account of the sheikh living out of the western town, I was rather taken by surprise at seeing the large extent of the double town; and I was equally astonished at the number of gorgeously-dressed horsemen whom I met on my way.

Considering my circumstances, I could not have chosen a more favourable moment for arriving. About two hundred horsemen were assembled before the house of the vizier, who was just about to mount his horse in order to pay his daily visit to the sheikh. When he came out, he saluted me in a very cheerful way, and was highly delighted when he heard and saw that I had come quite alone. He told me he had known me already, from the letter which I had sent to his agent in Zinder, stating that I would come after I had finished my business, but not before. While he rode himself in great state to the sheikh, he ordered one of his people to show me my quarters. These were closely adjoining the vizier's house, consisting of two immense courtyards, the more secluded of which inclosed, besides a half-finished clay dwelling, a very spacious and neatly-built hut. This, as I was told, had been expressly prepared for the mission before it was known that we were without means.

He had scarcely taken possession of his quarters, when, as if to add to his tribulations, various parties attached to the mission, followers of Mr. Richardson, presented themselves with their claims amounting to some 300 dollars, and which they expected to be liquidated at once, when Barth had not one in his possession, and moreover was informed by his friends that he should be expected to make both to the sheikh and to the vizier a handsome present.

After all these communications, fraught with oppressive anxiety, I received a most splendid supper as well from the sheikh as from the vizier, and, after the various exertions of the day, enjoyed a quiet night's rest in my clean cottage. Thus strengthened, I went the next morning to pay my respects to the vizier, taking with me a small present of my own, the principal attractions of which lay in a thick twisted lace of silk of very handsome workmanship, which I had had made in Tripoli, and a leathern letter case of red colour, which I had brought with me from Europe.

Destitute as I was of any means, and not quite sure as yet whether Her Britannic Majesty's Government would authorise me to carry out the objects of the mission, I did not deem it expedient to assume too much importance, but simply told the vizier that, though the director of the mission had not been fortunate enough to convey to him and the sheikh with his own mouth the sentiments of the British Government, yet I hoped that, even in this respect, these endeavours would not be quite in vain, although at the present moment our means were so exhausted that, even for executing our scientific plans, we were entirely dependent on their kindness.

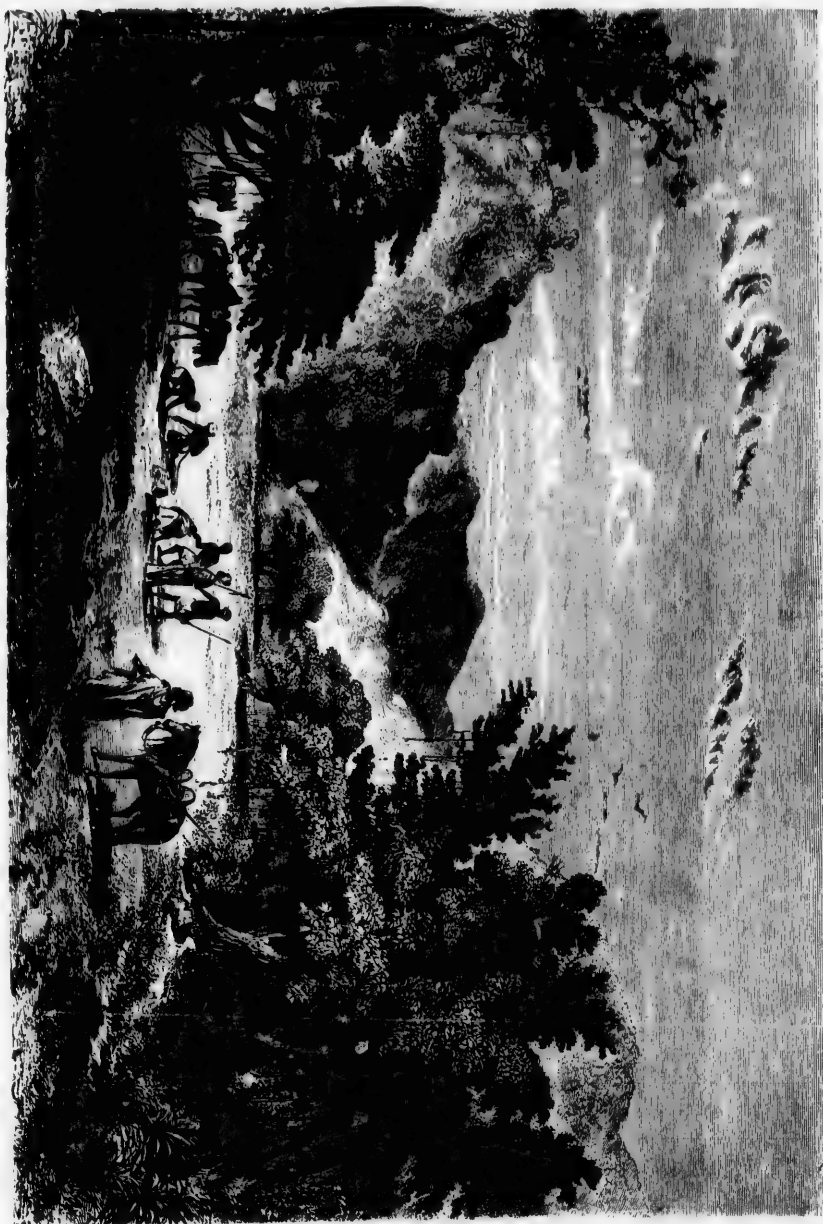
The same reserve I maintained in my interview with the sheikh on the morning of Friday, when I laid little stress upon the object of our mission (to obtain security of commerce for English merchants), thinking it better to leave this to time, but otherwise dwelling upon the friendship established between the sheikh's father and the English, and representing to them that, relying upon this manifestation of their friendly disposition, we had come without reserve to live awhile among them, and under their protection and with their assistance to obtain an insight into this part of the world, which appeared so strange in our eyes. Our conversation was quite free from constraint or reserve, as nobody was present besides the sheikh and the vizier.

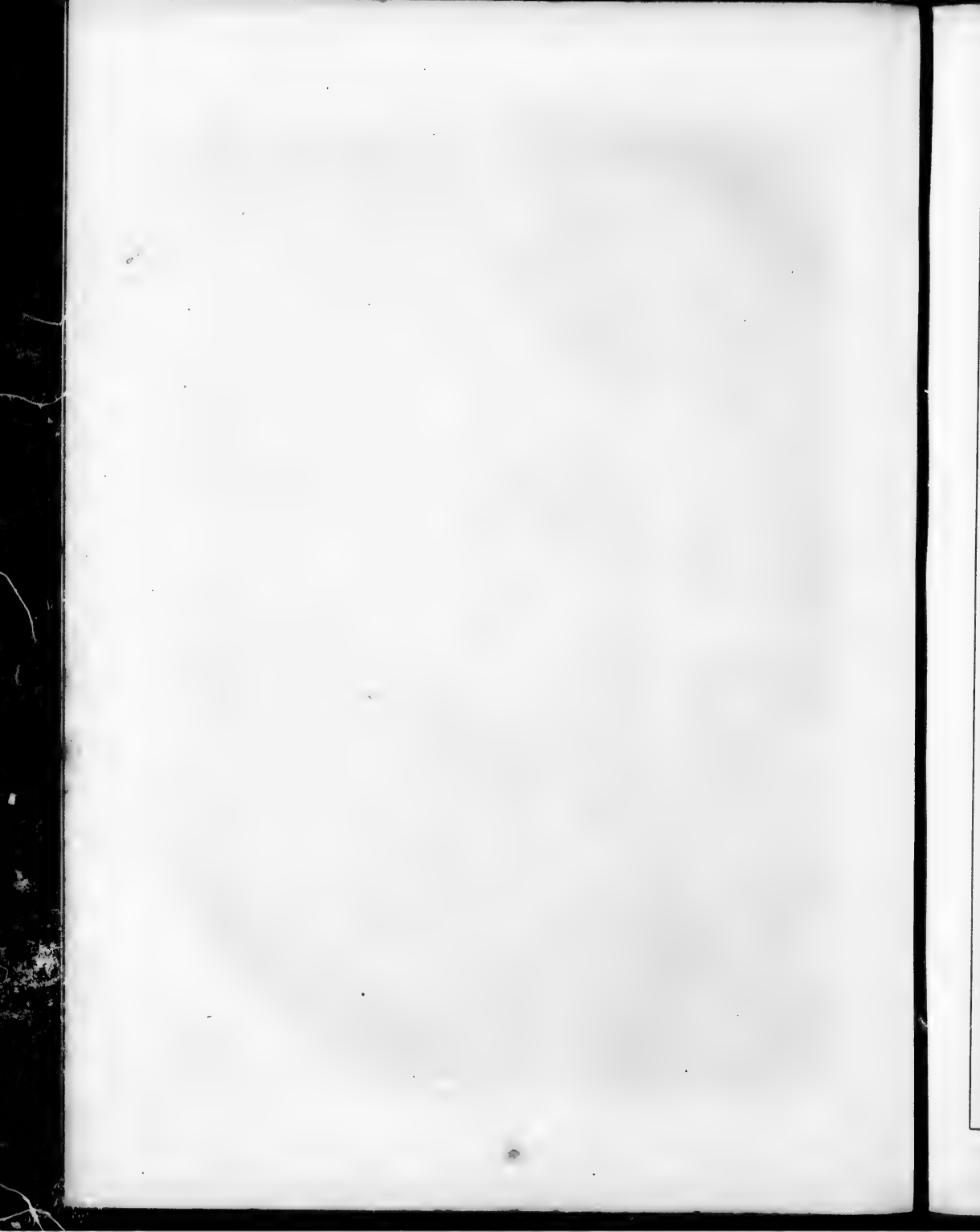
I found the sheikh (Omar, the eldest son of Muhammod el Aniz el Kanemy) a very simple, benevolent, and even cheerful man. He has regular and agreeable features, rather a little too round to be expressive; but he is remarkably black—a real glossy black, such as is rarely seen in Bornu, and which he has inherited undoubtedly from his mother, a Bagirmaye princess. He was very simply dressed in a light robe, having a burnus negligently wrapped round his shoulder; round his head a dark-red shawl was twisted with great care; and his face was quite uncovered, which surprised me not a little, as his father used to cover it in the Tawarek fashion. He was reclining upon a divan covered with a carpet, at the back of a fine airy hall neatly polished.

The first business was the recovery of Mr. Richardson's property, of which all that remained after a pretty general plunder, had been deposited with the vizier. Next money was borrowed at an exorbitant rate wherewith to pay creditors. Then the quarters of the mission were removed from the eastern town to a small clay house, to which an adjoining yard was afterwards added in the western town, and which became *par excellence* "the English house." The less fortunate travellers, Overweg and Vogel, both dwelt at an after period in this house. The court-yard was shaded with trees, a well was sunk, and the place would have been tolerably comfortable if it had not been for the swarms of fleas, bugs, and snakes. The natives consider the smell of the bug to be ominous.

Having procured a good travelling horse whereon to mount, Barth rode every day either into the eastern town to pay a visit to the sheikh, or to the vizier, or roving around the whole circuit of the capital, and peeping into the varied scenes which the life of the people exhibited. The precincts of the town with its suburbs are just as interesting, as its neighbourhood (especially during the months that precede the rainy season) is monotonous and tiresome in the extreme. Certainly the arrangement of the capital contributes a

WELL OF THE MAROUL.





great deal to the variety of the picture which it forms, laid out as it is in two distinct towns, each surrounded with its wall, the one, occupied chiefly by the rich and wealthy, containing very large establishments, while the other, with the exception of the principal thoroughfare which traverses the town from west to east, consists of rather crowded dwellings, with narrow winding lanes. These two distinct towns are separated by a space about half a mile broad, itself thickly inhabited on both sides of a wide open road which forms the connection between them, but laid out less regularly, and presenting to the eye a most interesting medley of large clay buildings and small thatched huts, of massive clay walls surrounding immense yards, and light fences of reeds in a more or less advanced state of decay, and with a variety of colour, according to their age, from the brightest yellow down to the deepest black. All around these two towns there are small villages or clusters of huts, and large detached farms surrounded with clay walls, low enough to allow a glimpse from horseback over the thatched huts which they inclose.

In this labyrinth of dwellings a man, interested in the many forms which human life presents, may rove about at any time of the day with the certainty of finding never-failing amusement, although the life of the Kanuri people passes rather monotonously along, with the exception of some occasional feasting. During the hot hours, indeed, the town and its precincts become torpid, except on market-days, when the market-place itself, at least, and the road leading to it from the western gate, are most animated just at that time. For, singular as it is, in Kukawa, as well as almost all over this part of Nigroland, the great markets do not begin to be well attended till the heat of the day grows intense; and it is curious to observe what a difference prevails in this as well as in other respects between these countries and Yoruba, where almost all the markets are held in the cool of the evening.

The daily little markets, or durriya, even in Kukawa, are held in the afternoon, and are most frequented between the aser (lasari) and the mughreb (almagribu) or sunset. The most important of these durriyas is that held inside the west gate of the billa futebe; and here even camels, horses, and oxen are sold in considerable numbers; but they are much inferior to the large fair, or great market, which is held every Monday on the open ground between the two villages which lie at a short distance from the western gate. Formerly it was held on the road to Ngornu, before the southern gate; but it has been removed from thence, on account of the large pond of water formed during the rainy season in the hollow close to this gate.

I visited the great fair, "kasuku letenibe," every Monday immediately after my arrival, and found it very interesting, as it calls together the inhabitants of all the eastern parts of Bornu, the Shuwa and the Koyam, with their corn and butter, the former, though of Arab origin and still preserving in purity his ancient character, always carrying his merchandise on the back of oxen, the women mounted upon the top of it, while the African Koyam employs the camel, if not exclusively, at least with a decided preference; the Kanambu with their butter and dried fish, the inhabitants of Makari with their tobos (the kore berne) even Budduma, or rather Yedina, are very often seen in the market, selling whips made from the skin of the hippopotamus or sometimes even hippopotamus meat, or

dried fish, and attract the attention of the spectator by their slender figures, their small handsome features unimpaired by any incisions, the men generally wearing a short black shirt and a small straw-hat, "suni ngawa," their neck adorned with several strings of kungona, or shells, while the women are profusely ornamented with strings of glass beads, and wear their hair in a very remarkable way, though not in so awkward a fashion as Mr. Overweg afterwards observed in the island Belarigo.

On reaching the market-place from the town the visitor first comes to that part where the various materials for constructing the light dwellings of the country are sold, such as mats, of three different kinds, the thickest, which I have mentioned above as lagara, then siggedi, or the common coarse mat made of the reed called kalkalti, and the bushi, made of dum-leaves, or "ngille," for lying upon; poles and stakes; the framework, "leggera," for the thatched roofs of huts, and the ridge-beam or "keskan sumo;" then oxen for slaughter, "fe debateram," or for carrying burdens, "knemu lapteram;" further on, long rows of leathern bags filled with corn, ranging far along on the south side of the market-place, with either "kewa," the large bags for the camel, a pair of which form a regular camel's load, or the large "jerabu," which is thrown across the back of the pack-oxen, or the smaller "fallim," a pair of which constitutes an ox-load, "katkun knemube." These long rows are animated not only by the groups of the sellers and buyers, with their weatherworn figures and torn dresses, but also by the boasts of burden, mostly oxen, which have brought the loads and which are to carry back their masters to their distant dwelling places; then follow the camels for sale, often as many as a hundred or more, and numbers of horses, but generally not first-rate ones, which are mostly sold in private. All this sale of horses, camels, &c., with the exception of the oxen, passes through the hands of the dilema or broker, who, according to the mode of announcement, takes his per centage from the buyer or seller.

The middle of the market is occupied by the dealers in other merchandise of native and of foreign manufacture, the "amagdi" or tob from Uje, and the kore, or rebahi; the farash, or "fetkema," and the "sellama," the people dealing in cloths, shirts, turkedis, beads of all sizes and colours, leatherwork, coloured boxes of every different shape and size, very neatly and elegantly made of ox-hide. There are also very neat little boxes made of the kernel, or "nage," of the fruit of the dum-tree. Then comes the place where the kombuli disposes of his slaves.

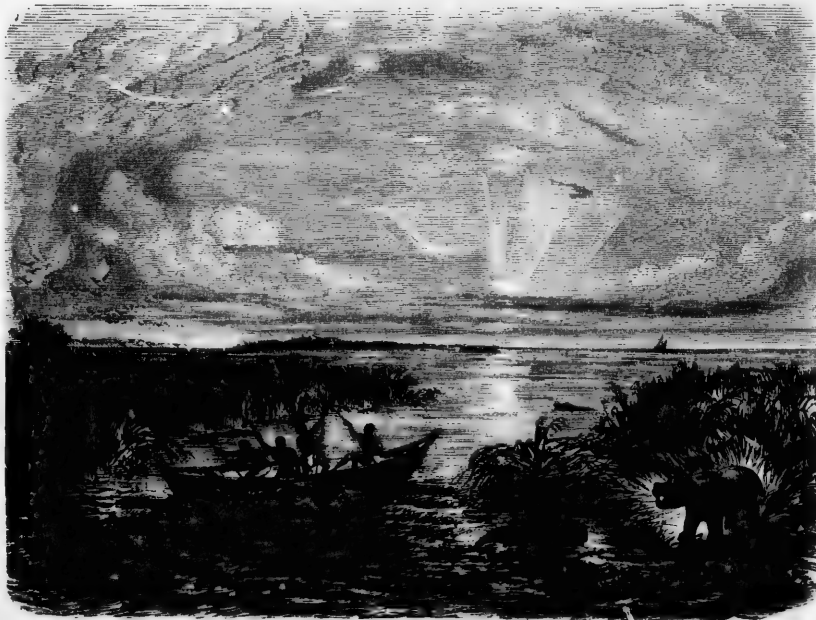
There are only a few very light sheds or stalls ("kaudi"), erected here and there. In general, besides a few of the retail dealers, only the dilema or broker has a stall, which, on this account, is called dilellam; and, no shady trees being found, both buyers and sellers are exposed to the whole force of the sun during the very hottest hours of the day, between eleven and three o'clock, when the market is most full and busy, and the crowd is often so dense that it is difficult to make one's way through it: for the place not being regularly laid out, nor the thoroughfares limited by rows of stalls, each dealer squats down with his merchandise where he likes. There are often from twelve to fifteen thousand people crowded together in the market; but the noise is not very great, the Kanuri people being more sedate and less vivacious

than the Hausawa, and not vending their wares with loud cries. However, the wanzam or barber, going about, affords amusement by his constant whistling, "kangadi." In general, even amusements have rather a sullen character in Bornu; and of course, in a place of business like the market, very little is done for amusement, although sometimes a serpent-tamer ("kadima") or a story-teller ("kosgolima") is met with. Also the luxuries offered to the people are very few in comparison with the varieties of cakes and sweetmeats in the market-places of Hausa; and the "kolche" (the common sweet groundnut), "gangala" (the bitter groundnut), boiled beans or "ngalo," and a few dried dates from the Tebu country, are almost the

only things, besides water and a little nasty sour milk, offered as refreshment to the exhausted customer.

The fatigue which people have to undergo in purchasing their week's necessities in the market is all the more harassing as there is no standard currency. Barth says he has often seen his servants return in a state of the utmost exhaustion. The necessities of life are, however, cheaper than elsewhere in Negroland. Meat, millet, and corn are to be obtained. The most common fruits are groundnuts, the fruit of the Egyptian Balanites, the African plum, the korna, and the fruit of the dum-palm. The most common vegetables are beans of various descriptions, and onions.

With the exception of Mondays, when just during



LAKE TSAD.

the hottest hours of the day there is much crowd and bustle in the market-place, it is very dull from about noon till three o'clock in the afternoon; and even during the rest of the day, those scenes of industry, which in the varied panorama of Kano meet the eye, are here sought for in vain. Instead of those numerous dyeing-yards or marinas full of life and bustle, though certainly also productive of much filth and foul odours, which spread over the town of Kano, there is only a single, and a very poor marina in Kukawa; no beating of tobes is heard, nor the sound of any other handicraft.

There is a great difference of character between these two towns; and, as I have said above, the Bornu people are by temperament far more phlegmatic than those of Kano. The women in general are much more

ugly, with square short figures, large heads, and broad noses with immense nostrils, disfigured still more by the enormity of a red bead or coral worn in the nostril. Nevertheless, they are certainly quite as coquettish, and, as far as I had occasion to observe, at least as wanton also, as the more cheerful and sprightly Hausa women. I have never seen a Hausa woman strolling about the streets with her gown trailing after her on the ground, the fashion of the women of Kukawa, and wearing on her shoulders some Manchester print of a showy pattern, keeping the ends of it in her hands, while she throws her arms about in a coquettish manner. In a word, their dress, as well as their demeanour is far more decent and agreeable. The best part in the dress or ornaments of the Bornu women is the silver ornament (the "fallafalle kelabe") which



they wear on the back of the head, and which in taller figures, when the hair is plaited in the form of a helmet, is very becoming; but it is not every woman who can afford such an ornament, and many a one sacrifices her better interests for this decoration.

The most animated quarter of the two towns is the great thoroughfare, which, proceeding by the southern side of the palace in the western town, traverses it from west to east, and leads straight to the sheikh's residence in the eastern town. This is the "dendal" or promenade, a locality which has its imitation, on some scale, in every town of the country (See p. 94). This road, during the whole day, is crowded by numbers of people on horseback and on foot; freemen and slaves, foreigners as well as natives, everyone in his best attire, to pay his respects to the sheikh or his vizier,

to deliver an errand, or to sue for justice or employment, or a present. I myself very often went along this well-trodden path—this high-road of ambition; but I generally went at an unusual hour, either at sunrise in the morning, or while the heat of the mid-day, not yet abated, detained the people in their cool haunts, or late at night, when the people were already retiring to rest or, sitting before their houses, beguiling their leisure hours with amusing tales or with petty scandal. At such hours I was sure to find the vizier or the sheikh alone; but sometimes they wished me also to visit and sit with them, when they were accessible to all the people; and on these occasions the vizier took pride and delight in conversing with me about matters of science, such as the motion of the earth, or the planetary system, or subjects of that kind.

### EXCURSIONS TO LAKE TSAD, TO KANEM, AND TO ADAMAWA—SLAVE-HUNTING EXPEDITION AGAINST MUSGHU.

#### IX.

EXCURSION TO LAKE TSAD—WILD ANIMALS—BOATS OF THE YEDINA OR ISLANDERS—ARAB POPULATION—FERTILE AND POPULOUS DISTRICT OF UZE—GREAT FOREST REGION OF MARGHI—VILLAGE OF MOUTUDI—THE MEETING OF THE WATERS—GREAT EASTERN ARM OF THE NIGER—YOLA, CAPITAL OF ADAMAWA—BARTH OBLIGED TO RETURN TO KUKA—HIS TRIUMPHAL RECEPTION.

THE stay in Kuka was agreeably interrupted by an excursion to Lake Tsad, or Tchad, as it is sometimes written. Sheikh Omar left Kuka in the night of April 23rd, in order to spend a day or two in Ngornu, where he had a good house; and having been invited by the vizier to go there, Barth followed in the morning of the next day. Supposing Lake Tsad to be at no great distance from the Ngornu, or the Town of the Blessing, he mounted on horseback next day to refresh himself with a sight of the vast expanse of water, but was doomed to disappointment, for no lake was to be seen, nothing but endless grassy plains and swamps. How different, he says, was this appearance of the country from that which it exhibited in the winter, from 1854 to 1855, when more than half the town of Ngornu was destroyed by the water.

On the 26th, having obtained two guides, he set out on another excursion, going north-east; for due east from the town, he says, as I now learned, the lagoon was at present at more than ten miles' distance. The fine grassy plain seemed to extend to a boundless distance, uninterrupted by a single tree, or even a shrub; not a living creature was to be seen, and the sun began already to throw a fiery veil over all around, making the vicinity of the cooling element desirable. After a little more than half an hour's ride, we reached swampy ground, and began to make our way through the water, often up to our knees on horseback. We thus came to the margin of a fine open sheet of water, encompassed with papyrus and tall reed, of from ten to fourteen feet in height, of two different kinds, one called "mele," and the other "bore," or "bole." The mele has a white tender core, which is eaten by the natives, but to me seemed insipid; the bore has a head like common bulrush, and its stalk is triangular. The thicket was interwoven by a climbing plant with yellow

flowers, called "borbuje" by the natives, while on the surface of the water was a floating plant called, very facetiously, by the natives, "fanna-billa-bago" (the homeless fanna). This creek was called "Ngirua."

Then turning a little more to the north, and passing still through deep water full of grass, and most fatiguing for the horses, while it seemed most delightful to me, after my dry and dreary journey through this continent, we reached another creek, called "Dimboer." Here I was so fortunate as to see two small boats, or "makara," of the Budduma, as they are called by the Kanuri, or Yedina, as they call themselves, the famous pirates of the Tsad. They were small flat boats, made of the light and narrow wood of the "fogo," about twelve feet long, and managed by two men each; as soon as the men saw us, they pushed their boats off from the shore. They were evidently in search of human prey; and as we had seen people from the neighbouring villages, who had come here to cut reeds to thatch their huts anew for the rainy season, we went first to inform them of the presence of these constant enemies of the inhabitants of these fertile banks of the lagoon, that they might be on their guard; for they could not see them, owing to the quantity of tall reeds with which the banks and the neighbouring land was overgrown.

We then continued our watery march. The sun was by this time very powerful; but a very gentle cooling breeze came over the lagoon, and made the heat supportable. We had water enough to quench our thirst—indeed, more than we really wanted; for we might have often drunk with our mouth, by stooping down a little, on horseback, so deeply were we immersed. But the water was exceedingly warm, and full of vegetable matter. It is perfectly fresh, as fresh as water can be. It seems to have been merely from prejudice that people in Europe have come to the conclusion that this Central African basin must either have an outlet, or must be salt. For I can positively assert that it has no outlet, and that its water is perfectly fresh. Indeed, I do not see from whence saltiness of the water should arise in a district in which there is no salt at all, and in which the herbage is so destitute of this element, that the milk of cows and sheep fed on it is rather

insipid, and somewhat unwholesome. Certainly, in the holes around the lagoon, where the soil is strongly impregnated with natron, and which are only for a short time of year in connection with the lake, the water, when in small quantity, must savour of the peculiar quality of the soil; but when these holes are full, the water in them likewise is fresh.

While we rode along these marshy, luxuriant plains, large herds of "kelara" started up, bounding over the rushes, and sometimes swimming, at others running, soon disappeared in the distance. This is a peculiar kind of antelope, which I have nowhere seen but in the immediate vicinity of the lake. In colour and size it resembles the roe, and has a white belly. The kelara is by no means slender, but rather bulky, and extremely fat; this, however, may not be a specific character, but merely the consequence of the rich food which it enjoys here. It may be identical with, or be a variety of the *Antelope Arabica*, and the Arabs, and those of the natives who understand a little Arabic, call both by the same name, "el ariyel."

Proceeding onwards, we reached about noon another creek, which is used occasionally by the Budduma as a harbour, and is called "Ngulbea." We, however, found it empty, and only inhabited by ngurutus, or river-horses, which, indeed, live here in great numbers, snorting about in every direction, and by two species of crocodiles (See p. 100.) In this quarter there are no elephants, for the very simple reason that they have no place of retreat during the night; for this immense animal (at least in Africa) appears to be very sensible of the convenience of a soft couch in the sand, and of the inconvenience of mosquitoes, too; wherefore it prefers to lie down on a spot a little elevated above the swampy ground, whither it resorts for its daily food. On the banks of the northern part of the Tsad, on the contrary, where a range of low sand-hills and wood encompasses the lagoon, we shall meet with immense herds of this animal.

Ngulbea was the easternmost point of our excursion; and, turning here a little west from north, we continued our march over drier pasture-grounds, placed beyond the reach of the inundation, and, after about three miles, reached the deeply-indented and well-protected creek, called "Ngomaren." Here I was most agreeably surprised by the sight of eleven boats of the Yedina. Large, indeed, they were, considering the ship-building of these islanders; but otherwise they looked very small and awkward, and, resting quite flat on the water, strikingly reminding me of theatrical exhibitions in which boats are introduced on the stage. They were not more than about twenty feet long, but seemed tolerably broad; and one of them contained as many as eleven people, besides a good quantity of natron and other things. They had a very low waist, but rather a high and pointed prow. They are made of the narrow boards of the fogo-tree, which are fastened together with ropes from the dum-palm, the holes being stopped with bast.

The Kanembu inhabitants of many neighbouring villages carry on trade with the islanders almost uninterruptedly, while elsewhere the latter are treated as most deadly enemies. Two parties of Kanembu happened to be there with argum or millet, which they exchanged for the natron. They were rather frightened when they saw us, the Budduma being generally regarded as enemies; but the sheikh and the counsellors are well aware of this intercourse, and, wanting either

the spirit or the power to reduce those islanders to subjection, they must allow their own subjects, whom they fail to protect against the continual inroads of the Budduma, to deal with the latter at their own discretion. It was my earnest wish to go on board one of the boats, and to examine their make attentively; and, with the assistance of Kashella Kotoko, who was well-known to the Budduma, I should perhaps have succeeded, if Bu-Sad, my Muhammadan companion, had not behaved like a madman: indeed, I could scarcely restrain him from firing at these people, who had done us no harm. This was certainly a mere outbreak of fanaticism. When the people in the boats saw my servant's excited behaviour, they left the shore, though numerous enough to overpower us; and we then rode on to another creek, called "Mellela," whence we turned westwards, and in about an hour, partly through water, partly over a grassy plain, reached Maduwari.

Maduwari, at that time, was an empty scum for me—a name without a meaning, just like the names of so many other places at which I had touched on my wanderings; but it was a name about to become important in the history of the expedition, and to which many a serious remembrance was to be attached. Maduwari was to contain another white man's grave, and thus to rank with Ngurutuwa.

When I first entered the place from the side of the lake, it made a very agreeable impression upon me, as it showed evident signs of ease and comfort, and, instead of being closely packed together, as most of the towns and villages of the Kanuri are, it lay dispersed in eleven or twelve separate clusters of huts, shaded by a rich profusion of korna and bito-trees. I was conducted by my companion, Kashella Kotoko, to the house of Fugo Ali. It was the house wherein Mr. Overweg, a year and a half later, was to expire; while Fugo Ali himself, the man who first contracted friendship with me, then conducted my companion on his interesting navigation round the islands of the lake, and who frequented our house, was destined to fall a sacrifice in the revolution of 1854. How different was my reception then, when I first went to his house on this my first excursion to the lake, and when I revisited it with Mr. Vogel in the beginning of 1855, when Fugo Ali's widow was sobbing at my side, lamenting the ravages of time, the death of my companion, and that of her own husband.

Soon after his return to Kuks, Barth was joined by Overweg, who had suffered much from illness at Zinder, and was both fatigued and sickly. Having made the weary traveller comfortable in his house, Barth started, on the 29th of May, on that remarkable excursion to Yola, the capital of Adamawa, a country south of Lake Tsad, and which excursion led to the discovery of the upper waters of the Benue or Eastern Niger.

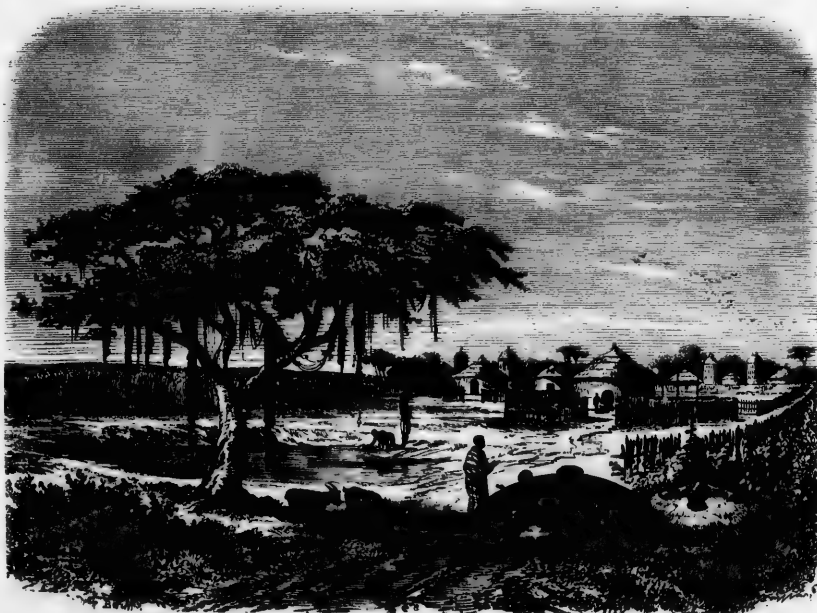
The country was at first flat and swampy, with much pasture-land, frequented by Arabs, or Shuwa as they are called in Bornu, and Shiwa by the Bagirmi. Barth says that this native Arab population appears to have immigrated from the east at a very early period. These Shuwa are divided into many families or clans, and may altogether form in Bornu a population of from 200,000 to 250,000 souls, being able to bring into the field about 20,000 light cavalry. Many of them have fixed villages, but the majority are nomadic and pastoral.

No place of interest was attained till our traveller

reached the province of Ghamerghu, which is watered in its southern part by a river in Komadugh called Alaw, which discharges itself into Lake Tsad, and upon which are three goodly towns, not at a very great distance from one another; the first, Uje Maiduguri with a population of 6,000, surrounded by fields of cotton and corn and large herds of cattle; secondly or lower down the river, Uji Mabani, with 8,000 inhabitants, engaged in weaving and dyeing, and having indigo plantations, and lastly, or at least as far down the river as Barth's explorations extended, Uje Kasa-kula where a market is held which is frequented by merchants from Kano and Kuka. The whole of this district is densely inhabited, and is indeed the most so,

and also the most fertile and best cultivated in all Bornu.

The border land between Uje and Marghi, is called Shamo, which, although inhabited by Marghi, still belongs to Bornu, but beyond this is the vast forest of the Marghi full of elephants and partly inhabited, and which constitutes a disputed frontier region between Bornu and Adamawa. There are groups of villages more especially north and south, Molghoy, Issego and Kofa, and there are some lakes with fish in this vast expanse of forest, which is bordered to the east and south-east by the mountain range of Wandalla, which attains an elevation of some 2,600 feet, and is inhabited by independent pagan tribes.



MBUTUDI—MARGHI VILLAGE.

The forest becomes better watered as the more rocky and mountainous region to the south is reached; it is traversed indeed by many water-courses, all tributaries to Lake Tsad, and at length is entirely broken up by rocky heights, which are succeeded again by rich cultivated ground and the town of Uba, the northernmost Fullo place of Adamawa. From this point the waters have also all a southerly flow to the Benuwe or Eastern Niger.

Pasture-grounds, with patches of forest and corn-fields, lead hence to the district of Mubi, a hilly region of similar character, and in the heart of which is Mbutudi.

We had now, says Barth, reached Mbutudi, a village

situated round a granite mound of about 600 yards circumference, and rising to the height of about three hundred feet. It had been a considerable place before the rise of the Fulbe, encompassing on all sides the mound, which had served as a natural citadel; but it has been greatly reduced, scarcely more than one hundred huts altogether now remaining; and were it not for the picturesque landscape—the steep rocky mount overgrown with trees, and the slender date-palms shooting up here and there, and forming some denser groups on the south-east side—it would be a most miserable place.

My companions were greatly astonished to find that since they went to Kukawa, some Fulbe families had

settled here : for formerly none but native pagans lived in the village. It was, therefore, necessary that we should address ourselves to this ruling class ; and after we had waited some time in the shade of some crouching-trees, a tall, extremely slender Pullo, of a very noble expression of countenance, and dressed in a snow-white shirt, made his appearance, and after the usual exchange of compliments, and due inquiry on the part of my companions after horse, cattle, mother, slaves, and family, conducted us to a dwelling not far from the eastern foot of the rock, consisting of several small huts, with a tall deleb palm in the middle of its court-yard, which was never deserted by some large birds of the stork family—most probably some European wanderers. However, it had the great disadvantage of being extremely wet, so that I preferred staying outside ; and going to some distance from the huts, I laid myself down in the shade of a tree, where the ground was comparatively dry. The weather had been very cool and cheerless in the morning, and I was glad when the sun at length came forth, increasing the interest of the landscape.

The Zani, the Fali, and the Demsa, all so-called Batta tribes, occupy the remaining alternately rocky forest and cultivated lands that lie between the Mubi and the fertile plains of the Benué. As this was one of Barth's chief discoveries, we will let him relate it in his own words. It was a beautiful fresh morning, all nature being revived and enlivened by the last night's storm. My companions, sullen and irritated, quarrelled among themselves on account of the selfish behaviour of Ibrahim. As for me, I was cheerful in the extreme, and borne away by an enthusiastic and triumphant feeling ; for to-day I was to see the river.

The neighbourhood of the water was first indicated by numbers of high ant-hills, which, as I shall have occasion to observe more fully in the course of my narrative, abound chiefly in the neighbourhood of rivers : they were here ranged in almost parallel lines, and afforded a very curious spectacle. We had just passed a small village or runde, where not a living soul was to be seen, the people having all gone forth to the labours of the field, when the lively Muhammadu came running up to me, and exclaimed, "Gashi, gashi, dutai-n-Alantika ke nan" ("Look ! look ! that is Mount Alantika"). I strained my eyes and saw, at a great distance to the S.W., a large but insulated mountain mass, rising abruptly on the east side, and forming a more gradual slope towards the west, while it exhibited a rather smooth and broad top, which certainly must be spacious, as it contains the estates of seven independent pagan chiefs. Judging from the distance, which was pretty well known to me, I estimated the height of the mountain at about eight thousand feet above the plain, or about nine thousand feet of absolute elevation ; but it may be somewhat less.

Here there was still cultivated ground, exhibiting at present the finest crop of maize, called "butali" by the Fulbe of Adamawa ; but a little further on we entered upon a swampy plain (the savannas of Adamawa), overgrown with tall rank grass, and broken by many large hollows full of water, so that we were obliged to proceed with great caution. This whole plain is said to be (two months later) entirely under water. However, in the middle of it, on a little rising ground which looks as if it were an artificial mound, lies a small village, the abode of the ferry-men of the Benué, from whence the boys came running

after us—slender well-built lads, accustomed to fatigue and strengthened by daily bathing ; the younger ones quite naked, the elder having a leathern apron gird round their loins. A quarter of an hour afterwards we stood on the bank of the Benué.

I happens but rarely that a traveller does not feel disappointed when he first actually beholds the principal features of a new country, of which his imagination has composed a picture, from the description of the natives ; but although I must admit that the shape and size of the Alantika, as it rose in rounded lines from the flat level, did not exactly correspond with the idea which I had formed of it, the appearance of the river far exceeded my most lively expectations. None of my informants had promised me that I should just come upon it at that most interesting locality—the Tepe—where the mightier river is joined by another of very considerable size, and that in this place I was to cross it. My arrival at this point, as I have stated before, was a most fortunate circumstance. As I looked from the bank over the scene before me, I was quite enchanted, although the whole country bore the character of a desolate wilderness ; but there could scarcely be any great traces of human industry near the river, as, during its floods, it inundates the country on both sides. This is the general character of all the great rivers in these regions, except where they are encompassed by very steep banks.

The principal river, the Benué, flowed here from east to west, in a broad and majestic course, through an entirely open country, from which only here and there detached mountains started forth. The banks on our side rose to twenty-five, and in some places to thirty feet, while just opposite to my station, behind a pointed headland of sand, the Faro rushed forth, appearing from this point not much inferior to the principal river, and coming in a fine sweep from the south-east, where it disappeared in the plain, but was traced by me, in thought, upwards to the steep eastern foot of the Alantika. The river, below the junction, keeping the direction of the principal branch, but making a slight bend to the north, ran along the northern foot of Mount Bagele, and was there lost to the eye, but was followed in thought through the mountainous region of the Bachama and Zina to Hamarruwa, and thence along the industrious country of Kororofa, till it joined the great western river the Kwara or Niger, and, conjointly with it, ran towards the great ocean.

On the northern side of the river another detached mountain, Mount Taife, rose, and behind it the Bongo, with which Mount Furo seemed connected, stretching out in a long line towards the north-west. The bank upon which we stood was entirely bare of trees, with the exception of a solitary and poor acacia, about one hundred paces further up the river, while on the opposite shore, along the Faro and below the junction, some fine clusters of trees were faintly seen.

Yola, the capital of Adamawa, is only a short distance to the south of this great eastern arm of the Niger. It was an unfavourable circumstance, Barth relates, that we arrived on a Friday, and just during the heat of the day. The streets were almost deserted ; and no person met us in order to impart to us, by a friendly welcome, a feeling of cheerfulness and confidence.

Yola is a large open place, consisting, with a few exceptions, of conical huts surrounded by spacious court-yards, and even by corn-fields, the houses of the

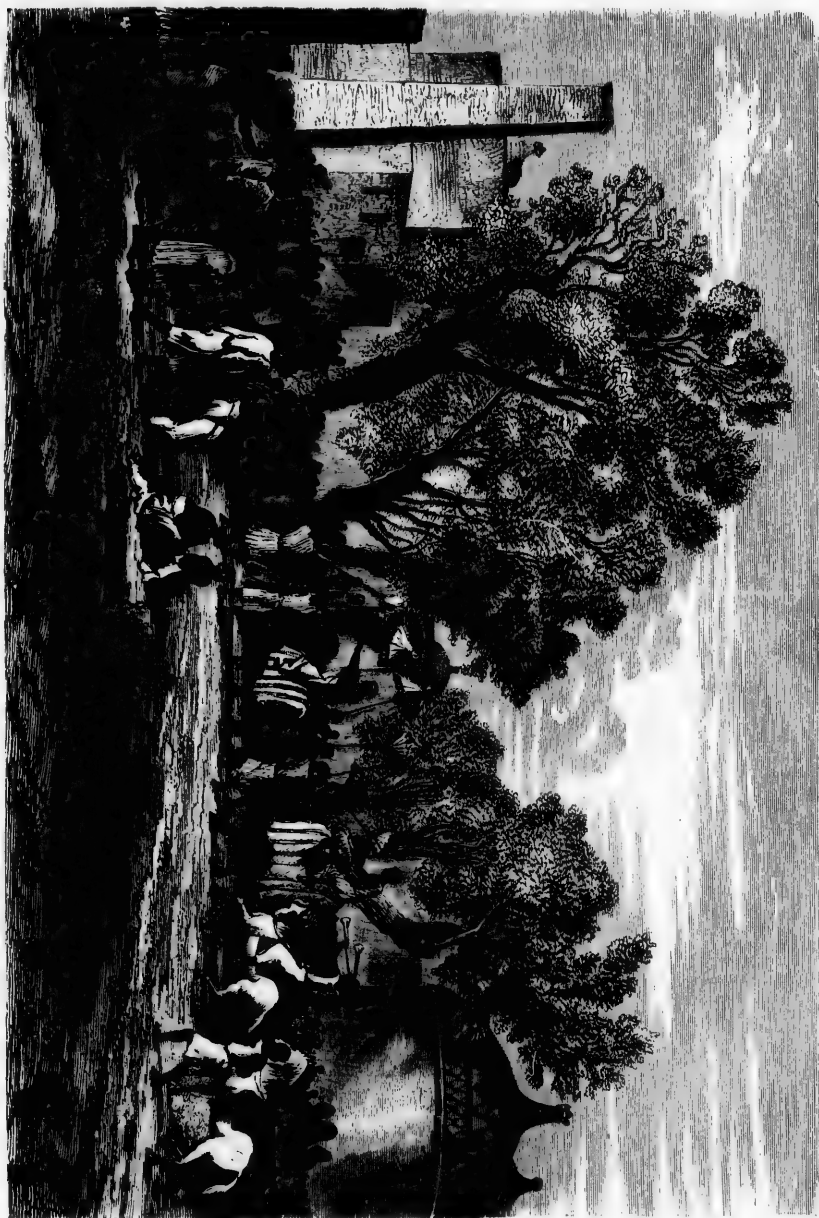
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governor and those of his brothers being alone built of clay. Keeping along the principal street, we continued our march for a mile and a quarter before we reached the house of the governor, which lies on the west side of a small open area, opposite the mosque, a flat oblong building, or rather hall, inclosed with clay walls, and covered with a flat thatched roof a little inclined on one side. Having reached this place, my companions fired a salute, which, considering the nature of Billama's mission, and the peculiar character of the governor, which this officer ought to have known, and perhaps also since it happened to be Friday, was not very judicious.

First impressions were corroborated by subsequent events, the ruler, Muhammad Lowel, a name belonging to the Fulfulde language, was very naturally irritated with the party, as some of its members had been foolish enough to constitute themselves bearers of hostile letters from the Sheikh of Bornu, and declaring himself governor in the name of the Sultan of Sokoto, he bade the expedition, although Barth was very ill at the time, at once find its way back, and thus did our traveller's further progress south, and further investigation of this new and most interesting region come to an untimely end. We shall extract, however, what he has summed up concerning a district previously utterly unknown to Europeans.

Yola is the capital of an extensive province, called by foreigners generally, and by the conquering Fulbe in diplomatic language, Adamawa, but the real name of which is Fumbina. Indeed, Adamawa is quite a new name given to the country (exactly as I stated in my report sent to Europe some years ago), in honour of Mallam Adama, the father of the present governor, who succeeded in founding here a new Muhammadan empire on the ruins of several smaller pagan kingdoms, the most considerable of which was that of Kokomi. Whether what the people used to say be true, that the name of the wife of this officer was Adama too, I am not able positively to decide.

Yola is quite a new settlement, called by this name after the princely quarter of the town of Kano—the former capital, of which Denham's expedition heard some faint report, being Gurin. Yola is situated in a swampy plain, and is bordered on the north side by an inlet of the river the inundation of which reaches close to that quarter where I was living. The town is certainly not less than three miles long from east to west. It seems probable that there are different names for the different quarters; but my stay was too short to allow me to learn them. The court-yards are large and spacious, but often contain only a single hut, the whole area being sown with grain during the rainy season. All the huts are built with clay walls on account of the violence of the rains, and are tolerably high. Only the governor and his elder brothers possess large establishments with dwellings built entirely of clay. Notwithstanding its size, the place can hardly contain more than twelve thousand inhabitants.

It has no industry; and the market, at least during the time of my stay there, was most insignificant and miserably supplied: but certainly during the season of field labours, as I have already had occasion to observe, all the markets in Negroland are less important than at other times of the year. The most common objects in the market, which find ready sale, are turkedis, beads, and salt, while other articles, such as striped Manchester calico, cloth bernuses, are generally sold

privately to the wealthier people. The only articles of export at present are slaves and ivory. Four good turkedis, bought in Kano for 1800 or 2000 kurdi each, will generally purchase a slave; and a turkedis will often buy an elephant's tusk of tolerable size.

Slavery exists on an immense scale in this country; and there are many private individuals who have more than a thousand slaves. In this respect the governor of the whole province is not the most powerful man being outstripped by the governors of Chamba and Konoha—for this reason, that Muhammad Lowel has all his slaves settled in rumde or slave villages, where they cultivate grain for his use or profit, while the above-mentioned officers, who obtain all their provision in corn from subjected pagan tribes, have their whole host of slaves constantly at their disposal; and I have been assured that some of the head-slaves of these men have as many as a thousand slaves each under their command, with whom they undertake occasional expeditions for their masters. I have been assured also that Muhammad Lowel receives every year in tribute, besides horses and cattle, about five thousand slaves, though this seems a large number.

The country of Fumbina is about two hundred miles long in its greatest extent, running from south-west to north-east, while its shortest diameter seems to reach from north-west to south-east, and scarcely ever exceeds seventy or eighty miles; but this territory is as yet far from being entirely subjected to the Muhammadan conquerors, who in general are only in possession of detached settlements, while the intermediate country, particularly the more mountainous tracts, are still in the hands of the pagans. The people in this part of the country are engaged in constant warfare. While the country north from the Benue, between Yola and Hamarrwa, is entirely independent, and inhabited by warlike pagan tribes, the best-subjected tract seems to be that between the Wandala and the Musgu country, where the settlements of the conquering tribe are very compact. I must observe, however, that I am not quite clear as to the exact manner in which those distant settlements are dependent on the governor of Adamawa. That part of the country seems to deserve a great deal of interest, and to be destined to become a province by itself. It is sometimes designated by the special name of "Jemmara," a name certainly of general import, and meaning nothing but "the congregation"—a corruption, in short, of Jemmas.

The country is certainly one of the finest of Central Africa, irrigated as it is by numerous rivers, among which the Benue and the Faro are the most important, and being diversified with hill and dale. In general, however, it is flat, rising gradually towards the south, from an elevation of about eight hundred feet along the middle course of the Benue, to fifteen hundred feet or more, and broken by separate hills or more extensive groups of mountains; but, as far as I know, there is not here a single example of large mountain masses. Mount Alantika, of which I had a fine view from several points, though at a considerable distance, is considered as the most massive and elevated mountain in the whole country; and this is an entirely detached mountain, at the utmost fifty miles in circumference, and elevated certainly not more than eight thousand five hundred or nine thousand feet above the plain from which it rises. No doubt the Benue may be presumed to have its sources in a

mountainous tract of country; but of the uppermost course of this river I was not able to obtain the least information, while I have been able to lay down its lower course with great approximative certainty. Yet, although the elevation of the country is in general the same, the nature of the different districts varies greatly: thus in Chamba, apparently on account of the neighbourhood of Mount Alantika, which attracts the clouds, the rainy season is said to set in as early as January, so that by the end of April or beginning of May the first crop is ripe, while in Yola, and in the country in general, the rains rarely begin before March.

The grain most commonly grown in the country is *Holcus Sorghum*; but in this respect also there is a great difference between the districts. Thus, the country of the Mbum round Ngaundere scarcely produces anything but rogo or yams, which form the daily and almost sole food of the inhabitants. Meat is so dear there that a goat will often fetch the price of a female slave. Ground-nuts are plentiful both in the eastern and the western districts. A tolerable quantity of cotton, called "pottolo" in Adamawa, is cultivated; but indigo or "chachari" is very rare, and is hardly cultivated anywhere but in Sarawu and Marawa; and this is very natural, as the Fulbe do not value coloured shirts.

With regard to exuberance of vegetation, Tibati seems to be one of the richest places; there both kinds of the banana or ayabaje, the gonda, or papaya, "dukujé," several species of the guro tree, the monkey-bread tree, the "rimi," and numerous other kinds are found. Of the palm tribe, the deleb-palm, or gignina, is frequent, but strictly limited to certain localities, while the date-tree (called by the Fulbe of Adamawa by the beautiful name "tannedarje") is very rare, and, except a few specimens in Yola and Bundang, scarcely to be met with. Among the bushes, the palma Christi is extremely common. Altogether, the predominant tree in the southern provinces of Adamawa seems to be the banana. There are hot springs in the country of the Bakr Yemyem, about three days south from Koncha, which are said to issue from the west foot of a mountain stretching from east to west, and to have a very high temperature; the water is reported to be palatable.

Of animals, the elephant is exceedingly frequent, not only the black or gray, but also a yellow species. The rhinoceros is often met with, but only in the eastern part of the country. East from the Benuwe the wild bull is very common. The most singular animal seems to be the ayu, which lives in the river, and in some respects resembles the seal; it comes out of the river in the night, and feeds on the fresh grass growing on its banks.

With regard to domestic animals, cattle were evidently introduced by the Fulbe some two or three hundred years ago. There is an indigenous variety of ox, but quite a distinct species, not three feet high, and of dark gray colour; this is called *maturu*. The native horse is small and feeble; the best horses are brought from the northern districts, chiefly from Uba.

On Barth's return to Kuka, so much fame had he obtained from the success of his adventurous journey, that, as he approached the southern gate of the town, three horsemen who were stationed there came galloping up to him, and having saluted him with their spears raised, placed themselves in front, and led him in

stately procession through the town to his house, where he was also soon regaled with a plentiful supper sent by the vizier. A few days afterwards he was also joined by Mr. Overweg, who had been exploring Lake Tsad in a boat.

## X.

EXCURSION TO KANEM—THOFS OF ELEPHANTS—LARGE SNAKE—THE WELAD SLIMAN—FATE OF A FEMALE SLAVE—HIR EL FTAIM—KANEMMA CHIEF—RETURN TO KUKA.

AMONG the many interesting excursions which Barth made from Kuka as a centre, was one on his return from Adamawa, to Kanem, a previously unexplored region, east of Lake Tsad. The great river of Bornu, the Waube, was crossed at the town of Yo, which is described as consisting of closely packed streets, extremely hot, and exhaling such an offensive smell of dried fish, that it appeared a very disagreeable and intolerable abode. Our traveller's way thence lay along the north-western limits of Lake Tsad, the country at first barren, with some talha-trees, and cultivation only around the villages. Nearer to the lake, the capparisi sodata grew in abundance, testifying to the saline nature of the soil, although the waters of the lake are fresh. The swampy borders of the lake at its north-eastern extremity, clad with luxuriant reed grass, are succeeded further inland by sand-hills with thick underwood. This region abounded in elephants, and one morning, Barth relates, about seven o'clock, we had the good fortune to enjoy one of the most interesting scenes which these regions can possibly afford. Far to our right was a whole herd of elephants, arranged in regular array, like an army of rational beings, slowly proceeding to the water. In front appeared the males, as was evident from their size, in regular order; at a little distance followed the young ones; in a third line were the females; and the whole were brought up by five males of immense size. The latter (though we were at some distance, and proceeding quietly along) took notice of us, and some were seen throwing dust into the air; but we did not disturb them. There were altogether ninety-six. There were also many native lakes, and salt is largely manufactured by the natives from the ashes of the Capparisi.

On the 29th of September, Barth relates, we started early; the character of the country continued the same as yesterday, and presented beautiful specimens of the mimosa, here breaking down from age, at another place interwoven with creepers, one species of which produces the red juicy fruit called "ito" by the Kanuri, and has been mentioned by me before. It was nearly eight o'clock when, proceeding in groups, two of our horsemen, on passing near a very large and thick gherret, suddenly halted, and with loud cries hastened back to us. We approached the spot, and saw a very large snake hanging in a threatening attitude from the branches of the tree: on seeing us it tried to hide itself; but after firing several balls, it fell down, and we cut off its head. It measured eighteen feet seven inches in length, and at the thickest part five inches in diameter, and was of a beautifully variegated colour. Two natives, who had attached themselves to our troop the day before, and it open and took out the fat, which they said was excellent.

A tract of country was passed on this occasion at the northern extremity of the lake, which at that time furnished good pasture-lands covered with herds of

cattle, and which was deeply under water on the return early in November. From Beri, a large village on the borders of the lake, the road took an inland direction to the east and south-east, the country presenting a pleasant variety of sandy hills and pastoral lands, intersected by thickly wooded hollows and deep and romantic dales with most luxuriant vegetation. This fine country is tenanted by the Wolad Silman and Arab tribe, who, in consequence of their restless habits, having been driven from their original dwelling-places in the Syrtis, after a great variety of events, have at length established themselves in this border region between the Desert and the fertile regions of Negroland. Two characteristic incidents occurred whilst among these Arabs.

The sun having set, I lay down outside my tent to enjoy the coolness and tranquillity of the evening after a hot and troublesome day. All seemed calm and tranquil, when suddenly a terrible screaming and crying arose from the women in the west part of the encampment. We hurried to our arms, thinking that an enemy had entered the place. The cry "Ala e' dhahar! ala e' dhahar!" ("Mount! mount!")—properly speaking, "In the saddle!"—"in the saddle!"—sounded from all sides, and the horsemen hurried past us; but it was only a small party of freebooters, who, in the twilight of the evening, had made an attack upon the camels, and after having put to flight two or three men and killed a horseman, had driven off a part of the herd. Our friends pursued the robbers at full speed, and soon overtook them, when they retreated into the thicket, and gave up their booty.

In this way we had a specimen of the character of our present expedition the very first day we had joined this little horde; and the lamentations of the females, on account of the man who had been slain, sounded wofully through the night, and brought before our minds the fate which, in a short time, might befall ourselves.

Again, two days afterwards, very early in the morning, when all was quiet, I was aroused from my sleep by the mournful song of an Arab, who, between the different stanzas of his dirge, seemed to give vent to his tears. The impression made by this song, which was full of deep feeling, among such a horde of lawless people, where generally only the meanest side of a man was exhibited, was charming; but as the singer was at some distance from my tent I could not distinctly make out what was the cause of his grief, neither was I able to learn it afterwards: the thoughts of the Arabs were taken up by another affair. The most handsome among the female slaves who composed part of the spoil that was to be taken to the vizier by his officer Haj Abbas, had made her escape during the night; they were eagerly searching from dawn of day, but could not find her. At length they discovered her necklace and clothes, and the remains of her bones,—evident proof that she had fallen a prey to the wild beasts. She belonged to the Yedina or Budduma, and was represented as having been possessed of considerable charms; and it was supposed that her loss would affect the vizier greatly, who, as I have before observed, was rather fond of an ethnological variety of female beauty. There was a great deal of unpleasant conversation about this affair, the girl not yet having been delivered up to Haj Abbas when she made her escape.

The country through which the way led hence, Barth says, was entirely of the same character as that which I have already described, a sandy level adorned with

trees of moderate size, almost all of the genus *Mimosa*, and in favourable seasons well adapted for the cultivation of Indian corn—now and then broken by deep hollows of larger or smaller extent, generally with a sufficient supply of water to produce fine plantations or corn-fields, and overgrown with more luxuriant vegetation. We crossed a fine vale of this description about eight miles from our starting-point, and chose our camping-ground on the higher level commanding the "Bir el Ftaim." The hollow, however, which contains this well is rather of a peculiar kind; for, unlike the other basins, which afford sufficient space for cultivation, it is extremely narrow, while the encompassing slopes, at least that on the north side, rise to a greater altitude than the general level of the country.

On this commanding point there was a village of the Fugabu Kobber; and Overweg and I, before we went to our encampment, which was chosen on the southern slope, paid these people a visit, dismounting under a tree at some distance from their light huts, and were well received. They brought us immediately a dish made of the meal of Indian corn and sour milk, and sat down cheerfully, questioning us as to the difference between their country and ours, and asking, with regard to the politics of England, whether we were the friends or enemies of Dar-Fur and Waday (which countries, together with Bornu, comprised their political horizon), and expressed great astonishment at our instruments. They brought us a lion's skin, and soon after another very palatable dish of *deshishe* made of wheat, with very good butter, which had nothing of that nasty taste peculiar to the butter of Bornu and the surrounding countries: the dish was seasoned with dates.

It would have been far more instructive and agreeable to us to be in the constant company and under the protection of these people, the natives of the country, who would have made us acquainted with its characteristic features so much better than that band of lawless robbers who took no real interest in it, except as regarded the booty which it afforded them. But they had neither power nor authority; and we were satisfied that where the Arabs were not able to conduct us, these people never could. Notwithstanding their alliance with the Arabs, they are treated with contempt by the latter, and the Arabs never omit to add a sneer when they speak of the "damned" ("am bu") Kerada; for so they call the Fugabu. Of course the intercourse of these two different people can neither be sincere nor intimate, and the natives were only waiting for their day of revenge. (For sketch of Bir el Ftaim, see p. 97).

The predatory Arabs, with whom Barth and Overweg were obliged to associate themselves, rendered the latter part of this excursion exceedingly unpleasant. Having got into the district of the Woghda, they commenced a series of *razzias*, which were retaliated by the intrepid and warlike natives to the final loss of much valuable property on the part of our travellers, and a final necessity for retracing their steps rather more hastily than they had made their advance. The illustration (page 117) presents a spirited sketch of a native Kanemba or Kanumbu chief, accompanied by his warriors, the existing representatives of the once mighty and populous kingdom of Kanem, now reduced to the desolate abode of the scanty remnants of the former native population, preyed upon every day by roving and lawless tribes from different quarters.

## XI.

**ARMED EXPEDITION TO MANDARA—A BORNU MINISTER OF POLICE—SUBMISSION OF MANDARA—ADVANCE TO MUSGU—THE ARMY ON ITS MARCH—PILLAGE OF MUSGU VILLAGES—BARBAROUS TREATMENT OF PRISONERS—A MUSGU CHIEF—LAKE AND VILLAGE OF DEMSIO—GREAT RIVER SERBUEWUE—GREAT SYSTEM OF INTERNAL NAVIGATION—RAZIA OF BARBA—AN ARMY PUT TO FLIGHT BY BEE.**

Our travellers reached Kuka in safety on the 14th of November, 1881, and ten days afterwards Barth left the metropolis of Bornu to join a new and this time a warlike expedition. The coffers and slave-rooms of the great men being empty, a rrazia was got up to obtain new supplies. Early on the morning of the 26th the signal for the decampment of the army was given in front of the tent of the Sheikh, by the sound of the great drum; and in broad battle array ("bata") the army with its host of cavalry moved onwards over the plain, which was covered with tall reeds, and showed only here and there a few signs of cultivation.

This time, says Barth, I still remained with the camels and the train oxen, which, mixed with pedestrians and some single horsemen in long unbounded lines, kept along the road, while single troops of Kanembu spearmen, in their light fanciful garments, mostly consisting of a small apron of reeds, or a hide tied round the loins, and armed with their light wooden shields, passed the luggage-train, shouting out in their wild native manner. Thus, after a march of about eleven miles, we reached the cotton-fields of Yedi, a town of considerable magnitude, surrounded by a clay wall in a state of good repair.

The Ngauate or army advanced on the 28th as far as the town of Marte. This was the beginning of the so called "firki" ground, bleak, boggy soil, and expansive plains devoid of any sort of vegetation except some mimosa, and which comprises so large a space in the southern regions of Bornu. The marches of so large an army and no end of camp-followers were necessarily brief. The next day they encamped on the west side of a large town called Ala, and on the following day at the still larger town of Dikowa. Here Barth and Overweg had a long discussion with the vizier upon the impropriety as well as false policy of these slave-hunts, which it is to be hoped may in due time bear fruit. Europeans are not, however, without responsibility in the matter, for Barth declares that had it not been for the cupidity of the natives in purchasing fire-arms, the slave-trade would never have reached those gigantic proportions which it has attained.

Dakowa is a large walled city, watered by a fine river called the Yalowe, and the cotton plantations are very extensive, but much neglected. After a protracted stay at this place the army moved on to another walled town, called Zogoma.

I had hardly pitched my tent, Barth relates, when that cruel minister of police, Lamino, a man whose character my friend Haj Edris used significantly to describe in the few words, "kargo dibbi, kindi dibbi" (bad in heart, and bad in deed), brought into my presence a famous cut-throat of the name of Barka-ngolo, whose neck was secured in a large machine called "bego," consisting of two pieces of wood from four to five feet in length, and very heavy, so that every movement was accompanied with the greatest pain. Nevertheless my mischievous friend persuaded himself that it would gratify me to see this miserable wretch fight with another culprit secured in the same

manner, by giving to each of them a long whip of hippopotamus-hide, and forcing them by threats to slog each other. It was a horrible sight; and I had great difficulty in convincing my cruel friend that such a scene was far from being agreeable to me. In order to get rid of him, I presented him with a quantity of cloves to give to his beloved Aisha, of whose culinary powers we had already had several proofs. He was greatly pleased with my present; and with an amorous smile he described to me how deeply he was in love with his darling, saying that he loved her, and she loved him also: "and," added he in a very sentimental way, "such a mutual love is the greatest bliss on earth."

Beyond Dikowa and Zogoma, situated with other towns in the fertile valley of the Alawo river, is the forest-district of Maza, next a region of greater capabilities, inhabited by the Shuwa Arabs, and finally the district of Woloje, a fine and fertile region, inhabited by Kanuri and Bence, the latter a Shuwa tribe. This is the last territory belonging to Bornu, to the south of this direction, and it is succeeded by Logone to the east, a region watered by the great river Shari Logone, Serbewuel or Arre, a tributary to Lake Tsad, and it is separated by a great wilderness, called Fili Obaja by the Fulbe, chiefly occupied by dense forests, with large herds of elephants and giraffes, with occasional tracts of pasture-grounds, visited by wandering Fulbe, with their cattle and pools, with rice growing wild, and an otherwise luxuriant vegetation, from the territory of the Musgu, situated upon the upper River Serbewuel and its tributaries. Musgu itself, it may be also remarked, is divided into three districts, Kade to the north, with its swamps and hamlets; Barea, a fine country, well inhabited with dykes for catching fish in the middle; and to the south, Wuliya, an exceedingly fertile and densely inhabited region, with forests and swamps that become vast lakes in the rainy season.

Whilst the army was at Diggers, the petty chief of Mandara, a region first made known by Major Denham, sent in his submission; whereupon the Sheikh retraced his steps, with a small part of the army, leaving the vizier to undertake an expedition into the Musgu country above described, accompanied by our travellers, who had thus an opportunity, although not a very agreeable one, of becoming acquainted with regions previously untrod by European feet.

Seeing that we were now, says Barth, entirely in the hands of the vizier, my companion and I used to present ourselves at his tent every morning, and to ride for some time near him. I, however, soon found it pleasanter to keep more in the rear of the army, a little in advance of his female slaves; and in the narrow paths in the midst of the forest, where the crowding became very disagreeable, I used to keep behind his led-horses. Of female slaves on horseback and led-horses, the vizier had with him the moderate number of eight of each kind, while the sheikh had twelve; but this appeared to me a small number when I afterwards saw the king of Bagirmi returning from the expedition with a string of forty-five mounted female partners. These black damsels were all clothed in white woollen burnuses, with their faces completely veiled, and were closely watched.

It was an exalted feeling of unrestrained liberty which animated me while, mounted on my noble charger, I rode silently along at the side of this motley

host, contemplating now the fine, beautiful country, now the rich scenes of human life, which were illumined by a bright morning sun. As yet no blood had been shed by this army, and neither misery, devastation, nor the horrors of people torn from their homes, cried out against it. Every one seemed to think only of sport and amusement. Now and then a stir would be raised in the whole army, when a galleie started forth from the thicket, endeavouring to escape from her pursuers, but soon found herself hemmed in on every side, while Shuwa horsemen and Kanembu spearmen, each endeavouring to possess himself of the prize, cried out to his rivals in the pursuit, "Kolle, kolle!" "Leave off, leave off!" as if the prey was already his own, while others animated their companions by shouting out, "Gone, gone!" "Chase, chase!" the sounds re-echoing from one troop to another; or when a fat guinea-fowl, "kaji," or a partridge, "kwiye," roused from its secure covert, took to its wings, but, trying to fly over those widely-scattered troops of hostile men, and frightened by their cries, was soon obliged to look for a moment's respite; and, after a vain struggle, fell a prey to its pursuers, who often, while they laid hold of it, tore it actually into pieces.

At length, on Tuesday the 23rd of December, the expeditionary force entered the Musgu country, upon which occasion they were joined by Adiahen, the Musgu chief, with a troop of naked horsemen, mounted on a breed of small, unseemly, but strong, ponies, without saddles or bridles, altogether, says Barth, presenting a most barbarous and savage spectacle. It was certainly a most primitive one. (See p. 112.) The proceedings of the motley and armed host now assumed a totally different aspect: pillage, plunder, slave kidnapping, devastation, and murder became the order of the day. This even in the villages belonging to Adiahen, who enjoyed the friendship and protection of the rulers of Bornu. Arrived at Gabari, the northernmost part of the Musgu villages, all the people of the army, Barth says, were busy in threshing the grain which they had just gathered at the expense of their friends, and loading their horses with it. Even the fine nutritive grass from the borders of the swamp, which, woven into long festoons, the natives had stored up in the trees as a provision against the dry season, was carried off, and, notwithstanding the express order to the contrary, many a goat, fowl, and even articles of furniture which had been left behind by the natives, fell a prey to the greedy host.

The spectacle of this pillage was the most saddening, as the village not only presented an appearance of comfort, but exhibited, in a certain degree, the industry of its inhabitants. In general each court-yard contained a group of from three to six huts, according to the number of wives of the owner. The walls of the dwellings, without a single exception, were built of clay, which in the court-yards of the richer people even formed the building-material of the fences. The roofs of the cottages were thatched with great care, and at least as well as in any house or village in Bornu, and far superior to the thatching of the Shuwa. The roofs even exhibited traces of various styles, and perhaps a certain gradation in the scale of society. Almost every court-yard inclosed a shed, besides the huts, and one granary, built of clay, and from twelve to 15 feet high, with an arched roof, likewise of clay, there being an opening at the top, which was protected by a small cover of thatching. The way in which the

natives had stored up their supply of hay for the dry season was very remarkable, the rank grass being woven into festoons of about fifteen feet in length, and hung up in the korna-trees which adorned the fields.

A sketch, illustrative of the interior of a Musgu dwelling, is given at p. 113. Further on, and passing Bares, consisting of scattered huts, they reached another large Musgu village, the character of which is thus described. The architecture of the huts, and the whole arrangement of the yards, was very similar to that of the village we had first seen on entering the country. But the tops of the granaries in general were here provided with a sort of "fennel," covered in by a roof of straw. Broad well-trodden paths, lined by thick fences of a peculiar bush, called "magara" in Kanuri, which I have mentioned in another locality, were winding along through the fields in every direction. But there was one object which attracted my attention in particular, as it testified to a certain degree of civilisation, which might have shamed the proud Muhammadan inhabitants of these countries. For while the latter are extremely negligent in burying their dead, leaving them without any sufficient protection against the wild beasts so that most of them are devoured in a few days by the hyenas, here we had regular sepulchres, covered in with large well-rounded vaults, the tops of which were adorned by a couple of beams cross-laid, or by an earthen urn. The same sort of worship as paid by these pagans to their ancestors prevails in a great part of Africa, and however greatly the peculiar customs attached to the mode of worship may vary, the principle is the same; but I nowhere more regretted having no one at hand to explain to me the customs of these people, than I did on this occasion. The urn most probably contains the head of the deceased; but what is indicated by the cross-laid beams I cannot say.

I was so absorbed in contemplating this interesting scene, that I entirely forgot my own personal safety; for the vizier, without my becoming aware of it, had pursued the track on his powerful charger at an uncommonly quick rate, and was far in advance. Looking around me, I found only a small number of Shuwa horsemen near me, and keeping close to them pursued the path; but when we emerged from the thick forest, and entered another well-cultivated and thickly-peopled district, every trace of a trodden footpath ceased, and I became aware that I was entirely out off from the main body of the army. A scene of wild disorder here presented itself. Single horsemen were roving about to and fro between the fences of the villages; here a poor native, pursued by sanguinary foes, running for his life in wild despair; there another dragged from his place of refuge; while a third was observed in the thick covert of a fig, and soon become a mark for numerous arrows and balls. A small troop of Shuwa horsemen were collected under the shade of a tree, trying to keep together a drove of cattle which they had taken. In vain did I address Shuwa and Kanuri, anxiously inquiring what direction the commander-in-chief had taken; nobody was able to give me any information with regard to his whereabouts. I therefore scoured the village in all directions, to see if I could find by myself the track of the army, but the traces ran in every direction.

It is to be observed that in the view given of this place, it has been thought fit not to represent the moment of destruction, but a preceding one of the



quiet life of the natives, the approaching misfortune being only indicated by the column of smoke in the back-ground.

At Kakala, one of the most considerable places in the Musgu country, Barth relates as follows. A large number of slaves had been caught this day; and in the course of the evening, after some skirmishing, in which three Bornu horsemen were killed, a great many more were brought in: altogether they were said to have taken one thousand, and there were certainly not less than five hundred. To our utmost horror, not less than one hundred and seventy full-grown men were mercilessly slaughtered in cold blood, the greater part of them being allowed to bleed to

death, a leg having been severed from the body. Most of them were tall men, with not very pleasing features.

Adiabén, the Musgu chief, had, in order not to be recognised during these savage proceedings as an ally of the enemies, shaved his head, in order to give to himself the appearance of a Moslim, and wore a tobe; but of his companions, only one had adopted this foreign garment, all the others having their loins girt with a leather apron. In order to keep themselves on horseback, they have recourse to a most barbarous expedient. They make a broad open wound on the back of their small sturdy ponies, in order to keep their seat; and when they want to ride at full speed, they often scratch or cut their legs in order to



MUSGU CHIEF.

glue themselves to the horse's flanks by means of the blood which oozes from the wounds: for as I have stated above, they have neither saddle, stirrups, nor bridle, and they use nothing but a simple rope to guide their animals. They generally carry only one spear, but several "goliyo's" or hand-bills, the latter being evidently the best weapon, not even in close fight, but even at a distance, as they are very expert in throwing this sharp and double-pointed iron sideways, and frequently inflict severe wounds on the legs of horses as well as of men. Some of their chiefs protect their persons with a strong doublet made of buffalo's hide, with the hair inside. A Musgu chief, dressed in this last-described fashion, is represented above.

At length, on the 30th of December, the expedition came to its farthest southerly march. The Dawa and the Taburi tribes, who dwelt beyond, were spared for discretionary reasons. This was at a place called Demmo, where was a large watercourse more than two miles in width. Greatly interested in the scene, we closely approached the edge of the water, which seemed to be of considerable depth, although a number of hungry Kanembu had passed the first open sheet, and were fishing in its more shallow part, which divided the open water into two branches. From beyond the opposite shore a whole forest of deleb-palms were towering over the other vegetation of lower growth, as if enticing us to come and enjoy their picturesque shade. The direction



of the watercourse at this spot was from S.W. to N.E.; and according to the unanimous statement of those who had any knowledge of these regions, it joins the Serbewuel, that is to say the upper course of the river or "ero" of Logon.

Here we stood awhile, and looked with longing eyes towards the opposite shore; it was a most interesting and peculiar scenery, highly characteristic of these level equatorial regions of Africa. What an erroneous idea had been entertained of these regions in former times! Instead of the massive mountain range of the moon, we had discovered only a few isolated mounts; instead of a dry desolate plateau, we had found wide and extremely fertile plains, less than one thousand feet above the level of the sea, and intersected by innumerable broad watercourses with scarcely any inclination. Only towards the south-east, at the distance of about sixteen miles, the low rocky mount of

the Tuburi was seen. But not less interesting than the scenery of the landscape was the aspect of the host of our companions, who were here crowded together at the border of the water. Only very few of them had penetrated as far before; and they looked with curiosity and astonishment upon this landscape, while most of them were rather disappointed that the water prevented them from pursuing the poor pagans, the full-grown amongst whom, with few exceptions, had just had time to escape. But a considerable number of female slaves and young children were captured; for the men did not take to flight till they became aware, from the thick clouds of dust which were raised by the army, that it was not one of the small expeditions which they were accustomed to resist, that was coming to attack them. Beside the spoil in human beings, a considerable number of colts and cattle were brought in.



INTERIOR OF MUSGU DWELLING.

The great river of Logon, called in its upper part Serbewuel, was also visited from this place, and is thus described by Barth. After a short time we stood on the banks of the stream. It was a considerable river even at the present moment, although it was greatly below its highest level, and probably represented the mean depth of the whole year. At present it was about four hundred yards wide, and so deep that six Shuwa horsemen, who, in their eager desire for spoil, had ventured to enter it, were carried away by the stream, and fell an easy prey to about a dozen courageous pagans, who, in a couple of canoes, were gliding up and down the river to see what they could lay their hands upon. They felt that we were unable to follow them without arms, although for any active body of men it would have been an easy affair to construct a few rafts for crossing over, there being a plentiful supply of timber.

The banks of the river on this side were at present about twenty-five feet high. The opposite shore was

not so steep, and from its rich vegetation had a very inviting appearance; but I was glad, for the sake of the poor natives, that we were unable to reach it, and I think even our friend the Haj Beshir looked at this interesting landscape rather with a degree of scientific interest than with anger and disappointment. Unfortunately, on this occasion I had not taken my telescope with me, but I was so fortunate as still to get a sight of this river a little lower down.

Having stood here for a few minutes on the steep bank, looking down into the stream, which rolled unceasingly along, cutting off our further progress, we turned our horses' heads in the direction from which we had come, while our friends endeavoured to soothe their disappointment by saying that if the pagans had escaped from their hands, they would certainly not fail to fall into the power of their enemies, viz. the pagans who lived on the other side of the river under the protection of Bagirmi.

Speaking of this river, Barth says—Of course, in a

country politically rent into so many petty principalities, where every little community, as in ancient times in Latium and Greece, forms a separate little state in opposition to its neighbours, no considerable intercourse is possible, and those natural high roads with which nature has provided these countries, and the immense field therefore which is open in these regions to human industry and activity, must remain unproductive under such circumstances; but it will be turned to account as soon as the restless spirit of the European shall bring these countries within the sphere of his activity. This period must sooner or later come. Indeed, I am persuaded that in much less than fifty years European boats will keep up a regular annual intercourse between the great basin of the Taad and the Bay of Biyafra.

An almost uninterrupted communication has been opened by nature herself; for, from the mouth of the Kwara to the confluence of the River Benuwe with the mayo Kebbi, there is a natural passage navigable without further obstruction for boats of about four feet in depth, and the mayo Kebbi itself, in its present shallow state, seems to be navigable for canoes, or flat-bottomed boats like those of the natives, which I have no doubt may, during the highest state of the inundation, go as far as Dawa in the Tuburi country, where Dr. Vogel was struck by that large sheet of water which to him seemed to be an independent central lake, but which is in reality nothing but a widening of the upper part of the mayo Kebbi.

It is very probable that from this place there may be some other shallow watercourse, proceeding to join the large ngaljom of Demmo, so that there would exist a real bifurcation between the basin of the Niger and that of the Taad. But even if this should not be the case, the breadth of the water-parting between these two basins at the utmost cannot exceed twenty miles, consisting of an entirely level flat, and probably of alluvial soil, while the granitic region attached to that isolated rocky mountain which I have mentioned above may, most probably, be turned without difficulty. The level of the Taad and that of the River Benuwe near Gewe, where it is joined by the mayo Kebbi, seem to be almost identical; at least, according to all appearance, the Benuwe at the place mentioned is not more than 850 or 900 feet above the level of the sea. All this bounty of nature will, I trust, one day be turned to account, though many changes must take place in this country before a regular and peaceful intercourse can be established. The very scenes which I witnessed are an unmistakable proof of the misery into which these regions are plunged.

This great slave expedition took its way back to Bornu by very short marches, and by a different but parallel route so as to have the plunder of new villages. The whole district, Barth relates, in which we had been roving about since the 30th December, belongs to Wuliya, which is decidedly one of the most fertile and best irrigated regions in the world.

A desolate border-district, consisting at times of green swampy ground uprooted by the footprints of the elephant, and on this account affording a very difficult passage for cavalry, at others of dense forest, the one following the other in rapid succession, separated Wuliya from another principality of the name of Bares, and inhabited by a tribe of the Musgu of the name of Abare. It was characteristic of the little peaceful intercourse which exists among these various petty tribes, that the Abare did not seem to have had the slightest information of the approach of the expedition, till we suddenly came upon them through the dense forest, so that they had scarcely time to escape with their families from the village, and endeavour to hide themselves in the dense covert of the forest towards the east. They were pursued and overpowered, after a short resistance, by the continually increasing numbers of the enemy; and the booty of that day, chiefly in cattle, was rather considerable. Slaves were also brought in in considerable numbers, principally young boys and girls. The distance of the field of battle spared us the sight of the slaughter of the full-grown men.

This sad incident is made the subject of illustration at page 120. As a relief to it, one of a rather ludicrous character happened to the slavers at a village which lay straggling over a wide extent of ground, in separate groups of cottages, which were surrounded by stubble-fields, shaded by karage-trees of great richness and exuberance.

Of course, everyone was desirous of having his tent pitched in the shade of one of these beautiful trees, when suddenly the intruders were attacked by swarms of large bees, which, settling behind their ears, tormented them to the utmost, as if they wanted to take revenge for the mischief that had been done to their masters, and to defend their favourite resting-places against these cruel intruders. It is well known that swarms of bees had almost caused the destruction of Mungo Park's, as well as Major Gray's expedition; but here a whole army was running away from these little creatures. Even those who had encamped at a greater distance were only able to protect themselves by the large volumes of smoke which issued from the fires they had lighted. Before this, we had not observed the rearing of bees in this country; but here the larger trees were full of bee-hives, made of large-sized blocks. Even flocks of turtle-doves were not wanting in this fertile region, so rich in water and vegetation.

This melancholy expedition ended with the capture of some 3000 slaves and 16,000 head of cattle, and the only real relief to its horrible details are, that the account of it gives some insight into the habits and manners of Negroland, and that it opens to our acquaintance a richly watered zone of the equatorial regions, which had been supposed to form an insurmountable barrier of a high mountain chain, and industrious but persecuted tribes whose character had been represented as almost approaching that of wild beasts.

EXCURSION TO BAGIRMI—FROM KUKA TO THE NIGER—ACROSS COUNTRY TO TIMBUKTU, AND DOWN THE RIVER BACK—ONCE MORE ACROSS TO KUKA AND RETURN BY MURZUK.

XII.

EXCURSION TO BAGIRMI—PROVINCE OF KOTOKO—LITTLE KINGDOM OF LOGON—RIVERS LOGON AND SHARI—DIFFICULTIES OF ENTERING INTO BAGIRMI—NOXIOUS INSECTS—TRAVELLER PUT IN IRONS—ARRIVE AT MAS-ENA—DESCRIPTION OF THE CAPITAL—LADY PATIENTS—PUBLIC ENTRANCE OF THE SULTAN—RETURN TO KUKA—DEATH OF MR. OVERWEG.

THE slave expedition against the Musgu returned to Kuka on the 1st of February, 1853, and, on the 4th of March, Barth started on a little less interesting and adventurous excursion to Bagirmi, a previously undescribed region, south-east of Lake Tsad. Overweg remained behind on this occasion, in order to explore the lake, and was destined to succumb to the fatal malarial fever, in the course of a few months, at Maduwari. The traveller's route lay at first along the western side of the lake, by the previously described towns of Ngouma and Yedi, and thence by its southern shores through a thickly populated country, in part cultivated and in part covered with dense forests, the abode more particularly of the wild boar and guinea-fowl, is the province of Kotoko. This province, or little kingdom, is described as being in itself a group of distinct principalities, the independent character of which is clearly shown by the great diversity of its dialects, which vary with every large town, of which eight are enumerated by name. The first of these, on the way from the West Ngala, presented a very peculiar character, all the ancient quarter of the town consisting of clay houses, built on an imposing and elevated terrace. The palace of the governor was indeed something stupendous for these regions, having, with its immense substructure and its large towering walls, the appearance of a large citadel. Ren, the next town in succession, was formerly a considerable place, but is now almost deserted, and the wall has fallen to ruins; the aspect of the place is, however, very picturesque, beautiful and wide-spreading fig-trees shading the ruins of high well-built clay houses. Afade, the chief town of the province, was, however, better off, being one heap of rubbish, from which only here and there a building in tolerable repair started forth; and the greatest ornament of the place being a most magnificent fig-tree. I scarcely ever, says Barth, remember to have seen such a noble and luxuriant specimen of this family of the vegetable kingdom. Spreading its vast impenetrable canopy of the freshest and most beautiful green over a great part of the square in front of the lofty ruins of the governor's palace, it formed the chief lounging-place for the idle loiterers in this once industrious and wealthy town. A large proportion of the population of the province of Afade consists of Shuwa Arabs. All these towns were very inconvenient to travellers, their gates not being large enough for loaded camels to pass through.

The province of Kotoko was succeeded by that of Logon or Logone, previously noticed in the expedition to Musgu, and the first town belonging to this territory—Kala—was in a state of decay. The boys were in a

state of entire nudity, a thing hardly ever seen in Bornu, but the dwellings, instead of being round conical huts, were spacious oblong houses of clay of considerable elevation. This town stood in a beautiful grove of fig-trees, and were ever towered by some remarkably lofty fan-palms. The next town, Ulluf, was similarly circumstanced, but the caravan did not enter, it being ill-famed for the witchcraft and sorcery of the inhabitants.

On the 13th of March, our traveller reached Logon Birni, the capital of the province situated on the banks of the river of same name, a tributary to Lake Tsad. The interior of the town, where we entered it, had not a very animated appearance. The cottages, belonging evidently to the poorer classes of people, are in a wretched condition; and the only animation which the scenery presented was due to a group of dum-palms, towering over this poor quarter from the north side. The character of the place improved, however, as we advanced; the streets were tolerably large, and I was struck with the appearance of the principal street, or dendal, which is formed by the palace of the sultan or miyara, towards the south, and the house of the Keg-hamma or Ibalaghwan, towards the north.

The entrance to the palace of the sultan—the "raana miyara" in the keleku Logon or language of Logon—is towards the east, where there is an open square, shaded by a few trees; here I was obliged to wait a long time on horseback, while my quarters were getting ready, for etiquette did not allow me to dismount. The sun was very powerful, and my situation not exactly pleasant; but it afforded me some amusement to observe the flights of falcons and other birds, who were nesting in the top of a group of tall dum-palms which towered above the walls of the mosque opposite the palace.

The river here is about 350 to 400 yards wide, and is navigated by boats under the charge of a so-called water-king. But no traffic, except between the nearest places is kept up. It is to be observed that Major Denham previously got as far as this capital of a little kingdom, the very existence of which was denied by so eminent a man as M. Fresnel a few years ago. The sultan of Logon treated Barth with exceeding kindness and hospitality, so much so, indeed, as to have had a bad effect upon his future proceedings, for the people of Bagirmi were foolish enough to fancy, that if he should enter their own country in the absence of the ruler, he might create a party for himself.

When crossing the Logon, on the way to Bagirmi, Barth saw naked young lads splashing and playing about in the water, together with wild boars in the greatest harmony, and calves and goats were pasturing in the fields, with wild hogs in the midst of them. Passing the half-deserted town of Bata, our traveller relates, I had gone on a little in advance, when suddenly I beheld, through the branches of the trees, the splendid sheet of a large river, far larger than that of Logon. All was silence; and the pellucid surface of the water undisturbed by the slightest breeze; no

vestiges of human or animal life were to be seen, with the exception of two river-horses (called "niye" by the people of Logon), which, having been basking in the sun on the shore, plunged into the water at our approach. This, then, was the real Shari, that is to say the great river of the Kotoko (for Shari, as I have said before, means nothing else but river), which, augmented by the smaller but very considerable river of Logon, forms that large basin which gives to this part of Negroland its characteristic feature.

The boatmen at the ford of Asu refusing to take our traveller across, he was obliged to try another place, and only ultimately succeeded at one—Mele by name—where he was not expected. The river was at this point not less than 600 yards in width. After proceeding a short distance hence, he was brought back by the head man of Mele, who would not allow him to continue his journey, but permitted him to send a messenger to the capital to obtain the sanction of the sultan to his travelling in the empire of Bagirmi. On the 25th of March the messenger returned with orders from the lieutenant-governor that he should be removed to Bugoman, higher up the river, until the sultan's own feelings had been consulted on the matter. During this detention on the river, Barth observed that it not only abounded in fish and crocodiles, but was also frequented by the rhinoceros and a large river cow (the *ayu* of the Benue and Niger, *Manatus Vogelii*), and a species of which, noticed by Burckhardt in Nubia may possibly have been the behemoth, the Hebrew name of which is inconsistent with that of the river-horse or hippopotamus, which is always spoken of in the masculine gender.

Being sent back from Bugoman, no alternative remained to our traveller but to pursue his way into the interior, which he accomplished successfully as far as the village of Bakada, whence he once more sent off a messenger. In no country, says Barth, in the whole extent of Negroland which I have travelled over, have I seen such vast numbers of destructive worms, and such a predominance of ants, as in Bagirmi. There is especially a large black worm called "hallu-wendi," as long as the largest grub, but much bigger, which, swarming in millions, consumes an immense proportion of the produce of the natives. Bu-Bakr showed me also another far smaller, but not less voracious insect, which they call "kunjungudu," a beetle about half an inch long, and of a yellow colour; but the poor natives, like the inhabitants of other countries in the case of the locust, do not fail to take their revenge, for when the insect has grown fat and big at their expense, they devour it themselves—a habit which may be one of the numerous relics of their former pagan existence, it being still a general custom with the Sokoro to eat a large species of beetle called "derna."

With the white and black ants I myself waged repeatedly a relentless but unsuccessful war during my residence in the country. Already, the second day of my stay in Bakada, I observed that the white ant was threatening my couch, which I had spread upon a very coarse mat, made of the thickest reed, with total destruction. I therefore, for want of a better protection, contrived an expedient which I thought would guarantee my berth against the further attacks of those cruel intruders, placing my couch upon three very large poles; but I soon had cause to discover that those ferocious insects were not to be deterred by such means, for two days afterwards, I found that they had not

only built their entrenchments along the poles, and reached the top, but had eaten through both the coarse mats, finished a large piece of my Stambuli carpet, and destroyed several other articles. And during my further stay here I had the greatest trouble in preventing these insects from destroying all my things; for their voracity and destructive powers seem to increase towards the beginning of the rainy season, which was fast setting in. Add to this, there is a sort of worm, differing from the guinea-worm, which dwells in the little toe, and eats it gradually away, beginning at the joint, so that the limb has the appearance of being tied with a thread. This disease is so general hereabouts, that amongst ten people you will find at least one who has only four toes.

Wearied with waiting at this unpropitious spot, Barth made up his mind to attempt to retrace his steps, but no sooner had he arrived at Mele, than he was forcibly detained, put in irons, and deprived of his arms and luggage. A worthy man, Bu-Bakr Sadek, who had made the pilgrimage to Mekka, came to his relief, and in his humanity, and not only set him free, but promised that he should visit the capital without further delay. The worthy Haj kept his promise, and on the 27th of April our traveller, after all his trials and discouragements, reached its capital, Mas-ena. As we were proceeding onwards, he relates, we suddenly obtained a view over a green depression clad with the finest verdure, and interspersed with the ruins of clay houses. This, then, was Mas-ena, the capital. It presented the same ruined appearance as the rest of the country. The town was formerly much larger; and the wall had been carried back, but it was still far too large for the town, and in the utmost state of decay. Ruined by a most disastrous civil war, and trodden down by its neighbours, the country of Bagirmi seems to linger till it is destined either to rise again, or to fall a prey to the first invader.

However, I was not allowed to enter the holy precinct of this ruined capital without further annoyance; for, being obliged to send a message to the lieutenant-governor, announcing my arrival, I was made to wait more than an hour and a half outside the gate, although there was not the least shade. I was then allowed to make my humble entrance. Only a few human beings were to be seen; and open pasture-grounds extended to a considerable distance, principally on the right side towards the south. We then entered the inhabited quarter, and I was lodged in a clay house standing in an open court-yard, which was likewise fenced by a low clay wall. The house contained an airy front room well suited to my taste, and four small chambers at the back, which were certainly not very airy, but were useful for stowing away luggage and provisions.

The town of Mas-ena extends over a considerable area, the circumference of which measures about seven miles; but only about half of this area is inhabited, the principal quarter being formed in the midst of the town on the north and west sides of the palace of the sultan, while a few detached quarters and isolated yards lie straggling about as outposts. The most characteristic feature of the place consists in a deep trough-like depression or bottom, stretching out to a great length, and intersecting the town from east to west, in the same manner as the town of Kano is intersected by the Jakara; for this hollow of the capital of Bagirmi, after the rainy season, is filled with water, and on this account is called "beda" by the

natives, and "el bahr" by the Arabs, while during part of the dry season it is clothed with the richest verdure. It is remarkable that not only in this respect the town of Mas-ena resembles that of Kano, but, like the great market-place of Hausa, its surface is also broken by many other hollows, which contain the wells, and during the rainy season are changed into deep ponds, which, by accumulating all the refuse of the town, cause a great deal of insalubrity; but in general the soil, consisting of sand, dries very quickly after a fall of rain.

Dilapidated as was the appearance of the whole town, it had a rather varied aspect, as all the open grounds were enlivened with fresh pasture; but there

is no appearance of industry, and the whole has the character of a mere artificial residence of the people immediately connected with the court. The market-place is rather small, and not provided with a single stall, the people being obliged to protect themselves as well as they can, by forming a new temporary shed every market-day. The most interesting aspect is afforded by the beda, or bahr, which is bordered on the south-west side by a few picturesque groups of dum-palms and other trees and fine foliage, while at the western end, near the market-place, there is a large extent of kitchen-gardens, as well as near the south-eastern extremity. In consequence of the peculiar nature of the beda, the direct communication between



KANEMBU CHIEF.

the northern and southern quarters, which during the dry season is kept up by a good path, seems to be occasionally interrupted during the rains.

The construction of the houses in general is good, and the thatchwork of the roofs formed with great care, and even with neatness; but the clay is of rather a bad description for building, and the clay houses afford so little security during the rainy season, that most people prefer residing during that part of the year in the huts of reeds and straw: and I myself had sufficient opportunity of becoming acquainted with the frail character of these structures. There are, however, some pretty-looking houses on the road to Abugher.

The walls of the town, in most places, are in a state of great decay, so that the gates in reality have lost all importance, nevertheless there are still nine gates, or rather openings, in use. Most of them lie on the south side, while there is not a single gate towards the north, this quarter of the town being so deserted that it is even overgrown with dense underwood. All around the place, as well on the south side, where a large pond is formed in the rainy season, as on the other sides, there are villages inhabited by Shuwa or Shiwa (native Arabs), principally of the tribe of the Beni Hassan, who supply the town with milk and butter.

Our traveller's time was much occupied during his

stay here in administering medicines to the people, and not only did the women of the commonalty come to consult, but the princesses also, or the daughters of the absent king, who in this country too bear the title of "mairam" or "meram," called upon him occasionally, under the pretext of wanting some medicines. Amongst others, there came one day a buxom young maiden, of very graceful but rather coquettish demeanour, accompanied by an eldest sister, of graver manners and fuller proportions, and complained to me that she was suffering from a sore in her eyes, begging me to see what it was; but when, upon approaching her very gravely, and inspecting her eyes rather attentively without being able to discover the least defect, I told her that all was right, and that her eyes were sound and beautiful, she burst out into a roar of laughter, and repeated, in a coquettish and flippant manner, "Beautiful eyes, beautiful eyes. He says I have got beautiful eyes!"

At length, on the 3rd of July, the sultan returned to his capital, and his entrance forms the subject of the illustration, page 105. It was about nine o'clock in the morning when the army approached the south side of the town, displaying a great deal of gorgeous pomp and barbaric magnificence, although it was not very numerous, being reduced to the mere number of the inhabitants of the capital, the remainder having already dispersed in all directions, and returned to their respective homes. Thus there were not more than from 700 to 800 horsemen, or "mala-sinda;" but my friend the sherif Sliman (who, exasperated at the bad treatment of the lieutenant-governor, had left the capital to join the expedition, and who, as far as I had an opportunity of trying him, was not inclined to exaggerate) assured me that, even on their return, the army mustered at least two thousand horsemen.

At the head of the troop, as having supplied the place of his master during his absence, in his character of lieutenant-governor, rode the kadamange, surrounded by a troop of horsemen. Then followed the barma, behind whom was carried a long spear of peculiar make, which in the history of this country forms a very conspicuous object, being meant originally to represent an idol, which is said to have been transplanted from the parent state Kenga Mataya, and evidently bore a great resemblance to the "fete" of the Marghi and Musgu. Just in front of the sultan rode the facha, or commander-in-chief, who is the second person in the kingdom, similar to the keghamma in the old empire of Bornu, and who in former times possessed extraordinary power. The sultan himself wore a yellow bernus, and was mounted upon a gray charger, the excellence of which was scarcely to be distinguished, it being dressed in war-cloth, or libbedi, of various-coloured stripes, such as I have described on my expedition to Musgu. Even the head of the sultan himself was scarcely to be seen, not only on account of the horsemen riding in front and around him, but more particularly owing to two umbrellas, the one of green and the other of red colour, which a couple of slaves carried on each side of his majesty.

Six slaves, their right arm clad in iron, were fanning him with ostrich feathers attached to long poles; and round about him rode five chieftains, while on his right were seen the gheletma and other principal men of the country. This whole group round the prince formed

such a motley array, that it was impossible to distinguish all the particular features with accuracy; but, as far as I was able to make out from the description of the natives, there were about thirty individuals clad in bernuses, while the others wore nothing but black or blue-coloured shirts, and had their heads mostly uncovered. Close behind this group followed the war camel, upon which was mounted the drummer, "kod-ganga," who was exerting his skill upon two kettle-drums which were fastened on each side of the animal; and near him rode three musicians, two of whom carried a buki, "kaja," or small horn, and a third a jojo, or "zozo," a sort of double derabuka, or Indian tom-tom.

However grotesque the appearance of the royal cavalcade, that part of the procession which followed was more characteristic of the barbaric magnificence, and whole manner of living, of these African courts. It consisted of a long uniform train of forty-five favourite female slaves, or concubines, "habbabat," of the sultan, mounted on horseback, and dressed from top to toe in black native cloths, each having a slave on either side. The procession terminated in a train of eleven camels carrying the luggage. The number of the infantry or "malaja" was also limited, as most of them had returned to their respective homes. But, on the other hand, almost all the people of the town had come out to see the victorious army on their return.

This day, however, the sultan did not enter the capital, but, in conformity with the sacred custom of the kings of this country on their return from an expedition, was obliged to encamp among the ruins of the oldest quarter on the west side of the town; and it was not until Sunday the 4th day of July, about noon, that he made his solemn entry. This time, however, the "habbabat" did not form part of the procession, having entered the town somewhat early in the morning; but their absence was atoned for by the presence of a greater number of horsemen, and behind the drummer on camel's back followed an interesting war-like train, consisting of fifteen fiery chargers, all clad in "libbedi," or war-cloth, and better adapted, it would seem, to the serious game of Mars, than the train of lovely damsels.

On this occasion, the banga led in his triumphant procession seven pagan chiefs, amongst whom that of Gogomi was the most conspicuous person, and the greatest ornament of the triumph, being not less remarkable for his tall, stately figure than on account of his having been the ruler of a considerable pagan state, with a capital in an almost inaccessible position. He excited the interest of the savage and witty Bagirmi people, by submitting with a great deal of good humour to his fate, which was certainly not very enviable, as it is the custom in this country either to kill or to emasculate these princely prisoners, after having conducted them for some time through all the court-yards of the palace, while allowing the wives and female slaves of the sultan to indulge their capricious and wanton dispositions in all sorts of fun with them.

The Sultan bade our traveller welcome, repudiated the ill-treatment he had received at the hands of his people, and granted him an audience, he being all the time seated behind a screen. But still Barth's position in this country, where under the veil of Islamism a



greater amount of superstitious ideas prevail than in many of the Pagan countries, was far from being pleasant. He was at one moment looked upon as a spy, and at another as one possessed of gifts and charms that could rob even the Sultan himself of his life. He had also received despatches from Europe, and was anxious to return to Kuka on his way to the Niger; so after the delays inevitable at a court and government so constituted, he at length effected a start on the 10th of August, and after recrossing the Shari at Mele, at that time swollen to a thousand yards in width, and traversing those swamps of Logon and Kotoko which are no doubt the reason for the people dwelling in high houses and lofty terraces, he reached Kuka on the 20th of the same month. Mr. Overweg, who had in the meantime made a very interesting trip to the mountainous districts south-west of Bornu, looked more weak and exhausted than Barth says he had ever seen him.

Being fully aware of the unhealthiness of the climate during the month of September, we agreed by common consent to keep moving about as much as possible, and to take a ride every day to some distance. It was on this account that we arranged a visit to Dawerghu on Sunday the 20th; but, unfortunately, some business which we had to transact prevented our setting out at an early hour in the morning, and, my friend's head being that day rather affected, I proposed to him putting off our excursion till another day; but he thought that the fresh air might do him good. We therefore started in the heat of the day, although the sun was not very bright, while my companion did not neglect to protect his head as well as possible from the rays of the sun.

Having refreshed ourselves in the cool shade of a fine hajili, Mr. Overweg thought himself strong enough to go about shooting, and was so imprudent as to enter deep water in pursuit of some waterfowl, and to remain in his wet clothes all the day without saying a word; and I only became aware of this fact late in the evening, after we had returned to the town, when he dried his wet clothes at the fire.

Although he had been moving about the whole day, he was not able to enjoy our simple supper; but he did not complain. However, the next morning he felt so weak that he was unable to rise from his couch; and instead of taking a sudorific, which I most earnestly advised him to do, he was so obstinate as not to take any medicine at all, so that his illness increased with an alarming rapidity, and rather an alarming symptom appeared on the following day, when his speech became quite inarticulate and almost unintelligible. He then became aware himself of the dangerous state he was in. He informed me that in the town he should never recover, that it was absolutely necessary for him to get a change of air, and that he entertained the hope that, if I could take him to Maduwar, he might speedily regain his health in the house of our friend the kashella Fugo Ali.

It was a difficult task to take my sick companion to the desired place, which is distant from Kuka more than eight miles; and though he began his journey on Thursday morning, he was not able to reach it until the morning of Friday. Having made a present to our friend Fugo Ali, that he might be induced to take sufficient care of him, and having left the neces-

sary orders, I returned to the town in order to finish my despatches; but the same evening one of the servants whom I had left with Mr. Overweg, came and informed me that he was much worse, and that they were unable to understand a single word he said. I mounted immediately, and found my friend in a most distressing condition, lying outside in the courtyard, as he had obstinately refused to sleep in the hut. He was bedewed with a cold perspiration, and had thrown off all his coverings. He did not recognise me, and would not allow me or anyone else to cover him. Being seized with a terrible fit of delirium, and muttering unintelligible words, in which all the events of his life seemed to be confused, he jumped up repeatedly in a raging fit of madness, and rushed against the trees and into the fire, while four men were scarcely able to hold him.

At length, towards morning, he became more quiet, and remained tranquilly on his couch; and, not becoming aware that his strength was broken, and hoping that he might have passed the crisis, I thought I might return to the town. After asking him if he had any particular desire, he said that he had something to tell me; but it was impossible for me to understand him, and I can only fancy, from what happened, that, being aware that death was at hand, he wanted to recommend his family or some particular friend to me.

At an early hour on Sunday morning, Mr. Overweg's chief servant came to me with the sad news that the state of my friend was very alarming, and that since I had left him he had not spoken a word, but was lying motionless. I mounted immediately on horseback; but before I reached the place, I was met by a brother of Fugo Ali, who, with tears in his eyes, told me that our friend was gone. With the dawn of day, while a few drops of rain were falling, after a short struggle, his soul had departed.

In the afternoon I laid him in his grave, which was dug in the shade of a fine hajili, and well protected from the beasts of prey. Thus died my sole friend and companion, in the thirtieth year of his age, and in the prime of his youth. It was not reserved for him to finish his travels, and to return home in safety; but he met a most honourable death, as a martyr to science; and it is a remarkable fact that he found himself a grave on the very borders of that lake by the navigation of which he has rendered his name celebrated for ever. It was certainly a presentiment of his approaching death which actuated him in his ardent desire to be removed to this place, where he died hard by the boat in which he had made his voyage. Many of the inhabitants of the place, who had known him well during his repeated visits to the village, bitterly lamented his death; and no doubt the "tabih," as he was called, will be long remembered by them.

Dejected, and full of sad reflections on my lonely situation, I returned into the town in the evening; but our dwelling, which during my stay in Bagirmi my companion had greatly improved, and embellished by white-washing it with a kind of gypsum, of which he found a layer in our courtyard, now appeared to me desolate and melancholy in the extreme. While, therefore, originally it had been my plan to make another trial along the eastern shores of the Tead, any longer stay in this place had now become so into-

seemable to me, that I determined to set out as soon as possible on my journey towards the Niger—to new countries and new people.

### XIII.

START FOR THE NIGER—RIVER VALLEY OF BORNU—HILLY TERRITORY OF MUNIYO—ARRIVE AT SOKOTO—RAPACIOUS CHIEF OF GANDO—RIVER OF SOKOTO AND ITS TOWNS—REACH THE VALLEY OF THE NIGER—TERRITORY OF GURMA—THE SONGHAY LANGUAGE—QUADRANGULAR TOWERS—IRON FURNACES—PROVINCE OF LISTAKO—DORE, ITS CAPITAL—A FALSE ALARM.

THE death of Mr. Overweg induced our traveller to relinquish his original plan of once more trying his fortune in Kanem, and on the north-east shores of the Tsad, as an undertaking too dangerous for him in his isolated position, and to direct his whole attention

towards the west, in order to explore the countries situated on the middle course of the great western river, the Isa, or the so-called Niger; the first point in view being the town of Say, situated on that river, considerably to the south-east of Timbuktu, and the second and the main object of his journey being to reach the latter semi-mysterious city itself. With this view our enterprising traveller left Kuka, which had been his head-quarters for upwards of twenty months, on the 26th of November, 1852, accompanied by a small party, consisting of an Arab sherif from Fas (Fez) going to Zinder, a native of Jalo, who was to serve as mediator with the natives, five Mussulman attendants, freemen, and two liberated slaves, Dyrgru, a Hausa boy, and Abbega, a Marghi lad, of whose interesting appearance we are favoured by fac-similes.

The weather at this time of the year was cool, the nights being positively cold; and it is a very important



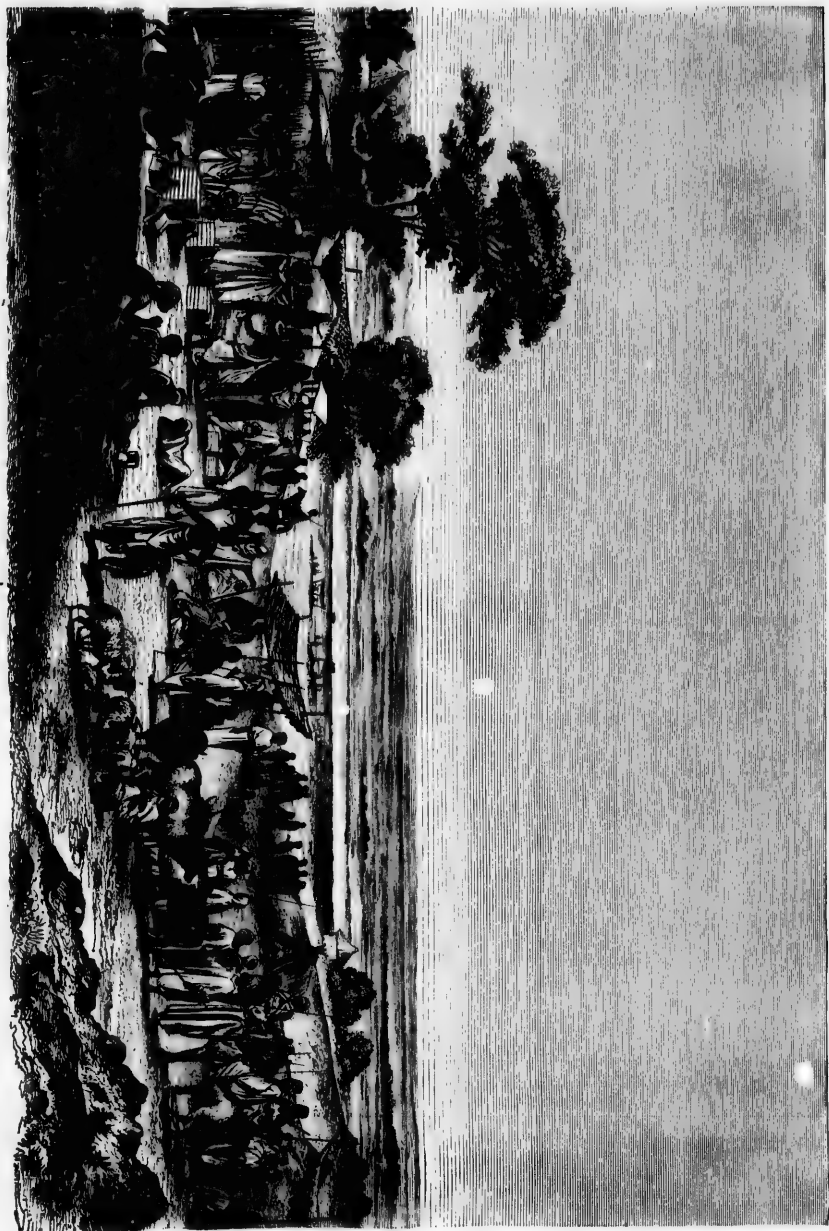
PLUNDERING A MUSGU VILLAGE.

point to establish, that, notwithstanding its black inhabitants, that part of the interior of Africa which comprises the fertile plains of Negroland, so far removed from the influence of the sea (which is warmer in winter than land) forms, according to Dr. Barth, with regard to the cold season, an insulated cool space in the tropical regions, thereby differing much from the warm climates of the West Indies, and the coasts and islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. In addition to this pleasant change of temperature, and the unbounded delight with which the traveller felt himself once more in open country, was to be added the pleasing aspect of the land, the bleak and dreary hollows of black, argillaceous soil, seen on the first journey from Kano to Kuka, being now changed into the richest corn-fields, and waving with luxuriant crops of masakwa, while the fields of small millet stood in stubble. The whole party were thus in the best spirits at starting, cheerful and full of expectation of the

novelties, both in human life and nature, that were to be disclosed in the unknown regions in the far west.

On the 1st of December they reached the Komadugu, or river-valley of Bornu, presenting, with its network of channels and thick forests, a difficult passage after the rainy season. Fine groups of trees began to appear, and droves of Guinea fowl enlivened the landscape. The way in which the Komadugu, assisted probably by artificial means, spread over the whole region, was very remarkable. The passage of this swampy district at this season of the year, covered as it was with the thickest forest, was extremely difficult, and after visiting Ghazr-eggomo, the site of the ancient capital of the Bornu empire, Barth had to make a very large circuit in order to reach the village of Zengiri, where the river could be most easily crossed.

Passing hence Ngurutuwa, where poor Richardson



MARKET AT SOKOTO.

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died, they entered the province of Manga, the Arab merchant being robbed on the way by the thievish natives of his woollen blanket, the thieves dragging him along in it to a distance, till he was forced to let go. "The walled town of Gesma; Zurrikulo, "the queen of the region of the dum-palm;" Kechiduniya, "the sweetness of the world;" and other places with pleasant names, led the way to the hilly territory of Muniyo, whilst proceeding through which they were joined by parties of native traders, who carried their merchandise on their heads—a very primitive mode of commercial intercourse. This was an agreeable country to travel through, with wooded hills, salt, natron, and fresh-water lakes, towns and villages, and cultivated or pasture lands, enlivened by herds of camels, horses, cattle, sheep, and goats.

Our traveller arrived on the 25th of December at Zinder, a busy commercial mart, "the gate of Sudan," as he calls it, and where he rested, for some time, awaiting supplies, which duly made their appearance on the 20th of January, and with which he made such purchases of common red burnuses, white turbans, looking-glasses, cloves, razors, chaplets, and other things as he deemed best fitted to advance the further object he had in view. He afterwards added largely to his stock at Katsena, where, besides the cotton and silk manufactures of Kano and Nupe, he provided himself with the staple commodity of the place, leather water-skins, and skins for covering the luggage, besides two hundred and thirty-two black shawls for covering the face—the best presents for the Tawarek; seventy-five turkedis, or woman-cloths; fifty-five black tobes, and tobacco of the place, much in esteem, even in Timbuktu; and all articles adapted to pave the way through the countries on the middle course of the Niger, where nothing is esteemed more highly than these native manufactures.

The disturbed state of the country obliged our traveller to make a considerable détour in proceeding from Katsena to Sokoto. The sultan having taken up his residence at Wurro, a place of some 12,000 to 13,000 inhabitants (Sokoto has 20,000 to 22,000), Dr. Barth was detained for some time at that place before visiting the capital of the empire of the Fulbe or Fellani—the most intelligent of all the African tribes, although surpassed in physical attributes by the Jolof—and the city where the unfortunate Clapperton died (See p. 121).

Once passed Sokoto, our traveller's steps led him into almost unknown regions, never before trodden by European foot. His journey lay, as usual, in great part through densely inhabited districts, well cultivated with yams and corn, and on the 17th of May he reached Gando, the residence of another powerful Fulbe or Fullo prince. Unfortunately, Khalilu, as this sultan was called, was a fanatic, most inaccessible to a European and a Christian. An Arab, who had gained influence at the court of this bigot, acted as go-between the traveller and the chieftain; and hence, not only did difficulties arise, and long negotiations become necessary, to obtain permission to prosecute his journey, but the doctor was mulcted out of a considerable portion of his stores before he could satisfy the rapacity of the chief and his satellites. Gando itself, although the capital of a number of wealthy provinces, all lying along that great West African river which opens such an easy access into the continent, is neither a very populous nor commercial place.

At length, on Saturday, June 4th, Dr. Barth was

allowed to proceed on his journey, which now promised to become of overwhelming interest, as he was approaching that great African river which has been the object of so much discussion and of individual ambition for so long a period. Unfortunately, the rainy season had set in, and the traveller's progress was slow. His way lay at first through districts as populous as usual with extensive fields of rice, and large herds of cattle. At the villages of Kambasa and Badda-badda greater variety was observed, and in the same rich valley, along which flowed a tributary to Gulbi-n-Sokoto, or the Sokoto river, yams and tobacco were cultivated, and a few herds of elephants were observed. The capital of the province of Kebbi, called Birni-n-Kebbi, was at the mouth of this valley. It consists of two towns—the old town, in ruins, and the new town, which Dr. Barth describes as being thickly inhabited, but far from presenting that cheerful aspect which is peculiar to most of the towns in the same regions, as it is almost bare of trees.

Passing Kola, a town of four thousand inhabitants, Jugguru, only remarkable for its numerous horses and many snakes, and Diggi, with its rice-fields, our traveller attained the valley of the river of Sokoto, beyond which were two goodly towns—Tilli, with six thousand inhabitants, and Zogirma, the residence of Hamed Burtu, one of the most powerful chiefs of the district. At that time the so-called river of Sokoto was nothing but a shallow swampy valley, intersected by broken sheets of stagnant water; but in the month of September the whole valley is flooded by a river of considerable breadth.

Beyond Zogirma lay extensive forests and wildernesses unsafe to the traveller, who was thus obliged to obtain an escort from Hamed Burtu, described as a very decent-looking man, of from fifty to sixty years of age, with almost European features, but with rather a melancholy expression of countenance. The escort did not, however, venture further than the town of Kalliyul, situated on the valley of Fogha, and which valley constitutes the boundary between the Hausa and Sunghay languages. The chief of Kalliyul gave the wanderer a kindly reception, and he was enabled to continue his journey without serious interruption, until his patience and perseverance were rewarded on the 20th of June by his reaching the valley of the Niger.

We were, he says, now close to the Niger; and I was justified in indulging in the hope that I might the next day behold with my own eyes that great river of Western Africa, which has caused such intense curiosity in Europe, and the upper part of the large eastern branch of which I had myself discovered. Elated with such feelings, I set out the next morning at an early hour; and after a march of little less than two hours, through a rocky wilderness covered with dense bushes, I obtained the first sight of the river, and in less than an hour more, during which I was in constant sight of this noble spectacle, I reached the place of embarkation, opposite the town of Say. (See p. 129.)

In a noble unbroken stream, though here, where it has become contracted, only about 700 yards broad, hemmed on this side by a rocky bank of from twenty to thirty feet in elevation, the great river of Western Africa (whose name, under whatever form it may appear, whether Dhiuliba, Mayo, Egbirren, Ise, Kwana, or Baki-n-ruwa, means nothing but "the river," and which, therefore, may well continue to be called the

Niger) was gliding along, in a N.N.E. and S.S.W. direction, with a moderate current of about three miles an hour. On the flatter shore opposite, a large town was spreading out, the low rampart and huts of which were picturesquely overtopped by numbers of slender dum-palms. This is the river-town, or "ford," the name Say meaning in this eastern dialect, "the river." The Fulbe call it Ghituli, which name may originally have been applied to the ford at the island of Ôitilli. The banks at present were not high; but the river, as it rises, approaches the very border of the rocky slope.

As Dr. Barth could not proceed from the town of Say up the river, which here formed the limit between the tolerably known regions of Central Negroland and the totally unexplored countries on the south-western side of its course, he was obliged to follow a north-westerly direction, exchanging, however, in so doing, the low regions on which Say stood—the very hot-bed of fever—for the more healthy and hilly country of Gurma. In this country a new language—the Songhay—was spoken, so that the long and tedious labour of acquiring the Fulbe went now for nothing, and our persevering traveller had to set to work to learn the rudiments of another tongue. His entrance into this hilly region was ushered in by a terrible thunderstorm, accompanied with a most fearful sand-wind, which enveloped the whole district in the darkness of night, and made progress, for a time, quite impossible. The prevalence of such storms must, we should fancy, somewhat imperil the navigation of the Central Niger, especially to light craft.

At Champagore, the first town Dr. Barth came to in Gurma, he met with a novel feature in African architecture, and which we afterwards observe in all the views of Gurma, Mas-ena, or Songhay, and of the great city of Timbuktu itself. This was the occurrence of towers, or quadrangular buildings, raised a few feet from the ground in order to protect them from the ants. They are used as magazines for corn, and at Champagore were from ten to fifteen feet in height, and about six feet in diameter, the walls gradually sloping inwards towards the top.

Beyond this the country was hilly, but intersected with water-courses, and generally tolerably well cultivated as well as thickly inhabited. It was also adorned, here and there, with baobab-trees, and a fine leafy tree called haruna. These people smelted iron in very primitive furnaces, about six feet high and a foot and a half in diameter at the base. A large quantity of wood ashes were placed on the iron-stone, and the draught being considerable, it soon melted, and was received by three different channels in a basin below. As our traveller proceeded onwards, the country became more wild, at times dry, without any fresh pasture grounds, or rugged and broken by small rocky ridges, at others clothed with fine pasture, interspersed with flowers, in whose sweet blossoms numerous butterflies were indulging; at others, again, dense forests, with corn-fields now and then interrupting the thick growth of talha-trees and prickly underwood, while occasionally a baobab or a tamarind-tree gave greater variety to the scenery. Elephants, buffaloes, and rhinoceroses inhabited this half-wild, half-cultivated, or pastoral district, the latter animal being apparently wanting in the region between the Niger and Lake Tsad.

On the 2nd of July, the River Sirba, a tributary to the Niger, was crossed on bundles of reeds which they

had to tie together themselves; and, after getting through the swamps, our traveller entered upon a wooded, rocky country, with occasional tracts of pasture and cultivated land. Indigo and cotton were seen by the side of some of the ponds. This part of Africa is described as rather poor in flowers, yet were these dense jungles of tall reed-grass interspersed with blue and yellow flowers, rank grass variegated by blue cruciferae, and a liliacea, so plentiful in some places that it formed, as it were, a rich carpet. One of the servants was here attacked by the Guinea worm, which at times, Dr. Barth says, "rendered him the most disagreeable person in the world."

On the 6th, they reached the clay-walled town of Sebba, the capital of the small province of Yagha, and consisting of pleasant-looking huts, but terribly infested with ants. The corn was here preserved in large-sized clay jars, and great havoc was made with the travellers' luggage. Soon after leaving Sebba—the capital of the wilderness, as Barth calls it—our travellers entered the province of Libtako, the south-eastern limit of the range of commerce of Timbuktu. This new province presented the usual alternating dry and rocky lands, forests, and pastoral and cultivated districts. At the town of Namantugu, Barth fell in with a strange character, an Arab from the west, who spoke Fulfulde, Songhay, Mosi, and Bambara fluently, and Temashight, or the language of the Tawarak or Berbers, slightly, and who, despite the sad tricks he subsequently played the traveller, was of some use to him, from his knowledge of the country and of the different languages spoken; and it was partly by his instrumentality that he was even enabled to enter the town of Timbuktu. He called himself Sheikhho, but Barth called him El Walati.

On the 12th of July our travellers reached Dore, the capital of Libtako, situated on an immense plain, feeding numerous flocks of gazelles. The appearance of the town itself created much disappointment, presenting, as it did, unmistakable signs of misery and decay; the wall by which it had been formerly surrounded being nothing but a disgusting heap of rubbish, while the whole place exhibited the utmost neglect. Barth learnt at this place that Hamed Weled Habib, the sheikh of Arawan, who, from the account of Caillie, is generally regarded in Europe as the chief murderer of Major Laing, had died a short time before, after a reign of forty years; and he looked upon this piece of news as an auspicious omen for the success of his undertaking.

The political state of the country was, however, at that time, worse even than its material condition. The disorder and anarchy were such as to make it appear as if there were no government at all. Throughout there were so many different factions that one paralysed the other, and the position of the traveller amidst these discordant populations had changed much for the worse. The intrigues of his new companion, El Walati, also detained him much longer at Dore than would otherwise have been the case.

At length our traveller set out on the 21st of July, on what he calls the last and most dangerous stage of his journey to Timbuktu, thinking at that time that he would have been enabled to reach that city in about twenty days. But on the 23rd he entered a country intersected by rivers and swamps, which threw great difficulties in the way of his progress, and caused much delay. On the 25th, not being able to pass one of these



st they struck into the forest in a south-  
y direction, in order to ford it higher up. Here,  
he ys, suddenly we fell in with two men who were  
pasturing a couple of asses; but, although we made  
signs to them that we were their friends, they would not  
hear us, and, beating their shields, cried out lustily to  
their companions, who, all on a sudden, rushed out in  
every direction from behind the bushes, and in a moment  
surrounded us. There were from 150 to 200 people,  
all tall, slender men, half-naked, with nothing but a  
poor ragged cloth round their loins, and another rag,  
still poorer, round their heads, and each armed with a  
couple of spears and a ragged shield, which they brandished  
over their heads with warlike gesticulations. The affair  
seemed rather serious, and here it was fortunate that I  
had such a clever companion as the Walati with me;  
for, while I was pointing my gun, he begged me to ride  
quietly in advance straight upon those people, and at  
the same time cried out to them that I was a sheriff,  
and a friend of the Sheikh El Bakay, to whom I was  
carrying a number of books from the east. All of a  
sudden they dropped their spears and thronged around  
me, requesting me to give them my blessing; and the  
circumstances under which I was placed obliged me to  
comply with this slight request, although it was by no  
means a pleasant matter to lay my hands on all these  
dirty heads.

These poor distrustful people, who were returning to  
Dore from the market at Aribinda, having received  
the traveller's blessing, conducted him to a place where  
they declared the water to be fordable; but it was so  
only after great difficulties and several mishaps had  
been experienced, all the traveller's journals getting  
wet, and his horse being with difficulty extricated from  
bog in which it had been lying for some minutes as  
lead. Aribinda, where they arrived the same night,  
was formerly an important place, and the most con-  
siderable at one time of all the districts on the south  
side of the Niger.

## XIV.

SONGHAY TOWNS—PROVINCE OF DALLA—BARTH ASSUMES  
THE CHARACTER OF AN ARAB—CASTELLATED-LOOKING  
TOWNS—TOWER-LIKE GRANARIES—HOMBORI MOUNTAINS—  
BAMBARA ON A BACKWATER OF THE NIGER—BARTH A  
RAIN-MAKER—LABYRINTH OF CREEKS, BACKWATERS, AND  
CHANNELS—THE ISA, MAYO BALLOO OR NIGER—KABARA,  
THE PORT OF TIMBUKTU—ARRIVAL AT TIMBUKTU.

THE same swampy character of country, interspersed  
with granitic ranges and cones, continued beyond  
Aribinda. At the clay village of Filiyo, the houses  
had tower-like entrances, not unlike the granaries in  
Champagore, showing the character of the country.  
The next Songhay town they came to—Tinge—was  
built on the summit of a hill, and had a castellated  
appearance. The inhabitants smoked all day long, and  
danced every evening when not ruining—an amuse-  
ment which, already in the eleventh century, the  
Andalusian geographer, El Bekri, did not fail to remark  
as characteristic of these people; while their less happy  
brethren in Timbuktu and Jimbala have been deprived  
of these their favourite and innocent amusements by  
the austere laws of their fanatical oppressors. Yet  
were these dancing, smoking people not idle; on the  
contrary, Barth says they were industrious, both in  
cultivating the ground and in weaving.

After some delay at Tinge, owing to the rains, our  
traveller started through the province of Dalla, and

here the country being ruled by a governor in direct  
subjugation to the fanatical chief of Mas-ena, residing  
in Hamda-Allah, who would never allow a Christian  
to visit his territory, Barth was obliged to assume the  
character of an Arab. At the first town they came  
to, Kubo, their appearance created a great alarm in the  
place, the people thinking that a hostile troop was  
approaching; but as soon as they beheld the laden  
camels, their fears ceased, and they gave them quarters.

The party were quite horror-struck at a village near  
this at observing all the paths full of small red worms,  
marching in unbroken lines towards the village—a  
phenomenon, Barth says, peculiar to this region. Our  
traveller had a first interview with the Governor of  
Dalla at Nyanga Sora; nor were the results very  
auspicious, as, unknown to him at the time, El Walati  
was intriguing against him, in order to effect his ruin  
and to secure his property. The towns were all now  
castellated-looking places, with round towers of clay  
and conical thatched roofs, and the cottages had also  
conical roofs, curved in a peculiar way (See p. 134).  
The broken, detached masses and imposing cones of the  
Hombori mountains were also now visible in the dis-  
tance. On the 7th of August, Isaye, or Ise, was  
reached—a place of some importance, consisting of a  
nucleus of clay houses, but remarkable only on account  
of their peculiar tower-like granaries, and a suburb of  
cottages of thatch-work of the most varied shape.

The route hence became highly interesting, on ac-  
count of the peculiar nature and the picturesque shape  
of the several detached cones of the Hombori mountains  
(See p. 180) through the midst of which the way led;  
but morally it was not so agreeable, for the traveller  
fell in here again with the roving Tawarek, without  
enjoying the protection of a single powerful chief, as  
he had on setting out on his journey, and guided solely  
by the advice of that crafty man—El Walati—whose  
only purpose was to get as much from him as possible,  
if not all. This Arab represented Barth to these  
people as a great sheriff, in order to excite their hospi-  
table feelings, while at the same time he instigated the  
traveller to reward their treatment in a generous man-  
ner, but, nevertheless, sold his presents to them as his  
own property. It does not, however, require to go to  
Central Africa to meet with dragomans practising a  
similar system of duplicity.

On the 18th of August our traveller reached the  
town of Bambara, an important point in his journey,  
to use Barth's own words: It being for me, as  
proceeding from the south-east, what the celebrated  
creek three days west from Timbuktu was to the  
traveller from the north during the middle ages,  
and which on this account has received the name of  
"Ras el ma." The town of Bambara is situated  
on a branch, or rather a dead backwater of the  
river, forming a very shallow bottom of considerable  
breadth, but a very irregular border, and containing  
at that time but little water, so that the communication  
with the river was interrupted; but about twenty days  
later in the season, for about four or five months every  
year, during the highest state of the inundation, the  
boats proceed from here directly, either to Dire by way  
of Galaye and Kanima, or to Timbuktu by way of  
Delego and Sarayamo, thus opening a considerable  
export of corn towards that dependent market-place,  
which again has to supply the whole of the nomadic  
tribes of Azawad, and the neighbouring districts.

Our traveller had, in fact, entered beyond the Hom-

bori mountains into what he designates as the region of network of creeks, backwaters, and lakes belonging to the Niger.

The people of Bambara, instigated by rumours that had preceded our traveller, waited upon him in a body, headed by their emir, to solicit his interference for a good shower of rain. "I succeeded," he relates, "this time in eluding their solicitations for a direct prayer, satisfying them by expressing my fervent hope that the Almighty would have mercy upon them. But I was so favoured that there was really a moderate shower in the evening, which did a great deal of good to the ground, although the air did not become much cooler, for it was excessively hot all this time, and sometimes almost insupportable in my narrow, dirty hut."

Barth was placed in great peril at this place by the arrival of a travelled Arab who was acquainted with Europeans, but luckily, he says, his whole appearance inspired him with such confidence that he even took an interest in his welfare, and accompanied him a short distance when he started for Sarayamo. On their way, ascending a sandy ridge, they beheld in front of them an extensive sheet of water, stretching out to a distance of several miles, its surface agitated by a strong breeze, and with tall reeds forming its border. It is called Nyengay by the Fulbe, and Issengay by the Tawarek, and it forms part of the network which in times of inundation is navigable to the Niger. Numbers of people were catching fish in this fine and imposing sheet of water. After this they passed a similar lake, called Gerru. Leaving these interesting expanses of water behind them, they traversed a district adorned with acacias, caper shrubs, and mimosa, to the encampment of Somki, one of the principal chiefs of the Tawarek in these regions, whence the next day they reached the town of Sarayamo, the chief place in the province of Kiso, and situated on a creek which falls into the main labyrinth of channels and water-courses. People navigate hence to the great river Niger by an eastern channel at one season, and by a western at another. "A labyrinth of creeks," says Barth, "backwaters, and channels is in this manner spread over the whole of this country, of which people had no previous idea." Our traveller's faith and virtues were again put to the test at Sarayamo, and he was obliged, in order to preserve his character, to say the fat-ha, or opening prayer of the Kur'an, as also to pray for rain, and luckily on this, as on the previous occasion, his prayers were followed by a heavy storm.

A large boat arriving here from Timbuktu with passengers and merchandise, Barth hired it for the exclusive use of his own party for ten thousand shells, and great was his gratification when, on the 1st of September, he found himself floating on the backwater which was to carry him to the harbour of Timbuktu. The propulsion was effected mainly by poles, the water being in many places obstructed by vegetation, but in others open. Fish abounded, and furnished plentiful meals; and as they proceeded, great lizards, called *sangwaya*, barked at night, while still further down alligators were seen, and then hippopotami. At the junction with the Niger there was a group of solitary trees, which appeared, says Barth, to form the usual nocturnal place of resort for all the water-fowl in the neighbourhood, the trunk as well as the branches of the trees being overlaid with a white crust formed by the droppings of these visitors.

Having here left the shore, which at present formed

a low and bare headland, but which in the course of a month would be entirely under water, we at once entered the middle of that magnificent river the Isa, or Mayo Balleo, running here from W. 35 deg. S. to E. 35 deg. N., which has excited the lively curiosity of Europeans for so many years. It was at this spot about a mile across, and by its magnitude and solemn magnificence in the new moon which was rising in front of us, and with the summer lightning at times breaking through the evening sky, inspired my servants with real awe and almost fright; while we were squatting on the shelving roof of our frail boat, and looked with searching eyes along the immense expanse of the river in a north-easterly direction, where the object of our journey was said to lie.

Whether from the excitement of the day, or from the previous night's wetting, when at length we lay to at the ancient Songhay town of Koiretago, which had once been a place of importance, but had been almost destroyed by the Fulbe in conjunction with the Tarki chief Somki, I was seized with a severe attack of fever, but in order to take care of my luggage I was unwilling to go on shore, where I might have lain down on a fine sandy beach, choosing rather to remain on board our frail boat.

Dr. Barth fell at this point into the course pursued by the French traveller René Caillié, and he describes it as an agreeable duty to confirm the general accuracy of his account. "Following close," he remarks, "upon the track of the enterprising and intelligent, but unfortunate Major Laing, who had been assassinated two years previously on his desperate journey from Timbuktu, Caillié naturally excited against himself the jealousy of the English, to whom it could not but seem extraordinary that a poor unprotected adventurer like himself should succeed in an enterprise where one of the most courageous and noble-minded officers of their army had succumbed."

The River Niger was, where Barth crossed it, about three-quarters of a mile in breadth, but in the time of flood it inundates the whole country to a great distance. This magnificent stream was, however, with the exception of a few fishing-boats, almost tenantless, the only objects which in the present reduced state of the country animated the scenery being a number of large boats that lay at anchor near the village of Korome. At this latter place, Barth learnt that the him exceedingly unsatisfactory news that the Sheikh El Bakay, on whose reputation as a noble and trustworthy character he had placed his whole confidence for success, was absent in Gadam.

At Kabara, a town, or rather port, situated on the slope of a sandy eminence, seven good-sized boats were lying, giving to the whole place some little life. During the palmy days of the Songhay empire, we are told an uninterrupted intercourse took place between Gaghio and Timbuktu on the one side, and between Timbuktu and Jenni on the other; and a numerous fleet was always lying here under the orders of an admiral of great power and influence. Whilst at Kabara, Barth was visited by a party of armed men, horse and foot, from Timbuktu, most of them clad in light-blue robes, tightly girt round the waist with a shawl, and pressed in short breeches, their head being covered with a pointed straw hat. As they were out to protect their cattle from the Tawarek, they did not molest our traveller, except by their rude curiosity. El Walati had, in the meantime been

despatched to Timbuktu to obtain protection for our traveller, and in the evening Sidi Alawate, Sheikh El Bakay's brother, arrived with his followers. Protected by this chieftain, Barth was enabled the next day, September 7th, to proceed to Timbuktu.

It was ten o'clock, he says, when our cavalcade put itself into motion, ascending the sand-hills which rise close behind the village of Kabara, and which, to my great regret, had prevented my obtaining a view of the town from the top of our terrace. The contrast of this desolate scenery with the character of the fertile banks of the river which I had just left behind, was remarkable. The whole tract bore decidedly the character of a desert, although the path was thickly lined on both sides with thorny bushes and stunted trees, which were being cleared away in some places in order to render the path less obstructed and more safe, as the Tawarek never fails to infest it, and at present were particularly dreaded on account of their having killed a few days previously three petty Tawati traders on their way to Arawan. It is from the unsafe character of this short road between the harbour and the town, that the spot, about half-way between Kabara and Timbuktu, bears the remarkable name of "Ur-immandes," "he does not hear," meaning the place where the cry of the unfortunate victim is not heard from either side.

Having traversed two sunken spots designated by especial names, where, in certain years when the river rises to an unusual height, as happened in the course of the same winter, the water of the inundation enters and occasionally forms even a navigable channel; and leaving on one side the talha-tree of the Weli Salah, covered with innumerable rags of the superstitious natives, who expect to be generously rewarded by their saint with a new shirt, we approached the town: but its dark masses of clay not being illuminated by bright sunshine, for the sky was thickly overcast and the atmosphere filled with sand, were scarcely to be distinguished from the sand and rubbish heaped all round; and there was no opportunity for looking attentively about, as a body of people were coming towards us in order to pay their compliments to the stranger and bid him welcome. This was a very important moment, as if they had felt the slightest suspicion with regard to my character, they might easily have prevented my entering the town at all, and thus even endangered my life.

I therefore took the hint of Alawate, who recommended me to make a start in advance in order to anticipate the salutes of these people who had come to meet us; and putting my horse to a gallop, and gun in hand, I galloped up to meet them, when I was received with many salams. But a circumstance occurred which might have proved fatal, not only to my enterprise, but even to my own personal safety, as there was a man among the group who addressed me in Turkish, which I had almost entirely forgotten; so that I could with difficulty make a suitable answer to his compliment; but, avoiding farther indiscreet questions, I pushed on in order to get under safe cover.

Having then traversed the rubbish which has accumulated round the ruined clay wall of the town, and left on one side a row of dirty reed huts, which encompass the whole of the place, we entered the narrow streets and lanes, or, as the people of Timbuktu say, the *tijeraten*, which scarcely allowed two horses to proceed abreast. But I was not a little surprised at

the populous and wealthy character which this quarter of the town, the Sane-Gangu, exhibited, many of the houses rising to the height of two stories, and in their façade evincing even an attempt at architectural adornment. Thus, taking a more westerly turn, and followed by a numerous troop of people, we passed the house of the Sheikh El Bakay, where I was desired to fire a pistol; but as I had all my arms loaded with ball, I prudently declined to do so, and left it to one of my people to do honour to the house of our host. We thus reached the house on the other side of the street, which was destined for my residence, and I was glad when I found myself safely in my new quarters.

## XV.

HISTORY OF TIMBUKTU—TRIBULATIONS—ASPECT OF THE CITY—SHEIKH EL BAKAY—DEATH OF MAJOR LAING—HOSTILITY OF THE FULBE—ENCAGEMENT OF THE SHEIKH EL BAKAY—DETAILS REGARDING MUNGO PARK—DEATH OF THE CHIEF OF THE BERABISH—INUNDATION OF THE NIGER—TRADE AND INDUSTRY OF TIMBUKTU—EUROPEAN COMMERCE—THE FUTURE.

DR. BARTH prefaces the account of his residence in Timbuktu and his description of the place by some remarks on its history, and that of the adjacent regions in Africa, derived from a MS. history by one Ahmed Baba of the kingdom of Songhay, from the very dawn of historical records down to the year 1640 of our era, and these materials add greatly to the scanty notices before obtained from El Bekri, Ebn Khaldun, the obscure reports of Leo, and the conquest of Timbuktu and Gago, or Gogo, by Mulay Ahmed el Dhehebi, as mentioned by some historians of Morocco and Spain. Barth sums up from this historical notice that:—It will be seen that Timbuktu has rather unjustly figured in Europe as the centre and the capital of a great Negro empire, while it never acted more than a secondary part, at least in earlier times; and this character evidently appears from the narrative of Ebn Batuta's journey, in the middle of the fourteenth century. But on account of Timbuktu becoming the seat of Muhammadan learning and Muhammadan worship, and owing to the noble character of its buildings, well deserving to rank as a city or "Medina," a title which the capital itself, perhaps, never deserved, it always enjoyed great respect, even during the flourishing period of the latter; and after Gago or Gogo had relapsed into insignificance, in consequence of the conquest by the Ruma at the end of the sixteenth century, Timbuktu, on account of its greater proximity to Morocco, became the more important place, where gradually the little commerce which still remained in that distracted region of the Niger was concentrated.

Although it had been arranged that, during the absence of the Sheikh El Bakay, whose special guest Barth was to be, no one should be allowed to see him, still numbers of people gained access to his house, and gave no small trouble by their inquisitiveness, the annoyance of which was further increased by the traveller's serious indisposition. On the very first day of his arrival he learned that Hammadi, the rival and enemy of El Bakay, had informed the Fulbe, or Fullan, that a Christian had entered the town, and that, in consequence they had come to the determination of killing him. The second day was, however, more promising; he received visits from several respectable people, and his health began to improve.

I was, he says, not allowed to stir about, but was confined within the walls of my house. In order to obviate the effect of this want of exercise as much as possible, to enjoy fresh air and at the same time to become familiar with the principal features of the town, through which I was not allowed to move about at pleasure, I ascended as often as possible the terrace of my house. This afforded an excellent view over the northern quarters of the town. On the north was the massive mosque of Sankore, which had just been restored to all its former grandeur through the influence of the Sheikh El Bakay, and gave the whole place an imposing character. Neither the mosque Sidi Yahia, nor the "great mosque," or Jingere-ber, was seen from this point; but towards the east the view extended over a wide expanse of the desert, and towards the south the elevated mansions of the Jhadamsiye merchants were visible. The style of the buildings was various. I could see clay-houses of different characters, some low and unseemly, others rising with a second story in front to greater elevation, and making even an attempt at architectural ornament, the whole being interrupted by a few round huts of matting. The sight of this spectacle afforded me sufficient matter of interest, although, the streets being very narrow, only little was to be seen of the intercourse carried on in them, with the exception of the small market in the northern quarter, which was exposed to view on account of its situation on the slope of the sand-hills which, in the course of time, have accumulated round the mosque.

But while the terrace of my house served to make me well acquainted with the character of the town, it had also the disadvantage of exposing me fully to the gaze of the passers-by, so that I could only slowly, and with many interruptions, succeed in making a sketch of the scene thus offered to my view. At the same time I became aware of the great inaccuracy which characterises the view of the town as given by M. Caillié; still, on the whole, the character of the single dwellings was well represented by that traveller, the only error being that in his representation the whole town seems to consist of scattered and quite isolated houses, while, in reality, the streets are entirely shut in, as the dwellings form continuous and uninterrupted rows. But it must be taken into account that Timbuktu, at the time of Caillié's visit, was not so well off as it is at present, having been overrun by the Fulbe the preceding year, and he had no opportunity of making a drawing on the spot.

Our traveller made use of the leisure time thus presented by his confinement, to send articles into the market, and himself purchasing calico, which still bears the same name that it did in El Bekri's time—nearly eight hundred years ago—of shigge, or sehen hindi. He was disturbed, however, in these tranquil occupations by a rumour which came to him on the 10th, that the party opposed to his residence in the town was arming, in order to attack him in his house. Barth, however, suspected his own friends, Sidi Alawate and El Walate, to be at the bottom of the rumour, and treated it with contempt. A discussion which he undertook at the same time, in favour of Christianity as opposed to Muhammadism, instead of injuring his position had a contrary effect, and, he says, improved his situation in an extraordinary degree, by basing his safety on the sincere esteem which several of the most intelligent of the inhabitants had contracted for him.

On the 13th, our traveller received a most agreeable letter from El Bakay, to which he lost no time in sending a suitable reply; and, on the 26th, the sheikh himself arrived at Timbuktu. Barth, however, was too unwell to see him till the day after his arrival. After the usual greetings, one of the first questions which the sheikh put had reference to the rais, as Major Laing was called.

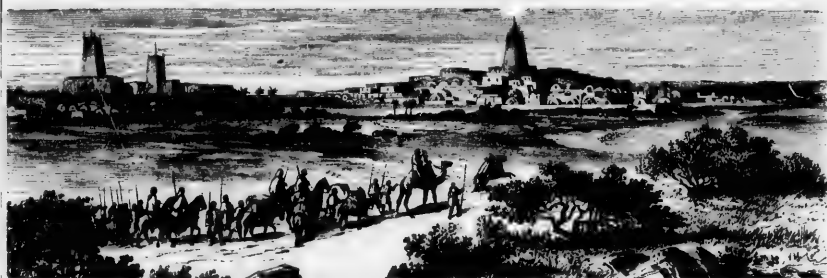
I then learned to my great satisfaction what I afterwards found confirmed by the facts stated in Major Laing's correspondence, that this most enterprising but unfortunate traveller, having been plundered and almost killed by the Tawarek, in the valley Ahennet, on his way from Tawat, was conducted by Li's guides to, and made a long stay at, the camp or station of the sheikh's father, Sidi Mohammed, in the hilllet Sidi El Mukhtar, the place generally called by Major Laing Beled Sidi Mohammed, but sometimes Beled Sidi Mooktar, the Major being evidently puzzled as to these names, and apt to confound the then head of the family, Sidi Mohammed, with the ancestor Sidi Mukhtar, after whom that holy place has been called. It is situated half a day's journey from the frequented well Bel Mechan, on the great northerly road, but is at present deserted.

We thus came to speak of Major Laing, here known under the name of E Rais (the Major), the only Christian that my host and most of the people hereabouts had ever seen; the French traveller, René Caillié, who traversed this track in 1828, having, in his poor disguise, entirely escaped their observation, not to speak of the sailors, Adams and Scott, who are said to have visited this place, although their narrative does not reveal a single trait which can be identified with its features.

Major Laing, during the whole time of our intercourse, formed one of the chief topics of conversation, and my noble friend never failed to express his admiration, not only of the major's bodily strength, but of his noble and chivalrous character. I made immediate inquiries with regard to Major Laing's papers, but, unfortunately, not being provided with a copy of the blue book containing all the papers relating to that case, I had not the means of establishing all the points disputed. I only learnt that at the time none of those papers were in existence, although the sheikh himself told me that the major, while staying in Azawad, had drawn up a map of the whole northerly part of the desert from Tawat as far south as the hilllet, or the place of residence of his father.

On his return to his quarters, Barth sent the sheikh a handsome present, the whole amounting to the value of £30.

This more favourable position of our traveller in Timbuktu was suddenly interrupted on the 1st of October by a considerable body of armed men arriving from Hamda Allahi, the residence of the Sheikh Ahmedu ben Ahmedu, to whose nominal sway the town of Timbuktu and the whole province had been subjected since the conquest of the town in the beginning of the year 1826. These people brought with them the order to expel the stranger out of the town. This proceeding, however, only roused the spirit of El Bakay, who was resolved to show the Fulan that he was able to protect the traveller; and with this view he had him removed for a short time to his camp without the town. The change was agreeable to Barth; he had more liberty and exercise, better

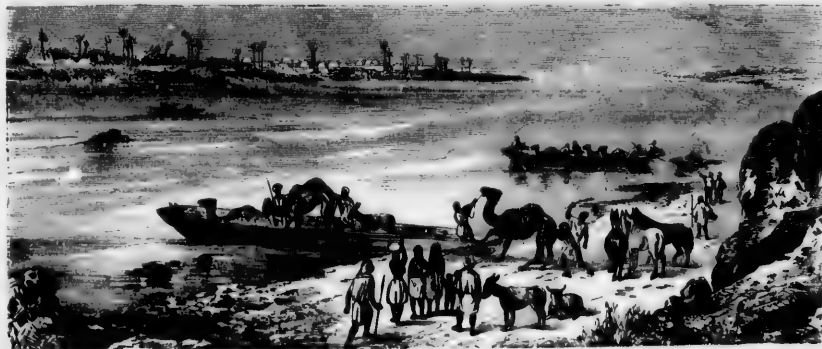


FIRST APPROACH TO TIMBUKTU.

air and varied scenery, but the pleasure was marred by attempts at proselytism and political intrigues. On the 13th he returned to Timbuktu, at that time much disturbed by the antagonism of parties, especially between the Fulbe and Tawarek, but after another excursion to the port of Kabara, he was enabled to explore the city in greater detail, beginning with the Jingere-ber, or great mosque, which Barth says made a deep impression on his mind by its stately appearance.

Although Barth soon removed again to the encampment of El Bakay, the perils of his position kept increasing daily, and it was in vain that he urged his protector to provide the means of escape. His enemies

were not confined to one hostile man or party; their name was legion. Fresh parties kept arriving, indeed, almost every week, with orders to seize the stranger, dead or alive. One of these parties made an actual descent upon the camp, and were only driven from their purpose by the resolute stand made by the traveller and his faithful protectors. In fact, as Barth acknowledges, his mere presence in the city, or even its neighbourhood, caused an entire revolution in the daily life of the community. Still he would pick up, amidst these harassing events, occasional scraps of information, as, for example:—The same evening I had an interesting conversation with the chief Arab, who paid me a long visit, in company with his malle,



FERRY ON THE NIGER OR BAY.

and gave me the first account of the proceedings of that Christian traveller, Mungo Park (to use his own words), who, about fifty years ago, came down the river in a large boat; describing the manner in which he had been first attacked by the Tawarek below Kabara, where he had lost some time in endeavouring to open a communication with the natives, while the Tinger-egedesh forwarded the news of his arrival, without delay, to the Igwadaren, who having collected their canoes, attacked him, first near Bambe, and then again at the narrow passage of Tossaye, though all in vain; till at length, the boat of that intrepid traveller having stuck fast at Ensymmo (probably identical with Anzango), the Tawarek of that neighbourhood made

another fierce and more successful attack, causing him an immense deal of trouble, and killing, as Awab asserted, two of his Christian companions. He also gave me a full account of the iron hook with which the boat was provided against hippopotami and hostile canoes; and his statement altogether proved what an immense excitement the mysterious appearance of this European traveller, in his solitary boat, had caused among all the surrounding tribes.

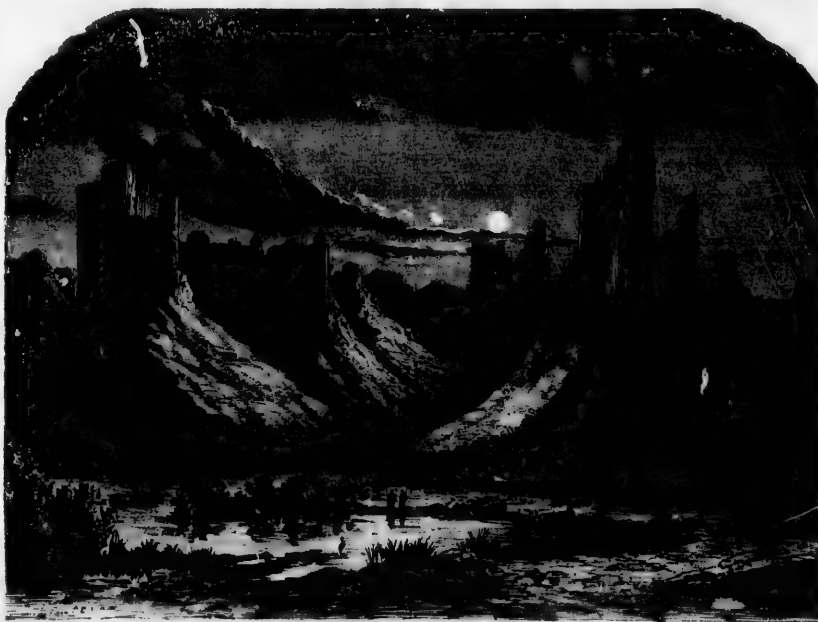
To add to the traveller's misery, he was the almost constant victim of climacteric fever. "In a sanitary point of view," he says, "Timbuktu can in no wise be reckoned among the more favoured places of these regions. Both Sansandi and Sego are considered more



healthy." On the 19th of December a circumstance happened of considerable import to our traveller. Ali, the chief of the Berabish, who had arrived with a large body of armed followers in Timbuktu on the 12th, with the professed intention of taking his life, fell suddenly sick and died. His death made an extraordinary impression upon the people, as it was a well-known fact that it was his father who had killed the former Christian who had visited this place; and the more so, as it was generally believed that I was Major Laing's son.

It was the more important, as the report had been generally spread that, as I have observed before, the Welad Sliman, the principal and most noble section of the Berabish, had sworn to kill me; and the people

could not but think that there was some supernatural connection between the death of this man, at this place and at this period, and the murderous deed perpetrated by his father: and, on the whole, I cannot but think that this event exercised a salutary influence upon my final safety. The followers of the chief of the Berabish were so frightened by this tragical event that they came in great procession to the Sheikh El Bakay, to beg his pardon for their neglect, and to obtain his blessing; nay, the old man himself, a short time afterwards, sent word that he would in no way interfere with my departure, but wished nothing better than that I might reach home in safety. The excitement of the people on account of my stay here thus settled down a little, and the party of the Fulbe



THE MOUNTAINS OF HOMBORI.

seemed quietly to await the result produced by the answer which the sheikh had forwarded to Hamda-Allahi.

The river was at this time rising rapidly, and vast masses of water poured into the valleys and depressions of this sandy region, and gave an appearance of truth to the fabulous statements of thirty-six rivers flowing through this tract. The 25th of December was especially an important epoch, the water having entered the wells, which are situated round the southern and south-western part of the town; and this period, which is said to occur only about every third year, obtains the same importance here as the *lelet e nukta*—the day and night in which the dyke which separates the canal from the Nile is cut—possesses with the

inhabitants of Cairo. The inundation of the Niger reached its height towards the end of January, an anomaly with the Teadda or Benuwe, which reaches its highest level in August, both risings depending on the tropical rains, which Dr. Barth explains upon the grounds of certain peculiarities in the upper course of the river, just as the Liambesi is flooded at a time (July and August) when its lower course, the Zambesi (supposing it to be really so), is at its lowest.

On the 4th of January (1854) the first boat from Kabara reached Timbuktu, and as the immediate result of such a greater facility of intercourse, the supply of corn became more plentiful, and, in consequence, much cheaper. Speaking of the trade and industry of Timbuktu, Barth remarks that the great feature which



distinguishes its markets from that of Kano, is the fact that Timbuktu is not at all a manufacturing town, while the emporium of Hausa fully deserves to be classed as such.

Almost the whole life of the city is based on foreign commerce, which, owing to the great northerly bend of the Niger, finds here the most favoured spot for intercourse, while at the same time that splendid river enables the inhabitants to supply all their wants from without; for native corn is not raised here in sufficient quantities to feed even a very small proportion of the population, and almost all the victuals are imported by water-carriage from Sansandi and the neighbourhood.

The only manufactures carried on in the city, as far as fell under my observation, are confined to the art of the blacksmith, and to a little leather-work. Some of these articles, such as provision or luggage-bags, cushions, small leather-pouches for tobacco, and gun-cloths, especially the leather bags, are very neat; but even these are mostly manufactured by Tawarek, and especially females, so that the industry of the city is hardly of any account. It was formerly supposed that Timbuktu was distinguished on account of its weaving, and that the export of dyed shirts from hence was considerable; but I have already had an opportunity of showing that this was entirely a mistake, almost the whole clothing of the natives themselves, especially that of the wealthier classes, being imported either from Kano or from Sansandi, besides the calico imported from England. The export of the produce of Kano, especially by way of Arawan, extends to the very border of the Atlantic, where it comes into contact with the considerable import of Malabar cloth by way of St. Louis, or Nder, on the Senegal, while the dyed shirts from Sansandi, which, as far as I had an opportunity of observing, seem to be made of foreign or English calico, and not of native cotton, do not appear to be exported to a greater distance. These shirts are generally distinguished by their rich ornament of coloured silk, and look very pretty; and I am sorry I was obliged to give away, as a present, a specimen which I intended to bring home with me. The people of Timbuktu are very experienced in the art of adorning their clothing with a fine stitching of silk, but this is done on a very small scale, and even these shirts are only used at home. There is, however, a very considerable degree of industry exercised by the natives of some of the neighbouring districts, especially Ferraughe, who produce very excellent woollen blankets, and carpets of various colours, which form a most extensive article of consumption with the natives.

The foreign commerce has especially three great high roads: that along the river from the south-west (for lower down the river there is at present scarcely any commerce at all), which comprise the trade proceeding from various points; and two roads from the north, that from Morocco on the one hand, and that from Ghadames on the other. In all this commerce, gold forms the chief staple, although the whole amount of the precious metal exported from this city appears to be exceedingly small, if compared with a European standard. It probably does not exceed an average of £20,000 sterling per year. The gold is brought either from Bambuk or from Bure, but from the former place in a larger quantity. The gold from the country of the Wangarawa does not reach this market, but, as it seems, at present is directly exported to that part of the southern coast which on this account is called the Gold

Coast. The species of gold from Bambuk is of a more yellow colour; that from Bure is rather whitish; and that from Wangara has a greenish hue. Most of this gold, I think, is brought into the town in rings. I do not remember to have seen or heard of gold dust, or "tibber," being brought into the market in small leathern bags, such as Shabini and other people describe, containing about one ounce, equal to twenty-five dollars in value. But, nevertheless, a considerable amount of this article must come into market, as most of the gold dust which comes to Ghadames and Tripoli passes through Timbuktu, while another portion goes directly from Sansandi to Arawan.

The next article that forms one of the chief staples in Timbuktu, and in some respects even more so than gold, is salt, which, together with gold, formed articles of exchange all along the Niger from the most ancient times. It is brought from Tawdenni, the mines of which have been worked, as we know from Ahmed Baba, since the year 1696. The guro or kola nut, which constitutes one of the greatest luxuries of Negroland, is also a most important article of trade.

With regard to European manufactures, the road from Morocco is still the most important for some articles, such as red cloth, coarse coverings, sashes, looking-glasses, cutlery, tobacco; while calico especially, bleached as well as unbleached, is also imported by way of Ghadames, and in such quantities of late, that it has greatly excited the jealousy of the Morocco merchants. The inhabitants of Ghadames are certainly the chief agents in spreading this manufacture over the whole north-western part of Africa, and, in consequence, several of the wealthier Ghadamai merchants employ agents here. The most respectable among the foreign merchants in Timbuktu is Taleb Mohammed, who exercises at the same time a very considerable political influence; and the wealthiest merchants from Morocco besides him, during the time of my stay, were El Mehedi, the astronomer, Mula e' Salam, the nobleman, and my friend the Sweri: while among the Ghadamai merchants, Mohammed ben Taleb, Snusi ben Kyari, Mohammed Lebbe-Lebbe, Haj Ali ben Shawa, and Mohammed Welbe el Kadhi, were those most worth mentioning.

But to apply even to these first-rate merchants a European standard of wealth would be quite erroneous, the actual property of none of them exceeding probably 10,000 dollars, and even that being rather an exceptional case. Scarcely any of them transact business on a large scale, the greater part of them being merely agents for other merchants residing in Ghadames, Swera (Mogador), Merakesh (Morocco), and Fas.

The greater part of the European merchandise comes by way of Mogador, where several European merchants reside; and from this quarter proceeds especially the common red cloth, which, together with calico, forms one of the chief articles of European trade brought into the market. All the calico Barth saw bore the name of one and the same Manchester firm, printed upon it in Arabic letters. All the cutlery in Timbuktu is also of English workmanship. Tea forms a standard article of consumption with the Arabs; for the natives, it is too expensive a luxury. Tobacco is also naturally a considerable article of consumption.

With regard to exports, they consisted, at the time of my stay in the place, of very little besides gold and a moderate quantity of gum and wax, while ivory and

slaves, as far as I was able to ascertain, seemed not to be exported to any considerable amount. However, a tolerable proportion of the entire export from these regions proceeds by way of Arawan, without touching at Timbuktu. At any rate, those gentlemen who estimate the annual export of slaves from Negroland to Morocco at about 4,000 are certainly mistaken, although in this, as well as in other respects, the exceptional and anarchical state of the whole country at the time of my residence, and my own most critical situation, did not allow me to arrive at any positive results. Thus much is certain, that an immense field is here opened to European energy, to revive the trade which, under a stable government, formerly animated this quarter of the globe, and which might again flourish to great extent. For the situation of Timbuktu is of the highest commercial importance, lying as it does at the point where the great river of Western Africa, in a serpent-like winding, approaches most closely to that outlying and most extensive oasis of "the far West"—Maghreb el Akas, of the Muhammadan world—I mean Tawat, which forms the natural medium between the commercial life of this fertile and populous region and the north; and whether it be Timbuktu, Walata, or Ghanata, there will always be in this neighbourhood a great commercial entrepôt, as long as mankind retain their tendency to international intercourse and exchange of produce.

After still further experience of the place, he adds: The difficulties which a place like Timbuktu presents to a free commercial intercourse with Europeans are very great. For while the remarkable situation of the town, at the edge of the desert and on the border of various races, in the present degenerated condition of the native kingdoms makes a strong government very difficult, nay, almost impossible, its distance from either the west coast or the mouth of the Niger is very considerable. But, on the other hand, the great importance of its situation at the northern curve or elbow of that majestic river, which, in an immense sweep encompasses the whole southern half of North-Central Africa, including countries densely populated and of the greatest productive capabilities, renders it most desirable to open it to European commerce, while the river itself affords immense facilities for such a purpose. For, although the town is nearer to the French settlements in Algeria on the one side, and those on the Senegal on the other, yet it is separated from the former by a tract of frightful desert, while between it and the Senegal lies an elevated tract of country, nay, along the nearest road, a mountain chain extends of tolerable height. Further, we have here a family which, long before the French commenced their conquest of Algeria, exhibited their friendly feelings towards the English in an unquestionable manner, and at the present moment the most distinguished member of this family is most anxious to open free intercourse with the English. Even in the event of the greatest success of the French policy in Africa, they will never effect the conquest of this region. On the other hand, if a liberal government were secured to Timbuktu, by establishing a ruler independent of the Fulbe of Hamda-Allahi, who are strongly opposed to all intercourse with Europeans, whether French or English, an immense field might be opened to European commerce, and thus the whole of this part of the world might be subjected to a wholesome organisation.

## XVI.

**DIFFICULTIES AT LEAVING TIMBUKTU—THE TAWAREK ARRIVE AND HE IS SET AT LIBERTY—DESCENT OF THE RIVER NIGER—GOGO OR GAWO, CAPITAL OF THE SONGHAY EMPIRE—OLD CAPITAL OF NEGROLAND—PRESUMED SEPULCHRE OF MUNGO PARK—RETURN TO KUKA—MEET MR. VOGEL—CROSS THE DESERT TO MUZULU.**

THE month of January ended with utter disappointment at the failure of his expected departure, and with nothing but empty promises. There were family as well as political reasons mixed up with this delay. At length a crisis was brought about by the arrival of a "tabu," or army of the Tawarek; the Fulan or Fulbe of Timbuktu fearing that the presence of the traveller should be made the excuse for a civil war, insisted upon his quitting the city, and Barth gladly availed himself of the opportunity of placing himself under the protection of the Tawarek. Unluckily, the Tawarek themselves were much indisposed against the traveller on account of his presumed connection with the French, who had at that time been extending their operations against the Berbers or Tawarek of Algeria; and our traveller had to encounter many other delays, annoyances, and vexations, before he was able to effect what he calls his "final and real start" down the Niger. When he at length got rid for ever of Fulbe and Tawarek and swampy regions alike, he found the character of the country along the banks of the river to improve much. The river soon exhibited its truly magnificent character, and the route lay in part close along the border of its limpid waters, on beautiful sandy beaches, at times shut in by downy, richly clad with dum-palms and tagelalet. Traces of wild hog were observed along this part of the Niger, and Barth, for the first time, saw the footprints of the sangway. This animal which we did not see, he says, appears to be quite distinct from the crocodile, and perhaps resembles the American iguana. We should suspect it more likely to resemble the Asiatic monitor. Swamps, however, drove our traveller occasionally to a distance from the river; but even then the country was enlivened by grassy creeks, with groves and villages, and herds of cattle, sheep, and goats.

Our traveller was thus enabled to accomplish a distance of some two hundred and fifty miles from Timbuktu to Gogo, the ancient capital of Songhay, without any serious perils; and although the country thus traversed formed the limit of the great interior desert, still, being on the banks of the river, it appears to have been by no means difficult to travel, from the absence of occasional cultivation, pasture lands, or villages.

As soon as I had made out that Gogo was the place which for several centuries had been the capital of a strong and mighty empire in this region, I felt a more ardent desire to visit it than I had to reach Timbuktu. The latter, no doubt, had become celebrated throughout the whole of Europe, on account of the commerce which centred in it; nevertheless I was fully aware that Timbuktu had never been more than a provincial town, although it exercised considerable influence upon the neighbouring regions from its being the seat of Muhammadan learning. But Gogo or Gago had been the centre of a great national movement, from whence powerful and successful princes, such as the great Muhammad el Haj Akkai, spread their conquests from Kebbî, or rather Hausa, in the east, as far as Futa in the

west; and from Tawat in the north, as far as Wangara and Mosi towards the south.

Cheered at having reached this spot, I passed a tranquil night, and rising early in the morning, lay down outside my tent, quietly enjoying the prospect over this once busy locality, which, according to the unanimous statements of former writers, was the most splendid city of Negroland, though it is now the desolate abode of a small and miserable population. Just opposite to my tent, towards the south, lay the ruined massive tower, the last remains of the principal mosque, or Jingere-ber, of the capital, the sepulchre of the great conqueror Muhammad.

With the exception of this tower, however, all that remained of the once great city of Negroland was from three hundred to four hundred huts, grouped in separate clusters, and surrounded by heaps of rubbish, to indicate the site of the former city. An old man attached himself to our traveller at this place, and conducted him through the rubbish to a long narrow clay building at a short distance west from the mosque where he wanted to show him something of interest, but the owner of the house refused him admittance. Our traveller seems to hint at the possibility of this being the burial-place of Mungo Park.

To the south of this olden capital of Negroland, the character of the country improved greatly, and on Sunday, July 9th, Barth, after bidding farewell to his dilatory but kind and faithful friend and protector, El Bakay, crossed the river to the right bank at a place called Gona, some ten miles below Gogo; from this point to Say, where Barth had first crossed the river on his way to Timbuktu, was a distance of a little upwards of two hundred and fifty miles, Goro being nearly half-way between the two cities; and Barth was happily enabled to accomplish this further survey of a large portion of the Central Niger without any mishaps. The only alarming adventure he experienced arose from an error which occurred near Say, where some mounted Songhay and Fulbe, mistaking his party for a hostile host, had night made an assault upon them.

As Mr. Barth's journey from Say to Kuka lay through Central Negroland by Gando, Sokoto, Wurno, and Kano—towns and countries previously traversed—it is needless to follow his weary footsteps once more through these populous but half-civilised regions. There was the same trouble with greedy rulers, the same annoyance of hostile, thievish populations, the same vexations of rains, swamps, and fevers, and the same old financial difficulties, the last, unluckily, not even destined to be relieved by the meeting effected with Mr. Vogel at Bundi, near Kuka. "It was with great surprise," Barth relates, "that he heard from his young friend that there were no supplies in Kuka; that what he had brought with him he had spent, and that the usurper Abd-el-Rahman had treated him very badly, having even taken possession of the property which I had left in Zinder." It is not a little amusing to find Barth adding, that even the news of the want of pecuniary supplies did not cause him so much surprise as the report which he received from Mr. Vogel that he did not possess a single bottle of wine. For, he says, having now been for more than three years without a drop of anything stimulant except coffee, and having suffered severely from frequent attacks of fever dysentery, he had an insuperable longing for the juice of the grape, of which former experience had

taught him the benefit. Speaking of Vogel, of whose unfortunate end there remains little doubt, Barth says: My residence in the town became infinitely more cheerful, in consequence of the arrival of Mr. Vogel, on the 29th December, when I spent a period of twenty days most pleasantly in the company of this enterprising and courageous young traveller, who, with surprising facility, accustomed himself to all the relations of this strange life. But while borne away by the impulse of his own enthusiasm, and giving up all pretensions to the comforts of life, he unfortunately committed the mistake of expecting that his companions, recently arrived from Europe, and whose ideas were less elevated, should do the same, and this had given rise to a lamentable quarrel, which frustrated in a great measure the intentions of the government who had sent out the party. Exchanging opinions with regard to countries which we had both of us traversed, and planning schemes as to the future course which Mr. Vogel was to pursue, and especially as to the next journey which he was to undertake towards Yakoba and Adamawa, we passed our time very agreeably.

Mr. Vogel was at this time afflicted by a very dangerous weakness, in the digestive powers, so much so that it was impossible for him to eat any meat at all. The very sight of a dish of meat made him sick. Corporal Macquire was also affected in the same way. The corporal remained with Mr. Vogel, whilst his comrade, Corporal Church, returned to Europe with Barth. Macquire was afterwards, as it is supposed, murdered at the well Bedwaram, after the death of his chief, and on his way home. Barth, on his side, left Kuka on his homeward journey on the 4th of May, and crossing the hot and arid desert that extends between Negroland and Murzuk, he entered the latter town, on what may truly be called the extreme boundary of civilisation, on the 13th of July. "I could not," says our patient enduring traveller, "but feel deeply affected when, after so long an absence, I again found myself in friendly hands, and within the reach of European comforts."

It is impossible, whilst giving the traveller all possible credit for his great physical and mental attributes as a traveller, his patience and endurance, his courage and perseverance, his skill and ability, his knowledge and acquirements, and the indomitable energy with which he applied these in all positions and conditions, not at the same time to acknowledge the first-rate importance of the additions which he has made to geographical knowledge, and the openings presented by these to commerce and to general civilisation. If Livingstone discovered a Zambesi, Barth discovered a Binu. If Livingstone crossed Southern Africa from east to west, Barth explored and mapped the Central Niger, and sojourned for many tedious months at the hitherto semi-mysterious Timbuktu. If Livingstone has met with peaceable, well-disposed populations and available lands in Southern Africa, Barth has explored a vast region teeming with villages, towns, and cities, much divided among themselves, cursed by slavery and the ambitious hostilities of chiefs and of peoples, parties and factions as well as nationalities, and torn to pieces by intestine wars, but still easily opened to commercial intercourse by their great arterial streams; and it is to be hoped that improved communication will lead to a gradual and corresponding improvement in their social political and religious condition.

## A MISSIONARY'S ADVENTURE

### IN EASTERN AFRICA.

THE following remarkable adventure befell the missionary Krapf on the occasion of a second journey into Ukambani in Eastern Africa, upon which occasion that worthy traveller had the good fortune to obtain positive intelligence of the existence of a mountain in the East African Alps, whose summit was clad with snow, as also to inspect the Dana, a fine river

flowing apparently from the eastern slopes of the same mountain range.

The immediate object of my second journey, Dr. Krapf relates, to Ukambani was, in accordance with the decision of the Committee of the Church Missionary Society, to found a missionary station in Ukambani, and thus actually to commence the chain of missions



BONGHAY VILLAGE.

through Africa formerly spoken of. If the Ukambani mission succeeded, it was hoped that then a further missionary station might be established in the neigh-

bourhood of the snow-mountain situated on the high ground of Yata, some 110 leagues from Rabbaï in the village of a Mkamba, Mtangi wa Nsuki, a man of great

influence in the district of Yata, and which being visited by all the caravans which journey either from Ukambani to the sea-coast, or from the latter to Ukambani, a missionary stationed there would have frequent opportunities of corresponding with his brethren at Rabbai. The village lies in a plain, which is at least 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and contains many Wakamba villages. As the Wakambaland proper begins with Yata, a missionary stationed there could make excursions in every direction, and as at the same time many Wakamba from Yata were settled at Rabbai Mpia, in constant intercourse with their friends and relations in the interior, the Yata people would be obliged to be careful in their treatment of the stranger. If they maltreated him, the authorities of the coast would, in accordance with the East African custom, retaliate on the settlers from the interior in their power.

I engaged thirty Wanika as burden-bearers and escort, Mana Zahu being the leader of the little caravan, which was joined on the way by about 100 Wakamba, who were returning to their homes. Our departure from Rabbai took place on the 11th of July. The disorder, insane chatter, drunkenness, gluttony, and disobedience of my people were great, and gave me much pain, until, on the 14th of July, we left behind us the inhabited country, and reached the great wilderness at Ndunguni, when the Wanika were obliged to be quiet and silent. On the 15th we were met by a caravan of Wakamba coming from the interior with ivory to the coast, and to some of them, who seated themselves on the ground beside me, I explained the object of my journey; after which, a Mkamba told me that in his youth he had travelled to Mbellete, and had then proceeded into the country of the Wabilikimo, or "little people" (pigmies). The distance between Ukambani and Ubilikimoni was greater than that between the former and Mombas; the Wabilikimo had long feet, but short bodies, and on their backs a kind of hump; and nobody understood their language. The Wakamba made friends with them by offering copper rings, for which honey was presented in return; they were good, harmless people, and there were many elephants in their country. At our night bivouac the Wanika and Wakamba were quarrelling over the division of a slaughtered goat, whereupon a Mkamba made a long speech, in which he exhorted the people thenceforth to observe silence, and on the march not to leave the caravan, as the way was dangerous. After a very fatiguing march of two days we reached Mount Maungu, where we met a number of Wanika of the Kirima tribe, waiting for ivory caravans from Ukambani. They gave us the unwelcome intelligence that the day before a large band of Gallas had been seen in the neighbourhood of Kadiza, evidently with the design of attacking and plundering the ivory-caravans of the Wakamba. On the 18th of July we determined to rest for a little at Maungu. The Kirima people surrounded me almost the whole day putting questions, or trying to inspect the things which I was taking to Ukambani. With a few of them I had some talk upon religious matters, and they asked who was Jesus Christ, and what had He done? To-day the leaders of the Wakamba caravans made their people swear, that in case of an attack by the Gallas or Masai, they would not run away, but would defend themselves. My leader, too, was obliged to be present at the oath-taking. I took no notice of the circumstance, but in

the course of the journey I found that the caravan-leaders had shown very proper forethought. A European ought not altogether to despise the reports and fears of the natives; but because the people had babbled so much about the dangers of the journey to Ukambani, and I had performed my last journey thither in safety, I looked on their tales and terrors as fanciful. However, I was later forced to acknowledge that the natives had good ground for their anxieties and precautions.

We started again on the morning of the 19th of July, our route lying more to the north and our path being level and sandy. Leaving Mount Ndara on the left we marched some six leagues till we reached the River Woi, where we bivouacked. On the 20th we crossed the Woi, and noticed on the bank fresh traces of elephants; and upon entering the noble prairie, free of thorns and jungle, with which the eastern range of the Bura mountains terminates, we saw here and there a shy zebra, or a giraffe, which my people vainly endeavoured to capture. At noon we reached Kangongo; but, as had been the case two years ago, we found no water there, and so pushed forward to reach the Tzawo. On the 21st we started before dawn to reach the Tzawo as soon as possible, as our stock of water was nearly exhausted, and about nine we ascended a small hill, and sat down in the vicinity of a thick wood. How little did I suspect that lurking enemies were surrounding and watching us! During the march, I had been ruminating upon the various petitions of the Lord's Prayer, and almost every word of it had impressed itself as a blessing to me. Till now the Wakamba caravan which kept company with us, had preceded us during the whole journey, but when we resumed our march it remained, I know not why or how, behind my people. Just as I had entered with my Wanika a large thicket where it was difficult to move to the right or to the left, we heard suddenly a loud cry which proceeded from the Wakamba, who formed the rearguard. They cried "Aendi! Aendi! Aendi!"—Robbers! Robbers! Robbers! (literally hunters). A frightful confusion now arose among my people; they threw down their loads, and would have fled into the wood, but found it difficult to penetrate the bushes. One called out this, another that; several shouted, "Fire off the guns, fire off the guns!" I wished to do so, but the man who carried my double-barrelled one had fled, and I was quite unarmed. I got hold of him and it at last, and fired in the air, on which the Wanika set up a dreadful war-cry, and the others who had guns then fired three or four shots in succession. Whilst this firing was going on at our front, the Wakamba were discharging their poisoned arrows at the Aendi, who had shot theirs at them from the hill I have mentioned. The Wakamba who were furthest behind, threw down their loads at the sight of the enemy, allowing them to come and put them on their shoulders, whereupon the Wakamba fired and shot three of the robbers dead; and we had one Mkamba wounded. When the enemy saw that the Wakamba made a stand and heard our firing, they retreated to their hiding-places, upon which my scattered Wanika collected again, took courage and joined the Wakamba, who had been exposed to the greatest danger. Had the conflict lasted longer we should have been in a very perilous plight, as in the confusion I lost my powder-horn, and one of my people burst the barrel of his gun by putting too large a charge

into it. The ramrod of another was broken, through his being knocked over by a Mnika in the confusion, just as he was going to load; whilst the gun of another missed fire altogether. I saw clearly that it was God who preserved us, and not our own sword and bow. After the rearguard of the Wakamba had got up to us, we hurried on to escape from the inhospitable thickets; but we had not gone far when those in front cried, "Aendi! Aendi!" "Robbers! Robbers!" We fired at once in the air; but we soon discovered our mistake, and got off with the mere alarm; as it turned out to be the caravan expected at Maungu, consisting of three to four hundred Wakamba, who were coming from the interior with a number of elephants' tusks, and whom our vanguard had taken for robbers. Fortunately the travellers at once recognised our Wanika, and cried to us "Do not fire, we are trading people!" Some of these Wakamba came from one side through the thicket, and as I still took them to be robbers I pointed my gun at them, but waited a moment, till they should begin the attack. Fortunately the Wanika called out to me: "Do not fire, they are friends!" Fear was succeeded by sudden joy; evidently the robbers had intended to attack the expected caravan, but on the principle of a bird in the bush, thought it better to plunder us as first comers, and we had thus prepared the way for the large caravan. It was fortunate for me that the first attack had been made on the Wakamba, for they defended their property, while my people cared neither for me nor for my baggage, but were anxious about their own lives alone.

We reached the Tawo in safety, and, continuing our journey on the 22nd, arrived on the 24th after a two days' very toilsome march at Kikumbulu, where we rested for a day. At last, on the afternoon of the 26th, we crossed the Adi and began to ascend the high land of Yata, my destination as a missionary. On the way, I besought earnestly in my heart the Father of all mercies to guide and help me to make a commencement of missionary work in this country. Arrived at the plain on the top we proceeded to the nearest village, and inquired after the Mkamba, Muilu wa Kiwui, with whom I was first to reside. We were told that he had quitted the village, in consequence of a famine from which the country was suffering through want of rain. We then betook ourselves to Mtangi wa Nuki, another Wakamba chief, who gave us a friendly reception; and in a short time there was an assemblage of the other chiefs to whom I explained the object of my journey. They declared that they would willingly permit me to reside among them, build a hut, and do whatever I pleased, assuring me of their protection. After this declaration I delivered to them my present, which consisted of eight ells of calico and some four pounds of beads; for which they presented me in return with a goat. I made a special present to Mtangi wa Nuki, as it was within his inclosure that I was to erect my hut, and as he had offered me his particular protection. Thus far at starting everything had gone satisfactorily, so that I took courage and thanked God for His powerful protection and assistance.

July 27.—In the course of the day I was visited by many Wakamba, who wished to see me and my baggage, which I was obliged to leave lying in the open air, whilst for the want of a proper dwelling-place I too was forced to camp out, with no other shelter than that which my umbrellas afforded me against the heat of the

sun during the day; whilst at night a cold wind was blowing from the south from Kilimanjaro and Yulu; and even in the morning at 10 o'clock the glass stood at 68°, and did not reach beyond 72° at midday. It was most unpleasant to me to have no habitation, however small, in which I could rest from the fatigues of the journey and be sheltered from the intrusion of the Wakamba. I felt, consequently, rather low-spirited, and this mood was somewhat aggravated by the declaration of my Wanika, that next day they intended to return to Rabai with a Wakamba caravan which was journeying towards the coast. I reminded them of their undertaking to build me a dwelling-place before they returned to the coast, which they did not deny, and at once set to work with it. In a few hours they had put together, with stakes fetched from the wood, a miserable hencoop, scarcely six feet high, and about as many feet broad and long, but with which I was fain to be content as my things were lying in the open air, and I had neither shelter by day from the heat of the sun, nor by night from the cold of the bitter blast sweeping in from the southern mountains.

July 28.—My Wanika started this morning without finishing the roofing in of the hut with grass; and the single servant whom I had brought in from Rabai ran away, although I had always treated him with particular affection and kindness. I could not trust the Wakamba; my conscience forbade me to buy a slave; and yet I was obliged to have some one who could look after my things, and to whose care I could entrust my hut, and I saw that I must have a tolerable servant and a better dwelling-place if I was to settle in Yata. In my hencoop I could neither write, nor read, nor sleep, and was continually besieged by the Wakamba, who by day, even before dawn, did not leave me a moment alone. If I wished to read, they asked me if I was trying to spy into their hearts, or whether I was looking for rain and inquiring after diseases; when I wrote, they wanted to know what I had written, and whether it contained sorcery. Everyone of my movements was sharply observed. Many came to beg this or that, to see new things, or to buy wares, as they took me for a merchant; others brought a few eggs or a little meal, and then asked for twice or three times as much as their presents were worth; whilst others, again, wished merely to be amused. My hut had not even a door, so that I could not close it, and by night I was safe neither from thieves nor from wild beasts.

July 30.—Meditating this morning on my painful position, I came to the conclusion, on the one hand, that I ought not to abandon Yata, as the people, on the whole, were friendly, and part of them listened with attention when I strove to make them acquainted with the Word of God; on the other hand, it was clear to me that I could not remain if my two Wanika were to forsake me now, or at the close of two months; for on the flight of my servant (who was afraid to stay in Ukambani by himself), these two had offered their services, very highly paid, for two months only, at the end of which I was either to return with them to the coast, or remain by myself at Yata. I therefore resolved to make use of the interval in visiting the interior of Ukambani as far as the River Dana, and first of all to repair to my old friend Kivul, with whose help I might attain my object. If I were then obliged to quit Ukambani I should, at least, have added to my knowledge of the country, and have promulgated the



gospel in it, here and there. After I had decided on journeying to Kivoi, I asked Mtangi wa Nuki for a small escort, which he readily granted, giving me, however, to understand that I was to return to him, and remain with him.

*August 1.*—I awoke this morning in a very feverish state, caused partly by the cold at night, partly by the unwholesome air of my hut; but, nevertheless, set out on the journey to Kivoi, accompanied by four Wakamba and one of my two Mnika servants, leaving the other to look after my things. The Wakamba moved on so swiftly that I could not keep pace with them; it was more like jumping than walking. In the villages which we passed through, I had often to stop and allow myself to be gaped at by the people like an ape or bear in Europe. In the evening we reached the River Tiwa.

*August 2.*—On waking this morning I was so unwell that I would have returned to Yata, if my servant and the Wakamba would have allowed me. My servant hoped to receive a piece of ivory from Kivoi, which was the reason why he would not return to Yata. So on we went, the Wakamba running so fast that I could not keep up with them, and our way lay through an uninhabited and uncultivated country.

*August 4.*—About noon we reached the village of the chief, Kivoi, who was absent. When he came home he greeted me in a friendly manner, and observed that he should have taken it very ill if I had not come to him. He told me, among other things, that he had at present a feud with the Wakamba tribe Atua, which had destroyed the house of his relative, Ngumbau, because the wife of the latter, who is reputed a witch, had been suspected of casting a spell upon the cattle of the Atua.

*August 5.*—To-day Kivoi introduced me to Rumu wa Kikandi, a native of the tribe Uembu, whose territory lies five or six days' journey to the north-west of Kitui, quite close to the snow-mountain Kirenia (Kenia). He told me that he had frequently been to the mountain, but had not ascended it, because it contained Kirira, a white substance, producing very great cold. What the Jagga people call Kibo, snow, is called by the natives of Uembu, Kirira, which brings to mind the Ethiopic word *kur*, or *kuir* (coldness). The white substance, he added, produced continually a quantity of water, which descended the mountain and formed a large lake, from which the River Dana took its rise.

*August 7.*—\* \* \* In Kivoi's hut I saw a quantity of Magaddi, a dried sort of whitish hue, which has a sour but aromatic odor, and is found in Jagga, as well as in Udeim and in the north-eastern Wakamba-land. It is made into a powder by the Wakamba and Wanika, and mixed with snuff, of which the East Africans are passionately fond.

*August 9.*—To-day Kivoi had a quantity of Uki prepared for the banquet which he was to give to his tribe to induce them to accompany him on his expedition against the Atua, if a reconciliation with the latter turned out to be impossible. This beverage is thus prepared from sugar-cane: first, the bark of the cane is cut away; then the cane is cut into small pieces and put into a wooden mortar, which is made firm in the earth; after it has been pounded into a pulp it is put into a pit, when, being covered over with a cowhide and pressed down, the juice rises through the top. The expressed juice, which is very sweet, is

then poured into calabashes, and these are placed near a fire to be made hot. When this process is over, the beverage is ready for use.

*August 13.*—Many Wakamba were here to-day; they sat in groups in Kivoi's yard, where I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with many of them, and of speaking to them respecting the salvation of their souls.

*August 14.*—To-day about two hundred men appeared in Kivoi's village. They came singing, dancing, and piping, and seated themselves in a semi-circle on the ground outside the village.

Kivoi asked me to accompany him, with my telescope in my hand: which I did, and when perfect quiet was restored, Kivoi marched up and down within the semi-circle, and delivered a long address. On his head he wore a kind of hat, decorated with ostrich-feathers; in his hand he carried a club, and by his side hung his sword and powder-horn; his body was perfectly naked, with the exception of a scanty piece of cloth. He stated in his address that he wished to recover from the Atua the cattle of which his relative had been robbed. If they would not assist him he should depart out of the land, and then they would never again see a stranger like me. After the people had promised obedience and assistance, they started on the expedition with Kivoi at their head.

The population of the village was now reduced to females only, it did not contain a single male, except myself, my servant, and Ngumbau, whose wife was said to have bewitched and destroyed the cattle of the Atua. The people were in great terror of an attack of the Atua by night, who might easily have taken and burned the village. Ngumbau came during the night trembling into my hut, and asked me to look through my telescope and see whether friends or foes were coming; my servant, too, was in great terror, and wished to return immediately to Yata and the sea-coast; I commended myself to the protection of Almighty God, and laid down in tranquillity on my bed.

*August 17.*—Kivoi returned after having peacefully arranged his quarrel with the Atua, the latter having promised to restore the cattle which had been stolen. Both parties had slaughtered an animal, eaten certain portions of it, and sworn to observe the treaty of peace. I spoke to Kivoi respecting that true peace which the world cannot give nor take away.

*August 18.*—When I informed the chief to-day of my wish to return to Yata, he said I was not to do so, as he would soon accompany me to the River Dana and to Mbe. He would afterwards go with me to Mombas; there I was to hire some Suahili, who could build me a substantial dwelling in Ukambani; he would then help me to visit all the countries round about, and I might do with him what I pleased. I had no doubt that Kivoi could and might execute all these intentions, yet I feared his great greed, which would lead him to try and make capital out of me. He was well acquainted with Europeans, Suahili, and Arabs; he possessed great influence, too, on the coast and in the interior; but I felt no impulse to throw myself into his arms, and to enter into his schemes. I was still of the opinion that Yata was the best place for a missionary station.

*August 19.*—Kivoi's whole village rejoiced and danced in consequence of the restoration of peace. The chief had a quantity of uki prepared for our ap-

proaching journey to the River Dana. Early in the morning, whilst walking up and down in his inclosure, he gave each of his female slaves a quantity of Indian corn to grind.

August 20.—A little caravan arrived yesterday from Mbe with tobacco, which the Mbe people wished to sell in Ukambani.

August 24.—We started on our much-talked-of expedition yesterday evening, our route being to the north and north-west, mostly through very fine country, well suited for tillage and grazing. In the evening we bivouacked by a brook which flows towards Kitui. In the open and grassy wilderness, through which we wandered, there was here and there an acacia-tree to be seen; but otherwise the country was completely without wood.

August 25.—We broke up early, and after a short march we came upon four rhinoceroses grazing; but as we did not disturb them they remained quietly where they were. I used to have a great dread of those ugly and clumsy creatures, but by degrees I grew accustomed to them. All day we were gradually ascending; there was not a single tree to be seen, nothing but grass. We observed great herds of antelopes; and at one time we saw a flock of vultures flying upwards and then descending to the ground again; upon which the Wakamba immediately threw down their loads, and ran to the spot, where to their joy they found a great piece of the flesh of Ngundi, a kind of large antelope. Everywhere on our road Kivoi set fire to the grass, which did us mischief subsequently, as the fire informed the enemy of our onward march. We passed soon afterwards the brook Andilal, the water of which was very salt, on the banks of which I remarked a stratum of crystallized salt, which, however, was mixed with earth; but Kivoi's wives collected a quantity of it for our use on the road.

August 26.—We started very early. The little caravan of Uembu people, whose leader was my friend Rumu wa Kikandi, carried a quantity of the wood of the poison-tree which grows in Kikambuli, Mberria, and Teita, in pieces of from four to three inches thick. The wood is pounded, and then boiled, and the point of the arrow is besmeared with the black, thick paste, which is the result of the operation, the strength of the poison being first tested on animals. The people on the other side of the River Dana exchange tobacco and ivory for this wood, which does not grow in those regions, and in Kikambuli I saw whole caravans conveying heavy loads of this wood to Ukambani. Our way led us first up and then over a hill, a continuation of the Dana, from the top of which there is a magnificent view towards Kikuyu and the valley of the Dana. To the south-west are Mounts Iweti and Naoi, and beyond them the lofty Muka Mku and the Kanjallo, which mark the beginning of the highlands of Kikuyu. It seems probable that the chain of mountains which stretches from Ndungnai to Yata, and so on Kanjallo, may lose itself in Kirenia. When we had descended it on the other side, we halted by a brook, and while we were resting, the Wakamba saw again a number of vultures flying upward and downward. My servant ran immediately to the spot and found a great piece of a fallow-deer, which had been seized and partly devoured in the morning by a lion, whose footprints were apparent. I was glad of this roasting-joint, as Kivoi had but indifferently fulfilled his promise of furnishing us with provisions during the

journey, and on the first day we had had nothing but bananas. After we had enjoyed our venison, we continued our journey. Again we saw the high mountain Muka Mku, past the eastern foot of which the River Dika is said to flow, falling in Mues into the Dana, the Dana itself flowing to the west of Muka Mku.

August 27.—Last night we had encamped in a grassy wilderness; I felt much disquieted and awoke several times. Once the wind drove the fire to our encampment; another time, I thought I heard people running about. In the morning, we had no water for cooking purposes, so that there was but little enjoyment of our meal. When we reached the isolated Mount Kense, which rises up out of the great plain leading to the Dana, some twenty-five of Kivoi's people, who had left Kitui after us, joined our caravan, which now comprised from fifty to fifty-five persons. Not far from Kense, where we had halted, Kivoi lost the handle of my umbrella, which I had given him. After an hour and a half, he first discovered the loss, when he immediately commanded a halt, and returned with a troop of people to look for the missing article. This unimportant circumstance irritated me not a little, as I was hungry and thirsty, and wished to reach the river as soon as possible; and being thus discontented with the behaviour of Kivoi, who troubled himself about such a trifle as the loss of an umbrella handle, I went forward alone, hoping that five or six Wakamba would follow me, and hasten onward to the river. But not one of them moved an inch, because, as they said, Kivoi had not ordered them to break up the encampment, and was still a good way from us; so I had to stomach my ire as best I might, and was, after all, obliged to remain for several hours with the caravan, till Kivoi returned with the recovered umbrella handle. As soon as he had arrived, we broke up and journeyed onward; when after a short march, one of Kivoi's wives found in the grass a quantity of ostrich feathers, upon which he again commanded a halt to make a search for more feathers. He seated himself on the ground, and had the feathers found brought to him, not allowing any one to share them with him. When we were again in motion, and were within a good league of the Dana, Kivoi's slaves on a sudden pointed towards the forest towards which we were marching from the grassy and treeless plain. I ran to Kivoi's side, and saw a party of about ten men emerging from the forest, and soon afterwards came other and larger parties from another side, evidently with the object of surrounding us. Our whole caravan was panic-stricken, and the cry, "Meida" (They are robbers), ran through our ranks, upon which Kivoi fired off his gun, and bade me do the same. After we had fired thrice the robbers began to relax their pace, probably because they had heard the whistling of our bullets through the air. In the confusion and the hurry of loading I had left my ramrod in the barrel of my gun and fired it off, so that I could not load again. Whilst we were firing and our caravan was preparing for a conflict, Kivoi ordered one of his wives to open my umbrella, when the robbers immediately slackened their speed. They were also obstructed by the grass, which Kivoi had set on fire that the wind might blow the flames in their faces. When at last they had come within bow-shot of us Kivoi called to them to stop, and not to approach nearer. He then ran towards them, and invited them to a parley, upon which they ran up and

down, brandishing their swords and raising a shout of triumph. After a few minutes, Kivoi succeeded in persuading three of them to come into our encampment, where we had seated ourselves in rank and file upon the ground. The enemy likewise seated themselves. Kivoi now made a speech, telling them who he was and whither he was going; and after he had finished his address the spokesman of the opposite party laughed and said, "You need not be afraid; we have no hostile design; we saw the grass on fire, and only wished to know who the travellers were that had set it on fire. You can now go forward to the river; we will follow at once, and yonder settle our business with you." The robbers then remained seated, and took counsel with each other, while we continued our journey.

On the way Kivoi was much troubled, and said that the interview had been unsatisfactory, and that the people were robbers. At last we entered the forest, the pathway on either side being inclosed by trees and bushes. Whenever our caravan rested for a little the robbers were seen following us from the plain, so I took advantage of one such interval to cut myself in haste a ramrod, and to load my gun. Meanwhile some five robbers came to us and said, "This is the way to the river; follow us." We followed them, I marching with the Uemba people, the front men of our caravan, while Kivoi remained behind. Suddenly the robbers in front wheeled round, set up a war-shout, and began to discharge their arrows at us, and the robbers in the rear surrounded Kivoi. A great confusion arose; our people threw away their burdens, and discharged their arrows at the enemy, begging me imploringly to fire as quickly as I could. I fired twice, but in the air; for I could not bring myself to shed the blood of man. Whilst I was reloading a Mkamba rushed past me wounded in the hip, a stream of blood flowing from him. Right and left fell the arrows at my feet, but without touching me. When our people saw that they could not cope with an enemy 120 strong they took to flight. Rumu wa Kilandi and his people ran away and left me quite alone.

I deemed it now time to think of flight, especially as in the confusion I could not distinguish friend from foe; so I set off at a run in the direction taken by Rumu and his people; but scarcely had I gone some sixty paces, when I came to a trench or rather the dried-up bed of a brook, some ten feet deep, and from four to five in width. The Uemba people had thrown their loads into it, and leapt over the trench; but when I made the attempt I fell into it, breaking the butt-end of my gun and wounding my haunches in the fall; and as I could not climb up the steep bank of the brook I ran on along its bed until I came to a place where I could emerge from it. When I had gained the bank I ran on as fast as I could after the Uemba people, pursued by the arrows of the robbers which reached the brook; but as I could not come up with the former, my gun and the heavy ammunition in my pockets impeding my progress, I remained behind all alone in the forest; all my people had disappeared from before my face, and not one of them was to be seen. I may mention, that when I first took to flight, and before I reached the trench, I heard a heavy fall on the ground, and at once it occurred to me that Kivoi must have fallen, and this as I afterwards found out was really the case. I now ran on

quickly as I could by the side of the brook into the forest. All at once I came to a glade where I saw a number of men, some 300 paces in front of me. Thinking them to be my people, recovered from their terror and collected again, I crossed the brook to reach them. Suddenly it came into my head that they might be the robbers, so I took my telescope, looked through it, and discovered to my horror that they were indeed the robbers, who were carrying off the booty plundered from our caravan. I noticed particularly one man with ostrich-feathers on his head, whom I recognised as one of the band when we first met with it; so I retreated immediately across the brook again, without being observed by the Meida, although I could see them with the naked eye. As I was re-entering the wood two large rhinoceroses met my view, which were standing quietly in front of me, some fifteen to twenty paces from me, but they soon turned aside and disappeared in the forest. For eight or ten minutes I resumed my flight at a run, till I thought I was out of the robbers' track, and emerged again into an open and grassy plain where I laid down beneath a tree, first of all giving thanks to the Father of mercy who had preserved me through so great a danger. I then reflected on my critical situation and the possibility of returning to Kivoi's village; then thought that I would repair to Mberre and seek our people there to accompany me back again. My most pressing want was water; for I was extremely thirsty, and had not had anything to drink all day, so I determined to press forward to the river. After a short march I came to a trodden pathway which I followed, and soon saw the surface of the river gleaming through the trees and bushes on its banks with a pleasure which no pen can describe, and which none but those who have been similarly placed can realise. After my thirst was satisfied, for want of water-bottles I filled the leather case of my telescope as well as the barrels of my gun, which was now useless to me; and I stopped up the mouths of the gun-barrels with grass, and with bits of cloth cut off my trousers.

After I had attended sufficiently to my animal wants I made a slight exploration of the river which was about 150 feet in width, and from six to seven feet deep. But this cannot be its normal depth during the hot season, for Kivoi, and Rumu wa Kikandi, both told me distinctly that then it only reached to the neck; and this was the reason why Kivoi had fixed on the hot season for his journey, in order to cross the Dana when its water was low; for in the rainy season the Wakamba cross the river on rafts. Its course, so far as I could see, is serpentine, running towards the east; but I do not doubt that it makes great detours before it arrives at the Indian Ocean. If its source in the lake at Kironia is 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, it must certainly take a very circuitous course, or we must suppose it to form lofty catarnets before it reaches the level of the sea. Important results might be attained if Europeans would explore this river more fully, and discover whether it is navigable, and if so, to what distance. In the Mberre-land on the other side of the river I saw a lofty mountain, which I named Mount Albert, in honour of the audience accorded to me by the Prince Consort at Windsor, in 1850.

Revived by the water of the Dana, I began again to think of my return-journey, and as it was still day it did not appear advisable to proceed any further at

present, so I concealed myself behind the bushes and waited for nightfall; and then, as may be supposed, I could not see the path in the deep darkness, but followed as much as possible the course of the wind; for as it was in our backs when we came, I judged rightly that returning I should always have it in my face. I wended on my way through thick and thin, often tumbling into little pits, or over stones and trunks of trees; but the thorns and the tall grass impeded me most of all, and I was troubled, too, by thoughts of the many wild beasts known to be in the neighbourhood of the Dana. I was so impeded and wearied by the tall grass that I determined to lie down and sleep, even if I were to die here in the wilderness; for it seemed as if I never should reach the coast again; but then I thought, straightway, that in no situation should man despair, but do the utmost for self-preservation and put his trust in God as to the issue. I called to mind Mungo Park, who had been in a similar strait in Western Africa, so, taking courage, I marched forward again; as quickly as I could, and in due course emerged from the jungle and reached the great plain in which Kivoi had set fire to the grass. I now felt in better spirits, as I could proceed more quickly and with fewer obstructions. About midnight I came to a mountain which we had noticed in the course of our journey hither. As it had no name I called it Mount William, in memory of the audience granted me in 1850, by his Majesty Frederick William IV. of Prussia. This mountain commands a view of the whole region of the Dana, and serves as a landmark for the caravans which journey towards Ukambani, or towards Kikuyu and Mbera. Believing myself on the right track, I lay down behind a bush; for I was so wearied out that I could scarcely keep my feet, and for protection against the keen wind which blew over the plain, I cut some dry grass and spread it over and under my body. Awakening after a few hours I saw to the east a hill, as it were on fire, the flames lighting up the whole country round. It occurred to me immediately to bend my steps towards that hill, fearing at daybreak to be met or noticed in the plain by the robbers, while I hoped to pursue my course unobserved in the mountain-jungle, which I should be sure to find there. The result proved that I was in the right; for the robbers kept up the pursuit of the flying Wakamba during the ensuing day.

After I had started again, I felt the pangs of hunger and thirst; the water in my telescope case had run out, and that in the barrels of my gun which I had not drunk, had been lost on my way to Mount William, as the bushes had torn out the grass stoppers, and so I lost a portion of the invaluable fluid which, in spite of the gunpowder-flavour imparted to it by the barrels, thirst had rendered delicious. My hunger was so great that I tried to chew even leaves and roots to stay it, and as soon as day broke to break my fast on ants. The roar of a lion would have been music in my ears, trusting he would provide me with a meal. A little before daybreak I did hear a lion roar, and immediately afterwards the cry of an animal, which, however, soon ceased; for, no doubt, the lion had seized his prey; but the direction from which the cry came was too distant for me to risk leaving my route and to descend into the plain. For some time I marched along the barrier formed by the burning grass. It was a grand sight, and the warmth was very acceptable in the coolness of the night.

August 28.—When day dawned I saw that I was a good way from the Dana. I thanked God for his preservation of me during the night just gone by, and commended myself to his protection for the coming day. I found that I was taking the right direction, although not on the same track which we had travelled when coming hither. Indeed, it often seemed as if an invisible hand guided my steps; for I had invariably a strong sensation that I was going wrong, whenever, by chance, I deviated from the right direction. Soon after daybreak I saw four immense rhinoceroses feeding behind some bushes ahead; they stared at me but did not move, and I naturally made no attempt to disturb them. On the whole I was no longer afraid of wild beasts, and the only thought that occupied me was how to reach Kitui as soon as possible. Coming to a sand-pit with a somewhat moistish surface, like a hart panting for the waterbrooks, I anticipated the existence of the precious fluid, and dug in the sand for it, but only to meet with disappointment; so I put some of the moist sand into my mouth, but this only increased my thirst. About ten o'clock A.M. I quite lost sight of the Dana district, and began to descend the mountain, reaching a deep valley about noon, when I came upon the dry and sandy bed of the river, which we must have crossed more to the south-west a few days before. Scarcely had I entered its bed, when I heard the chattering of monkeys, a most joyful sound, for I knew that there must be water wherever monkeys appear in a low-lying place. I followed the course of the bed and soon came to a pit dug by monkeys in the sand, in which I found the priceless water. I thanked God for this great gift, and having quenched my thirst I first filled my powder-horn, tying up the powder in my handkerchief, and then my telescope case, and the barrels of my gun. To still the pangs of hunger I took a handful of powder and ate it with some young shoots of a tree, which grew near the water; but they were bitter, and I soon felt severe pain in my stomach. After climbing the mountain for some way, all of a sudden I observed a man and woman standing on a rock which projected from it, and tried to conceal myself behind a bush, but they had seen me and came towards me. By aid of my telescope I discovered that these people were Wakamba. They called me by my name, and I came out of my hiding-place and went towards them, recognising Ngumbau and his wife, who had been accused of witchcraft by the Atus, and doomed to death. Both had been afraid to remain behind during Kivoi's absence, and on that account had accompanied us to the Dana; but, on the onslaught of the robber, they had fled, and, like myself, been journeying through the night. We were heartily glad to see each other, and they inquired anxiously about Kivoi and our caravan, but I could only tell them what had befallen myself. The woman who saw at once that I was famished, gave me a small bit of dried casave. To escape observation, we journeyed as much as possible over ground covered with trees or bush, and about three in the afternoon we reached the foot of the Dana, where we took shelter in the bush to avoid crossing the open plain by daylight. I soon fell asleep, and when I awoke the Wakamba wanted to start again; but I thought it too early, and wished first to search for water in the sandy bed of the river, so we waited till the approach of night, when after the search of half an hour without finding water, we continued our journey over the plain. Every now and then the

views of the Wakamba were opposed to mine, so that I often wished to be alone again and allowed to follow my own judgment. I wanted to go more to the south, while they insisted on taking an easterly direction; they wished to sleep by night and to travel by day, while I preferred the very contrary. After we had journeyed till midnight, I felt so tired out that I implored the Wakamba to rest for a while, and we slept for a few hours; but when I wished to start, they said the wind was so cold that they could not bear it, so I entreated them to leave me to go on alone, but they would not separate from me. About eight in the morning we saw in the distant open and bushless plain some people in a south-easterly direction. Taking them for robbers we laid down on the ground and concealed ourselves in the grass; but seeing that they did not come towards us we proceeded onward. My Wakamba ran on so fast that I could not keep pace with them. The pangs of hunger and thirst returned, and my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth so that I could not articulate. How great was the relief when at last, about noon, we came to a brook, where we found delicious cool water! After a few hours we reached the brook on the bank of which we had bivouacked on the first day of our journey with Kivoi; so now, for the first time, we cheered up and considered ourselves safe. After a short march we met two men of Ulu, who told us they had heard that Kivoi and the Musungu, as they called me, had been killed. In the evening we reached the plantations of the Wakamba, and with nightfall arrived at the village of Umana, a relation of Kivoi's. I was now so weary, that after I had eaten a few bananas I fell asleep immediately in spite of the cold, which was here more penetrating than in the wilderness; as for covering I had nothing but the tattered clothes I wore. From Umana we heard that many fugitives had already returned, but that four Wakamba, with Kivoi and one of his wives, had been killed. I heard, too, that my Mnika servant had returned in safety.

August 30.—The Wakamba have been extremely cold in their demeanour towards me. One or two bananas and a few beans were all that they gave me for breakfast, although I was very hungry; and some of them visited Umana, and said openly, "The Musungu is a Munde Muduku" (The European is a wicked man), for not having protected Kivoi and his caravan, whilst several were of opinion that I ought to be punished by death. Knowing the superstitious and capricious character of the people, I had little doubt of some homicidal attempt, and therefore resolved to escape the following night.

August 31.—In the afternoon two Wakamba made their appearance, and carried me off to the village of Kitemu, before mentioned, and on the way I was forced to halt in the middle of a village because the whole population wanted to stare at me.

September 1.—The people kept coming the live-long day to look at me; my little English New Testament, my paper, pencil, and telescope, were all regarded as connected with sorcery. When I heard that my Mnika servant was in the neighbourhood, I sent for him, but he would not come, fearing lest the Wakamba should kill both of us.

September 2.—Kitemu would not allow me to start either for Yata or for Kivoi's village, and I heard from some Wakamba that Kivoi's relations intended to kill me, asking why I had gone to the Dana, since, as a magician, for which they took me, I ought to have

known that the robbers were there. In any case, they said, I ought to have died along with Kivoi; so it was now clear to me why Kitemu detained me so long in his house.

September 4.—I was yesterday convinced of the murderous designs harboured against me by Kivoi's relatives, and resolved to escape by night from Kitemu's house.

Remembering that I let slip the best time for flight, when in 1842 I was amused from day to day by Adara Bille, the Wollo-Galla chief, I resolved to put my purpose in execution without a moment's delay. Designing to escape this very night, before I lay down in the evening I put some food and a calabash with water all ready for my flight. After midnight, about two in the morning, I rose from my hard couch and not without a beating of the heart opened the door of the hut. It consisted of heavy billets of wood, the Wakamba having no regular doors, but piling up logs above each other in the aperture of the habitation. Kitemu and his family did not hear the noise necessarily made by the displacement of this primitive door, and after I had made an opening in it sufficient to creep out I gained the exterior of the hut and hung the cowhide, on which I had been sleeping, over the aperture, lest the cold wind, blowing into the hut, should awaken its inmates before the usual hour, and fortunately there were no dogs in the inclosure. After leaving Kitemu's hut behind me I had to pass another in which a woman was nursing her child before a fire; but she did not notice me. I came then to two thorn-hedges, over which I jumped with difficulty. Meanwhile the moon was disappearing behind the mountains of Kikuyu, as I now bent my steps in a south-westerly direction towards a village which I had noticed the day before; as for several days previously I had been inquiring after the route preparatory to my flight to Yata. When I had reached the village in question I saw a fire in an inclosure, and heard the people talking and the dogs barking, upon which I struck immediately aside into the fields and ran on as fast as I could along the grassy plain. When day dawned I sought concealment upon the slope of a hill, which was covered with grass and bushes, and though my hiding-place was not far from a village, for I could hear the Wakamba talking, I lay the whole day hidden in the grass.

September 5.—At nightfall I quitted my hiding-place and continued my journey towards Yata. I had an additional reason to reach it as quickly as possible, in the fear that my people might have seized upon my property, on hearing, as was very probable, that I had been killed. The tall grass and the thorns sadly obstructed my path, and made my progress slower than I could have wished. Often in the darkness I fell into pits or over stones, and the thorns, those relentless tyrants of the wilderness, made sad havoc with my clothes. Wishing to husband my little stock of provisions, I plucked, as I passed through the plantation of the Wakamba, green Mbella, a kind of bean, and thrust them into my pockets. About midnight I stumbled on the sandy bed of a forest brook, and became hopeful of finding water, so I followed its course, and was overjoyed to meet with it in a sandpit, which, no doubt, had been dug by wild beasts. Thanking God for this mercy, I drank plentifully, and then filled my calabash. On leaving the bed of the brook I re-entered thorny and



grassy land, full of holes which the grass prevented me from seeing, and so, wearied out by my exhausting night-journey, I laid me down under a tree and slept for about an hour. On waking I ran on, forgetting to take my gun with me; but after some time I noticed my oversight, and returned; though in the darkness I could not discover the place where I had slept, so I did not care to waste precious time in further search, especially as the weapon was broken, and might have been only a burden to me on the journey; and continued my onward course. My treasure of food and water was of more importance than the gun. After a while I came to marshy ground, where I noticed a quantity of sugar-cane, a most welcome discovery. I immediately cut off a number of canes, and, after peeling them, chewed some of them, taking the remainder with me. The horizon began soon to blush with the crimson of morning, and warned me to look out again for a hiding-place; so as I saw at a little distance a huge tree, the large branches of which drooped till they touched the grassy ground beneath, I concealed myself under it at daybreak. When it was quite day I climbed the tree to ascertain my whereabouts; and great was my astonishment to find myself so near Mount Kidimui; so that there were yet thirty-six leagues to be traversed before I could reach Yata.

Towards noon I was very nearly discovered by some women who were gathering wood only thirty paces from my hiding-place; for one of them was making straight for the tree under which I was lying, when her child which she had put on the ground some sixty paces off of it, began to cry bitterly, which made her retrace her steps to quiet it. After I had been kept in suspense for an hour, oscillating between fear and hope, the women took their loads of wood upon their backs and made haste to their village.

September 6.—Hearing throughout the day the croak of frogs, I anticipated the vicinity of water. With nightfall I recommenced my journey, and soon came to a bog where I procured water, and at a little distance from it I came again upon sugar-cane, which I relished with a gusto which only such an outcast as I then was can understand. But as I proceeded I found myself so entangled in the high grass, and obstructed by thorns, pits, and brushwood, that I began to despair of ever reaching the goal of my journey. Throughout the night I kept losing my course, having to go out of my way to avoid bogs and holes, and the darkness made my compass of no avail. About midnight, I came to a tolerable path, which seemed to run in a south-westerly direction, and followed it until I came to a ravine, round which I had to wind. After I had hurried round it I came upon a large plantation, where I suddenly saw a fire only a few paces in front of me, upon which I immediately retreated, and had scarcely concealed myself in the bush when the Wakamba set up a loud cry, thinking, no doubt, that a wild hog had broken into the plantation. I waited till all was quiet, and then leaving the plantation behind me, I got upon a good path, which I followed as quickly as I could, fearing to be shot down by the watchers of the plantation, who might suppose that I was a wild hog, with felonious designs on the cassava and other crops. The path conducted me to a flowing brook, out of which I drank and filled my calabash; but having crossed it, found on the other side no many footpaths, that I was fairly puzzled which to follow, and so went straight on. At

last I felt so utterly weary that I lay down under a tree, and slept till about three in the morning, when I awoke and recommenced my journey, finding myself anew in the meshes of the forest jungle. The day dawned, and I was still uncertain as to my course, and seeing the rock Naambani some three or four leagues to the east of the place where I was, I felt at once the impossibility of reaching Yata by night marches; for in the course of three nights of hard walking I had scarcely gone six leagues forward; and so thought it best, at any risk, to surrender myself to Kivoi's kinsfolk, and place myself at their mercy. I did not, however, choose to return to Kitetu, but selected as my destination Kivoi's village where I had left some of my things. Early in the morning I met a Mkamba, who knew of my flight from Kitetu's hut, and I asked him to show me the way to Kivoi's village, which he did at once.

On my way thither it occurred to me to visit and to inform Kaduku, an influential Mkamba whose son had settled in the district of Rabbi on the coast, of my position. Thus, I thought, if Kivoi's kinsfolk put me to death the news would at last reach Rabbi, that I had not been murdered by the robbers at the Dana, but that I had returned in safety to Ukambani, and then and there been slain by Kivoi's relations. Kaduku gave me a friendly reception, and told me that my servant, Muambawa, had arrived in the neighbourhood, and intended to journey to Rabbi with a small caravan of Wanika, intelligence which was truly gratifying. Kaduku's wife gave me something to eat, upon which I proceeded in the company of a Mkamba to the village where my servant was reported to be. On my way a Mkamba accosted me, and strove to hinder me from going any further, because, he said, I intended to fly out of the country. My companion, however, pleaded energetically in my behalf, and I was allowed to proceed. On reaching the village we were told that my servant and the Wanika had left, and when I wished to return again to Kaduku, the Wakamba refused permission, so there was no alternative but to proceed to Kivoi's village, which was close at hand. I was obliged to wait before the gate until Kivoi's brother was informed of my arrival; but he soon came out to meet me, in the company of Kivoi's chief wife, who, like all his deceased brother's wives, now belonged to him, and he showed much apparent compassion for the disaster which had befallen me at the Dana. I then told him the whole story from the beginning, and mentioned my flight from Kitetu's house, a step taken, I said, because I had been prevented from going straight to Kivoi's village. I felt in a very feverish state, and was glad to get a cowhide on which I could lay down and enjoy a few hours' repose, although the unfeeling Wakamba at first allowed me no rest by surrounding me, and tormenting me with their inquisitiveness. Kivoi's chief wife gave me some milk, which refreshed me so greatly that I fell asleep, when it induced a perspiration, so that upon my awaking, the feverishness was gone. I was now in a painful plight; one, so to speak, rejected of men, and forced to be content if I escaped with my life, and had to ask for everything like a mendicant. Nobody would procure me any food, or even fetch me water, or kindle me a fire. When I asked for the things which I had left behind on setting out for the Dana, only my shoes, my air-bed, and a little rice, were restored to me; all the more important



articles were kept back; and when I inquired after the thief, Kivoi's wives bade them tell me, that if I laid any stress on the discovery of the author of the robbery they would have me murdered; and so I thought it best to say no more on the subject.

*September 7.*—This morning I felt again feverish; and suffered much from my left foot, which had been injured in one of my night-journeys by my falling over the trunk of a tree, and from a wound in the middle finger of my right hand, which had been almost torn off by the thorns in the darkness. The Wakamba watched all my movements, and this roused my suspicious awe.

*September 8.*—I felt very weak from the consequences of my last attack, and still more from want of proper nourishment, and therefore asked Muinda very pressing for an escort to Yata, threatening him with secret flight if he prevented my departure. He said that tomorrow he and Kitetu would go with me and take some of their people to fetch the articles which I had promised to Kivoi.

*September 9.*—Kitetu having arrived, I was allowed to set forth. Muinda himself did not go with us; but sent some of his people, who, however, took with them but a scanty stock of food for the journey.

*September 10-11.*—I suffered much from thirst, as the Wakamba were too lazy to carry water in their calabashes, and at several stations the reservoirs were dried up; Kitetu, too, had given me nothing to eat but some hard grains of Indian corn, which I could not masticate. When I complained, the Wakamba only laughed at me, and spoke of my property at Yata, with which I could there purchase food for myself.

*September 13.*—We reached Yata in safety, and the whole population of the village was in a state of excitement, and came forth to see and greet me; some Wakamba, who had come from Kitui having spread the news that I had been killed along with Kivoi.

Entering my hut I found my servant Muambawa busy opening a bag containing beads, which he intended for the purchase of food for himself and the eleven Wanika who had been plundered. He did not seem rejoiced at my safe return to Yata, having thought me slain and himself the inheritor of my property. Kitetu now saw that I had not without reason, pressed for a speedy return to Yata to prevent the misappropriation of my goods.

*September 14.*—To-day, I handed over to Kivoi's kinsmen a portion of my things, as a reward for their escort of me to Yata; but they were not content, and would have liked to have had the whole, though, in the end, they were obliged to depart with what they had got, as they could not use force in a district not their own.

*September 16.*—As both my servants insisted on returning with the Wanika to Rabai, and I could not trust the Wakamba either as servants or burden-bearers on a journey, no choice was left me but to return in the company of the Wanika, if I did not desire to place myself entirely in the hands of the capricious and uncertain Wakamba.

The people of Yata, and especially Mtangi wa Nsuki made objections at first to my return, wishing, as they did, that I should remain among them longer. At length, however, they gave in, and let me depart not only in peace, but with honour, the head men of Yata presenting me with a goat as a symbol of their friendly

feeling towards me. From Mtangi and his family, too, I parted in friendship and peace, and they promised to take good care of the things which I had left behind until my return.

*17th September.*—I quitted Yata with painful feelings. It grieved me not to have been privileged to make a longer missionary experiment in Ukambani, as I could not feel satisfied that a mission in this country would not succeed, as the people of Yata had behaved with friendliness towards me; yet, situated as I was, my further stay was impossible.

Crossing the River Adi, at the foot of Yata, I found its volume of water much smaller than in July, it being now the rainy season neither in Kikuyu nor in Ukambani.

*19th September.*—We encamped in the inclosure of Ndunda, a chief in Kikumbuli, in whose village we purchased provisions for the journey. The people kept asking me if I did not know whether it was going to rain, and if I could not make the rain fall. I replied, that if I had that power I should not buy calabashes for the transport of water on the journey; but their questioning gave me the opportunity to speak to them of the Creator of all things, whose will it was to bestow on us through His Son Jesus Christ the most precious of gifts for time and for eternity.

*20th September.*—To-day, we left Kikumbuli, and on the way met some children from Mount Ngolia carrying the flesh of giraffes, which their parents had hunted down. We procured a quantity of it in exchange for salt, which is valuable in Ukambani. The children took us at first for robbers, and were running away after throwing down their loads; so I made them a present of some salt to give them confidence. At night we encamped in Midido wa Andei.

*21st September.*—Onward for several hours through a well-wooded country; then as we were resting at noon under a tree we were joined by three Wakamba carrying a huge elephant's tusk, who reached us just at the right time, as we had resolved to pursue our journey through the forest to avoid the robbers of Kilima-Kibom, and as my people did not know the way well the Wakamba served us as guides.

*22nd September.*—Onwards again through the dense and thorny wood, and as our stock of water was consumed, and the great heat had made us very thirsty, we exerted ourselves to the utmost to reach the River Tzavo. At noon, we came to the red hills which separate the Galla-land from the wilderness, and which are a continuation of the Ndungani range. After crossing the Tzavo we entered a still larger wood, where my people would have lost their way completely had they not climbed tall trees, from which they could discern the summits of the Kilima-Kibom and Ndara.

*23rd September.*—As we were journeying this morning through a somewhat open wood my people all at once threw down their loads and fled in all directions, without telling me the cause of their hasty flight; so I speeded after them, thinking they might have seen robbers, for I could not suppose that they would run away from wild beasts. After they had got about 300 paces a Mnika stopped and said, "Stop! they must be gone now." I asked, "Who must be gone?" and he replied, "The elephants." "How absurd and silly!" I said, "to run away for such a cause; had I but known what it was I should not have troubled myself to run after you." In running I lost the bullets for my gun

and my pocket-knife; my water-jug, too, fell from my hand, and the calabash of my servant Muambawa was broken. I recovered the bullets, but the knife was not to be found; it was the loss of the water, however, which vexed me most. The Wakamba were much more courageous than the cowardly Wanika; for the former merely went on one side and allowed the animals to pass by. I did not see the elephants at all. In running a sharp piece of wood pierced through the soles of my shoe, and entered my foot, giving me great pain and forcing me to limp as I proceeded. At night we reared a thorn-fence round our encampment, and having cooked our suppers, put out the fire to avoid being noticed by robbers. We were then about five leagues distant from Kilima-Kibom, but quite close to the Galla-land.

**24th September.**—Our path lay this morning over a rich black soil only slightly clothed with trees and shrubs, so that we might have been easily seen by robbers, the consciousness of which made us march in the greatest haste. About ten, we entered the large forest which surrounds the River Woi; and finding no water in the sandy bed of the river, we resolved to send a party to Mbuyuni, at the foot of the mountain Ndara, where there is water all the year round; but it was first necessary for us to discover the beaten track (so to speak) to Ukambani. After we had found the track and drawn water, we continued our journey in the hope of reaching Mount Kamlingo before night-fall, which, however, was impossible. Towards four in the afternoon the sky was covered by dark clouds, and soon afterwards rain fell heavily, forcing us to encamp for the night, when, fortunately, we found a large dachengo, thorn-inclosure, close by, which must have been recently formed by a caravan.

**27th September.**—Hunger and thirst drove us forward on our journey at a very early hour. When day had fairly dawned my people saw a buffalo, which so terrified them that they hastily threw down their loads and climbed up trees; but this time I did not allow myself to be hurried away by their idle panic, and merely went on one side of the path. For a long time after the buffalo had disappeared the people remained in the trees, and would not descend until I went forward by myself, on which they followed me; the cowardice of the Wanika on any sudden alarm is astonishing. About eleven we reached the water-station, Nsekano, where we cooked our forenoon meal, which consisted of a kind of bean. The district round about Nsekano was fresh with verdure, as rain had fallen some time before; but the ruins from the coast extend only to Nsekano, or at furthest to Maungu and Ndara. In the evening we reached Ndunguni, where we bivouacked. I was now so exhausted and ill from the forced marches, that, in truth, I must have succumbed had the journey lasted a few days more. The Wakamba quitted us here, fearing to be robbed of their elephant's tusk if they went openly through the Duruma district.

**28th September.**—We broke up early from Ndunguni and journeyed onward through a part of the Duruma country which hitherto no missionary had trodden. It is a noble district, formerly cultivated by the Duruma tribe, but afterwards abandoned by them. We crossed a brook the water of which was as salt as that of the sea, and whence the Wanika could furnish themselves with salt without being obliged to buy it from the

Arabs. At ten, we reached Mufumba, the first inhabited village which we had seen since we quitted Kikumbuli; when the chief of the place gave me a large calabash of milk, and a porridge, made of water and Indian corn-flour; and as I partook rather too heartily of these dainties, my stomach suffered in consequence.

In the evening, weary and worn, I reached my hut in Rabbai Mpia where I found my friends well with the exception of Kaiser and Metzler, who were still ill with fever, as I had left them in July. It had long been given out on the coast that I was dead, so the joy of my friends, as well as of the Wanika, was proportionately great when they saw me arrive alive.

The facts and results of this journey to Ukambani, in its relation to the missionaries and their operations, may be summed up as follows:—As the route to Ukambani is an extremely dangerous one, partly on account of the Gallas and partly and chiefly on account of the robbers of Kilima-Kibom, and as the gross superstition, and, still more, the lawlessness and anarchy, the faithlessness, capriciousness, and greed, of the Wakamba are very great, a permanent residence among them must be a very unsafe and doubtful enterprise. Further, as the distance from the coast to Yata is at least 110 leagues, and thus the keeping up a communication with Rabbai in the absence of an intermediate station would be rather difficult, it seems that an intermediate station should be established in Kadiaro or in Ndara, or on Mount Buru, before a Ukambani mission is undertaken. This mission, so long at least as there are not more missionaries in Rabbai, ought to be postponed, but not given up; since the Wakamba are connected with very many tribes in the interior, who are only to be come at through Ukambani. It is true that there is no direct route from Ukambani to Uniamesi as I had formerly thought there was, but Ukambani opens to us the route to many other tribes, and, it seems probable, precisely to those which inhabit the regions about the sources of the Nile. There appears to be a possibility, too, in Kikuyu, whither the route through Ukambani leads, of coming into contact with the Wakuafi, as in many localities in that region the Kikuyans appear to live in companionship with the Wakuafi. No doubt, a journey to Ukambani and still more a residence in it, involve painful and trying self-denial on the part of a missionary; but let us bear in mind the great daring of the Wakamba, and the dangers to which they expose themselves on their journeys and hunting expeditions, merely for the sake of earthly gain. Shall their love of lucre be allowed to put to shame the zeal of a missionary who has the highest of all objects at heart—the greatest of all gain—the regeneration of the heathen! I would add that he should be able to take with him into the interior trusty servants from the coast, and, if possible, some native Christian catechists, and if the latter could be found in Rabbai, so much the better. If they are to be trained, however, for their functions at Bombay or at the Mauritius, among the many East Africans to be found there, use must be made of their instrumentality, should the other alternative fail.

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## THE FIJI ISLANDS AND THE FIJIANS.

### I.

THE FIJI GROUP—EARLY HISTORY—VOLCANIC AND CORAL ISLANDS—GENERAL ASPECT—DETAILS OF ISLANDS—CORAL FORMATIONS—NATURAL HAVENS—CLIMATE—DIVISIONS OF THE GROUP.

THE Fiji Islands constitute one of the most important groups of the Coral Islands of the Central South Pacific Ocean, or which, with Society Islands, Navigator's Islands, Marquesas and others, all destined possibly one day to cement into a common continent, comprise what is designated as Polynesia. This particular group, including as it does the islands lying between the latitudes of  $15^{\circ} 30'$  and  $20^{\circ} 30'$  S., and the longitude of  $117^{\circ}$  E. and  $178^{\circ}$  W., comprises among others what were named, by Tasman, Prince William's Islands and Heeniskirk's Shoals, and extends over about 40,000 square miles of ocean. The name is written *Viti* by the French, *Fiji* by the English: both would appear to be correct. *Fiji* being the name in the windward, and *Fiti* or *Viti* in the leeward parts of the group.

The natives have hitherto been considered as forming a connecting link between the Malayan and the Papuan branch of the Austral Negroes, or Alforians, as Prichard called them, from the Arabo-Portuguese *Alfiro*, the people without, i.e., the jurisdiction of the Portuguese. Mr. Crawford, a high authority in these matters, however, considers them to be a distinct race. (See *Transactions of the Ethnological Society of London*, vol. I., part ii., p. 377.)

More than two hundred years have elapsed since the discovery of these islands by Abel Jansen Tasman, the Dutch navigator, after whose voyage, in 1643, they remained unvisited until Captain Cook lay-to off an island in the windward group, naming it "Turtle Island." In 1789, Captain Bligh, in the *Bounty's* launch saw a portion of the group, and passed through other parts of it when commanding the *Providence* in 1792. In 1796 the *Duff*, under the command of Captain Wilson, seems to have followed the same course as Tasman, and was nearly lost, just touching the reef of Tavuni. About the year 1806 Fiji began to be visited by traders for the purpose of procuring sandal-wood to burn before Chinese idols, or biché di mar, to gratify the palate of Chinese epicures. It was only from the men engaged in this traffic that anything was heard about the islands or their inhabitants, until the establishment of the missionaries there in 1835, and the subsequent elaborate surveys made of the group by the United States Exploring Expedition and by Her Majesty's ship *Herald*, under the command of Captain Denham. So striking, sudden and rapid has been the transition from indifference, neglect, and ignorance, to interest, attention, and anxious inquiry, that a French writer has not hesitated to say that England proposes to itself to extend a protectorate over these islands, the way for which has been long since prepared by the half-religious, half-political measures of its missionaries. Considering how lately the French have established protectorates

over New Caledonia, the Society Islands, and the Marquesas, in the same neighbourhood, the thing is not at all unlikely.

The early history of Fiji is necessarily obscure. Whether the first stranger who gazed upon its extent and beauty was a Tongan or European is doubtful. If it can be admitted that up to the time of Captain Cook's visit to the Friendly Islanders, in 1772, they were unused to war, and were then only beginning to practise its horrors as learned by them in Fiji, the probability is in favour of the latter. But whether these islanders, age after age, enjoyed the peace implied in the above supposition is more than questionable. The evil passions, "whence come wars and fightings," are, in Tongan nature, of ruling power; and to suppose these at rest in a thousand heathen bosoms for a single year, is extremely difficult—a difficulty which grows as we increase either the number of persons or the length of time. Tongan intercourse with Fiji dates far back, and originated, undoubtedly, in their canoes being driven among the windward islands by strong easterly winds. More than a hundred years ago the recollection of the first of such voyages was lost, which seems to put back its occurrence even beyond Tasman's visit in 1643.

About the year 1804 a number of convicts escaped from New South Wales and settled among the islands. Most of these desperadoes lived either at Mbau or Rewa, the chiefs of which allowed them whatever they chose to demand, receiving, in return, their aid in carrying on war. The new settlers made themselves dreaded by the natives, who were awed by the murderous effect of their fire-arms. The hostile chiefs, seeing their bravest warriors fall in battle without an apparent cause, believed their enemies to be more than human, against whom no force of theirs availed, whose victory was always sure, while their progress invariably spread terror and death. No thought of improving and consolidating the power thus won seems to have been entertained by the whites. Had such a desire possessed them, the absolute government of the entire group lay within their reach; but their ambition never rose beyond a life of indolence, and an unrestrained gratification of the vilest passions. Some of them were men of the most desperate wickedness, being regarded as monsters even by the ferocious cannibals with whom they associated. These lawless men were twenty-seven in number on their arrival, but in a few years the greater part had ended their career, having fallen in the native wars, or in deadly quarrels among themselves. A Swede, named Savage, who had some redeeming traits in his character, and was acknowledged as head man by the whites, was drowned, and eaten by the natives, at Weileu, in 1813. In 1824 only two, and in 1840 but one, of his companions survived. This last was an Irishman named Connor, who stood in the same relation to the King of Rewa as Savage had done to the King of Mbau. His influence among the natives was so great, that all his desires, some of which were of the most inhuman kind, were gratified. The King of Rewa would always avenge,

and sometimes in the most cruel manner, the real or fancied wrongs of this man. If he desired the death of any native, the chief would send for the doomed man, and direct him to make and heat an oven, into which, when red-hot, the victim was cast, having been murdered by another man sent for the purpose.

Soon after the death of his patron, Paddy Connor left Rewa. He was thoroughly Fijianised, and of such depraved character that the white residents who had since settled in the island drove him from among them, being afraid of so dangerous a neighbour. At the close of life his thoughts seemed only occupied about rearing pigs and fowls, and increasing the number of his children from forty-eight to fifty.

These men are mentioned because of their close connection with the rise of Mbau and Rewa, which two places owe their present superiority to their influence, the former having long been the most powerful state in Fiji.

The entire group comprises not fewer than two hundred and twenty-five islands and islets, about eighty of which are inhabited. Among these, every variety of outline can be found, from the simple form of the coral isle to the rugged and often majestic grandeur of volcanic structure.

The islands in the eastern part of the Archipelago are small, and have a general resemblance to each other; towards the west they are large and diversified. The two largest are superior to any found in the vast ocean-field stretching thence to the Sandwich Islands; while the ever-changing beauties of scenery enable the voyager, as he threads the intricate navigation among reefs and islands, to share the feelings thus expressed by Commodore Wilkes: "So beautiful was their aspect, that I could scarcely bring my mind to the realising sense of the well-known fact, that they were the abode of a savage, ferocious, and treacherous race of cannibals."

When each island of so large a group has a claim to be noticed, selection is difficult, and the temptation to detail strong. It must not, however, be yielded to—a few examples sufficing to give a general idea of the whole.

Yathata and Vatuvara are placed by geologists in a class that has long been in high favour as the fairy-lands of the South Seas. They are composed of sand and coral *détbris*, covered with a deep soil of vegetable mould. Yathata is hilly and fertile. Of this class there are few in Fiji. They are from two to six miles in circumference, having the usual belt of white sand, and the circle of cocoa-nuts with their foliage of "pristine vigour and perennial green." Such islands have generally one village, inhabited by fifty or one hundred oppressed natives.

The other islands to windward are of volcanic formation, their shore only having a coral base. Vulanga is one of this class, and appears as though its centre had been blown out by violent explosions, leaving only a circumferential rim, which to the west and south is broad, and covered with rocks of black scoria rising to a height of nearly two hundred feet; but to the north-east is narrow and broken. This rim encircles an extensive sheet of water of a dark blue colour, studded with scoriaceous islets, enamelled with green, and worn away between the extremes of high and low water until they resemble huge trees of a mushroom form; thus giving a most picturesque effect to this sheltered haven of unbroken calm.

My first entrance, says the Rev. Thomas Williams, to this lagoon was made at the risk of life; and the attempt would be vain to tell how welcome were its quiet waters after the stormy peril outside. A mountainous surf opposed the strong current which forced its way through the intricate passage, causing a most terrific whirl and commotion, in the midst of which the large canoe was tossed about like a splinter. The excitement of the time was intense, and the impressions then made were indelible. The manly voice of Tubou Toutai, issuing his commands amid the thunder of the breakers, and the shrieks of affrighted women; the labouring of the canoe in its heaving bed of foam; the strained exertions of the men at the steer-oar; the anxiety which showed itself on every face; were all in broad contrast with the felt security, the easy progress, and undisturbed repose which were attained the moment the interior of the basin was reached. Vulanga, although having its own beauty, is so barren that little except hardy timber is found growing upon it. Its gullies are bare of earth, so that neither the yam nor the banana repays culture. Smaller roots, with fish, which abound here, and yavato—a large wood-maggot—give food to the inhabitants of four villages.

Mothe, lying to the N.E. of Vulanga, is very fruitful, having an undulating surface much more free from wood than the islands to the south. A fortress occupies its highest elevation, in walking to which the traveller finds himself surrounded by scenery of the richest loveliness. A sandy beach of seven miles nearly surrounds it. There are many islands of this size in the group, each containing from 200 to 400 inhabitants.

Lakemba, the largest of the eastern islands, is nearly round, having a diameter of five or six miles, and a population of about 2,000 souls.

Totoya, Moala, Nairai, Koro, Ngau, Mbengga, exhibit on a larger scale the beauties of those islands already named, having, in addition, the imposing charms of volcanic irregularities. Among their attractions are high mountains, abrupt precipices, conical hills, fantastic turrets and crags of rock frowning down like olden battlements, vast domes, peaks shattered into strange forms; native towns on eyrie cliffs, apparently inaccessible; and deep ravines, down which some mountain stream, after long murmurings in its stony bed, falls headlong, glittering as a silver line on a block of jet, or spreading, like a sheet of glass, over bare rocks which refuse it a channel. Here also are found the softer features of rich vales, cocoa-nut groves, clumps of dark chestnuts, stately palms and bread-fruit, patches of graceful bananas, or well tilled taro-beds, mingling in unchecked luxuriance, and forming, with the wild reef-scenery of the girdling shore, its beating surf, and far-stretching ocean behind, pictures of surpassing beauty.

Matuku is eminent for loveliness where all are lovely. These islands are from fifteen to thirty miles in circumference, having populations of from 1,000 to 7,000 each.

Mbau is a small island, scarcely a mile long, joined to the main—Viti Levu—by a long flat of coral, which at low water is nearly dry, and at high water fordable. The town, bearing the same name as the island, is one of the most striking in appearance of any in Fiji, covering, as it does, a great part of the island with irregularly placed houses of all sizes, and tall temples with projecting ridge-poles, interspersed with unrightly

cane sheds. Here is concentrated the chief political power of Fiji. Its inhabitants comprise natives of Mbau and the Lasakau and Soso tribes.

Taviani, commonly called Somosomo, from its town of that name being the residence of the ruling chiefs, is too fine an island to be overlooked. It is about twenty-five miles long, with a coast of sixty miles, and consists of one vast mountain, gradually rising to a central ridge of 2,100 feet elevation. Fleecy clouds generally hide its summit, where stretches a considerable lake, pouring through an outlet to the west a stream which, after tumbling and dashing along its narrow bed, glides quietly through the chief town, furnishing it with a good supply of fresh water. A smaller outlet to the east discharges enough water to form a small beautiful cascade. This lake is supposed to have as its bed the crater of an extinct volcano, an idea supported by the quantity of volcanic matter found on the island. However wild and terrible the appearance of the island once, it is now covered with luxuriance and beauty beyond the conception of the most glowing imagination. Perhaps every characteristic of Fijian scenery is found on Somosomo, while all the tropical vegetables are produced here in perfection. It has only a land-reef, which is often very narrow, and in many places entirely wanting, breaking, towards Tasman's Straits, into detached patches.

Kandavu is another large and mountainous island, twenty-five miles long, by six or eight wide. It has a very irregular shore, abounds in valuable timber, and has a population of from 10,000 to 13,000.

A good idea of the general appearance of these islands is obtained by regarding them as the elevated portions of submerged continents. The interior is, in many instances, a single hill or mountain, and, in many others, a range, the slopes of which, with the plains mostly found at their feet, constitute the island.

There yet remain to be noticed the two large islands, which, when compared with those stretching away to the east, assume the importance of continents.

Vanu Levu (Great Land) is more than one hundred miles long, having an average breadth of twenty-five miles. Its western extremity is notable as being the only part of Fiji in which sandal-wood can be produced. The opposite point of the island is deeply indented by the Natawa Bay, which is forty miles long, and named by the natives, "the Dead Sea." The population of Vanua Levu is estimated at 31,000. Its scenery much resembles that of Na Viti Levu (the Great Fiji) which measures ninety miles from east to west, and fifty from north to south. (See p. 169.) A great variety of landscape is found in navigating the shores of Great Fiji. To the S.E. there is tolerably level ground for thirty-six miles inland, edged, in places, by cliffs of sandstone five hundred feet high. The luxuriant and cheerful beauty of the lowland then gives place to the gloomy grandeur and unbroken solitude of the mountains. To the S.W. are low shores with patches of brown, barren land; then succeed narrow vales, beyond which rise hills, whose wooded tops are in fine contrast with the bold bare front at their base. Behind these are the highest mountains in the group, bleak and sterile, with an altitude of 4,000 or 5,000 feet. Westward and to the east, high land is close to the shore, with only narrow strips of level ground separating it from the sea. Proceeding northwards, some of the finest scenery in Fiji is opened out. The lower level, skirted by a velvety

border of mangrove bushes, and enriched with tropical shrubs, is backed, to the depth of four or five miles, by hilly ground, gradually reaching an elevation of from 400 to 700 feet, with the lofty blue mountains seen, through deep ravines, in the distance. Great Fiji has a continuous land or shore-reef, with a broken sea-reef extending from the west to the north. The Great Land also, has in most parts a shore-reef, with a broken sea-reef stretching from its N.E. point the whole length of the island, and beyond it in a westerly direction. Great Fiji is supposed to contain at least 40,000 inhabitants.

Scanty and imperfect as is this notice of some of its chief islands, enough has been said to show the superiority of Fiji over most other groups in the Pacific, both in extent of surface, and amount of population. This superiority will be made clearer by the following statement of their relative importance:

The islands comprising Viti-i-loma (Middle Fiji) are equal to the fine and populous island of Tongatabu together with the Hervey Islands.

The Yasawas are equal to Vavau.

The eastern group is equal to the Hapai Islands.

The Somosomo group equals the Dangerous Archipelago and the Austral Islands.

The Great Land is equal to the Marquesas, Tahiti, and Society Islands.

Great Fiji alone surpasses the Samoan group; while there still remains over the Kandavu group, with a population of about 12,000.

The volcanic formation of these islands has already been intimated, and the indications of craters alluded to; but as no lava in a stream has been found, the very remote construction of the group seems almost certain. Volcanic action has not, however, entirely ceased; violent shocks of earthquake are at times felt, and at Wainunu and Na Savusavu, on Vanua Levu, and also on the island of Ngau, there is enough volcanic heat to produce warm and boiling springs. The high peaks and needles on the large islands are mostly basaltic. Volcanic conglomerate, tuffaceous stones, porous and compact basalts, are found of every texture, of many colours, and in various stages of decomposition. In several places I have seen very perfect and distinct columns of basalt some feet in length.

The soil is in some places gravelly and barren; occasionally a stratum of reddish clay and sandstone is found; but a dark red or yellowish loam is most common: this is often deep and very rich, containing, as it does, much decayed vegetable matter. Decomposed volcanic matter forms a very productive soil, especially in those vales where such debris mingles with deposits of vegetable mould. Portions of the large flats, covered with rank grass, treacherously hiding the soft, adhesive mud beneath, would baffle the skill of the British husbandman, although much prized by the natives, who find in them just the soil and moisture needed for the cultivation of their most valued esculent, the taro. These swamps would perhaps answer well, under efficient management, for the cultivation of rice.

The lee-side of a mountain generally presents a barren contrast to that which is to windward, receiving as this does on summit and slopes the intercepted clouds, thus securing regular showers and abundant fertility, while to leeward the unwatered vegetation is dying down to the gray hues of the boulders among which it struggles for life. To this however, there are some marked exceptions.



In some places a surface of loose rubble is found. It is stated on good authority that, about thirty years since, a town within a few miles of Mbea was buried by a land-slip, when so much of the mountain face slid down as to overwhelm the whole town, and several of its inhabitants.

From the shore we step to the reefs. These are gray barriers of rock, either continuous or broken, and of all varieties of outline, their upper surface ranging from a few yards to miles in width. The seaward edge, over which the breakers curve, while worn smoother, stands higher than the surface a few feet within, where the waves pitch with a ceaseless and heavy fall. Inclosed by the reef is the lagoon, like a calm lake, underneath the waters of which spread those beautiful subaqueous gardens which fill the beholder with delighted wonder.

Shore or attached reefs, sea or barrier reefs, beds, patches, or knolls of reef, with sunken rocks and sand-banks, so abound in Fiji and its neighbourhood as to make it an ocean labyrinth of unusual intricacy, and difficult of navigation.

The Rev. Thomas Williams is a sturdy opponent of Darwin's theory of the formation of coral islands. Commodore Wilkes, whom he quotes in favour of his views, may be considered to a certain extent as a man of observation; but neither his opinions nor those of Mr. Williams, can weigh for a moment against the opinions entertained by such competent and philosophical observers as Quoy and Gaimard, Darwin, and other professed naturalists: all whose observations tend the same way. It will be interesting, however, to give the reader the adverse view of the subject.

The coral formation, says Mr. Williams, found here to so vast an extent, has long furnished an interesting subject for scientific research, and proved a plentiful source of ingenious conjecture; while the notion has found general favour, that these vast reefs and islands owe their structure chiefly to a microscopic zoophyte—the coral insect. Whether by the accumulated deposit of their exuvie, or by the lime-secretion of their gelatinous bodies, or the decomposition of those bodies when dead, these minute polyps, we are told, are the actual builders of islands and reefs; the lapse of ages being required to raise the edifice to the level of the highest tide; after which, the formation of a soil by drifting substances, the planting of the island with seeds borne by birds, or washed up by the waves; and, lastly, the arrival of inhabitants, are all set forth in due order, with the exactness of a formula based upon the simplest observation. A theory so pretty as this could not fail to become popular, while men of note have strengthened it by the authority of their names. Close and constant inspection, however, on the part of those who have had the fullest opportunity for research, is altogether opposed to this pleasingly interesting and plausible scheme. Wasting and not growth, ruin and not building up, characterise the lands and rock-beds of the southern seas. Neither does the ingenious hypothesis of Darwin, that equal gain and loss—rising in one part, and depression in another—are taking place, seem to be supported by the best ascertained facts; for the annular configuration of reef which this theory pre-supposes, is by no means the most general. "In all the reefs and islands of coral I have examined," writes Commodore Wilkes, "there are unequivocal signs that they are undergoing dissolution;" a conclusion in which

my own observation leads me entirely to concur. The operation of the polyps is undoubtedly seen in the beautiful madrepores, brain-corals, and other similar structures which, still living, cover and adorn the surface; "but a few inches beneath, the reef is invariably a collection of loose materials, and shows no regular coralline structure, as would have been the case if it had been the work of the lithophyte." These corals rarely reach the height of three feet, while many never exceed so many inches. The theory stated above assumes that the polyps work up to the height of a full tide. Such is not the case. I am myself acquainted with reefs to the extent of several thousands of miles, all of which are regularly overflowed by the tide twice in twenty-four hours, and, at high water, are from four to six feet below the surface; all being a few inches above low-water mark, but none reaching to the high-tide level.

But whatever may be the origin of the reefs, their great utility is certain. The danger caused by their existence will diminish in proportion as their position and outline become better known by more accurate and minute survey than has yet been made. To the navigator possessing such exact information, these far-stretching ridges of rock become vast breakwaters, within the shelter of which he is sure to find a safe harbour, the calm of which is in strange, because so sudden, contrast with the stormy sea outside. In many cases a perfect dock is thus found; in some large enough to accommodate several vessels, with a depth of from three to twelve fathoms of water. Besides these, a number of bays, indenting the coast of the large islands, afford good anchorage, and vary in depth from two to thirty miles. Into these the mountain-streams disembogue, depositing the mud-flats found in some of them, and rendering the entrance to the river shallow. Still the rivers, furnishing a ready supply of fresh water, increase the value of the bays as harbours for shipping. By these Fiji invites commerce to her shores; and in these a beneficent Creator is seen providing for the prospective wants of the group, ready built ports for the shelter of those "who go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters." To such persons the winds are a subject of prime interests. During eight months—from April to November—the prevailing winds blow from the E.N.E. to the S.E., when there is often a fresh trade-wind for many successive days, mitigating, to some extent, the tropical heat. These winds, however, are not so uniform as elsewhere. During the rest of the year there is much variation, the wind often blowing from the north, from which quarter it is most unwelcome. This—the *tokalu*—is a hot wind, by which the air becomes so rarefied as to render respiration difficult. The months most to be feared by seamen are February and March. Heavy gales sometimes blow in January; hence these three are often called "the hurricane months." The morning land-breezes serve to modify the strong winds in the neighbourhood of the large islands.

Considering the nearness of these islands to the equator, their climate is neither so hot nor so sickly as might be expected, the fierceness of the sun's heat being tempered by the cool breezes from the wide surface of the ocean around. The swamps are too limited to produce much miasma; and fever, in its several forms, is scarcely known. Other diseases are not so numerous or malignant as in other climes, especially such as lie between the tropics. The air is generally

clear, and in spring and autumn months the climate is delightful. In December, January, and February, the heat is oppressive: the least exertion is followed by profuse perspiration, and no ordinary physical energy can resist the enervating influence of the season, begetting a fear lest Hamlet's wish should be realised, that—

"Solid flesh would melt—  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,"

The temperature is nearly uniform; the greatest extremes of heat and cold being experienced inland. My meteorological journal, kept at Lakemba in 1841, and ten years later at Vanua Levu, shows 62° as the lowest, and 121° as the highest, temperature noted. The low temperature here recorded I ascribe, in part, to a river running close by my house. The mean temperature of the group throughout may be stated at 80°. Very hot days are sometimes preceded by very cold nights.

No resident in Fiji having ever possessed a rain-gauge, it is impossible to speak with accuracy about the quantity of water which falls. I find the following entry in my journal: "1850, March 14th. We have had forty-five days in succession rainy, more or less. These were preceded by four or five dry days; before these again we had twenty-four rainy ones. On many of these days only a single shower fell, and that but slight; so that the real depth of rain might not be unusual."

Against the number of rainy days here given, must be placed the long duration of uninterrupted dry weather, often extending over two or three months. At times the burdened clouds discharge themselves in torrents. The approach of a heavy shower, while yet far away, is announced by its loud beating on the broad-leaved vegetation; and when arrived, it resembles the bursting of some atmospheric lake.

This glance at the discovery and general aspect of the Fiji Islands may be fitly closed by a few remarks on their division and classification, as described on some maps and globes of modern date.

The division of the group, as laid down in the account of the U.S. Exploring Expedition, viz., into seven districts, under as many principal chiefs, is objectionable, as disregarding the divisions made by nature, and those recognised by the natives, while it excludes Lakemba and its dependencies, which form a district very much more important than either Mathuata or Mban.

The peculiar character and relative rank of the several authorities in Fiji render an accurate political division impossible.

The natives use terms equivalent to Upper, Lower, and Central Fiji, excluding the two large islands; thus making five sections, which, though well enough for general use, are far from having fixed boundaries. More minute distinctions are therefore made by the people, to enable them to refer with precision to the several parts of the group. I would submit six divisions; or eight, if the eastward islands are viewed as composing three sections, which certainly ought to be the case. They are virtually thus divided by the United States surveyors, who give a distinct name to those forming the north end (Ringgold's Isles), but exclude Ono—the extreme south—from their chart of Fiji.

A division of the group into eight compartments would—following the course of the sun—be as under:

The Ono Group; comprising Ono, Ndoi, Mana, Undui, Yanuya, Tuvana-i-tholo, and Tuvana-i-ra.

The Lakemba Group; beginning with Vatoe, and ending with Tavutha and Thithia: thirty-three islands and islets.

The Exploring Isles, with Mango, Kanathea, Naitaumba, Vatum, Yathata, and a number of islets form the third group.

Middle Fiji; containing Matuku, Totoya, Moala, Ngau, Nairai, Koro, Ovalau, and a few smaller islands.

Vanua Levu and Taviuni, with their contiguous islands—about fifty—form the fifth group in order, and the second in importance.

Great Fiji, with the fifty islands on its coasts, is the sixth and most important division.

The Kandavu Group numbers thirteen islands, several of them small.

The Yasawas form the eighth group, and include more than thirty small islands.

This mode of division embraces every island properly belonging to Fiji, while it facilitates a reference to each individually.

Modern geographers class Fiji with the Tonga group, entitling them all, "The Friendly Islands." There is no good reason for such a classification; but there are several which show it to be erroneous, and demand its discontinuance. Geologically considered, the groups are different. The inhabitants also belong to two distinct types, having between them as much difference as between a Red Indian and an Englishman. Their mythologies and languages are also widely diverse. These facts protest against the confounding of the two groups in one.

## II.

CONFIGURATION OF THE FIJIAN—GOVERNMENT—KINGS OF MBAN—ARBITRARY POWER—DISTINCTIONS OF ROYALTY—PUNISHMENTS—FIJIAN SOCIETY—PRACTICES OF ETIQUETTE—FOLLOW IN FALLING—TAX-PAYING AMONG THE FIJIAN.

Differences of colour, physical conformation, and language combine to form a separating line between the East and West Polynesians sufficiently clear, until we reach Fiji, where the distinguishing peculiarities are no longer met with, but a new race makes its appearance. (For illustration of the types and physical configuration of the Fijians, See p. 162.) If at the east end of the group the Asiatic peculiarities are found marked, these die away as we go westward, giving place to such as are decidedly Australian, but not Negro. Excepting the Tongans, the Fijian is equal in physical development to the islanders eastward, yet distinct from them in colour, in which particular he approaches the pure Papuan negro; to whom, in form and feature, he is, however, vastly superior. Many of his customs distinguish him from his neighbours, although he is by language united to them all.

Directed by such facts, there can be little doubt of the Fijian's peculiarity of race from the Polynesians, Australians, and other dark races of the Pacific, and of the East Indian Archipelago. His ancestors may be regarded as the original proprietors of his native soil; while the race has been preserved pure from the direct admixture of Malayan blood, by the hitherto strict observance of their custom to slaughter all shipwrecked or distressed foreigners who may have been cast on their inhospitable coasts. The light mulatto skin and well-developed muscles seen to windward are chiefly the result of long intercourse

with the Tongan race. These evidences of mixture are, however, feeble, compared with those marks which indicate a long isolation from other varieties of mankind.

Murray, in his *Encyclopædia of Geography*, speaks incorrectly of the invasion and subjugation of this people by the Friendly Islanders, and seems to have copied the mistake from the account of the voyage of the *Duff*. The Fijians have never acknowledged any power but such as exists among themselves.

The government of Fiji, before the last hundred years, was probably patriarchal, or consisted of many independent states, having little intercourse, and many of them no political connection, with each other; mutual dread tending to detach the various tribes and keep them asunder. The great variety of dialects spoken, the comparative ignorance of some of the present kingdoms about each other, and the existence until now of a kind of independence in several of the smaller divisions of the same state, countenance the above supposition. At this day there is a close resemblance between the political state of Fiji and the old feudal system of the north. There are many independent kings who have been constantly at war with each other; and intestine broils make up, for the most part, the past history of Fiji. Still, though to a much less extent, civil dissensions abound, and it is not uncommon for several garrisons on the same island to be fighting against each other. The chiefs have been warring among themselves, though the advantage of the victor is but precarious, often involving his own destruction.

The chiefs of Mbenga were formerly of high rank and still style themselves Qali-cuva-ki-lagi, which means, "Subject only to Heaven." They do not now stand high, being subject to Rewa. On the matter of supremacy nothing is known further back than 1800, at which time, it is certain, Verata took the lead. A part of Great Fiji and several islands of importance owned its sway. At this date Na-Ulivou ruled in Mbau. He succeeded Mbanuvi, his father, and the father also of Tanoa. Na-Ulivou was an energetic chief, and distinguished himself in a war with the sons of Savou, numbering, it is said, thirty, who contended with him the right of succession. He overcame his enemies, and was honoured with the name of Na Vuni-valu, that is, "The Root of War," a title which his successors have since borne. Aided by the white men, and employing the new power supplied by fire-arms, this chief made war on Verata, took possession of its dependencies, and left its sovereign little more to rule over than his own town. Na-Ulivou died in 1820, and was succeeded by his brother Tanoa. He died at an advanced age, a heathen and cannibal, December 8th, 1852. His reign of twenty-three years was not happy or peaceful. Rebellious subjects and rebellious sons filled it with anxiety. Once he had to fly his chief city; and for a number of years his fear of Raivalita—one of his sons—kept him a close prisoner. Several years before his death, old age disqualified Tanoa for the discharge of the active duties of his position, which were attended to by one of his sons acting in the capacity of regent. Tanoa was a proud man: when gray and wrinkled, he tried to hide these marks of old age by a plentiful application of black powder. He was also cruel and implacable. Mothelotu, one of his cousins, was so unhappy as to offend him, and sought with tears and entreaties for forgiveness; but the purpose of the cruel chief was fixed, that Mothelotu should die. Report says, that, after having

kissed his relative, Tanoa cut off his arm at the elbow, and drank the blood as it flowed warm from the several veins. The arm, still quivering with life, he threw upon a fire, and, when sufficiently cooked, ate it in presence of its proper owner, who was then dismembered, limb by limb, while the savage murderer looked with pitiless brutality on the dying agonies of his victim. At a later period, Tanoa sentenced his youngest son to die by the club. The blow given by the brother who was appointed as his executioner, was not fatal. The father, being told of his entreaty for mercy, shouted angrily, "Kill him! kill him!" and the horrible act was completed. Nearly the last words spoken by this man of blood were formed into the question, "How many will follow me?" meaning, "How many women do you intend to strangle at my death?" Being assured that five of his wives would then be sacrificed, he died with satisfaction. The name of the tribe from which the kings of Mbau are taken is Tui Kamba. The four chief personages or families in this state are the Roko Tui Mbau, the Tu-ni-tonga, the Vusarandavi, and the Tui Kamba.

Mbau, as has been already intimated, is the present centre of political power in Fiji. Its supremacy is acknowledged in nearly all parts of the group. The kingdoms named as subject to it are so but nominally, rendering it homage rather than servitude. The other leading powers are Rewa, Somosomo, Verata, Lakemba, Nairasiri, Mathuata, and Mbau.

Two kinds of subjection are recognised and distinguished in Fiji, called qali and bati. Qali represents a province or town that is subject and tributary to a chief town. Bati denotes those which are not so directly subject: they are less oppressed, but less respected, than the Qali. Hence arises an awkwardly delicate point among the Fijian powers, who have often to acknowledge inferiority when they feel none. The chiefs sometimes lay the blame of this annuity on some one of their gods.

The character of the rule exercised by the chief powers mentioned above is purely despotic. The will of the king is, in most cases, law, and hence the nature of the government varies according to his personal character. The people have no voice in the state; nevertheless, the utmost respect is paid to ancient divisions of landed property, of family rank, and official rights. "There exists," says Captain Erskine, "a carefully defined and (by the Fijians themselves) well-understood system of polity, which dictates the position the different districts hold with respect to each other, as well as the degree of submission which each dependent owes to his principal." Men of rank and official importance are generally about the person of the sovereign, forming his council, and serving to check the exercise of his power. When these persons meet to consult on any grave subject, few speak, for few are qualified. In the councils, birth and rank by themselves are unable to command influence, but a man is commended according to his wisdom. A crude suggestion or unsound argument from a chief of importance would at once be ridiculed, to his confusion. Assemblies of this kind are often marked by a respectable amount of diplomatic skill. In deliberations of great consequence, secrecy is aimed at, but not easily secured, the houses of the people being too open to insure privacy.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> When the stone Mission-house at Viwa was finished, it became the wonder of the day, and was visited, by most of the Mbau

No actual provision is made for the security of the life and possessions of the subject, who is regarded merely as property, and his welfare but seldom considered. Acts of oppression are common. The views of the chiefs do not accord with those of the wise Son of Sirach; for they are not "ashamed to take away a portion or a gift;" but will not only seize the presents made to an inferior, but, in some cases, appropriate what a plebeian has received in payment for work done. So far from this being condemned as mean and shameful, it is considered chief-like.

The head of the government is the *tui* or *turaga levu*, a king of absolute power, who is, however, not unfrequently surrounded by those who exert an actual influence higher than his own, and whom, consequently, he is most careful not to offend.

Royalty has other distinctions beside the name. In Somosomo, as in eastern countries, the king only is allowed to use the sun-shade: the two high priests, however, share the privilege by favour. In Lakambla none but the king may wear the gauze-like turban of the Fijian gentleman during the day-time. In Mbasu, he only may wear his *masi* with a train. A particular kind of staff—*matana-ki-lagi* (point-to-the-sky)—used to be a mark of royalty. Certain ornaments for the neck and breast are said to become kings alone. Invariably his majesty has two or three attendants about his person, who feed him and perform more than servile offices on his behalf. A thumb-nail an inch longer than is allowed to grow on plebeian digits, is a mark of dignity. An attendant priest or two, and a number of wives, complete the accompaniments of Fijian



FIJIAN ISLANDERS.

royalty. Instances of stoutness of person in these dignitaries are very rare. The use of a throne is unknown: the king and his humblest subjects sit on the same level—on the ground. There was one exception in the case of *Tuitakau*, who used a chair.

chief. It comprised a ground-floor of three rooms, a first-floor, and an attic. This was the first house in Fiji that had been carried so high, and elicited great admiration from the delighted chiefs. They gazed round at the even walls, and above at the flat ceiling, and exclaimed, "*Vekavaka! Vekavaka!*" increasing the emphasis as they ascended the stairs, until they reached the attic floor, when their delight was expressed by a long-repeated "*Wo, wo, wo,*" very strongly accented, and having a tremolo effect caused by striking the finger across the lips in Arab fashion. The uppermost thought in their minds was evident; this chamber was so high and so private, that they all envied its possessor, "because it was such an excellent place for secret meetings and for concocting plots."

The chiefs profess to derive their arbitrary power from the gods; especially at *Verata*, *Rewa*, and *Somosomo*. Their influence is also greatly increased by a peculiar institution found so generally among the Polynesian tribes—the *tabu*, which will be further noticed hereafter. The following examples, to which many more might be added, will serve to show how really despotic is Fijian government.

A *Rewa* chief desired and asked for a *hoo* belonging to a man, and, on being refused, took the man's wife.

The king of *Somosomo* wished to collect the people belonging to the town in which he lived, that they might be directly under his eye. The officer to whom the order to that effect was instructed, was commissioned to take any one who refused compliance.

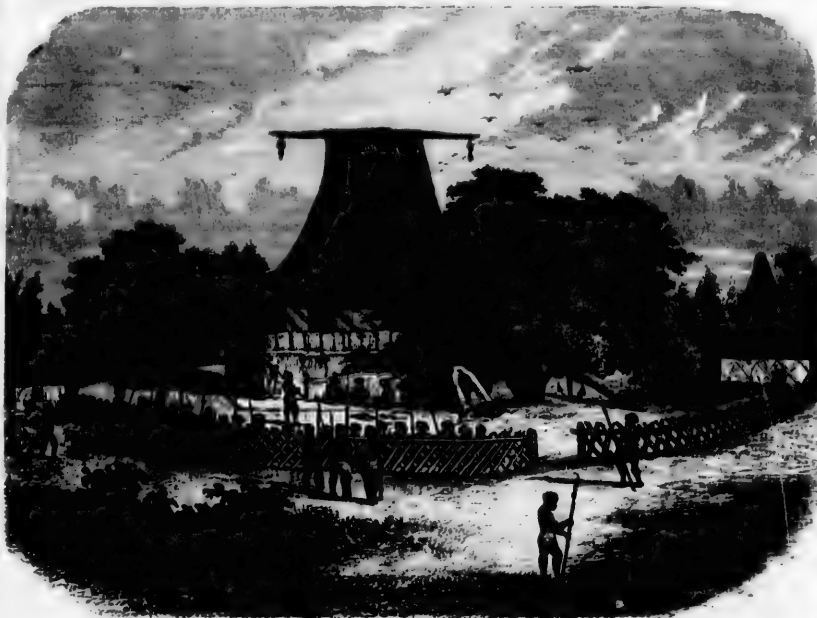
Justice is known by name to the Fijian powers, and

its form sometimes adopted; yet in very many criminal cases the evidence is partial and imperfect, the sentence precipitate and regardless of proportion, and its execution sudden and brutal. The injured parties, headed by the nearest chief, form the "bench" to decide the case. If the defendant's rank is higher than their own, an appeal is made to the king as chief magistrate, and this is final.

Offences, in Fijian estimation, are light or grave according to the rank of the offender. Murder by a chief is less heinous than a petty larceny committed by a man of low rank. Only a few crimes are regarded as serious; e.g., theft, adultery, abduction, witchcraft, in-

fringement of a tabu, disrespect to a chief, incendiarism and treason.

Punishment is inflicted variously. Theft is punished by fine, repayment in kind, loss of a finger, or clubbing. Either fine or loss of a finger, ear or nose, is inflicted on the disrespectful. The other crimes are punished with death, the instrument being the club, the noose, or the musket. Adultery taxes vindicate ingenuity the most. For this offence, the criminals may be shot, clubbed or strangled; the man may lose his wife, who is seized on behalf of the aggrieved party by his friends; he may be deprived of his land, have his house burnt, his canoe taken away, or his plantations destroyed.



FIJIAN TEMPLE AND SCENE OF CANNIBALISM.

Young men are deputed to inflict the appointed punishment, and are often messengers of death. Their movements are sudden and destructive, like a tropical squall. The protracted solemnity of public executions in civilised countries is here unknown. A man is often judged in his absence, and executed before he is aware that sentence has been passed against him. Sometimes a little form is observed, as in the case of the *vasu* to *vuna*. This man conspired against the life of *Tuikila-kila*; but the plot was discovered, and the *vasu* brought to meet death at *Somoso*. His friends prepared him according to the custom of Fiji, by folding a large new *masi* about his loins, and oiling and blacking his body as if for war. A necklace and a profusion of ornaments at his elbows and knees completed the attire.

He was then placed standing, to be shot by a man suitably equipped. The shot failed, when the musket was exchanged for a club, which the executioner broke on the *vasu's* head; but neither this blow, nor a second from a more ponderous weapon, succeeded in bringing the young man to the ground. The victim now ran towards the spot where the king sat, perhaps with the hope of reprieve; but was felled by a death-blow from the club of a powerful man standing by. The slain body was cooked and eaten. One of the naked thighs the king sent to his brother, who was principal in the plot, that he might "taste how sweet his accomplice was, and eat of the fruit of his doings." This is a fair sample of a Fijian public execution. Those who are doomed to die are never, so far as I know, bound in



any way. A Fijian is implicitly submissive to the will of his chief. The executioner states his errand; to which the victim replies, "Whatever the king says, must be done."

Injured persons often t<sup>o</sup> the law into their own hands; an arrangement in which the authorised powers gladly concur. In such cases, justice yields to passion, and the most unlicensed cruelty follows. For a trifling offence a man has been tied to a log, so that he could not move a limb, and then placed in the sun, with his face fully exposed to its fierce heat for several hours.

One who had removed an article which he believed to be his own, was cruelly pelted with large stones. In another case, a man threw at a duck, supposing it to be wild: it proved, however, to be tame, and the property of a petty chief, who regarded the act as done to himself. A messenger was accordingly sent to the chief of the offender to demand an explanation, which was forthwith given, together with the fingers of four persons, to appease the angry chieftain. He, however, not being yet satisfied, caused the delinquent to be shut up in a house with the lame duck, informing him that his life depended upon that of the injured bird. If he restored the use of the limb, he was to live; but to die if the duck died.

Some offences are punished by stripping the house of the culprit: in slight cases, much humour is displayed by the spoilers. The *sang froid* of the sufferer is an enigma to the Englishman.

The virtue of vicarious suffering is recognised, and by its means the ends of justice are often frustrated. On the island of Nayau the following tragedy took place. A warrior left his charged musket so carelessly that it went off, killing two persons, and wounding two more; whereupon the man fled and hid himself in the bush. His case was adjudged worthy of death by the chiefs of his tribe; but he was absent, and, moreover, a very serviceable individual. Hence it was thought best, in point of expedition as well as economy, to exact the penalty from the offender's aged father, who was accordingly seized and strangled. Still later, a white man was killed on the Island of Nukulan. The commander of the United States' ship *Falmouth* inquired into the case, and sentence of death was passed by him on an accused native, who, when he understood his position, proposed that the American should hang his father in his stead.

Fijian society is divided into six recognised classes, in the distinctions of which there is much that resembles the system of caste.

1. Kings and queens.
2. Chiefs of large islands or districts.
3. Chiefs of towns, priests, and mata-ni-vanua.
4. Distinguished warriors of low birth, chiefs of the carpenters, and chiefs of the fishers for turtle.
5. Common people.
6. Slaves by war.

Rank is hereditary, descending through the female; an arrangement which arises from the great number of wives allowed to a leading chief, among whom is found the widest difference of grade. The dignity of a chief is estimated by the number of his wives, which is frequently considerable, varying from ten to fifty or a hundred. It is not to be supposed that all these are found in his domestic establishment at the same time; for rarely more than a half or fourth are there together. Some have been dismissed on account of old

age, others have returned to their parents to become mothers, others again are but infants themselves.

No people can be more tenacious of distinction than are these Fijians, and few fonder of exaggerating it. When on their guard, and acting with the duplicity so strongly marked in the native character, they will depreciate themselves, as well as when surprised into a feeling of inferiority by unexpected contrast with some refined nation; but only let something occur to throw them off their guard, and they instantly become swollen with an imaginary importance which is not a little amusing. Lofty aspirations and great meanness are often found united in the same chief, who will be haughtily demanding, one moment, why the monarch of some great nation does not send a ship of war or large steamer to gratify his curiosity, and the next be begging tobacco of a shoeless seaman.

Tribes, chief families, the houses of chiefs, and the wives of kings, have distinctive appellations, to which great importance is attached, and by means of which the pride of the owner is gratified and the jealousy of neighbours aroused. Before the death of the king Tanos, the whites residing in Fiji wrote to General Miller, H. B. M. Consul-General at the Sandwich Islands, complaining of their ill-treatment by Thakombau (See p. 170), the young chief of Mbau and heir of Tanos, who already exercised virtually the kingly power. General Miller sent a letter about the matter to the chief, addressing it, "To the king of Fijil." When this letter arrived, a Tonga chief, who had visited Sydney and could read English, was saying with Thakombau, to whom he interpreted the Consul's dispatch, translating the address, "Tui Viti." This title, till then unknown, thus became fixed, and proved of great use to the young chief during his regency, though a cause of bitter jealousy to other chiefs, some of whom I heard comforting themselves by saying, "It is without authority: foreigners gave it to him." At the death of the aged king, however, this proud appellation was laid aside, and Thakombau received the high hereditary title of Vu-ni-valu, though frequently addressed still as Tui Viti—a name to which his widely spread ascendancy gives him some claim. An old chief on Na Viti Levu, known to few, boasts that the chiefs of Mbau and Reva are his children, thus putting them far below himself. Common men, though esteemed for superior prowess, and rewarded with an honourable name, do not rise in rank, their original grade being always remembered. There are many inferior chiefs, but they have little authority. Observing that the land-breeze blows most strongly in the bays, the natives have thence made a proverb, alluding to the fact just stated, *Sa dui cagi ni toba*, "Every one is a wind in his own bay."

Equally characteristic are many of the actions prescribed by Fijian etiquette. An armed man lowers his arms, takes the outside of the path, and crouches down until the chief has passed by. When a person has given anything, say a cigar, to a chief, he claps his hands respectfully. The same form is observed after couching a chief's head, or when taking anything from a place over his head; on receiving any trifle from him; always at the close of his meals, and sometimes to applaud what he has said. In some parts the men do not crouch, but rub the upper part of the left arm with the right hand. Some take hold of their beards and look to the earth: this is very common when conversing with a chief, or begging; hence great boggars



are called "beard-scratchers." The speaker also intersperses his address with respectful expletives, of which they have many. If anyone would cross the path of a chief, or the place where he is sitting or standing, he must pass before, and never behind, his superior. Standing in the presence of a chief is not allowed; all who move about the house in which he is, creep, or, if on their feet, advance bent, as in an act of obeisance. As in some other countries where the government is despotic, no one is permitted to address the chief otherwise than in a sitting posture. Seamen are cautious not to sail by a chief's canoe on the outrigger side, which would be considered worse than a person on land passing behind the back of his sovereign.

Most singular among these customs is the bale muri, "follow in falling," the attendant falling because his master has fallen. This is to prevent shame from resting on the chief, who, as he ought, has to pay for the respect. One day I came to a long bridge formed of a single cocoa-nut tree, which was thrown across a rapid stream, the opposite bank of which was two or three feet lower, so that the declivity was too steep to be comfortable. The pole was also wet and slippery, and thus my crossing safely was very doubtful. Just as I commenced the experiment, a heathen said, with much animation, "To-day I shall have a musket!" I had, however, just then to heed my steps more than his words, and so succeeded in reaching the other side safely. When I asked him why he spoke of a musket, the man replied, "I felt certain you would fall in attempting to go over, and I should have fallen after you;" (that is, appeared to be equally clumsy) "and as the bridge is high, the water rapid, and you a gentleman, you would not have thought of giving me less than a musket."

The following amusing incident, related by Captain F. Aylmer, is illustrative of the same practice.

At the Fiji Islands a chief was entertained on board the ship; and the strangers learned from him that, when a Fiji gentleman stumbles, his servants must stumble also.

"It so happened, one day, when he was dining with us, we had champagne; our friend took it kindly, imbibing glass after glass with a gusto it did one's heart good to see. The result may be imagined; he got very much excited, volunteered a dance, &c., and finally, when a party of us who were going ashore landed him, he would hear of nothing but our accompanying him home. Nothing loth to see the end, three of us went, and I certainly never regretted it, or laughed so much in my life. We had not gone two hundred yards when his highness capsize and came down with a run head foremost. What was our astonishment when down went the two followers also in precisely the same manner! Then up staggered the chief—ditto his servants. A few steps further on, up went the old fellow's toes, and this time he lit upon his beam-end. By Jove, it was ditto with the followers too; and we, after assisting the dignitary to rise, kept half an eye behind, watching the movements going on, expecting the Jachs had been plying the servants with rum; but no, they rose with the greatest gravity, and marching on as steady as grenadiers, only going down as often as their master came to grief."

The best produce of the gardens, the coconuts, and the sties in Fiji, goes to the chiefs, together with compliments the most extravagant and oriental in their form.

Warrior chiefs often owe their escape in battle to their inferiors—even when enemies—dreading to strike them. This fear partly arises from chiefs being confounded with deities, and partly from the certainty of their death being avenged on the man who slew them. Women of rank often escape strangling at the death of their lord, because there are not at hand men of equal rank to act as executioners. Such an excess of homage must of course be maintained by a most rigorous infliction of punishment for any breach of its observance; and a vast number of fingers, missing from the hands of men and women, have gone as the fine for disrespectful or awkward conduct.

In Fiji, subjects do not pay rent for their land, but a kind of tax on all their produce, besides giving their labour occasionally in peace, and their service, when needed, in war, for the benefit of the king or their own chief. Tax-paying in Fiji, unlike that in Britain, is associated with all that the people love. The time of its taking place is a high day; a day for the best attire, the pleasantest looks, and the kindest words; a day for display: whales' teeth and cowrie necklaces, orange-cowrie and pearl-shell breast ornaments, the scarlet frontlet, the newest style of neck-band, white armlets, bossed knee and ankle bands, tortoise-shell hair pins (eighteen inches long), cocks' tail feathers, the whitest rasi, the most graceful turban, powder of jet black, and rouge of the deepest red, are all in requisition on that festive day. The coiffure that has been in the process for months is now shown in perfection; the beard, long nursed, receives extra attention and the finishing touch; the body is anointed with the most fragrant oil, and decorated with the gayest flowers and most elegant vines. The weapons, also—clubs, spears, and muskets—are all highly polished and unusually gay. The Fijian carries his tribute with every demonstration of joyful excitement, of which all the tribe concerned fully partake. Crowds of spectators are assembled, and the king and his suite are there to receive the impost, which is paid in with a song and a dance, and received with smiles and applause. From this scene the tax-payers retire to partake of a feast provided by their king. Surely the policy that can thus make the paying of taxes "a thing of joy" is not contemptible.

Whales' teeth always form a part of the property paid in. Those which are smooth and red with age and turmeric are most valued; and the greater the quantity of them, the more respectable is the solava (tribute). Canoes, bales of plain and printed cloth (tapa), each bale fifteen or twenty feet long, with as many men to carry it, mosquito curtains, balls and rolls of straw, floor-mats, sail-mats, fishing nets, buckets, spears, clubs, guns, scarfs or turbans, likus (women's dresses or girdles), pearl shell breast-plates, turtles, and women, may be classed under the head of tribute. In some of the smaller states, pigs, yams, taro, arrow-root, turmeric, yagons, mandal-wood, salt, tobacco, and black powder, are principal articles.

The presentation of a canoe, if new and large, is a distinct affair. Tui Nayau, King of Lakemba, gave one to Thakombau in the following manner. Preliminaries being finished, Tui Nayau approached the Mbau chief, and knelt before him. From the folds of his huge dress

<sup>1</sup> Braid or flat string made with cocoa-nut fibre, and in general use for every kind of fastening. An average roll of sinnet, wound with beautiful neatness, is three feet six inches high, and five feet in circumference.

he took a whale's tooth, and then began his speech. The introduction was an expression of the pleasure which Thakombau's visit gave to Tui Nayau and his people. As he warmed, the speaker proceeded: "Before we were subject to Mbau, our land was empty, and no cocoa-nuts grew on its shore; but since you have been our chiefs, the land is full of people, and nuts and food abound. Our fathers were subject to Mbau, and desired so to be; and my desire, and that of my friends and my subjects, is towards Mbau, and it is very intense." The sentences here strung together were picked out from among a great number of petitions, praying that "Tui Nayau and his people might live." Neither was this omitted in the peroration: "Therefore let us live, that we may chop out canoes for you; and that we may live, I present this earnest" (the whale's tooth) "of the Ta iveri" (the name of the canoe) "as our soro, and the soro of our friends." On receiving the tooth, Thakombau expressed a wish, almost like an imperial permission, that all might live; whereupon all present clapped their hands.

All love to make as much display as possible on these occasions; food is provided in abundance, and on all hands is seen a liberality approaching to a community of goods: but where there exists anything like equality between those who give and those who receive, the return of similar gifts and entertainment is anxiously expected and calculated carefully before-hand.

Sometimes the property or tribute is taken to the king; sometimes he chooses to fetch it. In the latter case, he makes those he visits a small present, the time of so doing being made the opportunity for his public reception, after which he and his attendants dance. When the tribute is carried to the king, those who take it—varying in number from fifty to three hundred—are detained several weeks, well fed the first few days, and, in some parts, left to live as they can the remainder. By means of them and their canoes the king verifies the native proverb, "Work is easily done when strangers help." The strangers voyage and garden for the chiefs of the place, receive a present, and are then sent home.

Chiefs of power exact largely and give liberally, only a small portion of what they receive remaining in their own hands; which fact will help to explain the following speech of a mate on the occasion of one of these presentations of property: "We have a wish for eternal friendship: see this in our labours to procure cloth for you—we are wearied; we have left ourselves without clothing, that you might have it all. We have a chief who loves peace; we also love it. War is an evil: let us not fight, but labour. Do not let difficulties or jealousies arise out of sharing this property. Our minds regard you equally. You are all our friends. Any difference in the quantity shared to each tribe is to be referred to the proportion of service rendered by the tribe. There has been no partiality."

### III.

WARRIED CHARACTER OF THE FIJIAN—PROFITATION OF THE GODS—MILITARY UNION—PRELIMINARY REVIEWS—INCENTIVES TO BRAVERY—FORTRESSES AND FORTIFICATIONS—STRATAGEMS AND TACTICS—THE CHIEF'S LEAD—A PITCHED BATTLE—COURTESY TO CAPTIVES—HORRIBLE SCENES—TRUE BRAVERY BARE.

ONE of the most strongly marked features in the political aspect of Fiji is war. The well-intentioned missionary, Mr. Williams, to whom we are so much

indebted for a first detailed account of these islands and of their inhabitants, argues, however, that the Fijian only arms himself defensively.

It is said of the Fijians, as of most savage nations, that they are warlike: and they have been pictured as fierce, ferocious, and eager for bloodshed and battle. But this is a caricature, resulting from a too hasty and superficial estimate of the native character. When on his feet, the Fijian is always armed; when working in his garden, or lying on his mat, his arms are always at hand. This, however, is not to be attributed to his bold or choleric temper, but to suspicion and dread. Fear arms the Fijian. His own heart tells him that no one could trust him and be safe, whence he infers that his own security consists in universal mistrust of others. The club or spear is the companion of all his walks; but it is only for defence. This is proved by every man you meet: in the distance you see him with his weapon shouldered; getting nearer, he lowers it to his knee, gives you the path, and passes on. This is invariable, except when the people meet purposely to fight, or when two enemies come unexpectedly together. Such conduct surely is the opposite to offensive, being rather a show of inferiority, a mere point of etiquette.

There is a good deal of truth in this, but it is not perfectly logical. The same thing, if admitted with regard to the Fijians, would apply to most savage and even semi-civilised nations, as the Turks, Arabs, and Persians, who always go armed. The wearing of arms is indicative of insecurity of life and property, and that some, at all events, must wear such for bad purposes, or there would be no necessity to be always on the defensive. At the same time there is no doubt that a very large portion among all armed communities wear arms for defensive purposes only, or as mere matter of custom or ornament. Certain it is that Fiji is rarely free from war and its attendant evils. Several causes exist for this, such as the pride and jealousy of the chiefs, and the fact of there being so many independent governments, each of which seeks aggrandisement at the expense of the rest. Any misgiving as to the probability of success proves the most powerful motive for peace; and superstition asserts the cackling of hens at night to be a sure prognostic of fighting. The appearance of certain hawks for war is often assumed, when no corresponding anxiety is felt. When war is decided upon between two powers, a formal message to that effect is interchanged, and informal messages in abundance, warning each other to strengthen their fences and carry them up to the sky. Councils are held, in which future action is planned. Before going to war with men, they study to be right with the gods. Ruined temples are rebuilt, some half-buried in woods are brought to light, and new ones erected. Costly offerings are brought to the gods, and prayers presented for the utter destruction of the enemy; and every bowl of yaqona is quaffed with an expression of the same wish. Kanakani yvura, to eat with both contending parties, is very tabu, and punished when discovered with death. On one occasion I saw offered to the god of war, forty whales' teeth (fifty pounds of ivory), ten thousand yams, thirty turdus birds, forty bowls of yaqona—some very large—many hundreds of nutmeg puddings (two tons), one hundred and fifty great cysters, fifteen water melons, cocoa-nuts, a large number of violet land-crabs, tins, and ripe bananas. Much confidence is placed in the gods help thus purchased. On remarking to a small party on their way

to war, "You are few," they promptly replied, "Our allies are the gods."

Frequently the men separate themselves from their wives at such times, but sometimes the wives accompany them to the war. Orders are sent by the chief to all under his rule to be in readiness, and application is made to friendly powers for help. A flat refusal to comply with the summons of the chief, by any place on which he had a claim, would, sooner or later, be visited by the destruction of the offenders. Efforts are made to neutralise each other's influence. A sends a whale's tooth to B, entreating his aid against C, who, hearing of this, sends a larger tooth to B, to bika—"press down"—the present from A; and thus B joins neither party. Sometimes two hostile chiefs will each make a superior chief the stay of their hopes; he, for his own interest, trims between the two, and often aids the weaker party, that he may damage the stronger, yet professing all the time a deep interest in his welfare.

When many warriors are expected to help in an expedition, slight houses are built for their accommodation. Tongans who may be visiting the chief at the time are expected to assist him; to which they rarely object, their services being repaid in canoes, arms, nuts, &c. In some rare cases, Tongan chiefs have had small islands ceded to them.

When an appeal for help to a superior chief is favourably received, a club or spear is sent to the applicant, with words such as these: "I have sent my club, by and bye I will follow." This form of earnest, I understand, is modern; the old fashion was to return a spear with a floating streamer, which the successful petitioner planted conspicuously, to indicate his fair prospects.

The military in Fiji do not form a distinct class, but are selected from every rank, irrespective of age or sex; any who can raise a club or hurl a spear are eligible. At the close of the war, all who survive return to their ordinary pursuits. During active service, a faithful follower owns no tie but that which binds him to his tribe, and the command of the Vunivalu—General—is his only law.

Instances of persons devoting themselves specially to deeds of arms are not uncommon. The manner in which they do this is singular, and wears the appearance of a marriage contract; and the two men entering into it are spoken of as man and wife, to indicate the closeness of their military union. By this mutual bond the two men pledge themselves to oneness of purpose and effort, to stand by each other in every danger, defending each other to the death, and, if needful, to die together. In the case of one of the parties wishing to become married, in the ordinary style, to one of the other sex, the former contract is duly declared void. Between Mbetelambandai and Mbombo of Vatakamkam such a union existed. The former was slain in war. Mbombo, on hearing that his friend was in danger, ran to the rescue; but, arriving too late, died avenging his comrade's death.

Forces are gathered by the taqa, a kind of review. Of these there is a series,—one at every place where the army stops on its way to the scene of action. If any part of Fijian warfare has interest, it is this; and to the parties engaged, it is doubtless glorious. They defy an enemy that is far away, and boast of what they will do on a day which has not yet come; and all this in the midst of their friends. The boasting is

distinct from, though associated with, the taqa, which means, "ready, or on the move," namely, for challenging. The challenging is called bolebole; and the ceremony, when complete, is as follows. If the head of the party of allies just arrived is a great chief, his approach is hailed with a general shout. Taking the lead, he conducts his followers to a large open space, where the chief, to whose help he comes, waits with his men. Forthwith shouts of respect are exchanged by the two companies. Presently a man, who is supposed to represent the enemy, stands forth and cries out, "Cut up! cut up! The temple receives;" intimating, probably, that the enemy will certainly be cut up, cooked, and offered to the gods. Then follow those who bole, or challenge. First comes the leader, and then others, singly at the beginning, but afterwards in companies of six, or ten, or twenty. It is impossible to tell at that time when many are speaking at once; but there is no lack of bragging, if single challengers may be taken as specimens. One man runs up to the chief, brandishes his club, and exclaims, "Sir, do you know me? Your enemies soon will!" Another, darting forward, says, "See this hatchet, how clean! Tomorrow it will be bathed in blood!" One cries out, "This is my club, the club that never yet was false!" The next, "This army moves to-morrow; then you shall eat dead men till you are surfeited!" A man, striking ground violently with his club, boasts, "I cause the earth to tremble: it is I who meet the enemy to-morrow!" "See!" exclaims another, "I held a musket and a battle-axe! If the musket miss fire, the hatchet will not!" A fine young man stepped quietly towards a king, holding a pole used as an anchor for a canoe, and said, "See, sire, the anchor of Natewa! I will do thus with it!" And he broke the pole across his knee. A man, swinging a ponderous club, said, "This club is a defence, a shade from the heat of the sun, and the cold of this rain." Glancing at the chief, he added, "You may come under it." A fiery youth ran up, as though breathless, crying out, "I long to be gone! I am impatient!" One of the same kind said, "Ah, ah! these boasts are deceivers! I only am a true man: in the battle you shall find me so." These "great swelling words" are listened to with mingled laughter and applause. Although the speeches of the warriors are marked with great earnestness, there is nothing of the horrifying grimace in which the New Zealander indulges on similar occasions. The fighting men have their bodies covered with black powder; some, however, confine this to the upper part only. An athletic warrior thus powdered, so as to make his skin wear a velvet-like blackness, has a truly formidable appearance, his eyes and teeth gleaming with very effective whiteness.

Fijians make a show of war at the taqa, but do no mischief, and incur no danger: and this is just what they like. The challenging is their delight; beyond it their ambition does not reach, and glory is without charms.

Notwithstanding the boasts of the braves, the chief will sometimes playfully taunt them; intimating that, from their appearance, he should judge them to be better acquainted with apes than clubs, and fitter to use the digging-stick than the musket.

Incentives to bravery are not withheld. Young women, and women of rank, are promised to such as shall, by their prowess, render themselves deserving. A woman given as a reward for valour is called "The

cable of the land," and the chief who gives her is esteemed a benefactor, his people testifying their gratitude by giving him a feast and presents. Promises of such rewards are made in a short speech, the substance of which is the same in all cases: "Be faithful to my cause; do not listen to those who call you to desert me. Your reward will be princely."

The forces collected for war rarely exceed in number a thousand men. An army of four or five thousand is only assembled by an immense effort. Sometimes flags are used, but they are only paltry affairs.

When all is ready, the army is led probably against some mountain fastness, or a town fortified with an earth rampart, about six feet thick, faced with large stones, surmounted by a reed fence or cocoa-nut trunks, and surrounded by a muddy moat. Some of their fastnesses well deserve the name. One was visited by myself, where ten men might defy a host. After wearily climbing up a rugged path, hidden and encumbered with rank vegetation, I reached the verge of a precipice. This was the end of the path, and beyond it, at the distance of several yards, in the face of the cliff, was the entrance to the fortress. To get to this opening it was necessary to insert my toes in the natural crevices of the perpendicular rock, laying hold with my hands on any irregularity within reach, and thus move sideways until a small landing at the doorway was reached. Some of these strongholds have, in addition to their natural difficulty of access, strong palisades and stone breastworks pierced with loopholes. Sometimes a fortress has only one gateway, with a traverse leading to it; but from four to eight entrances are generally found. At the top of the gateway, on the inside, there is sometimes a raised and covered platform for a look-out. The gates are formed by strong sliding bars inside; without, on either side, are substantial bastions. Visitors capable of judging, give the Fijians credit for skill in arranging these several parts, so as to afford an excellent defence even against musketry. The garrisons are often well provisioned, but ill-watered.

Since the introduction of orange and lemon trees, some fortifications have a row of these in lieu of the wicker-like fence, and the naked natives fear these prickly living walls greatly. It is in garrisons that drums are used, and, by various bents, warning is given to friends outside of the approach of danger or an attack. By the same means they defy the foe, as also by banners, and gaily kite-like things which, when the wind favours, are flown in the direction of the enemy.

If a place, when attacked, is likely to hold out, an encampment is formed and a vigilant guard kept by the besiegers, and by each party the steps of the other seem to be counted. Such a position is not liked; but great advantages and easy conquest best suit the aggressors. An attack being decided upon, a command to that effect is issued by the *Vunivalu*, who names the order in which the several companies are to advance, and specifies which is to have the honour of the first assault. The assailants then join in a sort of slogan and set off. If the country be favourable, they prefer a stealthy approach, and, when a little beyond gun-shot from the fort, each man acts as though his chief duty were to take care of himself. Not a stone, bush, or tree, but has a man behind it, glad of anything to come between him and the fort, whence a strict watch is kept, until some straggler—perhaps a child—

is exposed, and falls a victim. If the defenders of the place remain obstinate, the besiegers repeat the war-cry, to encourage each other and alarm the enemy. Numerous shots are now exchanged; and if those within are many and valorous, they make a sally, each man singling out his antagonist, and so the battle resolves itself into a number of single combats. Should the first detachment shoot and shout themselves tired, without drawing the enemy out, they are relieved by a second, who, if they succeed no better, are followed by a third, and so on. A rush from within generally makes the assaulting party run. This conduct is excused by a native proverb, which, in some shape or other, is to be found in almost every language, and which in Fiji, in the form of a couplet, waits ready on every warrior's lip.

"'Tis certain death to brave it out;  
And but a jest to join the rout."

Nevertheless, obstinate resistance is sometimes made. Death or victory was declared in a striking way by the chief of Mbau, Ngonesenu, at the beginning of the present century. He and his second in command Ndungawangka—ordered the heads of two stately nut-trees to be cut off, and sent a message to the enemy, the chief of Raviravi, to tell what was done, and defy him to do his worst. Both sides exerted themselves to the utmost, and a bloody battle ensued. The symbolic act of the Mbau chiefs proved ominous of their own fate; for their own heads and hundreds more of their followers (an eye-witness says, a thousand) were cut off and placed in a row, and desolation was spread by the victors over all the western coast of Vanua Levu.

Sharp and irritating remarks are exchanged by hostile parties previous to an engagement. Thus a commander will cry out loudly, so that both sides may hear, "The men of that fort have been dead a long while; those who occupy it now are a set of old women." Another, addressing his followers, says, derisively, "Are they gods who hold yonder guns? Are they not mere men? They are only men. We have nothing then to fear; for we are truly men." Such speeches elicit others of like kind from the enemy. "You are men! But are you so strong that, if speared to-day, you will not fall until to-morrow?" "Are you stones, that a bullet will not enter you? Are your skulls iron, that a hatchet will not cleave them?"

Under the excitement of the time, indiscreet men have been known to utter special threats against the leader of the enemy. Shouting his name they declare their intention to cut out his tongue, eat his brains, and make a cup of his skull. Such boasts become at once marked men; orders are given to take them alive, and woful is their lot, if captured. On Vanua Levu, the punishment awaiting such is called *drewai saua*, after the manner in which women carry fuel. A large bundle of dry cocoa-nut leaves is bound across the shoulders of the offender, so as to pinion him effectually. The ends of the bundle, which project several feet on either side, are then ignited, and the bearer of the burning mass is turned loose to run wherever his torment may drive him. The exultation of the spectators rises in proportion as the agony of the sufferer becomes more intense.

Wars in Fiji are sometimes bloodless, and result only in the destruction of property; but in cases where

the contest is of a purely civil kind, fruit-trees are often spared until the obstinacy of the enemy exhausts the patience of the rest, and a general destruction takes place. An opinion has frequently been expressed that the natives are sharp enough to dodge the bullets; which means that they watch the flash of the gun, and instantly fall flat on the ground. Of their ability to dodge stones, thrown thickly and with good aim, I am a witness.

Open attack is less esteemed in Fiji than stratagem or surprise, and to these their best men trust for success and fame. Their plots are often most treacherous, and exhibit heartless cruelty, without ingenuity.

A Rakiraki chief named Wangkawai agreed to help the chief of Na Korovatu, who was engaged in war. Of course Wangkawai and his party must bide; and the ceremony was finished joyously. As the earnest for payment was being presented by the Na Korovatu chief, Wangkawai struck him dead with his club; at which preconcerted signal his armed attendants attacked and murdered the friends of the fallen chief—a catastrophe which the treacherous ally had been meditating for years.

Mbau wished to take the town of Naingani, but could not. The Viwa chief, Mamomalua, being applied to, readily undertook the task. He went to the people of Naingani as their friend, offering to place them out of the reach of Mbau, by removing them to a place under his own power. They assented, and followed him to the seaside, where he helped the Mbau people to murder them. Other similar instances might be related. Relatives within a garrison are often bribed to befriend the besiegers by burning the town or opening the gates. By the use of such means, far more than open fighting, wars are sometimes very destructive. Old natives speak of as many as a thousand being killed in some of the battles when they were young men; but I doubt whether the slain ever amounted to more than half that number. From twenty to a hundred more commonly cover the list of killed. The largest number, within my own knowledge of Fiji, was at Rewa, in 1846, when about four hundred—chiefly women and children—were slain. Horrifying beyond description is the scene when a town is taken, and instances are narrated of the inhabitants seeking deliverance from such horrors by self-destruction. A remarkable shelf of rocks is pointed out on the island of Wakaya, whence a chief, unable to resist his enemies, precipitated himself. Many of his people followed his example. The shelf is called "The Chieftain's Leap." In seeking a place, every man regards what he can pick up as his own. The spoil is generally small; for nearly every town and village has a natural magazine, where they store everything valuable on the slightest alarm. I have several times been myself the cause of towns being thus emptied. The sight of my canoe in the distance suggested the thought of oppressive chiefs or cruel foes, and the wisdom of securing property. On one occasion, I met a string of Indian women thus employed, whose undisguised terror was soon followed by every mark of joy, when assured that we were only friends. Once I saw a chief with seven balls of sinnet, several dogs, and five female slaves, as his share of spoil; but I believe that part of this was pay, and part plunder.

In a pitched battle comparatively little mischief is done. Flesh wounds are inflicted by spears or bullets, until one of the combatants falls, when his friends

run away with him, the enemy following for a short distance; when, if the wounded or dead man is not cast away, they return to exaggerate their own prowess, and the numbers of killed and wounded on the other side. Yet, altogether the total loss of life in consequence of war, amounting probably to 1,500 or 2,000 per annum, has hitherto told heavily on the population of Fiji; and perhaps the number here stated does not include the widows who are strangled on the death of their lords. The introduction of fire-arms has tended to diminish war. The fact that bullets are so promiscuous in their work, striking a chief as well as commoner men, makes the people less disposed than ever to come to fighting, while their faith in the diviner qualities of their commanders is much shaken.

Captives are sometimes taken, and are treated with incredible barbarity. Some have been given up to boys of rank, to practise their ingenuity in torture. Some, when stunned, were cast into hot ovens; and when the fierce heat brought them back to consciousness and urged them to fearful struggles to escape, the loud laughter of the spectators bore witness to their joy at the scene. Children have been hung by their feet from the mast-head of a canoe, to be dashed to death, as the rollings of the vessel swung them heavily against the mast.

The return of a victorious party is celebrated with the wildest joy; and if they bring the bodies of the slain foes, the excitement of the women, who go out to welcome the returning warriors, is intense. This custom of women greeting the conquerors at once suggests a comparison with eastern, and especially Hebrew, usage. But among the Fijians all that could be admired in the other case is brutalised and abominable. The words of the women's songs may not be translated; nor are the obscene gestures of their dance, in which the young virgins are compelled to take part, or the foul insults offered to the corpses of the slain, fit to be described. And who that has witnessed the scene on the canoes at such a time, can forget it, or help shrinking with horror from the thought of its repetition? Dead men or women are tied to the fore-part of the canoe, while on the main deck their murderers, like triumphant fiends, dance madly among the flourishing of clubs and sun-shades, and confused din. At intervals they bound upon the deck with a shrill and terrible yell, expressive of unchecked rage and deadly hatred. The corpses, when loosed, are dragged with frantic running and shouts to the temple, where they are offered to the god, before being cooked. On these occasions, the ordinary social restrictions are destroyed, and the unbridled and indiscriminate indulgence of every evil lust and passion completes the scene of abomination.

Modes of treating for peace vary. In some instances a woman of rank is dressed in the highest Fijian style, and presented with whales' teeth in her hand, to the hostile chief, to procure peace. More generally an ordinary ambassador is deputed, who offers a whale's tooth or some other soro, in the name of the people. The terms dictated to the conquered are severe, including generally, the destruction of their town and its defences, and the abject servitude of its inhabitants. In the Mbau district, hostilities are closed very appropriately. On a set day, the two parties meet, and throw down their arms at each other's feet. At the time, dread of treachery often makes them fear, as they give up their weapons; but after-



wards a security is felt which nothing else could produce.

Fijian warfare is very expensive, especially when foreign aid is called in; for the allies have not only to be fed, but enjoy full licence to overrun the territory of their friends, and appropriate whatever they choose, besides committing everywhere acts of the most wanton mischief and destruction. "O!" said an old man to me after the departure of a host of such subsidiaries, "our young men have been to the gardens, but the sight dispirited them, and they have returned home to weep."

It is customary throughout Fiji to give honorary names to such as have clubbed a human being, of any

age or of either sex, during a war. The new epithet is given with the complimentary prefix, *koroi*. I once asked a man why he was called *koroi*. "Because," he replied, "I, with several other men, found some women and children in a cave, drew them out and clubbed them, and then was consecrated." If the man killed has been of distinguished rank, the slayer is allowed to take his name; or he is honoured by being styled the comb, the dog, the canoe, or the fort of some great living chief. Warriors of rank receive proud titles; such as, "the divider of" a district, "the waster of" a coast, "the depopulator of" an island: the name of the place in question being affixed. A practice analogous to this is recorded frequently in both sacred and



STRANGER'S HOUSE OR INN IN FIJI ISLANDS.

classical history. I had an opportunity of witnessing the ceremony of consecration, as carried out in the case of a young man of the highest rank in *Somosomo*. The king and leading men having taken their seats in the public square, fourteen mats were brought and spread out, and upon these were placed a bale of cloth and two whales' teeth. Near by was laid a salt mat, and on it several men's dresses. The young chief now made his appearance, bearing in one hand a large pineapple club, and in the other a common reed, while his *bag* train of *masi* dragged on the ground behind him. On his reaching the mats, an old man took the reed out of the hero's hand, and dispatched a youth to deposit it reverently in the temple of the war-god. The king then ordered the young chief to stand upon the

bale of cloth; and while he obeyed, a number of women came into the square, bringing small dishes of turmeric mixed with oil, which they placed before the youth, and retired with a song. The *masi* was now removed by the chief himself, an attendant substituting one much larger in its stead. The king's *masi* next selected several dishes of coloured oil, and anointed the warrior from the roots of the hair to his heels. At this stage of the proceedings one of the spectators stepped forward and exchanged clubs with the anointed, and soon another did the same; then one left him a gun in place of the club; and many similar changes were effected, under the belief that the weapons thus passing through his hands derived some virtue. The mats were now removed, and a portion of them sent



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ORCHARD OF THE PLAIN MENDICANS.





to the temple, some of the turmeric being sent after them. The king and old men, followed by the young men, and two men sounding conches, now proceeded to the sea-side, where the anointed one passed through the ancients to the water's edge, and, having wet the soles of his feet, returned, while the king and those with him counted one, two, three, four, five, and then each threw a stone into the sea. The whole company now went back to the town with blasts of the trumpet-shells, and a peculiar hooting of the men. Custom requires that a hut should be built in which the anointed man and his companions may pass the next three nights, during which time the now-named hero must not lie down, but sleep as he sits: he must not change his meal, or remove the turmeric, or enter a house in which there is a woman, until that period has elapsed. In the case now described, the hut has not been built, and the young chief was permitted to use the temple of the god of war instead. During the three days, he was on an incessant march, followed by half a score of lads reddened like himself. After three weeks he paid me a visit, on the first day of his being permitted to enter a house in which there was a female. He informed me that his new name was kula, "flag."

In some parts of Fiji, after each conflict, the parties tell each other of their losses; but more generally they conceal them. If a valiant man has fallen, his friends place his mail on a pole in sight of the enemy, thereby declaring their intention to be revenged. If an enemy come by sea, he is defied by men running into the water and striking it with their clubs.

Regarding it, says Williams, from any point of view whatever, there is scarcely anything to excite admiration in Fijian warfare; and the deeds of which they boast most proudly, are such as the truly brave would scorn. Nevertheless I own to having felt keenly when taking leave of chiefs who were going direct to war. Although nearly naked, their step was proud, and their carriage truly martial. More than one I have known, who paced haughtily forth like a war-horse to the battle, to be soon after dragged ignobly to the oven. Here and there an instance occurs of manly daring, intelligent activity, and bold enterprise; but such are very few. Of these memorable few was a chief of Wainunu. A short time before I settled in Vanua Levu this man drove from him all his influential friends, by a resolution to destroy a place which they desired to save. An enemy of Tui Wainunu, hearing that he was deserted, deemed this a good opportunity to make a descent upon him, and prepared accordingly. His purpose, however, reached the watchful chief, who determined at once to meet the emergency by acting himself on the offensive. Depending on his own prowess and that of a youthful nephew, he gathered a few old men, whom age, rather than inclination, had kept near him, and proceeded by night to storm his enemy's position. He and his young comrade entered the village about daybreak, and while the old men shouted again outside, plied their clubs on the panic-stricken inhabitants within. Twenty-seven dead bodies were quickly scattered over the place. The club of Tui Wainunu was raised to slay another, when the nephew recognised in the intended victim a playfellow, and saved his life. This deed was soon blazed abroad, and the chief's friends hastened back to him through very fear.

In the greater proportion, however, of the most dis-

tinguished cases, perseverance in effecting his purpose, by some means, is all to which the Fijian attains. If it be pleaded on his behalf that his valour has no artificial supports—no helmet or steel breast-plate to shield him from danger, and no fleet horse to carry him from it—that he opposes a naked body to the dangers of the battle, all this is admitted; yet, after all, the low estimate at which he rates life negatives his valour, and robs the mass of the people of all claim to be regarded as acting under the impulse of nobler emotions. In addition to mutual suspicion and distrust, that pride which rules in every savage nature keeps the Fijian at war. He likes to take another's property without asking for it, and to trample the owner under foot with impunity; and hence goes to war. Few of this kind care for glory, and fewer still are susceptible of a noble or really patriotic impulse. They make pretensions to bravery, and speak of strife and battle with the tongues of heroes; yet, with rare exceptions, meet the hardships and dangers of war with effeminate timidity.

## IV.

INDUSTRIAL PRODUCE—AGRICULTURE—YAMS—SUGAR-CANE—UNCULTIVATED PRODUCE—COCOA-NUT—TIMBER—UNDEVELOPED RESOURCES—MANUFACTURES—NATIVE CLOTH—MATS—BASKETS—NETS—POTTERY—CANOES—ARMS—BOWS—WIGS—HOODS—SAILORS—FISHERMEN—COMMERCE—BARTER—TRADE WITH THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS AND WITH EUROPE.

It is pleasing to turn from the horrible scenes of barbarous war to the gentler and more profitable occupations of peace, of which the tillage of the soil seems always the attractive type. At this point there is observable one of the strange and almost anomalous blendings of opposite traits in the Fijian character. Side by side with the wildest savagism, we find among the natives of this group an attention to agriculture, and a variety of cultivated produce, not to be found among any other of the numerous islands of the Western Pacific. It is observed that the increase of cultivated plants is regular in receding from the Hawaiian group up to Fiji, where roots and fruits are found that are unknown in the more eastern islands. The natives raise large quantities of taro, yams, kawai, lanana, kumera, and sugar-cane. Rows of maize and ti-tree, and patches of tobacco, are often seen, and the papua-apple is cultivated.

Dalo is the taro of seafaring men, and the Fijian's staff of life, surpassing all his other esculents in nutritious value. Irrigated taro-beds are generally oblong, and prepared with much labour. Valleys are preferred for these beds, but sometimes they have to be cut on the mountain-slopes, which, when thus terraced with mature taro-patches, present as beautiful a spectacle as any kind of agriculture can furnish. The deep rich green of the broad leaves, which rise three feet or more from their watery beds, contrasts well with the profuse but irregular vegetation of the uncultivated ground.

Of yams there are in Fiji the usual varieties, and, in some parts of the group, two crops are raised in the year. Ordinary tubers of this valuable plant weigh from six to twelve pounds; extraordinary, from thirty to one hundred pounds. They are sometimes nine feet in length. The kawai, or sweet yam, resembles a kidney potato about eight or ten inches long. The tubers of the kumera, or sweet potato, vary in weight

from half-a-pound to five pounds. The ti-tree, *kai* or *masawi*, costs little care. Its slight stem, crowned with a tuft of lanceolate leaves, is sometimes seen in rows on the edge of a yam-bed. The root weighs from ten to forty pounds, and is used, after being baked, as liquorice, or for sweetening made dishes.

The banana and plantain are well known. The beautiful leaf of the former, when young, becomes the mackintosh of Fiji, being warmed over the fire, and made into waterproof covers for the head. Sugar-cane is grown in large quantities, and thrives well, ripening in twelve or fourteen months. The leaves are largely employed for thatch. Considerable care is bestowed on the cultivation of the *yakona*, the cava of voyagers. The root is prized for its narcotic properties, and yields the native grog, and it consequently receives the most care. Another and very important object of agricultural attention in Fiji is the paper-mulberry, which supplies the people with their principal clothing. Many other vegetables, of immense value to the native, yield their produce spontaneously.

Besides the supplies which are reared under the care of the native agriculture, the Fijian has an exhaustless store of food in the uncultivated districts of the larger islands, where, among the wildest and most prolific luxuriance, he may gather refreshing fruits, or dig valuable esculents. Here he finds a large spontaneous supply of arrow-root, which, with cultivation and improvement in its manufacture, he will soon be able to send in large quantities to the home market, so as to compete successfully with the best West Indian samples. The buluo is a wild root, very like an old potato, and weighing from one to eight pounds. The yaka is a creeper, with root very like liquorice, and used in the same way. The ti-root and turmeric grow wild, together with two sorts of yams in abundance. The fruit and bulbous roots of the *kaili*—a sort of climber—are used in times of scarcity. Two kinds of tomato are found, and eaten by the natives, boiled with yams, &c. The leaves of the *bele* are used as greens. The nutmeg grows here unnoticed and unprized. Among other resources open to the Fijian, without any trouble but that of gathering, may be mentioned the *lagolago* and the *vutu*—two kinds of nuts. Concerning the latter, which tastes like our English earth-nut, the natives believe that if the young leaves are split, the husk of the nut will be tender. There are also gathered in plenty the *wi*, or Brazilian plum, the wild fig, the *kavika*, or Malay apple, and the *shaddock*. The *tom-tom*, *tanwau*, and *cawa*, are different kinds of wild plums. The fruit of the *pandanus* is also used by the natives. This remarkable tree, with its curious self-grown props or shores, is too familiar to need description. I have met with several instances in which the original root had no longer any connection with the ground, while the tree was supported on a cluster of its supplementary props. The trunk is sometimes used in small buildings, but is chiefly valued for handles of garden-tools. The leaf makes good thatch and rough mats; the flower gives scent to oil; and the fruit is sucked, or strung into orange-coloured necklaces.

The importance and value of the cocoa-nut is well known, and the uses to which it is put in Fiji are too numerous to detail. A remarkable fact, however, concerning this tree may here be recorded. I am acquainted with two well-authenticated cases of the nut-tree sending out branches. One at Mothe, after reaching a good height, branched off in two directions, and

was consequently regarded with great veneration. The second and more remarkable case was found on the Island of Ngau. Having grown about twenty-four feet high, a cocoa-nut tree struck out into five branches. A man told me that when he saw it, one of the branches had been blown off in a gale, and lay on the ground. He climbed up the trunk to the point of separation, but feared to ascend the branches lest they should break beneath his weight. He guessed them to be eighteen feet long, and some struck off obliquely, for a few feet, and then resumed a perpendicular direction. The nuts were never gathered.

A few words are due to the native forest-trees, which yield valuable timber, both hard and soft, in considerable plenty. Among the hard timbers, the *veri*—supposed to be the green-heart of India—is important, as giving to the canoes of Fiji their superiority over those of other groups. The wood is very compact and resinous, often resembling good mahogany in colour and curl. My own experience proves it to be little less durable than English oak. The tree is often four feet in diameter, with a white bark, and small scaly leaves.

The *bau* is about the same size as the former, but more valuable for cabinet-work. It is of deep red colour, close and straight grain, sometimes as compact as ebony, and susceptible of a high polish. The *dilo*—the *tamanu* of Tahiti—abounds in Fiji, and often reaches a great size, being a durable wood of pretty grain. The *damanu* is a fine tree, and its timber fit for every department of carpentry. The natives prize it, on account of its toughness, for masts. The *noko-noko*, or iron-wood, is used chiefly for clubs. The *caukuru* is equally hard, but has a grain more like wainscot. It is used for the upper parts of houses, but soon perishes in the ground. The *gayali*, I think, is lance-wood. *Cevua*, or bastard sandal-wood, is hard, yellow, of rich silky grain like satin-wood, and full of aromatic oil. The most durable wood I have met with in the islands is the *bunbua*, which is very heavy, and resembles box-wood. When being wrought, it gives out a peach-like smell, and works quite fresh after having been cut for years. *Yasidrau* and *mali* are two useful woods, the former like cedar in colour, and the latter a little browner. *Dakua* and *dakua salu* are varieties of the *damanu* Australia, or *pinus kauri*: a very useful pine, when kept from the wet. The *vaivai* is something like the tamarind: its wood is yellowish, and works very smooth; it is as light as pine, but much more lasting, and is the best of all woods for decks, since it will bear exposure to the sun better than any. The white residents greatly value it. There is also the *viriviri*, which is very light; and the *rara*, little heavier than cork. All the timbers here mentioned I have either used myself, or had them worked under my direction. Twice the number of useful woods growing in Fiji might be added to this short list.

It will thus be seen that the natives of this group are furnished with a most abundant and diversified supply of all their wants, a supply which, with the addition of proper care, would yield a considerable and remunerative overplus for commerce. Many valuable products of other countries, greatly in demand at home, are already found wild and uncared for in Fiji, or might be introduced with certain success. Arrow-root has already been mentioned. Cotton, of superior quality, grows without attention, and might be culti-

vated to a very large extent. Many parts of the group are peculiarly adapted for coffee; and, throughout, tobacco of the finest kind could be produced. Sugar-canes, with but imperfect attention, already flourish; and rice might, perhaps, be grown in the broad swampy flats of the larger islands. There is good reason to hope that the enlightened enterprise of a better class of white settlers will, ere long, serve to develop the indigenous resources of Fiji, as well as to introduce, on an important scale, other valuable produce. The perils which have hitherto attended a residence among this people, have, in many of the islands, already gone; and, in the rest, are giving way to the better influences of Christianity.

The Fijians are engaged in many branches of industry, besides agriculture. A great part of the manufactured produce comes from the women's hands, but receives some addition from the mechanical skill of the men. Fiji has, indeed, always had a pre-eminence over other groups in respect to its manufactures; a fact which did not escape the observant eye of Captain Cook. Native cloth or *masi* is skilfully manufactured from the bark of the malo-tree, and as skilfully dyed and printed. The becoming turban worn by Fijian men is a finely prepared *masi* of only one thickness, and of a gauze-like appearance. Women's dresses—like—are braided by the women. The bark of the *van* (a kind of hibiscus), the fibre of a wild root, and some kinds of grass, are used in making like, as also the stem of a parasite.

Second in importance to the beating of cloth is the making of mats. Of these there are many varieties, and the number used is considerable. Besides the rough mat made of the cocoa-nut leaf, the women make floor, sail, sleeping, and nursing mats. The materials used in the manufacture of these useful articles are the leaf of the dwarf pandanus, of the pandanus odoratissima, and a rush gathered from swamps. Closely connected with the above is the art of basket-making—the baskets being made of the same materials as the matting. "The wicker-work baskets of Fiji," the Rev. W. Lawney declares, "are strong, handsome, and useful, beyond any I have seen at home or abroad." Another branch of braid-work, is fan-making. These things, in Fiji, are marked by variety, neatness, and utility.

The nets are made by the women, of the vine of a kind of creeper, known as the *yaka*, which, after sundry steepings and scrapings, is twisted into a strong twine, and then netted. The turtle-fishers make their nets of sinnet; or, when this is not to be had, of the bark of the hibiscus. Sinnet is composed of the fibre of the cocoa-nut husk.

The Fijian is also distinguished from all the South Sea Islanders in his potteries, where are produced various utensils of red and brown ware. Many natives find employment in canoe-building. Carpenters in Fiji constitute a caste, having chiefs of their own, for whom and their work they show respect. The well built and excellently designed canoes of the Fijians were for a long time superior to those of any other islanders in the Pacific. Their neighbours, the Friendly Islanders, are more finished carpenters, and bolder sailors, and used to build large canoes, but not equal to those of Fiji. Though considering the Fijians as their inferiors, yet the Tongans have adopted their canoes, and imitate them even in the make of their sails.

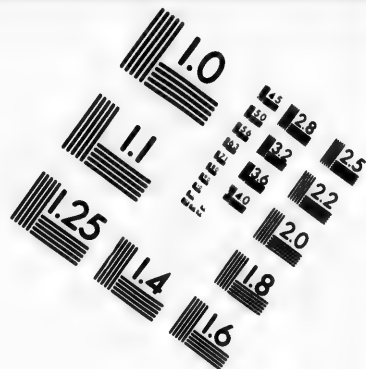
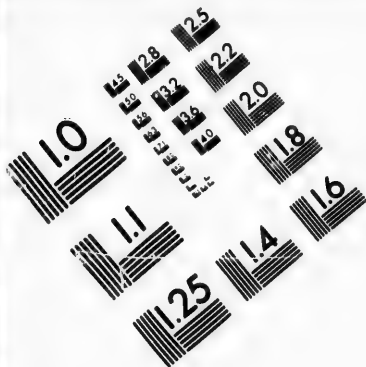
Another branch of Fijian manufacture is seen in their various weapons. As may be supposed, this is a matter of most serious attention. One side of the club is formed while the tree is growing, and requires attention for several months. Others are made of young trees torn up by the roots. The handles of some and the entire surface of others, are covered with fine elaborate carving, a few are inlaid with ivory and shell. Few clubs but are the result of days and weeks of patient toil. The variety of spears is very great, and shows the best specimens of native carving, many of the fine open patterns being beautifully executed. The bows, which are about seven feet long, are made from the pendant shoots of the mangrove. When the arrows are for killing fish, they have several points, with the barb cut inwards. A spear is also made on the same principle, for the same purpose.

With the artisans employed in the above manufactures, may be classed those who make pillows—fillets of iron-wood supported on two claw-feet—the makers of breast-plates, rings, combs, necklaces, and other ornaments; as also the manufacturers of oil dishes, *yakona* bowls, and cannibal forks, cut out of very hard wood in a variety of forms.

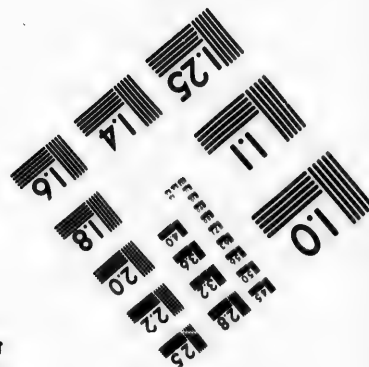
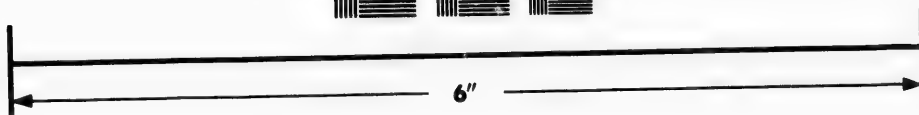
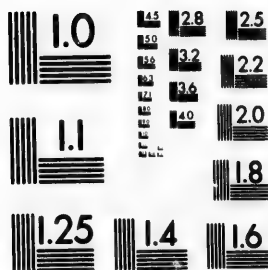
The art of wig-making, in which the Fijian excels and glories, seems to be unknown to the other islanders. The native perruquier imitates to perfection the hair as worn by chiefs and dandies. The style, however, which he has to copy, is considered admirable in proportion as it becomes more successfully unnatural; and hence his task is made easier. Some wigs, except as to colour, closely resemble the barristers' wigs of our own civilised courts, and some have a complete set of whiskers and moustaches attached.

Most of their different employments are followed by the Fijians only occasionally, and as want may make them necessary. All—even children—can do something at building, and most at canoe-cutting; but there are parts of these trades which are only undertaken by skilled workmen. When free from the claims of necessary employment, a man will rub down a large trochus for an armet, file out a ring for his finger, or scrape into form the teeth of a comb; and it is thus that such articles are generally made. While each individual, therefore, seems averse to doing more than is absolutely necessary, yet the people generally show a fair advance in useful arts, and do a considerable amount of work. The entire product, however, yields but little beyond the daily consumption; and the people must remain poor until they learn the utility of dividing labour and varying its results, so as to insure an increase of that surplus in which alone their wealth can consist.

Until recently the Fijian mechanic had no iron wherewith to form his tools, which were, of course, few and simple. The axe or adze was a hard stone ground into precise resemblance to the celt of our own forefathers, and tied with surprising firmness to a handle formed of a branch of a tree, having at one end an angle or knee formed by a shoot growing out at that point, the shoot being cut off nearly close. Various modifications of this tool were all the Fijian had with which to hew out his posts and planks, to cut down trees, or make the nicest joints, or, together with shells, to execute most marvellous carving. Fire-sticks and the long spines of echini supplied his boring apparatus. With rat's teeth set in hard wood, he executed his more minute carving or engraving; and for a rasp or file he still uses the mushroom coral, or the shagreen-



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like skin of the ray-fish, and pumice-stone for general finishing purposes. With no other aids than these, the workman of Fiji was able to accomplish feats of joinery and carving—the boast of mechanics provided with all the steel tools and other appliances which art can furnish. Now, however, as it has already been intimated, the good blades and chisels of Sheffield, and axes from America, and plane-irons, which the natives still prefer to any other tool, since they can fix and use them after the fashion of the old stone adze, are, with similar articles, fast superseding the primitive implements of Fiji.

The form of the houses in Fiji is so varied, that a description of a building in one of the windward islands would give a very imperfect idea of those to leeward, those of the former being much the better. In one district a village looks like an assemblage of square wicker baskets; in another like so many rustic arbours; a third seems a collection of oblong hayricks with holes in the sides, while in a fourth these ricks are conical. By one tribe, just enough frame-work is built to receive the covering for the walls and roofs, the inside of the house being an open space. Another tribe introduces long centre posts, posts half as long to receive the wall-plates, and others still shorter, as quarterings to strengthen the walls: to these are added tie-beams, to resist the outward pressure of the high-pitched rafters, and along the side is a substantial gallery on which property is stored. The walls or fences of a house are from four to ten feet high; and, in some cases, are hidden on the outside by the thatch being extended to the ground, so as to make the transverse section of the building an equilateral triangle. The walls range in thickness from a single reed to three feet. Those at Lau (windward) have the advantage in appearance; those at Ra (leeward) are the warmest. At Lau the walls of chiefs' houses are three reeds thick, the outer and inner rows of reeds being arranged perpendicularly, and the middle horizontally, so as to regulate the neat sinnet-work with which they are ornamented. At Ra, a covering of grass or leaves is used, and the fastenings are vines cut from the woods; but at Lau sinnet is used for this purpose, and patterns wrought with it upon the reeds in several different colours. A man, master of difficult patterns, is highly valued, and his work certainly produces a beautiful and often artistic effect. Sometimes the reeds within the grass walls are reticulated skilfully with black lines. The door-posts are so finished as to become literally reeded pillars; but some use the naturally carved stem of the palm-fern instead. Fire-places are sunk a foot below the floor, nearly in the centre of the building, and are surrounded by a curb of hard wood. In a large house, the hearth is twelve feet square, and over it is a frame supporting one or two floors, whereon pots and fuel are placed. Sometimes an elevation at one end of the dwelling serves as a divan and sleeping place.

Slight houses are run up in a short time. When at Lakemba, I passed a number of men who had just planted the posts of a house twenty feet long. I was away, engaged with a Tongan chief, for about an hour and a-half, and on my return was amazed to see the house finished, except the completing of the ridge. An ordinary house can be built in a fortnight; the largest require two or three months. A visitor, speaking of Tanoa's house, says, "It surpasses in magnitude and grandeur anything I have seen in these seas. It

is 130 feet long, 42 feet wide, with massive columns in the centre, and strong, curious workmanship in every part." Excellent timber being easily procured, houses from 60 to 90 feet long, by 30 feet wide, are built, with a framework which, unless burnt, will last for twenty years. The wood of the bread-fruit tree is seldom used; *veti*, the green-heart of India, *tuabua*, very like box-wood, and *ceva*, bastard sandal-wood, being more durable.

A peculiarity of the Fijian pillar spoils its appearance. Where the capital is looked for, there is a long neck just wide enough to receive the beam it supports. A pillar two feet in diameter is thus cut away at the top to about six inches.

Ordinary grass houses have no eaves; but there is over the doorway a thick semicircular projection of fern and grass, forming a pent. Some houses have openings for windows. The doorways are generally so low as to compel those who enter to stoop. The answer to my inquiry why they were so, often reminded me of Proverbs xvii., 19. Although the Fijian has no mounted Arab to fear, he has often foes equally subtle, to whom a high doorway would give facility for many a murderous visit.

Temples, dwelling-houses, sleeping-houses, kitchens, (lau), inns, or receiving houses for strangers (See p. 160), and yam stores, are the buildings of Fiji.

For thatching, long grass, or leaves of the sugar-cane and stone-palm, are used. The latter are folded in rows over a reed, and sewn together, so as to be used in lengths of four or six feet, and make a very durable covering. The leaves of the sugar-cane are also folded over a reed; but this is done on the roof, and cannot be removed, as the other may, without injury. The grass or reed thatch is laid on in rather thin tiers, and fastened down by long rods, found ready for use in the mangrove forests, and from ten to twenty feet long, and secured by the rafters by split rattans. Some very good houses are covered first with the cane leaves, and then with the grass, forming a double thatch. Sometimes the eaves are made two feet thick with ferns, and have a good effect; but, when thicker, they look heavy, and, by retaining the wet, soon rot.

The ridge of superior buildings receives much attention. The ends of the ridge-pole project for a yard or more beyond the thatch, having the extremities blackened, and increasing with a funnel-shape, and decorated with large white shells. The rest of the ridge is finished as a large roll bound with vines, and on this is fixed a thick, well-twisted grass cable: another similar cable is passed along the under side of the roll, having hung from it a row of large tassels. All foreigners are struck with the tasteful character of this work, and lament that its materials are not more durable. I have seen several houses in which the upper edge of the eaves was finished with a neat braid. The thatchers, contrary to the statement in the *U. S. Exploring Narrative*, always begin at the eaves, and work upwards.

A more animated scene than the thatching of a house in Fiji cannot be conceived. When a sufficient quantity of material has been collected round the house, the roof of which has been previously covered with a net work of reeds, from forty to three hundred men and boys assemble, each being satisfied that he is expected to do some work, and each determined to be very noisy in doing it. The workers within pair

with those outside, each trying what another lays on. When all have taken their places, and are getting warm, the calls for grass, rods, and lashings, and the answers, all coming from two or three hundred excited voices of all keys, intermixed with stamping down the thatch, and shrill cries of exultation from every quarter, make a miniature Babel, in which the Fijian—a notorious proficient in nearly every variety of halloo, whoop, and yell—fairly outdoes himself.

All that is excellent in material or workmanship in the chiefs' houses, is seen to perfection and in unsparing profusion in the bure, or temple. An intelligent voyager observes, "In architecture the Fijians have made no mean progress; and they are the only people I have seen, among those classed by Europeans as 'savages,' who manifested a taste for the fine arts; while, as with the ancient Greeks, this taste was universal."

Sailors—an important part of the Fijian community—are found throughout the group; and not among the men only, for many women are able to discharge the duties of "ordinary seamen." The Levuka and Mbutoni tribes are especially nautical, and, their roving habits inducing irregular practices, their character is not very fair: they are insolent or officious, as self-interest may dictate. As much may be said of the fishermen's caste, to which the others are closely allied. Fijians do not make bold sailors, and none have yet taken their canoes beyond the boundaries of their own group. One old man I knew, who freighted his canoe with pots and masi, sought the help of his god, and sailed away for a land which his fancy, or some equally foolish informant, told him lay to the west of the Exploring Isles, and with which he rejoiced to think he should open a trade. But after an absence of two or three days, Toa-levu (the Great Fowl) returned crest-fallen and disappointed, and his failure was pointed out as a warning to all ambitious navigators. I never heard of but one Fijian chief who had attempted to steer his canoe to Tonga, though the people of that group, having the wind in their favour, pay yearly visits to Fiji.

Though deficient in boldness, the native sailors display great skill in managing their vessels. When ready for sea, the mast, which is "stepped on deck in a chock," stands erect, except that it is hauled to bend towards the outrigger. It is secured by fore and back stays, the latter taking the place of shrouds: when the sail is hoisted, the halyards also become backstays: these ropes, as long as the canoe is under sail, may be called her standing rigging, not being loosed in tacking. The halyards are bent on the yard at less than a third of its length from the upper end, and passed over the top of the mast, which has generally a crescent form. The great sail is allowed to swing a few feet from the deck, or to lie upon it, until orders are given to get under way. The yard is now hoisted hard up to the mast-head; but, as the length of the yard from the halyards to the tack is longer than the mast, the latter is slackened off so as to incline to that end of the canoe to which the tack is fixed, thus forming with the lower length of the yard a triangle, of which the line of deck is the base. The ends of the deck-beams on the camu side serve for belaying pins on which a turn of the halyards is taken, the loose ends being passed round the "dog," or belaying pole. The steersman, holding a long oar, stands nearly on a line with the tack on the far edge

of the main-deck, while in the opposite corner is the man who tends the sheet. The sheet is bent on the boom about two-thirds up, and, by giving it a couple of turns on a beam, one man can hold it, even in a breeze. Like the felucca of the Mediterranean, the helm is used at either end, and, on tacking, is put up instead of down, that the outrigger may be kept to windward: the wind being brought aft, the tack is carried to the other end, which is thus changed from stern to bow, the mast being slackened back again to suit the change; the helmsman and sheetholder change places, and the canoe starts on her new tack. Unless the outrigger be kept to the weather side, the canoe must be swamped; for, so soon as it gets to leeward, the wind drives the sail against the mast, and the camu is forced under water. If the man at the sheet does not slack away promptly, when a gust of wind strikes the sail, the camu is raised into the air, and the canoe capsizes. These crafts are easily overturned by carelessness; but, when properly managed, will carry sail in a brisk breeze. The weight of the sail with the force of the wind being imposed on one end, strains the canoe.

A steer-oar for a large canoe is twenty feet long, with an eight-foot blade sixteen inches wide. Being made of heavy wood, the great difficulty of handling it is eased by a rope which is passed through the top of the blade, and the other end of which is made fast to the middle beam of the deck. "Rudder-bands," too, are attached to the handle of the oar, and carried towards the camu; yet two and sometimes three men are needed to keep the canoe on her course. Violent blows on the side are often received from the helm, and I have known them cause a man's death.

In a calm, the canoe is propelled by vertical sculling. Four, six, or eight sculls, according to the size of the canoe, are used. The men who work them throw their weight on the upright oar from side to side, moving together, and raising their feet alternately, so as to give, at a distance, the appearance of walking over the water.

In smooth weather, canoe-sailing is pleasant enough; but in a sea and heavy wind, the deck inclines at a most uncomfortable angle to the water. When running with the small end foremost, a beautiful jet of water, ever changing its form, is thrown up in front to the height of a yard; or, sometimes, the body of the canoe is driven along beneath the surface, and only seen occasionally—a dark outline in a bed of foam. When this is the case, a landsman is safest sitting still, but the native sailors move about with surprising security.

Canoe-sailing is not silent work. The sail is hoisted and the canoe put about with merry shouts; a brisk interchange of jest and raillery is kept up while poling over shoal reefs, and the heavier task of sculling is lightened by mutual encouragement to exertion, and loud thanks to the scullers, as each set is relieved at intervals of five or ten minutes. A dead calm is enlivened by playful invitations addressed to the wind most wanted, the slightest breath being greeted with cries of, "Welcome! welcome on board!" and when, with full sail, the canoe bounds along—

"The merry seamen laugh to see  
Their fragile bark so lustily  
Furrow the green sea-foam."

If there should be drums on board, their clatter is

added to the general noise. The announcement to the helmsman of each approaching wave, with the order to lavi—keep her away—and the accompanying “one, two, and another to come,” by which the measured advance of the waves is counted, with passing comments on their good or ill demeanour, keep all alive and all in good humour. If the canoe is sound, nothing but bad weather can spoil the enjoyment of such voyaging. The duties of the ship are not attended to in the perfunctory style of a hired crew, but in just the same spirit as actuates friends on a pleasure-trip, where each feels his own happiness involved in the happiness of all.

Generally my crews were careful to avoid the dangers of the deep: but sailors are allowed occasional freaks, and mine had theirs. On more trips than one they broke off their course, and, forgetful of the primary object of the voyage, engaged in an absorbing chase after a shark, or sting-ray, or turtle, apparently willing to wreck the canoe, rather than lose the fish.

The heathen sailors are very superstitious. Certain parts of the ocean, through fear of the spirits of the deep, they pass over in silence, with uncovered heads, and careful that no fragment of food or part of their dress shall fall into the water. The common tropic-bird is the shrine of one of their gods, and the shark of another; and should the one fly over their heads, or the other swim past, those who wore turbans would doff them, and all utter the word of respect. A shark lying athwart their course is an omen which fills them with fear. A basket of bitter oranges put on a vessel is believed to diminish its speed. On one of their canoes it is taboo to eat food in the hold; on another, in the house-on-deck; on another, on the platform over the house. Canoes have been lost because the crew, instead of exerting themselves in a storm, have quitted their posts to soro to their god, and throw yagons and whales' teeth at the waves to propitiate them.

The fishermen, though associated with the sailors, move about still nearer home. They take great quantities of fish; and the chief work of some is catching of turtle. The principal fishing-tribes are those of Lasakau and Malaki; but nearly every influential chief has a company of fishermen at command. Various means are employed for taking fish, including nets and a sort of weir formed like the creels and crab-pots used along the British coasts, and baited and secured in the same way. Another kind has two apertures; a third contrivance is an intricate fence, either fixed or portable. Stone pens, hooks, and fish-spears, are in use throughout Fiji. Some drowsy fish of the shark family are taken by passing a noose over their heads, and a vegetable poison from a climbing glycine is employed to stupefy smaller kinds. In some parts the rau is used, which is a fringe formed by winding split cocoa nut leaves round a number of vines, to the length of hundreds or even of thousands of feet. This being stretched in a straight line, the canoes to which the ends are attached approach until they meet, thus making a vast inclosure within which the fish are then speared or netted. One kind of net is used in the same way. The native seines are like our own, and are well made.

Turtle-fishers generally act under orders from the chief of whose establishment they form a part, and often receive presents of food and property on their return from a successful trip. At times they engage

themselves to other people, when it is understood that they are to fish ten times. When they take nothing, they receive no payment; but each time they bring in one or more turtles, food and property are given them, and the employer must make them a handsome present on the completion of the engagement. For this work nets are used, made of sinnet, and very inferior ones of vau. They should not be less than sixty yards long; the best are two hundred. Sixteen meshes, each seven or eight inches square, give a depth of about ten feet. The floats are of light wood, about two feet long, and five feet apart: pebbles or large trochus shells are used to weigh the lower edge. This net is carried out on a canoe into deep water, and let down just outside the reef: both ends are next brought close to the reef, or, should there be water enough, a little way upon it: thus there is formed a semi-circular fence, which intercepts the turtle on its way back from feeding. If the animal turns from the net, it is frightened back by the fishermen, who shout, strike the water with poles, and stamp furiously on the deck of the canoe, until their prey becomes entangled by its attempts to pass through the net. A plan, not generally known, is practised at night by some of the Malakia. The net is then said to be nursed: that is, several persons, stationed at intervals along the net, which is fully stretched out, hold it gathered up in their arms. The approach of the turtle is then listened for, and the man towards whom it comes drops the net, and the animal is secured. But the most difficult part of the business—that of getting actual possession—yet remains. The men have to dive and seize their captive in an element where he is more at home than they. The struggle is sometimes violent, and the turtle, if large, requires the exertions of four or five men. The first diver aims to secure the extremity of the fore-fin, it being thought that by depressing the fore-part of its body the turtle is made more eager to ascend: to lay hold of the body-joint of the fin would endanger a man's hand. If their captive is very troublesome, the men try to insert a finger and thumb in the sockets of the eyes, so as to insure a firmer hold. Finding resistance vain, the creature moves upward, and his enemies rise too, glad enough to leave the unnatural element which has been the scene of conflict. On their appearance above water, the men on the canoe help to drag the prize on board, where it is turned on its back; its flat buckler preventing its regaining its natural position. Loud blasts on the conch-shell announce the triumph of the fishermen.

The heathen fishers of Mbau take with them a consecrated club, which, when a turtle is caught, is dipped by a priest into the sea, and so held by him that the water may drip off it into the animal's mouth: during this ceremony he offers prayers, beseeching the god to be mindful of his votaries, and give them a successful season.

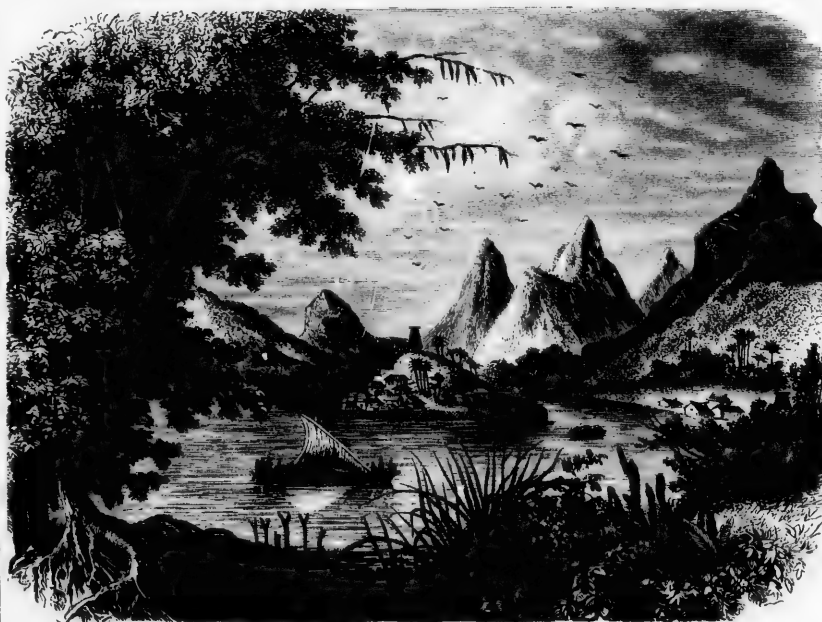
Turtle-fishing is not without danger, and lives are sometimes lost in it by deep openings in the reef, or the savage attacks of the shark. Sometimes the sail of the canoe is made to cast its shadow behind the swimming turtle, which is thus frightened and pursued until exhausted, when it is easily captured. The people on land sometimes take the female when she comes ashore to deposit her eggs. But man is not the turtle's only enemy. Sharks, as well as aldermen, have a penchant for green fat, and, selecting the finest

specimen, surround the harmless creature and tear it in pieces. I have often seen turtles which have been mangled in these attacks. I once weighed a pound and a-half of turtle-shell, which was found in a shark's stomach, in fragments so large as to enable me to decide to what part of the buckler they belonged, and to justify the conclusion that the whole "head" must have weighed between three and four pounds. The entire weight of the turtle could not have been less than two hundred-weight. The head, fins, and most of the body were found in an undigested state in this one shark, which paid for its gluttony dearly, for it was found dead. An old fisherman of my acquaintance, whose word I have no reason to doubt, assured me

that only four moons previously he took a turtle whole, and weighing about one hundred-weight, from the stomach of a shark, in which respectable he also found a common parrot. Yet sharks, in these waters, are rarely more than twelve feet in length, and very seldom as large.

The fishermen of Fiji might supply the naturalist with many interesting facts, did not their superstition urge them to avoid, as quickly as possible, the presence of anything extraordinary, believing it to be supernatural, and fearing lest they should be guilty of unpardonable temerity in remaining in its presence.

After successful fishing the canoes return in nearly the same order, and with as much noise, as when they



VIEW ON THE COAST OF VANUA LEVU.

come home from war laden with their slain foes. The women meet them with dancing and songs, which, I remember, in one instance they finished by a smart volley of bitter oranges, which the men returned by driving the women from the beach. The turtle caught are kept in stone or paled pens. Three or four may be taken in a day, but many days are quite without success. Fifty or a hundred turtle caught in a season constitute very good fishing. According to Fijian fishermen, only the female yields the tortoise-shell of commerce. Traders name the thirteen plates which cover the back, "a head." A head of shell weighs from one to four pounds; the latter is not common. One or two heads have been taken weighing five pounds, and one seven pounds. Fishermen make

offering to their gods, and obtain promise of success before leaving home. Tuikilakila once thought fit to accompany his men. The priestess promised five turtles, and the party set out in high spirits. Some days after we saw them returning, but in profound silence: an unwelcome omen for the poor priestess, who forthwith fled and hid herself in the forest, and thus prevented the enraged king from cooking her instead of a turtle.

The commercial transactions of the Fijian, though dating far back, have been on a small scale, consisting of a barter trade, which is chiefly in the hands of the Levuka, Mbutoni, and Malaki people, who regard the sea as their home, and are known as "the inhabitants of the water." Although wanderers, they have settle-

ments on Lakemba, Somosomo, Great Fiji, and other places. They exchange pottery for masi, mata, and yams. On one island the men fish, and the women make pots, for barter with the people on the main. Their mode of exchange is very irregular. The islanders send to inform those on the mainland that they will meet them on such a day at the trading-place—a square near the coast paved for the purpose. The people of the continent bring yams, taro, bread, &c., to exchange for fish. The trade is often left to the women, among whom a few transactions take place quietly, when some misunderstanding arises, causing exciting language, and ending in a scuffle. This is the

signal for a general scramble, when all parties seize on all they can, and run off with their booty amidst the shouts and execrations of the less successful. The inland tribes of the Great Fiji take yagona to the coast, receiving in exchange mata, masi, and fine salt.

For nearly one hundred years past the Friendly Islanders have traded with Fiji. The scarlet feathers of a beautiful paroquet were a leading attraction.

The inhabitants of the Friendly Islands still depend on Fiji for their canoes, spars, sail-mats, pottery, and mosquito curtains. They also consume large quantities of Fijian sinnet and food, bringing in exchange whales'



THAKOMBAU, KING OF THE FIJI ISLANDS.

teeth, the same made into necklaces, inlaid clubs, small white cowries, Tonga cloth, axes, and muskets, together with the loan of their canoes and crews, and, too often, their services in war. This kind of intercourse has greatly increased of late years, and its injurious effects on the morals of the Tongans and the advance of Christianity in Fiji, are incalculable. A plan for so regulating this commerce, as to secure to the Tongans its advantages, and to the Fijians a protection from its evils, is yet needed.

Commercial intercourse between Europeans and the people of Fiji was commenced about the year 1806, probably by vessels of the East India Company visiting the north-east part of Vanua Levu to procure sandalwood for the Chinese market. The payments in exchange were made with iron hoops, spikes, beads, red paint and similar trifles. On the failure of sandalwood, biche-de-mar—the trepang of old books—began to be collected, and the natives were encouraged to preserve the turtle-shell. Traffic in these articles has been, and is still, chiefly in the hands of Americans from the port of Salem. Biche-de-mar, to the value of about 30,000 dollars, is picked annually from the

reefs, principally on the north coast of Vanua Levu and the north-west of Viti Levu.

Quite recently small lots of arrow-root, cocoa-nut oil, and sawn timber have been taken from the islands. The supply of oil is not likely to be so far in advance of the home demand as to yield any great quantity for exportation, although proper attention and an improved process of manufacture may effect a considerable alteration in this particular. At present the biche-de-mar is the great inducement to speculation. It is yet found in great quantities on the reefs just named, especially on such as have a mixture of sand and coral. There are several kinds, all of the holothuria family. The native name is dri, all kinds of which are occasionally eaten in Fiji. There are six valuable species, of which the black sort is the most esteemed. These molluscs, especially one prickly kind, are unsightly objects, being great slugs from nine inches to a foot in length. They are somewhat hard to the touch, and in drying are reduced two-thirds in size. When cured, they are like pieces of half-baked clay, from two inches to a foot long, of a dull black or dirty gray colour, occasionally mixed with sandy red.



The section of the solid part looks like light india-rubber. After long soaking in water, the Chinese cooks cut them up, and use them in making rich soups.

Those who visit these parts for a cargo of biche-demar, complain of the tricks played upon them by the natives, forgetting that they themselves have set the example, and that the hard dealings of the islanders may be regarded as retributive.

Driving a hard bargain is one of the first arts of civilised life which the savage acquires, and the records of voyagers show it to be the first taught. Many have noticed that these people, and others in like position, have shown an utter ignorance of the relative value of articles; and the most amusing instances have come under my own notice of their offering goods in exchange for some desired object, with an utter disregard of any proportion whatever.

There are some other resources of the inhabitants of Fiji which yet demand notice. In addition to the black and brown dyes already mentioned, the natives are acquainted with others of various colours, chiefly of vegetable origin, and the knowledge of which is almost confined to the women. To them, also, is intrusted the management of the pits in which the native bread—madrai—is fermented. These pits are round holes three feet deep, thickly lined at the bottom and put with layers of banana leaves, and into them are put about two bushels of either taro, kawai, arrow-root, bread-fruit, or bananas stripped of their skins. Inferior kinds of bread are made from the fruit of the mangrove, a large arum, and the stones of the dawa and kaveka. The last two, with bora or palaka bread, are used only in certain districts. The root of the carrion-flower and some wild nuts are employed to bring the mass into a proper state of fermentation. Banana bread is the best, and when fit for use, is very like hard milk curds; but the sour, fetid smell of the pits is most offensive to a European. After the fruit is put in, the pit is covered by turning down over each other the projecting leaves used for lining the sides, and thus keeping out the rain. Large stones are then placed on the top to press all down. When ready for use, a quantity is taken out, mashed, and mixed with either scraped cocoa-nut, papuan apple, or ripe banana, and then folded in leaves in small balls or rolls, when it is either boiled or baked. The unpleasant odour is greatly dissipated by cooking; but the taste remains slightly, though not unpleasantly, sour. Opinions differ as to the amount of nutriment contained in this food. It is certainly very useful to the natives, though many of them suffer from its too constant use. The inhabitants of rocky and unproductive islands receive effectual aid, in the form of baskets of native bread. Destructive gales sometimes sweep over the cultivated grounds, cutting off the ripening fruits, which, however, in their green state are fit for bread-making; and thus in another way the madrai, which disgusts strangers, serves to keep off famine, otherwise inevitable.

#### V.

POPULATION—PHYSICAL CHARACTER—THAKOMBAT, KING OF THE FIJIANS—MENTAL CHARACTER—TACE—MECHANICAL SKILL—CRUELTY—STORY OF A WONDERFUL BIRD—BURNING OF TEMPLES—PRIESTS—OFFERINGS—CONSULTING A GOD—INSPIRATION—PRIESTHOOD—DIVINATION SEERS AND DREAMERS—SACRED OBSERVANCES.

The population of the Fiji Islands has been stated by some authorities at 300,000, and by Commodore

Wilkes, of the United States' Exploring Expedition, at 133,500; but Mr. Williams considers 150,000 to be a truer estimate. My opinion, he says, of Wilkes's computation is based upon the following considerations. Several islands, which he states to be uninhabited, have a small population; and he is wrong in giving sixty-five as the number of inhabited islands, eighty being the real number. Speaking of the larger islands, he correctly remarks that the climate of the mountains is unsuited to the taste and habits of the natives; but he is not so correct in confining the production of their food to the low ground. The cocoa-nut only is restricted to the coast; yams, taro, and other esculents, flourish several hundred feet above sea-level; and the dwellers on the heights purchase fish of those on the coast, or supply its lack with fowls and pork. His deduction, therefore, does not hold good, that the interior of the large islands is thinly populated; and that there are not, for instance, more than 5,000 inhabitants in the inland districts of Great Fiji. Adding, therefore, to the above considerations, my own personal observation and inquiry, I must regard Wilkes's number as too low, and am persuaded that, whatever necessity had to do originally with the selection of the inland districts, the tribes dwelling there remain now from choice.

Native tales about the great size and ferocity of the mountaineers, and of their going naked, deserve no credit; the chief difference between them and the rest of the people being that they bestow less care on their persons, and are more rustic in their manners. On visiting these highlanders, I always found them friendly, nor do I remember that they ever used me unkindly, though their opportunities of doing so were many.

Both on the coast and inland, the population has diminished, within the last fifty years, probably one-third, and in some districts as much as one-half. The chiefs do not migrate, as it is said was formerly the custom with the Hawaiians; so that every town ruined in war is a proof of a diminished population. Another strong evidence is the large quantity of waste ground which was once under cultivation—more than can be accounted for on the principle of native agriculture. Except where the smaller islands have been entirely depopulated, the larger ones show the clearest signs of decrease in the number of inhabitants—a decrease which has been very great within the memory of men now living, and the causes of which, beyond doubt, have been war and the murderous customs of heathenism. Those who have thus passed away, if we may judge from their posterity, were, physically, a fine race of men. Some familiarity is needed to picture a Fijian justly; for strangers cannot look on him without prejudice. They know that the history of his race is a scandal to humanity, and their first contact with him is certainly startling. Fresh from highly civilised society, and accustomed to the well-clad companions of his voyage, the visitor experiences a strange and not easily described feeling, when first he sees a dark, stout, athletic, and almost naked cannibal, the weird influence of whose penetrating glance many have acknowledged. To sensitive minds the Fijian is an object of disgust; but as this feeling arises from his abominable practices only, personal intercourse with him seldom fails to produce at last a more favourable impression.

The natives of the group are generally above the middle height, well made, and of great variety of figure. They exceed the white race in average stature, but are below the Tongans. Men above six feet are often seen,

but rarely so tall as six feet six inches. I know only one reliable case of a Fijian giant. Corpulent persons are not common, but large, powerful, muscular men abound. Their mould is decidedly European, and their lower extremities of the proportion generally found among white people, though sometimes narrower across the loins. Most of them have broad chests and strong, sinewy arms, and the prevailing stoutness of limb and shortness of neck is at once conspicuous. The head is often covered by a mass of black hair, long, frizzled and bushy, sometimes encroaching on the forehead, and joined by whiskers to a thick, round or pointed beard, to which moustaches are often added (See p. 152). The outline of the face is a good oval; the mouth large, with white and regular teeth; the nose well-shaped, with full nostrils, yet distinct from the Negro type; the eyes are black, quick, and restlessly observant. Dr. Pickering, of the United States Exploring Expedition, observes concerning the Fijian countenance, that it was "often grave and peculiarly impressive." He further remarks, "the profile in general appeared to be as verticle, if not more so, than in the white race; but this, I find, is not confirmed by the facial angle of the skull, and it may possibly be accounted for by some difference in the carriage of the head. The Fijian skulls brought home by the expedition will not readily be mistaken for Malayan; they bear rather the Negro outline; but they are much compressed, and differ materially from all other skulls that I have seen." The peculiar harshness of skin, said to be characteristic of the Papuan race, is more observable among the wilder inland tribes of Fiji, where less attention is paid to the constant bathing and oiling of the body. The complexion of the people varies, but the pure Fijian seems to stand between the black and the copper coloured races. Dr. Pickering thought that he noticed "a purplish tinge in the Fijian complexion, particularly when contrasted in the sunlight with green foliage;" and adds, "the epithet of 'purple men' might be given to this race, if that of 'red men' be retained for the Malayan." The nearest approach to the negro is found on the Island of Kandavu. An intermixture of the Tongan and Fijian blood has produced a variety called "Tonga-Fiji," some members of which are good-looking, but bear a much stronger resemblance to the Fijians than the Friendly Islanders.

Thakombau (See p. 170), the chief known as "King of Fiji," is thus described by an American gentleman: "He is extremely good-looking, being tall, well-made, and athletic. He exhibits much intelligence both in his expression of countenance and manners. His features and figure resemble those of a European, and he is graceful and easy in his carriage." This opinion agrees with Captain Erskine's description of the same chief. He says, "It was impossible not to admire the appearance of the chief: of large, almost gigantic, size, his limbs were beautifully formed and proportioned; his countenance, with far less of the negro cast than among the lower orders, agreeable and intelligent; while his immense head of hair, covered and concealed with gauze, smoke-dried and slightly tinged with brown, gave him altogether the appearance of an eastern sultan. No garments confined his magnificent chest and neck, or concealed the natural colour of the skin, a clear but decided black; and in spite of this paucity of attire—the evident wealth which surrounded him showing that it was a matter of choice and not of necessity—he looked 'every inch a king.'" These descriptions will

apply to many of the Fijian dignitaries; and the difference between chiefs and people is not so marked as in some groups: the lower ranks have neither the sleek skin nor portly mien of their superiors, yet supply a fair ratio of fine men, supple in joint, strong in limb, and full of activity.

The aspect of the Fijian, considered with reference to his mental character, so far from supporting the decision which would thrust him almost outside of mankind, presents many points of great interest, showing that, if an ordinary amount of attention were bestowed on him, he would take no mean rank in the great human family, to which, hitherto, he has been a disgrace. Dull, barren stupidity forms no part of his character. His feelings are acute, but not lasting; his emotions easily roused but transient; he can love truly, and hate deeply; he can sympathise with thorough sincerity, and feign with consummate skill; his fidelity and loyalty are strong and enduring, while his revenge never dies, but waits to avail itself of circumstances, or of the blackest treachery to accomplish its purpose. His senses are keen, and so well employed, that he often excels the white man in ordinary things. Tact has been called "ready cash," and of this the native of Fiji has a full share, enabling him to surmount at once many difficulties, and accomplish many tasks, that would have "fixed" an Englishman. Tools, cord, or packing materials, he finds directly, where the white man would be at a loss for either; and nature seems to him but a general store for his use, where the article he wants is always within reach.

In social diplomacy the Fijian is very cautious and clever. That he ever paid a visit merely *en passant*, is hard to be believed. If no request leaves his lips, he has brought the desire, and only awaits for a good chance to present it now, or prepare the way for its favourable reception at some other time. His face and voice are all pleasantness, and he has the rare skill of finding out just the subject on which you most like to talk, or sees at once whether you desire silence. Rarely will he fail to read your countenance; and the case must be urgent indeed, which obliges him to ask a favour when he sees a frown. The more important he feels the business, the more earnestly he protests that he has none at all: and the subject uppermost in his thoughts comes last to his lips, or is not even named; for he will make a second or even a third visit, rather than risk a failure through precipitancy. He seems to read other men by intuition, especially where selfishness or lust are prominent traits. If it serves his purpose, he will study difficult and peculiar characters, reserving the results for future use: if, afterwards, he wish to please them, he will know how; and if to annoy them, it will be done most exactly.

His sense of hearing is acute, and by a stroke of his nail he judges of the ripeness of fruits, or soundness of various substances.

The people have more than average conversational powers, and chattering groups while away the early night by retailing local news, or olden legends. In sarcasm, mimicry, jest, and "chaff," they greatly excel, and will keep each other on the broad grin for hours together. A Mr. Healey, of Wenham, cited by Dr. Pickering, says, "In the course of much experience the Fijians were the only 'savage people' he had ever met with who could give reasons, and with whom it was possible to hold a connected conversation."

That considerable mechanical skill exists among the

Fijians will have been already evident, and their cleverness in design is manifest in the carved and stained patterns which they produce. Imitative art is rarely found, except in rude attempts to represent, on clubs or cloth, men, turtles, fishes, guns, &c. Almost all their lines are straight or zigzag; the curve being scarcely ever found in ornamental work, except in outlines.

Of admiring emotion, produced by the contemplation of beauty, these people seem incapable; while they remain unmoved by the glorious loveliness with which they are everywhere surrounded.

But the savageism of the Fijian has a more terrible badge, and one whereby he is principally distinguished by all the world—his cruelty is relentless and bloody. That innate depravity which he shares in common with other men, has, in his case, been fostered into peculiar brutality by the character of his religion, and all his early training and associations. Shedding of blood to him is no crime, but a glory. Whoever may be the victim—whether noble or vulgar, old or young, man, woman, or child—whether slain in war, or butchered by treachery—to be somehow an acknowledged murderer is the object of the Fijian's restless ambition.

The following story, which is the basis of a very popular poem, will give some idea of the general character of such compositions, and also illustrate Fijian customs. Nai Thombombo, it is said, is a land of gods, among whom a few human beings are allowed, by privilege, to reside. One of the gods, Rokous, gave his sister in marriage to another divinity, named Okova. The match was one of unusual happiness; but, in confirmation of the adage, "the course of true love never did run smooth," Okova had shortly to mourn the loss of his wife, and that under circumstances of peculiar distress. The lady had accompanied her lord to the reef on a fishing excursion, when she was seized by a vast bird, surpassing the rook of the Arabian tale, and carried away under its wing. The bird which thus took Tutuwathiwathi, is known to some as Ngani-vatu, "Duck of the rock," and to others as Ngutulei. Okova hastened, in an agony of distress, to his brother-in-law Rokous, and, presenting a root of yaqona, besought his assistance. They set off in a large canoe in pursuit of the lady, and, on their way, came to an island inhabited by goddesses, where, says the song, "there existed no man, but they while away their time in sports." Rokous thought to make this their journey's end, saying to Okova, "Let us not sail further in search of Tutuwathiwathi: here is a land of superior ladies, and abounding in precious cowries." But these had no charms for the faithful and disconsolate husband, who replied, "Nay, Rokous, not so; let us seek Tutuwathiwathi only." Arriving at Yasawas, the brothers inquired where the Duck-of-the-rock could be found, and were directed to Sawailau, but did not find the bird in its cave. On looking round, they perceived one of Tutuwathiwathi's little fingers, which Okova took as a precious relic, rightly concluding that his wife had been devoured. Having rested awhile, the two gods saw the devourer approaching; "for his fog-like shade shut out the face of the sun." In his beak he carried five large turtles, and in his talons ten porpoises, which, on reaching the cave, he began to eat, without regarding the intruders. Rokous proposed to spear the monster, but Okova entreated him to pause while he prayed to three other gods to aid them by causing the wind to blow. The prayer was heard, and a wind blowing into the cave

spread out the bird's tail: Rokous seized the opportunity, and struck its spear through its vitals. The spear, though very long, was entirely hidden in the body of the bird. It was now proposed to make a new sail of one of the wing-feathers; but as its weight would have endangered the canoe, a smaller feather was selected, by means of which they sailed safely home. Before starting, however, they cast the dead bird into the sea, thereby causing such a surge as to "flood the foundation of the sky."

Nearly every town or village has one or more bures, or "temples;" some have many, which are well built, no pains being spared in their erection and finish. The quantity of sinnet used in the decoration of some of these is immense; for every timber is covered with it, in various patterns of black and red. Reeds wrapped with the same material are used for lining door and window openings, and between the rafters and other spars. Sinnet-work is seen in every part, and hangs in large cords from the eaves. Spears are often used for laths in thatching temples, as well as for fastening the thatch of the ridge-pole, on the projecting ends of which white cowries are fixed, or hang in long strings to the ground (See p. 153).

The spot on which a chief has been killed, is sometimes relected as the site of the bure, which is generally placed upon a raised foundation, thrown up to the height of from three to twenty feet, and faced with dry rubble-work of stone. The ascent is by a thick plank, having its upper face cut into notched steps.

On setting up the pillars of a temple, and again when the building is complete, men are killed and eaten. On Vanua Levu, trumpet shells are blown, at intervals of one or two hours, during the whole progress of the erection.

The bure is a very useful place. It is the council-chamber, and town-hall; small parties of strangers are often entertained in it, and the head persons in the village even use it as a sleeping-place. Though built expressly for the purpose of religion, it is less devoted to them than any others. Around it, plantains and bread-fruit trees are often found, and yaqona is grown at the foot of the terrace, the produce of each being reserved for the priests and old men. Several spears set in the ground, or one transfixing an earthen pot, as well as one or more blanched human skulls, are not uncommonly arranged in the sacred precincts.

Votive offerings, comprising a streamer or two, with a few clubs and spears, decorate the interior, while a long piece of white masi, fixed to the top, and carried down the angle of the roof so as to hang before the corner-post and to lie on the floor, forms the path down which the god passes to enter the priest, and marks the holy place which few but he dare approach. If the priest is also a doctor in good practice, a number of hand-clubs, turbans, necklaces of flowers, and other trifles paid as fees, are accumulated in the temple. A few pieces of withered sugar-cane are often seen resting over the wall-plate. Mr. Williams says that, in one bure, he saw a huge roll of sinnet; and in another, a model of a temple, made of the same material. In one at Mbau, parts of victims slain in war are often seen hung up in clusters. From some temples, the ashes may not be thrown out, however they may accumulate, until the end of the year. The clearing out takes place in November, and a feast is made on the occasion.

There are priestesses in Fiji; but few of sufficient

importance to have a temple; and in the case of these, it merely serves as a place for sleeping, and the storing of offerings.

Bures are often unoccupied for months, and allowed to fall into ruin, until the chief wants to make some request to the god, when the necessary repairs are first carried out. Nothing like regular worship or habitual reverence is found, and a principle of fear seems the only motive to religious observances; and this is fully practised upon by the priests, through whom alone the people have access to the gods, when they wish to present petitions affecting their social or individual interest. When matters of importance are involved, the *soro* or offering consists of large quantities of food, together with whales' teeth. In smaller affairs, a tooth, club, mat, or spear, is enough. On one occasion, when Tuikilakila asked the help of the Somosomo gods in war, he built the war-god a large new temple, and presented a great quantity of cooked food, with sixty turtles, besides whales' teeth.

Part of the offering—the *sigana*—is set apart for the deity, the rest forming a feast of which all may partake. The portion devoted to the god is eaten by his priest, and by old men; but to youths and women it is *tabu*.

The priests exercise a powerful influence over the people, an influence which the chiefs employ for the strengthening of their own, by securing the divine sanction for their plans. The sacerdotal caste has for some time been rapidly declining; but it still retains, in some parts, much of its old power.

The priesthood is generally, but not invariably, hereditary. A man who can shake well, and speculate shrewdly, may turn his abilities to account by becoming a priest. He must weigh probabilities with judgment, and take care that his maiden effort at divination is not too glaring a blunder. The rank of a priest is regulated by that of the god to whom he is a minister. When the chieftancy and priesthood meet in the same person, both are of low order. Each god has a distinct order of priests, but not confined to one family. A *bete* can only officiate in the temple of the god whom he serves; and a worshipper of a particular god can have no access to him where he has neither temple nor priest. The sacred insignia are a long-toothed comb, and a long oval frontlet of scarlet feathers.

Wishing to hear from one of the fraternity, Mr. Williams relates an account of their inspiration by the god, and suspecting that any inquiries of my own would be evaded, I got the well-known Tonga chief, Tubou Toutai, to call into my house a famous Lakemba priest who was passing by, and question him in my hearing. The following dialogue took place:—

"Janggu, did you shake yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Did you think beforehand what to say?"

"No."

"Then you just say what you happen to think at the time, do you?"

"No. I do not know what I say. My own mind departs from me, and then, when it is truly gone, my god speaks by me."

This man had the most stubborn confidence in his deity, although his mistakes were such as to shake any ordinary trust. His inspired tremblings were of the most violent kind, bordering on fury. Gods are supposed to enter into some men while asleep, and their visit is made known by a peculiar snore.

There are various methods of divination used in Fiji. One is by a bunch of cocoa-nuts, pretty well dried. Having given the message of the god, the priest continues, "I shall shake these nuts; if all fall off, the child will recover; but if any remain on, it will die." He then shakes and jerks the nuts, generally with all his might. An easier mode is by spinning a nut on its side, and watching in which direction the eye points when again at rest. This method is not confined to priests. Some priests, when consulted, sit on the ground, with their legs stretched out, and a short club placed between them. They then watch to see which leg trembles first: if the right, the omen is good; if the left, it is evil. A chief, wishing to ascertain how many of a certain number of towns would espouse his cause, consulted the *bets*, who took as many short reeds as there were places named, and gave each a name. When they were set in the ground he held his right foot over each, and every one above which his foot trembled was declared disloyal, and all the rest true. Some chew a certain leaf, and let the fact of it tasting bitter or sweet determine the question at issue. Some pour a few drops of water on the front of the right arm, near the shoulder, and the arm being gently inclined, the course of the water is watched; and if it find its way down to the wrist, the answer is favourable; but otherwise, if it run off, and fall on the floor. Some begin at the wrist, and let the water run towards the shoulder. Others decide by simply biting a leaf in two. The leaf is placed between the front teeth, and if cut clean through at once, all is well; but the reverse, if it still hang together. Some take an omen from the fact of a man's sneezing out of the right or left nostril while he holds a certain stick in his hand.

The seer also is known in Fiji. He sits listening to the applicant's wishes, and then, closing his eyes on earthly things, describes to the inquirer the scenes of the future which pass before his vision. These generally consist of burning houses, fleeing warriors, bloody plains, or death-stricken sick ones, as the case may require. A similar personage is the *taro*, "ask," who sits with his knee up and his foot resting on the heel, with a stick placed in a line with the middle of it. Without being told the object of the visit, he states whether his presentiment is good or evil, and then is informed of the matter inquired after, and proceeds to apply his impressions about it in detail. There is also the *dautadra*, or professional dreamer, who receives a present on communicating his revelations to the parties concerned, whether they tell of good or evil, and who seldom happens to dream about any one who cannot pay well. Some believe that a good present often averts the evil of a bad dream.

The worship of the gods of Fiji is not a regular and constant service, but merely suggested by circumstances, or dictated by emergency or fear. There are, however, certain superstitious ceremonies which are first observed; such as the *sevu*—presenting the first-fruits of yams; *tadravu*—an offering made at the close of the year; the keeping of silence when crossing sacred places; the observance of *tabus*, and reverencing of shrines.

The people formed no idea of any voluntary kindness on the part of their gods, except the planting of wild yams, and the wrecking of strange canoes and foreign vessels on their coast. After successful fishing for turtle, or remarkable deliverance from danger in

war or at sea, or recovery from sickness, a madrali—a kind of thank-offering—was sometimes presented. Clubs, spears, and other valuable articles are thus consecrated to the gods.

Of the great offerings of food, native belief apportioned merely the soul thereof to the gods, who are described as being enormous eaters; the substance is consumed by the worshippers.

Cannibalism is a part of the Fijian religion, and the gods are described as delighting in human flesh. Tui-thakau once asked, in a fit of anger, "Is Jehovah the god of bodies killed to be eaten?" intimating that as Na Tavasara was so, he must be the superior deity. To maintain the exaltation of these false gods, the abominable practice referred to is continued, and pity for any age or sex has no influence with those who may have to prepare the offering.

## VI.

## PRACTICE OF CANNIBALISM—DEADLY TRIUMPH—INSTANCES OF CANNIBALISM—TORTURE—FAMOUS ANTHROPOPHAGISTS.

It is to be remarked in connection with the practice of cannibalism, as here attested in connection with religion, that until recently there were many who refused to believe in the existence of so horrible and revolting a practice among the Fijians, but such incredulity has been forced to yield to indisputable and repeated evidence, of which Fiji alone can supply enough to convince a universe, that man can fall so low as habitually to feed upon his fellow-men. Cannibalism among this people is one of their institutions; it is interwoven in the elements of society; it forms one of their pursuits, and is regarded by the mass as a refinement.

Human bodies are sometimes eaten in connection with the building of a temple or canoe; or on launching a large canoe; or on taking down the mast of one which has brought some chief on a visit; or for the feasting of such as take tribute to a principal place. A chief has been known to kill several men for rollers, to facilitate the launching of his canoes, the "rollers" being afterwards cooked and eaten. Formerly a chief would kill a man or men on laying down a keel for a new canoe, and try to add one for each fresh plank. These were always eaten as "food for the carpenters." I believe, says Mr. Williams, that this is never done now; neither is it now common to murder men in order to wash the deck of a new canoe with blood. This is sometimes the case, and would, without doubt, have been done on a large scale when a first-rate canoe was completed at Somosomo, had it not been for the exertions of the Missionaries then stationed there. Vexed that the noble vessel had reached Mbau unstained with blood, the Mbau chiefs attacked a town, and killed fourteen or fifteen men to eat on taking down the mast for the first time. It was owing to Christian influence that men were not killed at every place where the canoe called for the first time. If a chief should not lower his mast within a day or two of his arrival at a place, some poor creature is killed and taken to him, as the "lowering of the mast." In every case an enemy is preferred; but when this is impracticable, the first common man at hand is taken. It is not unusual to find "black-list" men on every island, and these are taken first. Names of villages or islands are sometimes placed on the black-list. Vaukambua, chief of Mba, thus doomed Tavua, and

gave a whale's tooth to the Nggara chief, that he might, at a fitting time, punish that place. Years passed away and a reconciliation took place between Mba and Tavua. Unhappily the Mba chief failed to neutralise the engagement made with Nggara. A day came when human bodies were wanted, and the thoughts of those who held the tooth were turned towards Tavua. They invited the people of that place to a friendly exchange of food, and slew twenty-three of their unsuspecting victims. When the treacherous Nggarans had gratified their own appetites by pieces of the flesh cut off and roasted on the spot, the bodies were taken to Vakambua, who was greatly astonished, expressed much regret that such a slaughter should have grown out of his carelessness, and then shared the bodies to be eaten.

Captives are sometimes reserved for special occasions. Mr. Williams says he has never been able, either by inquiry or observation, to find any truth in the assertion that in some parts of the group no bodies are buried, but all eaten. Those who die a natural death are always interred. Those slain in war are not invariably eaten; for persons of high rank are sometimes spared this ignominy. Occasionally, however, as once at Mbouma, the supply is too great to be all consumed. The bodies of the slain were piled up between two cocoa-nut trees, and the cutting up and cooking occupied two days. The "vaukarusa," or trunk of the bodies, was thrown away. This native word is a creation of cannibalism, and alludes to the practice of eating the trunk first, as it will not keep.

When the slain are few, and fall into the hands of the victors, it is the rule to eat them. Late in 1851, fifty bodies were cooked at one time on the Namena. In such cases of plenty, the head, hands, and intestines are thrown away; but when a large party can get but one or two bodies, as at Natawa in 1845, every part is consumed. Native warriors carry their revenge beyond death, so that bodies slain in battle are often mutilated in a frightful manner, a treatment which is considered neither mean nor brutal.

Revenge is undoubtedly the main cause of cannibalism in Fiji, but by no means invariably so. Cases occur in which such a motive could not have been present. Sometimes, however, this principle is horribly manifested.

A woman taken from a town besieged by Ra Undreundre, and where one of his friends had been killed, was placed in a large wooden dish and cut up alive, that none of the blood might be lost. In 1850, Tukilakila inflicted a severe blow on his old enemies the Natewans, when nearly one hundred of them were slain, among whom was found the body of Ratu Rakasa, the king's own cousin. The chiefs of the victorious side endeavoured to obtain permission to bury him, since he held the high rank of rakasa, and because there was such a great abundance of bakolo. "Bring him here," said Tukilakila, "that I may see him." He looked on the corpse with unfeigned delight. "This," said he, "is a most fitting offering to Na Tavasara (the war-god). Present it to him: let it then be cooked, and reserved for my own consumption. None shall share with me. Had I fallen into his hands, he would have eaten me; now that he has fallen into my hands I will eat him." And it is said that he fulfilled his word in a few days, the body being lightly baked at first, and then preserved by repeated cooking.

Mr. Williams relates that when he knew Loti he was living at Na Ruwai. A few years before he killed his only wife and ate her. She accompanied him to plant taro, and when the work was done, he sent her to fetch wood, with which he made a fire, while she, at his bidding, collected leaves and grass to line the oven, and procured a bamboo to cut up what was to be cooked. When she had cheerfully obeyed his commands, the monster seized his wife, deliberately dismembered her, and cooked and ate her, calling some to help him in consuming the unnatural feast. The woman was his equal, one with whom he lived comfortably; he had no quarrel with her or cause of complaint. Twice he might have defended his conduct to me, had he been so disposed, but he merely assented to the truth of what I here record. His only motives could have been a fondness for human flesh, and a hope that he should be spoken of and pointed out as a terrific fellow.

Those who escape from shipwreck are supposed to be saved that they may be eaten, and very rarely are they allowed to live. Recently, at Wakaya, fourteen or sixteen persons, who lost their canoe at sea, were cooked and eaten.

Mr. Williams says that, as far as he could learn, this abominable food is never eaten raw, although the victim is often presented in full life and vigour. Thus young women have been placed alive beside a pile of food given by the Kandavuans to the chiefs of Rewa. He also heard of a man being taken alive to a chief on Vanua Levu, and given him to eat. In such cases they would be killed first.

Cannibalism does not confine its selection to one sex, or a particular age. I have seen, says Mr. Williams, the gray-headed and children of both sexes devoted to the oven. I have laboured to make the murderers of females ashamed of themselves; and have heard their cowardly cruelty defended by the assertion that such victims were doubly good—because they ate well, and because of the distress it caused their husbands and friends. The heart, the thigh, and the arm above the elbow are considered the greatest dainties. The head is the least esteemed, so that the favourite wife of Tuikilakila used to say it was “the portion for the priests of religion.”

Women seldom eat of bakolo, and it is forbidden to some of the priests. On the Island of Moala, graves were not unfrequently opened for the purpose of obtaining the occupant for food. Chiefs say that this has also been done on Vanua Levu. Part of an unburied body was stolen and eaten in 1852. When there are several bodies, the chief sends one or more to his friends; when only one, it is shared among those nearest to him; and if this one has been a man of distinction, and much hated, parts of him are sent to other chiefs fifty or a hundred miles off. It is most certainly true that, while the Fijian turns with disgust from pork, or his favourite fish, if at all tainted, he will eat bakolo when fast approaching putrescence.

Human bodies are generally cooked alone. Generally, ovens and pots in which human flesh is cooked, and dishes or forks used in eating it, are strictly tabu for any other purpose. The cannibal fork seems to be used for taking up morsels of the flesh when cooked as a hash, in which form the old people prefer it.

Rare cases are known in which a chief has wished to have part of the skull of an enemy for a soup-dish or drinking-cup, when orders are accordingly given to

his followers not to strike that man on the head. The shin-bones of all bakolos are valued, as nail-needles are made from them. If these bones are short, and not claimed by a chief, there is a scramble for them among the inferiors, who sometimes almost quarrel about them.

Would that this horrible record could be finished here; but the vakatoga, the “torture,” must be noticed. Nothing short of the most fiendish cruelty could dictate some of these forms of torment, the worst of which consists in cutting off parts and even limbs of the victim while still alive, and cooking and eating them before his eyes, sometimes finishing the brutality by offering him his own cooked flesh to eat.

The names of Tampakauthoro Tano, Tuiveikoso, Tuikilakila, and others, are famous in Fiji for the quantity of human flesh which they have individually eaten. But these are but insignificant cannibals in comparison with Ra Undreundre of Rakiraki. Even Fijians name him with wonder. Bodies procured for his consumption were designated *lewo ni bl*. The *bi* is a circular fence or pond made to receive turtles when caught, which then becomes its *leweni*, “contontia.” Ra Undreundre was compared to such a receptacle, standing ever ready to receive human flesh. The fork used by this monster was honoured with a distinctive epithet. It was named Undreundro; a word used to denote a small person or thing carrying a great burden. This fork was given by his son, Ra Vatu, to the Rev. R. B. Lyth, in 1849. Ra Vatu then spoke freely of his father's propensity, and took Mr. Lyth nearly a mile beyond the precincts of the town, and showed him the stones by which his father registered the number of bodies he had eaten “after his family had begun to grow up.”

Mr. Lyth found the line of stones to measure two hundred and thirty-two paces. A teacher, who accompanied him counted the stones—eight hundred and seventy-two. If those which had been removed were replaced, the whole would certainly have amounted to nine hundred. Ra Vatu asserted that his father ate all these persons himself, permitting no one to share them with him. A similar row of stones placed to mark the bodies eaten by Naungavuli contained forty-eight, when his becoming a Christian prevented any further addition. The whole family were cannibals extraordinary; but Ra Vatu wished to exempt himself.

It is somewhat remarkable that the only instance of cannibalism in Fiji witnessed by any gentleman of the United States Exploring Expedition, was the eating of a human eye—a thing which those who have seen many bodies eaten never witnessed, the head, as has been stated already, being generally thrown away.

One who had been but a very short time in Fiji wrote thus: “I have been to Mbau thrice, and have witnessed something of Fijian horrors each time. First visit, I saw them opening an oven, and taking a cooked human body out of it; second visit, limbs of body preparing for being baked; third visit, a woman of rank who had just had her nose cut off.” Visitors, however, generally manifest considerable incredulity on this subject; though it would not require a long stay actually among the people, to place the matter beyond doubt. An English lieutenant manifested a good deal of unbelief, until he found his head in pretty close contact with parts of several men which hung from a tree near the oven, where, a few days before, their bodies had been cooked.



Whatever may have been the origin of man-eating in Fiji—whether famine or superstition—there is not the slightest excuse for its continuance. Food of every kind abounds, and, with a little effort, might be vastly increased. The land gives large supply spontaneously, and, undoubtedly, is capable of supporting a hundred times the number of its present inhabitants.

In August, 1849, the missionaries greatly enjoyed the visit of H.M.S. *Havannah*, under the command of Captain Erskine. In visiting the Windward Islands first, the officers had been struck by the beneficial results of Christianity, and the generally well-to-do appearance of the people; so that, when they reached the other side of the group, their faith was more than shaken in the horrible accounts they had heard of the customs of the natives, and a delicate hint was given to the missionaries about exaggerated statements.

The next day, however, the missionaries took their visitors to Mbau, to the large temple, and showed them the stone, all bloody with recent use, where the heads of multitudes of victims had been dashed, when presented to the god. Captain Erskine's account of the visit is interesting. Speaking of the temple he says: "The building stood on a raised platform, and was surrounded by a few trees of graceful foliage, under one of which lay the large wooden 'lali,' or sacred drum, beaten at festivals and sacrifices; and overshadowed by another was the place where the bodies of victims are dedicated to the kalou, or evil spirit, previous to their being handed over to those who are to cook them for the banquet. The lower branches of the tree had evidently been lately cut away to the height of ten or twelve feet from the ground; and we were told that this had been done after the reduction of Lokia, a town belonging to Rewa, a few months before, when a mound of no fewer than eighty corpses, slain in battle, had been heaped up on the spot.".... "We came at last to an irregular square, on which stood a building, probably one hundred feet long, the 'stranger's house,' still occupied by the Mbatoni people and we entered it by a door in the centre. The interior struck me at first as resembling the lower deck of a ship of war, there being a passage down the centre, and the families living in separate messes on either side; divided, however, from each other, in some cases, by partitions of coloured native cloth. We met the usual welcome from the people who happened to be there, and several of them followed out, through an opposite door to that by which we had entered, to a small level space between the back of the house and the hill, which arises somewhat abruptly behind. The first objects of interest to which our attention was called by these strangers, as if to vaunt the goodness of their reception in the capital, were four or five ovens, loosely filled in with stones, which had served to cook the human bodies presented to them after the payment of their tribute. They certainly did not understand the expressions of disgust which rose to our lips; for, leading us to a neighbouring tree, they pointed to where, suspended from the branches, hung some scraps of flesh, the remains of the wretched creatures slaughtered to satisfy the monstrous appetite of these fellows, who had not even the miserable excuse of enmity or hunger to plead for their fendish banquet.

At an interview with Thakombau, Captain Erskine delivered an address to the chief, and Mr. Calvert interpreted. Cannibalism was denounced in terms of horror

VOL. II.

and disgust, and the king was urged to listen to the missionaries, and show his good intention by prohibiting all cannibalism at the approaching visit of the Somosomans, on which occasion it had always been customary to destroy an unusual number of human beings. It was intimated, that if these things were heeded, Fiji might, like Samoa, be favoured with the presence of a British consul. The whole address was listened to respectfully, and acknowledged by a suitable reply.

On the following day, Thakombau and Ngavindi accompanied Captain Erskine to the *Havannah*, lying at Ovalau, twenty-five miles distant.

While the chiefs were on board, a target was placed on a rock about eight hundred yards from the ship, and was soon knocked to pieces by the guns. The marines were sent on shore with two field-pieces, and a specimen of bush-rangang was exhibited. Two bomb-shells were sent over the hills, and burst with precision. All this astonished Thakombau, who was much excited, and said: "This makes me tremble. I feel that we are no longer secure. If we offend these people, they will bring their ship to Mbau, where, having found us out with their spy-glasses, they would destroy us and our town at once." Captain Erskine was most desirous to avoid everything that was likely to produce an unfavourable impression on the minds of the chiefs and people; and his best exertions were made to impress them with the horror of their practices. Having gained the chief's attention, he again requested him to avoid feeding the Somosomo people with human flesh on their anticipated visit; and besought him that, at the death of his aged father, which could not be far distant, no one might be strangled. While he consented to the former request, he said that he could not promise the other.

## VII.

HABITS, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS OF THE FIJIANS.—FIJIAN DANCE.—PROGRESS OF THE MISSIONARIES IN VANUA LAVU THE GREAT LAND.—MR. CONSUL PRITCHARD.—BERTHOLD SEEMAN'S OPINIONS OF THE FIJIANS.

THE habits, manners, and customs of a savage people must always prove interesting, and, to a certain extent, instructive. In the present instance, the people described are even as yet imperfectly known, and still less thoroughly understood and appreciated. There are very few who have had the opportunity of long and intimate acquaintance with them, and who, at the same time, have been either able or disposed to give a fair and unprejudiced statement of what they have witnessed. Hence, much of the charm of novelty attaches itself to all descriptions of Fijian life. The portraiture too, which we regret we cannot enter into here at length, of a people living for many generations under the uninterrupted power of influences different from any which we daily feel, and strangers to those motives and forces which have, more than anything else, modified the development of our individual and social character, must convey instruction, imparting as it does revelations which shed new light on the difficult study—man.

The dance, an illustration of which, as performed by the warrior in the presence of the officers of the United States Exploring Expedition, is given at page 161 is admittedly the most popular pastime in Fiji. The song by which it is regulated is often very dull, and the movements slow and heavy, consisting of stepping and jumping, mingled with many inflexions of the body and gesticulations with the

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hands. There is always a conductor, and, in one or two of their dances, a buffoon is introduced, whose grotesque movements elicit immense applause. In a regular dress or feast dance, two companies are always engaged—the musicians and the dancers. Twenty or thirty persons constitute the “orchestral force,” while the dancers often number one or two hundred. The performance of the musicians “is on one note, the bass alternating with the air: they then sound one of the common chorals in the bass clef, without the alternation.” Several of them elicit clear notes from the long stick by hitting it with a shorter one; others produce a sort of tambourine sound by striking their bamboos on the ground; the rest clap their hands, and all give vocal help. They keep excellent time, and the words sung refer either to the occasion, or to some event in their past history.

The dancers are gaily dressed; and as all bear clubs or spears, and perform a series of marchings, steppings, halts, and varied evolutions, a stranger would rather suppose them to be engaged in a military review than in a dance. As the performance approaches the close, the speed quickens, and the actions steadily increase in violence, accompanied by a heavy tramping on the ground, until the excited dancers, almost out of breath, shout at the top of their voices, “Wa-oo!” and the dance is ended.

Persons who know a new dance are paid for teaching it, the fee being called *votua*. The following short song contains the complaint of an ill-rewarded teacher:—

The mother of Thangi-lmba is vexed.  
How can we teach, unrewarded, the dance?  
Here is the basket for the fees—and empty!  
Truly this is an illiberal world.”

In conclusion, it is to be remarked that the labours, sufferings, and perils of the missionaries have been great, and their reward and success have been also remarkable.

The most recent information we have from Fiji is contained in letters addressed by Dr. Berthold Seeman, to the *Athenaeum*, and which bears date 1860. Dr. Seeman represents the British Consul—the well-known Mr. Pritchard—as being now the sole authority that keeps order in Fiji, the natives having voluntarily made over to him the whole group, and found it preferable to abide by his judgment rather than break their own heads and those of the white settlers by an appeal to the club. “It was easy for them to arrive at this conclusion; meanwhile, the person who thus finds himself called upon to adjust the differences of a native population about twice that of New Zealand, and a sprinkling of white immigrants, amounting to about five hundred souls, some of whom hold queer ideas of political justice, has no idle time of it; and if

Mr. Pritchard has not acquired a thorough mastery over the Polynesian mind by means of his intimate acquaintance with all their customs, usages and traditions, of which he skillfully avails himself, there would be again wars and dissensions, to the serious detriment of the native population. I have, says Dr. Seeman, repeatedly listened to the proceedings in court, and been struck with the logical acuteness of the natives. Their mind is indeed of a much superior order to that of most savages; and their discussions are as much above those of the Maoris, now teeming in the New Zealand newspapers, as the talk of men is to the prattle of children.”

There are many interesting points in Dr. Seeman's letters, especially visits to little exploring parts of Viti Levu—“one of the continents of the Fijian world”—as the worthy naturalist calls it, and an ascent of Voma, the highest peak in the whole Fiji, which we regret we have not space to give some account of, but we cannot conclude without one valuable and sound remark, which may be said to embody the doctor's opinions of the Fijians. “Cannibals though they be,” says the doctor, “they have many good qualities; if they were only half as bad as they have been painted, the Fijians would be numbered amongst the extinct races. The public has heard much about enemies slain in battle being eaten, but little about the general rejoicings on the birth of a child, and the affection existing amongst families; it has heard all about the practice of parricide, and the strangling of wives at the death of their husbands, but nothing about the genuine feelings of affection which prompted these singular demonstrations of them.”

Later letters give a further and less pleasing insight into the state of society in those islands. It appears that, owing principally to the delay in the English Government making up its mind whether it will take possession of these islands or not, the social relationship between the settlers and the natives is assuming a very unpleasant aspect. This is caused by many of the chiefs having sold land to the white men without sufficient authority from the real owners, who unfortunately are, in most cases, but humble members of the tribe. We shall in time, probably, see the counterpart in the scenes in the Fijis which were enacted in the early history of New Zealand, if care be not soon taken to prevent it. The seeds of future wars and rebellions are sown in these interminable land disputes, and in this instance they spring from the fact that there is no settled form of government to guide and regulate the sales. The English Government should, in justice to the natives, give an early expression of their long expected intention, and thus nip in the bud the discontent which is now showing itself between the aborigines and the settlers. Delay will only add to the evil, and cannot possibly do good to anyone.

## THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

"NILE QUERRERE CAPUT."—*Old Proverb.*

### I.

PORT OF SUWAKIN ON THE RED SEA—SUBURB OF AL GAIF—POPULATION OF HADHARABI AND SUWAKIN—TRADE AND COMMERCE—CAPTAIN BOURCHINE'S SHIPWRECK—M. LEJEAN, THE FRENCH TRAVELLER—HIS ACCOUNT OF M. THIBAUT—ANECDOTE OF MUHAMMAD ALI—PERILS OF SURVEYING—ANCIENT SUK—ARAB AMIRS.

SUWAKIN, SUAKIN, or Souakin according to the French orthography, is a town and seaport in Nubia, on the west shore of the Red Sea, in  $19^{\circ} 4' N.$  lat., and  $37^{\circ} 30' E.$  long., at the extremity of a narrow inlet, about twelve miles in length and two in width. The entrance of the bay is only about sixty fathoms wide, but it opens gradually to two miles. With northerly winds it is very difficult to enter or leave the bay; but when the winds are from the south, there is a regular land-breeze every morning, which obviates all difficulties. The bay has a sufficient depth of water, generally varying between fifteen and nineteen fathoms. At the bottom of the bay there are several islands, on one of which the town is built. The town is separated from its suburb, called Al Gaif, or El Gerf, which stands on the mainland, by an arm of the sea about 500 yards wide. The harbour, which is on the east side of the town, is formed by a projecting part of the continent. The arm of the sea on the west side affords no anchorage for ships of any size. The islands and all the surrounding country are sandy, and produce only a few shrubs or low acacias. The houses of the town have one or two stories, and are constructed of blocks of madreporas. They have a neat appearance, but the greater part of them are falling to decay. The suburb Al Gaif is rapidly increasing in size and population, and is now larger than the town itself; but there are few houses of stone, the greater part of the dwellings being formed of mats or rushes, like those of the Nubian Bedwins. Suwakin has three mosques, and Al Gaif one. The water of the wells, which are about half-an-hour from Al Gaif, is tolerable, but in none of them is it good.

Burckhardt, in his time, estimated the population of Suwakin at about 8,000, of whom 3,000 lived upon the island, and the rest in Al Gaif. The inhabitants, like those of all the harbours in the Red Sea, are a motley race, but the majority of them are descendants of natives of Hadramaut, and principally of the town of Shabbar, the harbour of that country in the Indian ocean; they are called Hadharabi. The other inhabitants are called Suwakini, and consist of individuals of the Bedwin tribes of Hudandus, Amurrah, the Bish-harain, and others of Arabian and of Turkish origin. The Bishari language is generally spoken at Al Gaif, but the inhabitants of the port speak the Arabic as their native language, and with the Jidda pronunciation.

Suwakin is one of the most important trading places on the west shore of the Red Sea. The inhabitants have no other pursuit than commerce, either by sea or with the contiguous countries of Eastern Africa. They

export the commodities which they receive from Eastern Africa to all the harbours of Hejas and Yemen, down to Moccha, but chiefly to Jidda and Hudaيدا. Many of the merchants go to Sennaar to buy their goods, and after returning to Suwakin, they perform the journey to the Arabian coast, but others sell their African merchandise to the traders of the town, by whom they are exported to Arabia. They bring from Sennaar, Khartum, and Shandi, slaves, gold, tobacco, incense, and ostrich feathers; from Taka, on the river Atbarah, dhurra or native corn, and they collect in the county, to the west of the town, water, skins, leathern sacks, and tanned hides, all of which articles find a ready sale in the ports of Arabia. The hides are tanned by the Bedwins, who live in the neighbouring mountains, and are used in Arabia. A large quantity of butter in a liquid state, the only form in which it is used in the country, is likewise exported to Arabia, as well as mats made of dum-palm leaves, which are partly used to cover the floors of the mosques at Mekkah and Medinah, and partly bought by the pilgrims for the purpose of kneeling upon when they pray. These two articles are also obtained from the Bedwins in the mountains near Suwakin. Horses and dromedaries are brought from the countries on the banks of the Nile, and sent to Hudaيدا.

At Jidda the Suwakin merchants purchase all the Indian goods which are wanted for the African markets and the consumption of their own town, as dresses and ornaments for women, household utensils, and several kinds of provision for the table, such as Indian sugar, coffee, onions, and particularly dates, which are not produced in any part of eastern Nubia. Much iron is also imported for lances and knives, which are manufactured by common smiths—who are the only artisans at Suwakin, except masons and carpenters—and furnish those weapons to the Bedwins.

The trade by sea is carried on principally in ships belonging to people of Suwakin and Jidda; they are almost entirely occupied in sailing between the two coasts. They are often manned by Bedwins, but more commonly by Sumalis, who are the best sailors in the Red Sea. A small steamer plying between Jidda, Suwakin, and Massawah, would, from the certainty of its time, monopolise all the traffic, and realise great benefits to its owners. The number of black slaves annually brought through Suwakin to the west of Arabia amounts, according to Burckhardt, to between 2,000 and 3,000, and about an equal number are sent thence from Massawah, whence about 3,500 are annually shipped to Moccha. We do not mean to say that it would be to the national credit that British merchant steamers should be employed in such a nefarious traffic, but till some means are propounded to obviate a necessity, or if it is so willed "an institution" of such long standing, such means of conveyance would decidedly obviate a vast amount of suffering, and indeed a considerable annual sacrifice of life. Certain it is, that if British enterprise overlooks the opening afforded

by improved means of transport, the French, who are about to open the ancient port of Adule, will not do so. The so-called slave is not in the east, as is well known, in the same position as the slave in the west, and his condition for the time being would be as much ameliorated by facilities of transport as would be those of the thousands of Muhammadan pilgrims who flock to the same ports on their way to the sacred shrines of Mekkah and Medinah.

We are indebted to Captain W. Bouchier, R.N., who was wrecked in 1833 off this coast, for a narrative of travel from Suwakin across the eastern desert to Berber, by a route previously unknown. The road on first leaving Suwakin was deep sand: but the whole of the third day's journey was laborious ascent. Afterwards the country was diversified; and near the well Skidhi the dhurra cultivation began, and there were numerous flocks of sheep and goats, and abundance of camels. The dryness of the atmosphere was occasionally excessive and distressing to bear, but the incidents of the journey generally were very few. No alarms were received from robbers, or any other cause.<sup>1</sup>

M. Lejean, a French traveller, landed some time ago at Suwakin, on his way, *via* Alexandria, Suez, and Jiddah, to Khartum. Nothing is so deceitful, he says, as the appearance of Suwakin, seen from the spot where European steamers take up their anchorage to the north-north-east. The small town which fills up the whole of a round island about 520 paces in diameter, presents to the stranger its only comfortable and picturesque quarter, that of the north, which contains all the monuments of the city. These monuments are the two mosques, the chief of which is a takah of fikihs or dervishes, the mufti's oratory, a microscopic chapel, whose foot is bathed by the sea, a few handsome houses appertaining to merchants, one of which, occupying a prominent place in our illustration, page 208, belongs to an Arab or half-caste Algerian; while behind the great mosque and around the Custom-house square, are the place of Government, the Custom-house, the offices of the Medjidiah Steam-boat Company, and, lastly, the pride of Suwakin, the *beis et silk*, "the house of the wires," being the telegraph station on the line from Cairo to Singapore. Beyond these constructions, to which may be added a modern bazaar, spacious, well-aired, clean, and straight, and three houses of wealthy native merchants, there are nothing but hideous huts, with rotten mats, covering ruinous clay walls; the huts of the Negroes of Sudan are villas by the side of them.

Introduced by the Consul at Jiddah, says M. Lejean, I met with a kindly reception from my only countryman at Suwakin, M. Thibault. If I only wrote for the French in Egypt I should add nothing to his name; it signifies hospitality, activity, spirit, juvenile audacity, intelligence, and love of the East. The atrabilious traveller, Werne, in his work on the White Nile, has not spared this gem of a man, and has described him as "*le gamin de Paris*." The epithet is not a bad one, in the good sense, but Werne did not intend it so.

One anecdote among a thousand will give an idea of the lively originality of this man. Twenty-two years ago Muhammad Ali went to Khartum bent upon

making that rising city the centre from which his power should spread all over Eastern Sudan or Nigritia. There was at that time a native adventurer in the country of the Shiluks, Abderrahman by name, whom the Pasha wished to attach to his political views, and whom he was therefore anxious to hold an interview with. But Abderrahman, like all his countrymen, was singularly mistrustful of the Turks, and the Viceroy could find no one who would undertake to bring the man before him. Accidental mention was made of a Frank, half Arabised, who was better acquainted than any one else with the country of the Shiluks, so Hawadja Ibrahim (as Thibault was then called) was sent for. It was evening, and Muhammad Ali saw a tall man with a gray beard make his appearance, remaining motionless till he was spoken to. "Is it you," said the Pasha to him, "who can undertake to bring Abderrahman before me?"

M. Thibault, or Hawadja Ibrahim, without vouchsafing an answer, walked up to the Pasha, and seizing him by his long white beard:

"Upon thy beard," he said, "I promise you to bring him before you."

An earthquake would not have more terrified the Egyptian officers present at this scene, than this carrying out of an Oriental practice, more honoured in the breach than in the performance, by a Frank adventurer. Muhammad Ali, when he had recovered from his surprise, wisely laughed at the incident, and declared that he had all the more confidence in his rude interlocutor.

I spent ten days at Suwakin, waiting for the departure of a caravan for Taka, whence I was about to proceed to Khartum by the west and south-west road. In the interval I explored the island, which I found to be separated from the mainland by a deep and narrow channel. Upon the mainland rises the suburb of Al Gaif or El Gherf, which is to the island what St. Servan is to St. Malo. The island pays the taxes, but Al Gaif is probably the only point of the globe where taxes are unknown. I was satisfied of this fact in a rather amusing manner. I was making a plan of the suburb when a sudden rising of the populace obliged me to decamp with my compass much faster than I went. The report had spread that the cursed Frank had come to count the houses, in order that they might be taxed, as they were at Suwakin. I must say that the men tried to allay the insurrection, but frightful old women appeared at every one of the doors, and if I did not fully appreciate their eloquence when concentrated in insult, I did not fail to understand it when backed by stones. I returned, somewhat excited, in search of my revolver; but when I had somewhat recovered myself I felt how odious it would be to kill two or three human beings for the mere pleasure of teaching posterity, upon tinsed paper, that the streets of Al Gaif are almost as tortuous as those of Paris of old. For the same reason I declined the company of a *gend'arme*, who was offered to me by the governor.

Al Gaif was subjected by the Turks two or three centuries ago, and the conquerors have only left the ancient amirs a nominal title.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Narrative of a Passage from Bombay to England, describing the Author's Shipwreck in the Red Sea, and subsequent Journeys across the Nubian Desert* By Captain W. Bouchier, R.N. London, 1834.

<sup>2</sup> Suwakin was the ancient *Suche* (*Strabo*, xvi., p. 770), and the *Suchim* of the Hebrews (*2 Chronicles* xii., 3), a harbour on the Red Sea, just above the bay of the more renowned Adule; lat. 18° N. It was occupied by the Egyptians and Greeks successively as a fort and trading station; but the native population of *Suche* were the *Sabao* Ethiopians or Sabians.

I paid a visit to the actual amir, Othman, an old man with a cunning expression of features, and whose son, Ghilani, has received the title of Bey from the Turkish Government, with the fez of investiture, and the functions of commissary of police in the city. These are his admitted functions; but he is in reality the Turkish spy, and keeps them informed on such matters as may be interesting to them. I shall only add that the fraction of a tribe that inhabit Al Gaif constitute part of the nation Hadharba, or Hadarabi, one of the most important in Nubia, and which is associated with the great family of the Biabarris.

## II.

NUBIAN DESERT—ROBBERY OF A FRENCH MECHANIC—AN AGGRAVATED SURPRISE—KARABELA, CAPITAL OF TAKA—MURDER ALL HET AND TURKISH JUSTICE—THE KHORS ET GASE—CURIOUS HYDROGRAPHICAL PHENOMENA—THE ATBARA, OR BLACK NILE.

I LEFT Suwak in on the 12th of March, with a caravan, under the guidance of a nephew of the Sheikh of Amara, Hakab Allah by name, a handsome young man, who added to his quality of prince of the desert the more prosaic, but more lucrative, title of guardian of the Egyptian ports. I had as a companion in my journey a French mechanic, Pascal, who was going to offer his services as founder of cannon to Theodore I. of Abyssinia. In the mean time, till he obtained rank as head of his majesty of Abyssinia's arsenal, he was not above giving a helping hand on the road, and he took charge of the *cuisine* department—a thing not to be sneezed at in the desert.

And it was in reality a desert, with the exception of a few oases that we had to traverse, almost the whole distance from the Red Sea to the Nile. The first two days' travel lay over a flat country, with only here and there a few bushes; after which we reached the foot of the hills, which showed themselves at first to our right, and next emerged from the morning fog to our left, and ultimately approached what constituted a kind of basin, which led up to a pass not wanting in the picturesque. I expected, on the faith of M. Charles Didier, to find streams of water, the presence of which was further indicated by groves of cocoa-nut trees, but unfortunately they only indicated the presence of khors, or the beds of dry torrents, whose dazzling whiteness subject the traveller to all the agonies of Tantalus.

Poor Pascal had a further grievance to complain of. A young Bishari had found the means of appropriating to himself his purse, which contained fifty-seven dollars and a few jewels—his whole fortune. I really thought that the future director of the Abyssinian artillery would have lost his senses. I at once appealed to Hakab Allah to institute an inquiry after the missing property. Two of the camel men pointed to the Bishari, and said: "He does not belong to Suwak in; he does not work; he is assuredly the thief."

As soon as the vagabond saw that he was the object of our attention, he came and placed himself alongside of Pascal. The latter wished to take summary vengeance, but Hakab Allah dissuaded him, saying that would render it more difficult to recover the purse, which was no doubt hid in the sand, and he endeavoured to prevail upon the thief to indicate the hiding-place. The latter, however, professed utter ignorance, so he was recommended to follow the caravan to Taka, where he would be consigned to durance villa. To make

matters more sure, I insisted upon his being bound, and ordered to proceed between two camel-drivers; but at the very next bivouac I was awake in the middle of the night by a tumult, and Hakab came up exclaiming:

"Mustafa, er ragl rah! Mustafa, the man has run away."

The Arabs, not being accustomed to European names, had, it may be observed, favoured me with a Turkish one. I went to Pascal to comfort him.

"I entrusted the care of the thief to the guide," I said, "he has let the man run away, so he must be responsible;" so he philosophically went to sleep again.

The next day we passed through a series of valleys of sterile desolate beauty, furrowed by dry torrents, which seemed to precipitate themselves in the rainy season from the upper to the lower basins; but there was not a drop of water now, and as we had started in the morning without even a cup of coffee to moisten our parched throats, our sufferings became intense. I asked our conductor if we were still far from the well:

"Karib!" (close by), was the reply.

But this was not very comforting, for like "bokra" and many other words of procrastination, it might mean almost any distance. At the expiration of two more hours, I had only one thought, and that was drink. My eyes closed. I pictured to myself in fancy the crystalline brooks of the Balkan, on the borders of which I had so often refreshed myself in the shade of forests contemporaneous with the Getæ—those *getidi fontes* of Virgil which in my school-days I used to complacently translate as "cool fountains."

Physical suffering did not, however, render me utterly insensible to the charms of a splendid valley, into which the caravan had found its way. The mass of mountains seemed to have opened on both sides to allow of the passage of the dry bed of the torrent, wide as a goodly river, but at this season of the year nothing but a splendid expanse of fine sand. Majestic lines of cocoa-nut trees stretched along on both sides, dominated by the abrupt rocky cliffs above; and this fine tree, a real vegetable monument in the wilderness, shaded the flocks and tents of the pastoral nomads who frequented this mountain oasis. The gloomy wall that hemmed us in opened here and there to allow of the passage of a torrent-bed, and displayed in the distance a landscape of infinite brilliancy and softness inundated with light.

At length we arrived, at noon, at a group of palm trees. No sooner were the camel unloaded than they hurried off with panting open nostrils, the drivers following them. We fell pell-mell into a "fula" or grassy pond, which was backed by a rock that prevented the water being lost in the sands. The ground was moist, indeed, all around, which accounted for the green vegetation, and although it would have seemed as if the crowd of camels and men would have drained the pond dry, they had in reality little perceptible effect upon it from the same causes.

Beyond this happy valley were passes of a rocky character, with here and there avenues of palm-trees, which stretched up to the line of watershed above. This crossed, the descent began by an unending plain, diversified by little hills and which only terminated on arriving at the oasis—province of Taka. M. Lejean was once more subjected to tribulations, or as

he himself designates it, to "emotions" on this part of his journey. "My camel," he relates, "was passing by some bushes when I saw the half-naked footmen surround a bush, with a mysterious look, and balance their javelins as if ready to strike. I naturally thought that a panther was crouched in the thicket, and that I was going to 'assist' from the first row of boxes at a dramatic exploit. But then again I thought, with somewhat more emotion, that the wild beast's first bound would probably be at me or at my camel, who, in that case would break my neck, but my pride as an European made me hide my anxiety under an assumed air of impassibility and curiosity, and I awaited the issue. Suddenly, several shouts were heard, and javelins were thrown into the bush, from whence an unfortunate hare rushed forth between the legs of my beast! It was an agreeable surprise."

At length, on the 16th day of our tedious odyssey, we entered, on issuing forth from a forest of some extent, a large and handsome village, the streets of which were regularly hedged in; and attached to the houses were gardens, decorated by the plume-like crowns of palm trees. We proceeded for a quarter of an hour through this, the pleasant suburb of Kassala, the capital of Taka, till we arrived at a gateway leading through the ramparts of the town itself, and when at length our camels knelt down in a spacious square, a little old man of sorrowful and benevolent aspect welcomed us in Arabic, whilst a young man in a gray felt wide-awake, to our great pleasure, addressed us in French:

"Vous êtes Français, messieurs?"

The first was our Arab host the Coptic merchant, Mallein Ghirghis; the second was a well-known traveller and geographer, the Swiss, Werner Muntzinger.

We were received at the mallein's house with that courteous hospitality which is a sign of good manners with the Easterns, and we were enabled to appreciate in his large and handsome house, the comforts of the home of a wealthy Nubian. The mallein, George, as his name indicated, was a learned man, that is to say, a man of letters; he had been secretary to an administration, and had had, by a brown Galla slave, an only daughter, very fair, and of exceeding beauty, whom he had married to Kotzika, a Greek, and the chief merchant of the city. Madame Kotzika had died only a few months previously, and the blow had struck down the mother, and the father still more so, for all the appearance of decrepitude had come upon him when only just past a middle age. His friends, indifferent to the wound that was slowly undermining him, would ever and anon open it afresh by calling him after the Arab fashion, Abu Warda, "the father of the Rose," that having been the name of the deceased fair one. A little girl, eighteen months old, fair and delicate, and with the long eyes of a young antelope, was all that remained of the Rose of Taka.

The morning after our arrival, we all went to the citadel, to exhibit our firman and letters to the mudir, or governor, and to ask for justice for the unfortunate mechanic. M. Muntzinger was kind enough to act as interpreter with the mudir, a Turk, Ali Bey by name, whose natural good humour contrasted well with the oriental phlegm. After having ascertained that the kabir, or conductor, Hakab Allah, had been doubly wanting in his duties, in the first place, in not expelling from the caravan a man of a suspicious character, and in the second, in relieving him of his bonds at night-

time, he condemned him to pay to M. Pascal the full value of the dollars and jewels, leaving it to him to reimburse himself from the thief, his family, or tribe, who were all well known. The mudir's verdict was given with infinite tact:

"Inasmuch," he said, "as we owe to all the equal protection of the laws, so we more especially ought to protect strangers who come among us, and who are less able to vindicate their own cause, since they are not acquainted with our language, and that we must look upon them as guests."

It is true that any common Turkish peasant would have said as much. The whole race has nobility in it to the back-bone, except when exasperated and gangrened by that spirit of Constantinopolism, which sullies all principles of honour and integrity; but in their own country the Turks are the most moral race in the East, and perhaps in the whole world.

Kassala is a city that is not wanting in a certain originality amongst all the monotony that the administrative genius of the conquering race has disseminated over the Nubian soil. It is surrounded by a massive rampart, pierced by several gates, and flanked by three towers, one of the angles not being thus defended; within the square precincts are the mud houses, in labyrinthine streets, the vital and commercial centre of which is the market-place, with its Suk, or well-provided bazaar, its fountain, and its guard-house, fronted with a few bright copper guns, and a fragment of verdure, that contrasts pleasantly with the aridity around.

Kassala, or, as some write it, Kassala el Lus, is situated, according to Dr. Beke, on the Mareb, which flows at certain seasons, by the Hor, or Khor el Gash, into the Red Sea, a little south of Suakin, but at seasons of flood it appears also to have a communication with the Atbara, or Bahr al Aswad, the Black river, or Black Nile, and the first and most north-easterly tributary to that river.

It is a remarkable peculiarity in the Nile, that for full two thousand miles from its mouths it receives no affluent whatever on its left or western side. On its eastern side, however, within the same limits, it receives two tributaries, the Atbara, or Bahr al Aswad, the Black Nile, and the Bahr al Azrak, the Blue Nile, and Dr. Beke adds the Saubat as a third; but the latter is not so much a tributary to the Nile, strictly speaking, as it is to the Bahr al Abiyad, or White Nile, of which it is an affluent above the junction of the larger rivers.

The first of these rivers, the Atbara, or Asbarrab, as the name is written by M. Linant, is also called Bahr al Mukadah, as coming from Abyssinia, which country, including the mountain districts of the Gallas, is known by that name among the inhabitants of the lower regions of Atbara and Sennaar. As, however, the Bahr al Abiyad and the Saubat are known by the same name, it has little value in a geographical point of view. The other appellation, Bahr al Aswad, or Black River, is more interesting, inasmuch as it marks a main feature of its current, which is that of bringing down great quantities of black mud during the rains, and contributing the largest portion of the slime which manures and fertilises the land of Egypt, and it also distinguishes it from the Blue and White Niles, the Atbara having also in its time been raised to the dignity of being a Nile. In the celebrated Adulitic inscription, in which the conquests of Aizanas, a king



of the Axumites, are recorded, the country of Semene is alluded to as beyond the Nile, among mountains difficult of access, and covered with snow. The country here alluded to is the Abyssinian province of Samen, or Samiyan, whose mountains are accurately described as being difficult of access, and covered with snow; whilst the Nile, beyond which the province is said to lie, and which the Axumite monarch had to cross in order to reach it, is the modern Takkaze, or the upper course of the Atbara, or ancient Astaboras.

Dr. Beke argues that, as from the time when the Axumites were converted to Christianity (about the period of the second Adulitic inscription) their communication with Egypt was constant; and as there is no evidence that the inhabitants of the latter country had any certain knowledge of the direct upper course of their own river, it is not unreasonable to conclude that in Egypt also (whatever may have been the opinion of geographers in the time of the Ptolemys and Cæsars) the Takkaze, or river of Northern Abyssinia, was from the fourth until the end of the eleventh century of the Christian era, if not later, known as the Nile, or river of Egypt.

The most curious point connected with the Black Nile, the Nile of Elmazin, Cantacuzene, and Albuquerque, is that the Ethiopians have been aware for a long time back—and the fact is first alluded to by the Arabian Elmazin—that they had the means of checking the supply of water to the lower country. The Emperor John Cantacuzene, who wrote in the beginning of the fifteenth century records, that “a powerful nation, strongly addicted to the Jacobite heresy, was said to dwell on the Nile, whom it was necessary for the sultans of Egypt to propitiate, because they had it in their power to turn the course of the Nile, which if they did, the whole of Egypt and Syria, whose subsistence depends on that river, would perish with hunger.” A next incident is the proposal made by the renowned Alfonso Albuquerque to his sovereign, Manuel, king of Portugal, to drain off the waters of the Nile, so as to prevent their flowing down into Egypt. In the beginning of the sixteenth century it was a matter of popular belief in Europe that the King of Abyssinia could prevent the Nile from flowing down into Egypt, and it is alluded to in the verses of Ariosto; and in the present day we are favoured with a map by Dr. Beke, in which that traveller shows that the channel by which the waters of the Black Nile might be made to pass into the Red Sea is Artemidorus's branch of that river, or the lower course of the Khor el Gash. What is traditional is, therefore, in reality, to a certain extent, still feasible; but while the deprivation of the Nile of its black tributary might seriously affect the fertility of its low valley, or of Egypt, it would by no means deprive that country of water, the Black Nile not contributing, probably, one-fourth of the whole body of water flowing down that great channel, and still less in proportion at the time of the equatorial floods.

### III.

THE BAHR AL AZRAK OR BLUE NILE—THE ABAI OR ASTAPUS—CONFOUNDED WITH THE TRUE NILE—M. D'ABBADIE'S CLAIM TO HAVE DISCOVERED THE SOURCES OF THE NILE—RIVER UMA OR GODJEB—COUNTRY BETWEEN THE BLACK NILE AND THE BLUE NILE—ANCIENT ISLAND OF MEMON.

THE next river in order, proceeding southwards is the Bahr al Azrak, or Blue Nile, which unites with

the Bahr al Abiyad, or White Nile, at Khartum, the modern capital of the Turco-Egyptian territories in the Bilad ar Sudan, the country of the Blacks—Nigritia or Negroland.

The Jesuits, who entered Abyssinia in the beginning of the seventeenth century, were the first to trace the remarkable course of the Abai, as the upper course of this river is called, round the peninsula of Godjam, and they were thus enabled to correct the fundamental error in Abyssinian geography, as far as concerned that river and Lake Tsana or Dembea only. While they correctly showed that river and that lake to be the Astapus and Colos of Ptolemy, and approximately determined their true positions, they were led away like many others, to attach so much importance to the sphere of their own discoveries, as to make the Abai at the same time the Nile of the Alexandrian geographer. “Seeing the little acquaintance,” says Dr. Beke, “with the interior of the African continent possessed by the nations of Europe during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it is not surprising that the identification of the Abai with the head of the Nile should have met with general favour.” The conclusive reasoning of the learned d'Anville, in his *Dissertation sur les Sources du Nil*, published in 1769, ought, however, to have convinced all unprejudiced persons that the Abai is only the Astapus of Ptolemy, and that the White River is that geographer's Nile. Nevertheless, the prevailing error has kept its ground, and we were not a little surprised upon reading in the *Cosmos* for November 16th, 1860, the following extraordinary claim to the discovery of the long-sought-for sources of the Nile.

“M. d'Abbadie has planted the tricolor flag of France on the Bora rock, situated in a forest on the confines of the country of the Inarya, and on the summit of which is found the mysterious source of the River Uma, which is considered to be the principal tributary of the White River or the Nile. This rock (Bora), which projects as a promontory towards the north, rises 8,330 feet above the sea-level; it is in latitude 7° 51' north, and 34° 39' east longitude.”

The gentleman alluded to in this paragraph is a well-known traveller in Abyssinia. Dr. Beke is kind enough to inform us, in a foot-note to page 122 of his work, that “Mr. Anthony Thompson d'Abbadie is a native of Ireland and a British subject, as he was known and avowed himself to be in 1839, when in that character, and on the recommendation of the council of the Royal Geographical Society of London, he obtained from Viscount Palmerston a Foreign-office passport, though, since then, he has become a Frenchman ‘by choice,’ and is now known as Monsieur d'Abbadie.” Nor are Mr. or Monsieur d'Abbadie's antecedents in other respects unquestionable. That gentleman happened to be in Abyssinia at the time when the results of the second Turco-Egyptian expedition up the Nile became known to the public. He had collected various particulars respecting the Uma, or Godjeb, in Abyssinia; and seeing this river marked in M. d'Arnaud's map as the head of the Nile, and being struck by the coincidence of its upper course with that resulting from the information which he had obtained in Godjam, he thought he might safely venture to appropriate to himself the glory of a journey into Kaffa—the native country of the coffee-plant, and whence it derives its name—across the Nile, without being at the trouble of actually undertaking

it. Accordingly, he announced to the public, both in France and in England, that in the month of December, 1843, he had crossed the Nile within two days' journey, or about thirty miles from its source, which he described as a small spring issuing from the foot of a large tree, "of the sort that serves in Ethiopia for washing cotton clothes," and as being held sacred by the natives, who yearly offer up at it a solemn sacrifice. To the right and left of the source were two high hills wooded to the summit, called Boshi and Doshi, in the country of Gimiro or Gamru, adjoining Kaffa; the name Gimiro or Gamru being in his opinion the origin of the Djabal-el-Qamr (Jebel al Kamr), whence arose the curious error of the Mountaintains of the Moon. The head of the Nile he declared to be in  $7^{\circ} 25'$  north latitude, and  $80^{\circ}$  longitude, west of Sakka, the capital of Inarya; and as he made the longitude of this town to be  $34^{\circ} 18' 6''$  east of Paris, it resulted that the source of the Nile was in  $32^{\circ} 58' 6''$  east. Entertaining doubts respecting this journey, Dr. Beke was induced to investigate its particulars, and, in the year 1850, he published *An Inquiry into M. Antoine d'Abbadie's Journey to Kaffa to discover the Source of the Nile*, wherein that well-known and accomplished traveller unequivocally expressed his disbelief in its reality, and gave in detail the reasons for that disbelief.

In 1859, a work appeared at Leipzig under the title of *Résumé Géodésique des Positions déterminées en Ethiopie*, par Antoine d'Abbadie, professing to fix the places of eight hundred and thirty-one stations between Massawah and Kaffa; the extreme point recorded, however, being Mount Bora, in Inarya, in  $17^{\circ} 50' 8''$  north latitude, and  $34^{\circ} 39' 5''$  east longitude of Paris, where M. d'Abbadie now placed the sources of the Nile, alleged to have been discovered by him in January, 1846! This is far removed, both in time and space, from the head of the Nile announced as having been discovered in December, 1843, in the Djabal-el-Qamr, the two hills called Boshi and Doshi—ridiculously, as Dr. Beke remarked, reminding one of the two sharp peaks called Crophi and Mophi, with which the priest of Sais tried to hoax Herodotus. Nothing daunted by these glaring inconsistencies, and the exposures they entailed, M. d'Abbadie persevered, apparently, for we do not yet know the details of his actual explorations in searching for what are now designated the mysterious sources of the Uma, and after having twice discovered them before, he now finds that they are in latitude  $7^{\circ} 51'$  north, and  $34^{\circ} 39'$  east longitude. Every one has heard of intermittent fountains, but no one yet has probably heard of sources that are ever changing their place. Well may M. d'Abbadie call them "mysterious!" But what are the sources of the Uma or Godjeb after all! They are the sources of a river which, having its origin in Inarya, which is close to Kaffa, like it a coffee country, and where that plant is indigenous, it unites, in the country of the Gallas, and south of Abyssinia, with other rivers flowing from further south to form the River Jub, which flows into the Indian Ocean, and where the vowels are liable to such various pronunciation, the names are the same, Jub, Go-jub, Go-jeb, or Go-jab, according to different travellers.

This River Uma or Go-jub has long been a matter of geographical controversies. As early as the beginning of the year 1841, according to Dr. Beke, he sent home from Shoa or Shwa, certain information,

collected there by Dr. Krapf and himself, respecting this River Go-jub, and which they both believed to flow southward, and to discharge its waters into the Indian Ocean. Several months later, Major Harris arrived in Shoa, where he at once adopted the views entertained at that time by Drs. Krapf and Beke; and though, in the course of the following year, the latter traveller, in his further journey into Godjam, obtained other and further information, which satisfied him that his former opinion was erroneous; and though he sent, he says, this amended information to England through Major Harris himself, before his departure from Shoa, nevertheless, on his arrival in England in 1843, the latter traveller, in conjunction with Mr. James Macqueen, continued to advocate the identity of the Go-jub with the Jub or Juba river of the coast. And this they did so positively and so unqualifiedly, as to induce Humboldt, Ritter, Zimmermann, Keith, Johnson, and other geographers, to adopt their opinion. This is Dr. Beke's view of the case, as given in his work on *The Sources of the Nile*, p. 126. But since that work was published (1860), a letter has appeared in the *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie* (cinquième série, tome I., p. 332), from Père Léon des Avanches to Mr. D'Abbadie, in which the worthy missionary states, in corroboration of what he had previously published, that the Saubat is formed by two rivers: the eastern tributary being the Barro (Barri?) whose source is in Lake El Bôo, situated two or three journeys south of Kafa, and visible from the high mountains of Gobo. The Barro, adds M. des Avanches, "is the true White Nile of Ptolemy: it is visible from the mountains of Kaffa, and must be navigable to large boats. Lake El Bôo is the *Nili Palus Orientalis*. You are right then in saying that it is the White Nile: only the Go-jub does not throw itself into the Barro; but united to the three Gibes, it flows into the River Jub."

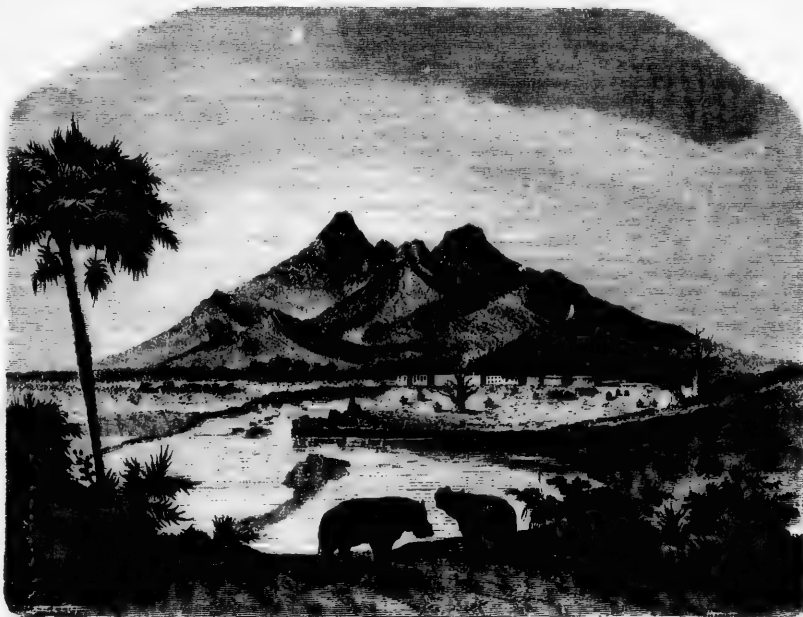
This view of the subject has also since been corroborated by M. Debono, a Maltese ivory merchant residing at Khartum, and who has an establishment on the Saubat, which river, or one of its branches, he has ascended to near its sources; as also by M. Lejean, who opines that the main affluents of the Saubat arise from the S.S.E. and not from the N.N.E., and, he adds, it has no relation to the river of Inarya and Kaffa, which flows under the name of Djocba (Juba), Ouebi Sidama (Wadi Sidama), and Jub, into the Indian Ocean.

It is not at all unlikely that further research will show Lake Bôo to be the same as the Barin-ju or Bahr-inju of Krapf, that this lake gives origin to the Barri or Barro river, and that there has been some confusion between the Saubat or the termination of the Barri into the White Nile below the Lake of the Gazelles, and the Tu-Barri or Shua Barri which flow into the White Nile above the Kum-barri mountains, or in about  $4^{\circ}$  N. latitude. It is sufficient that Père Léon des Avanches should say that Lake Bôo is visible from the mountains of Gobo in Kaffa, three or four journeys to the south (*Bulletin de la Société de Géographie*, cinquième série, tome I., p. 332) to show that there is some gigantic error in the construction of that portion of the map which comprises the unexplored regions between Kaffa and Mount Kenia or Kegnia of Krapf.

As regards the claim of the Abai to be the head of the Nile, it has not, when properly considered, the

alightest reasonable argument in its favour. The explicit statement of De Barros proves that, till the middle of the sixteenth century, the Abyssinians not only did not recognise their native river as the Nile, but were even in ignorance of the existence of the Tacny, which at that period was looked on as the Nile by the Portuguese in Eastern Africa, though solely because they, in their turn, were ignorant of the existence of the White River. And Jerome Lobo further bears testimony that, as late as the year 1613, the countries of Wambra and Fazokl, within the valley of the Blue River, continued utterly unknown to the Abyssinians; for that, when in that year the army under Ras Sâhela Ktos penetrated for the first time into those regions,

he and his soldiers, amazed at their vast extent, gave them the designation of the New World. In fact, the authority of the native Abyssinians on such a subject is altogether valueless, seeing that, even at the present day, their knowledge of the main stream of the Nile is confined to an acquaintance with its lower course within Egypt, acquired by a few Christian pilgrims visiting that country and Jerusalem by the way of the Red Sea, and the yet fewer Muhammadan traders who, after crossing that sea to visit their holy cities, may, by curiosity more than the hope of gain, be induced to extend their peregrination as far as the world-renowned Misr-el-Kahira. That the ignorant and superstitious natives of Abyssinia should, without



LAST EGYPTIAN ESTABLISHMENT ON THE NILE.

question have believed their European visitors and instructors, when they told them that their Abai was the Gihon of the book of Genesis, not less than the Nile of Egypt, is quite intelligible. Anything in favour of its superiority over all other rivers would have been gladly received and adopted, as is manifest from the fanciful interpretation given by them to the river's name, "the father of waters;" a derivation, however, which is very questionable. It is far more probable that the designation is not a title any more than a proper name, but rather an appellation signifying "river;" the word Abai or Abbey being of cognate origin with the Wabi or Welbi of the neighbouring Samalia. I have already directed attention to the similarity in name of the lake of Southern Aby-

sinia, called Zuwai, with the Ziwa or "Lake" of Central Africa. It is not unlikely that both Zuwai and Abai, meaning the lake and the river, are relics of the language of the primeval inhabitants of Southern Abyssinia. Bruce's editor, Dr. Murray, asserts that all the inhabitants of the valley of the Blue River from Fazokl to the junction with the White River, know the river of Habesh, that is to say, the Abai, by the name of Bahr-el-Azrek; and on this he founds a plausible argument to the effect that, as the latter river is regarded as the Nile in preference to the larger stream, with which it unites, so must the Abai, as the upper course of the Bahr-el-Azrek, be regarded as the Nile. The force of this argument might be admitted, were it the fact that, in the estimation of the natives

of the valley of the Bahr-el-Azrek, the Abai is the direct continuation of that river. But on the contrary, as has been explained in a former chapter, the direct upper course of the Blue River, along the left bank of which M. Rueseger ascended as far as 10° 16' north latitude, is the Dedhesa or Taouy; whilst the Abai is only known to the natives of the valley of the Blue River as the Hessen, a tributary joining the direct stream on the opposite bank, about twenty-four miles lower down than the extreme point reached by the German traveller. Consequently, whatever claims the Blue River may possess, on native authority, to be called the Nile, those claims must be transmitted to the Dedhesa; just as the Guangué, and not the Fakkazyé, claims, on the like authority, to be the upper course of the Atbara. The histories of the two principal rivers of Abyssinia present a remarkable parallelism. Both were known to the geographers of ancient Egypt, and in each case it was not the direct course, but the branch rendering the largest quantity of water, which, by the eyes of science, was looked on as the main stream; the Fakkazyé, or "river" of the Axumites, being treated as the upper course of the Astaboras, and the Abai, or "river" of the southern Abyssinians, as that of the Astapus. In the lapse of ages each river in its turn came to be regarded as the upper course of the Nile of Egypt; the Fakkazyé by the Axumites, in common with the early Christians of Egypt; the Abai by the Amharans, jointly with the Portuguese Jesuits. But in both cases this was only for a while; and now, through a complete reverse of fortune, and by an extraordinary coincidence, the connection between the two larger rivers of the upper country and their respective lower courses is so completely lost sight of by the inhabitants of their valleys, that the Guangué has become the upper course of the Atbara, the Fakkazyé being only known as a tributary, under the name of Sittit; whilst, in like manner, the Abai, under the name of Hessen, is looked on merely as an affluent of the Dedhesa, which, as the direct stream of the Bahr-el-Azrek, is treated as the continuation of that river, and called by its name.

We have an account of the country that intervenes between the Atbara or Black Nile, from the pen of M. Linant, published in the second volume of the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London*. The region in question it may be premised—the modern district of Athara, inhabited by the Bishari and Shukariyah Arabs—corresponds to the ancient island of Meroe, the seat of an antique civilisation. Gus Rejiyep, or Gous Regiep, is at the passage of the Atbara and Abu Aras or Abou Aras, at the junction of two affluents to the Blue Nile above Khartum.

I left Khartum on the 6th of December last, by water, and arrived on the 10th at Abu Aras, on the mouth of the River Rahat. The two sheiks who accompanied me (of whom one was of the tribe of Shukariyah, the other a Bishari), having had occasion to stop at several villages on the way, did not arrive till two days afterwards, nor my camels till the day after them. From Abu Aras I went to visit some ruins five miles lower down, and not far from the river (the Bahr-el-Azrek); they are of considerable extent, and formed of burnt brick; I saw no stone among them, nor any proof that they were ancient. I visited, also, some other remains near the mouth of the Rahat, which were more interesting, being composed of unburnt stone, although none such are to be found within

even a considerable distance, and none of the modern inhabitants of the neighbourhood are likely to have taken the trouble to bring them here for the purpose. The Rahat was then nearly dry, and its bed is very narrow near the mouth.

On the 16th December we left Abu Aras, and on the 10th January arrived at Shendy. We travelled quickly, being all mounted on dromedaries, and the sheiks in haste.

Atbari is a very flat country, with mountains scattered here and there like stones placed on a floor. For the most part the soil is thickly covered with trees and grass, or grass only; and in the endless plains which we traversed, it was frequently impossible to select a single object on which the eye could rest, except, perhaps, some distant mountains, which seemed islands in the midst of a yellow sea, the wind moving the herbage far and near like waves. In other places we found desert plains, in which there is nothing green, although apparently the soil is good, and capable of being sown after the rains, according to the usual culture of the Shukariyah Arabs who occupy the country.

I expected to find some antiquities at Mandera, both on account of its name and position on the direct road between Meroe and Axum, and from what I had heard; but, on the contrary, it is nothing but a small mountain of blocks of granite, like others which I have seen in Atbara, covered with grass and plants which grow between the stones. It is the principal resort of the Shukariyah Arabs during the rains, and until the month of December; but when I passed, they were just gone down to the River Atbara, water having here become scarce. Large cisterns cut in the rock had been described to me as existing at Mandera, but I found only reservoirs distributed round the mountain, and hollowed out of the earth, so as to retain water for some time, with two small natural basins, in which the water is confined by blocks of granite.

From Mandera I visited Bera, the "fortunate place," as its name imports, which also is a favourite encampment of the Shukariyah, and consists of a chain of mountains running east and west, several of them higher than Mandera, but like it composed of blocks of granite, separated from each other by ravines, clothed with beautiful trees, and having on their summits, sides, and at their feet, a number of natural basins, which retain the rain-water, and keep it fresh and cool even in the greatest heats. I here saw the remains of a wall which appears ancient; it incloses a beautiful valley in which the Arabs encamp.

From the relation of Burckhardt you already know Gous Regeip, so that I shall not now say anything of it; but as to the reported antiquities on the neighbouring mountain, be assured that nothing of the kind exists. On that mountain there are only blocks of granite, singular from the manner in which they are placed, and which the natives may possibly have mistaken for buildings. They are a retreat for robbers. At the top of the mountain a tolerably large natural grotto is formed of great blocks of granite, where these bandits place themselves, and see everything that passes on the plain beneath within a great distance; they are in perfect safety also, provided they have a good stock of water, and the river is only about a mile distant. The Sheikh Gutal, an Adindao, not subject to the Pasha, having come to see me, I engaged him to take me to visit the mountain; and as he was sheikh

of the robbers themselves, who are all Adindao, they had the politeness to retire to the plain while I inspected their quarters, where I found nothing ancient, nor even wrought, except the tomb of a Mussulman saint, which they believe to be old. I was not laid under the slightest contribution; but I made my hosts a present of a cow, with which they were delighted. And there the Sheikh of the Bisharis, of the Shukariyahs, and the Sheikh Gutal, proposed to accompany me as far as the Bahr Abiad.

I also visited the principal tribes of the Shukariyahs and Bisharis, whom I found, contrary to what I had heard, both friendly people. The Shukariyahs are handsome men, with fine countenances, tall, and not black, but like the Abyssinians; the Bisharis are short, thin, and black: the former are proud, but more polished and less debauched than the others; the latter are affable, complaisant, lively, and gay. I collected during this journey some minerals, plants, and skins of birds, and also made some astronomical observations, but the time of my chronometer was deranged, I suppose by the motion of the dromedary.

On leaving Gous Regeip I followed the course of the Astaboras for three days, and then turned direct for Shendy. Our road lay constantly across plains covered with grass, but on which there were few trees compared to the numbers I had seen near the banks of the Nile. We did not meet a single mountain, and only a few slight elevations, till within a day's march of Shendy, when we came within sight of the mountain Gul-Bashi, "Head of the lake," and those on which are situate the pyramids. They rise out of a large valley, in which are wells of good water, and in which, accordingly, a considerable tribe of Gehallime Arabs encamp winter and summer.

The whole district of Atbara abounds in game, but especially hares, antelopes, and wild asses; I have frequently also heard lions. The wild asses are chiefly found below Gous Regeip; I have often seen twenty-five at a time, and antelopes in hundreds. The heat in the month of December was very disagreeable, when we were exposed to the sun and there was little wind; but otherwise it was cool enough, and we were even forced to halt two days on account of the cold, and light great fires to warm ourselves. The wind then came from the north, and blew strong.

All the country above Gous and Shendy is unhealthy, and even the Arabs fear it. As to myself, I sufficiently witnessed its effects. The Sheikh of the Bisharis, my soldier, and other three persons who were with me, of whom two were servants, and the other was an Abadde belonging to Sheikh Rafif, were all seized with severe fevers during the journey between Gous Regeip and Shendy; and the soldier in particular gave me a great deal of trouble (as indeed do most of these people when seized with illness), crying and shouting in despair, and wishing to be left behind. I was forced to act with firmness, and to even tie some on their dromedaries, pushing on constantly by forced marches. I was afraid of being taken ill myself, and in fact was seized the very day after arriving at Shendy.

Both my servants are now dead; and I have myself had a very long and severe attack, during which my spirits have been much depressed and my temper excited. I am told that these are usual symptoms of the complaint here, and that sometimes they reach even to madness. This year the epidemic has been

peculiarly severe, whole villages have been depopulated, and the soldiers also have suffered much.

## IV.

THE WHITE NILE—EXPLORATION OF ITS UPPER COURSE BY THE EGYPTIANS—SLAUGHTER OF THE BARIS—CAUSE AND LICENTIOUSNESS OF THE SOLDIERS—ARNAUD AND SELIM CAPTAIN'S FEAR OF THE NATIVES—NEGROES (BARI) SHOT BY THE TURKS—CONDUCT OF THE NATIVES—RED MEN—FEAR OF THE NEGROES AT FIRE-ARMS—VISIT OF A CHIEF AND HIS SON—TOBACCO AND SHEEP—THE BARIS OR BARI.

The separate existence of the Bahr al Abiyad, or White Nile, was known to the ancients—that is to say, to the Ptolemys and Cæsars—although ignored for a time during the Dark or Middle Ages. D'Anville revived its claims in modern times to be considered the same with the Nile of the Alexandrian geographers, showing it to be of much larger size and greater length than the Blue River; and a few years subsequently, Bruce, though strongly advocating the identity of the latter river with the Nile of the ancients, was compelled to admit its great inferiority to the White River, which, he says, preserves its stream always undiminished, because, rising in latitudes where there are continual rains, it therefore suffers not the decrease the Blue River (Nile in original) does by the six months' dry weather.

The course of the White River was first explored above the junction of the Blue River in 1827 by M. Linant, who ascended the stream as far as Al Ais in 13° 43' north latitude. A few years afterwards Muhammad Ali Pasha, having ascended the Blue River in person as far as Fazuik, determined on having the White Nile explored to its very sources. Accordingly, between the years 1839 and 1842, three expeditions were fitted out, by which the great southern tributary to the Nile was followed upwards into regions previously unknown to the civilised world.

The first of these expeditions ascended the White River to 6° 30' north latitude, discovering in its passage the mouth of the Sanbat, and the Bahr al Ghazal; the second reached 4° 42' north latitude, and 31° 33' east longitude; and the third went not quite so far. The result of the second, which was by far the most important, have been made known by M. d'Arnaud, as also by M. Ferdinand Werne's work, the latter of which (and from which we propose to make a few extracts), in addition to a very interesting narrative, comprises some curious notices of the little known Barri or Bari people, a sketch of whose capital, Balaniya, is given at page 193.

Werne, it will be remarked, speaking of Bari, says, that it is pronounced by the Turks Bari, and he distinguishes the country of the Berri or Birri from that of the Barri or Bari.

20th January.—The vessels were towed further to the southward by the Libahn, whilst the commanders, and we Franks with them, walked on the magnificent shore. The wind, with which, however, we had previously sailed, although not quicker than the pace we walked at on shore, freshened at ten o'clock, and we repaired again on board the vessels. I had made a real forced march, and was at last compelled to be carried, owing to increased weakness. Little villages and isolated tukuls stood in the beautiful woody country, which is interspersed with solitary light spaces or corn-fields, where, however, the short fine grass was

withered. These tokuks are elevated above the ground on stakes, and serve to protect the fruits, or as sleeping places for security against noxious animals or the temporary damp of the soil. The natives dance, sing, and jump, slide on their knees, sell or exchange their god (glass beads—Arabic, sug-sug), amongst one another, and squat, but not by sitting upright in the Turkish manner, and smoke their pipes. These pipes have prettily-worked black clay bowls, with a tube of reeds, and a long iron mouthpiece: even the tongs, to apply the charcoal to light them, are not wanting. They are cheated in the most shameful manner by the Turco-Arabian people: robbed of their weapons, and plundered right and left. What am I to do! I am ill, and have lost my voice; yet I try to prevent these outrages as far as I am able.

The so-called elephant-tree prevails here exclusively; and one of the chief amusements this morning was to shoot down its fruit, in which exploit Suliman Kashef distinguished himself as the best shot. The shady trees, the prospect on the river, enlivened by the glittering sails, the blue chain of mountains—it was a sight that did me good, and refreshed my inmost soul. But all this was again clouded by Turka. Is there another word for Turka? No: Turka—basta! A negro, who came from the other side to swim over to us, got into the track of the sailing vessels, and was drowned, although he might have been easily picked up by two ships following us. The commanders had gone a-head, and I was behind with the Frenchmen; I was not able to call, and therefore fired off my gun, in order by signs, to induce them to save him. Arnaud also, whose vessel was just bearing up, might have easily prevented the death of the unfortunate creature if he had given a hail to his reis. He even blamed my impatience, saying I was ill; and added, with the contemptuous tone, in which the Arab pronounces his "Abit," and the Turk his "kiafr,"—"Why do the fellows swim about in the water!" Upon this I could not forbear using hard words.

At a quarter past ten o'clock, the north wind has completely died away, and we track about towards the west for a short tract, when it becomes again so fresh, whilst the wind is S.W., that we are able to sail slowly. To all appearance, unfortunately, our vaunted voyage of discovery will soon have an end. Selim-Capitan is frightened to a ludicrous degree; Arnaud cannot conceal his fear; and Suliman Kashef, not being yet restored to health, is utterly indifferent. I cannot refrain from considering an instant return as a disgrace and as treachery both to the world and Muhammad Ali. On the right an island, and the last of those two which we had on our left still continues, and so we are somewhat free from the noise of the people on the shore. Sale and Sate Muhammad are no longer seen on land; they have perhaps become the victims of their passions, although they were only to shoot for me a pair of turtle-doves.

We halt, for a time, on the left shore, where there is a large village, partly scattered in the wood that skirts the river so beautifully. At eleven o'clock we set out again, and our men drive back the cattle from the island close to us, through the water to the right shore, for their unfathomed throats appear at last to be satisfied. The clapping of hands, keeping time to the singing, above which the "kih, kih" of the women is heard, accompanies us from both sides. We cannot hear or see anything for the crowd and clatter, espe-

cially myself, round whom all the beautiful world floats as in a mist, and a jarring din sings in my ears, so that my writing, inexorably necessary as it is, becomes exceedingly difficult. I dared not close my eyes for fear of becoming completely confused. I wanted to go to Selim Capitan, or rather to his interpreter, but was not able to put the requisite questions and to note down the answers. I continue to write mechanically, and cannot square my own journal, when I try to revise the entries of the last few days; for everything flickers before my eyes, and my memory is gone, so that it all appears to me like a dream.

With a light north-east wind, which also assisted us yesterday, we proceeded S.E.W. It is noon, and we have two islands, lying close to each other, on our left. A large island ends on our right, and another one begins, by which the course in the middle of the river is, in some degree, confined. Nevertheless, the river always retains a considerable breadth, and a proper depth; and then—will the poltroons return! The mountain, already several times mentioned, peeps into the window from the west; it shows itself as two mountains lying one close to the other, the western of which rises conically, and has an obtuse peak, and an undulating tail to the west. The latter appears somewhat wooded, yet these masses giving light and shade may be mostly blocks: the conically ascending mountain, on the contrary, has a smooth surface, and may be an extinguished volcano, although one would not expect to find such here. We now find, for the first time, stones in the river, and they are granite and gneiss. They are not yet rounded; the chain of mountains from whence they come cannot, therefore, be very far distant. We proceed S.E.W. An island terminates on the left, and another follows at the distance of some hundred paces.

Four o'clock. S.W. An occurrence has just happened, which might be the death of us all if anything were to be feared from the revenge of these evidently good-natured people. We were on the right side of the river, and went to the left, where the little sandal was towed not far from us by the Libahn. Natives had stationed themselves here in large and small groups; they greeted us, held up their hands, pointed to their necks for beads, and sang, danced, and jumped. There was no end of laughing in our vessel; I was attentive to what was going on, and saw that the natives had seized the rope of the sandal, and would not let it be towed further, for they wanted beads. Probably the crew of the sandal had taken weapons or ornaments from them, without giving anything in return, as this frequently happened. We steered close to the left shore to assist our men, when eight bold armed figures advanced towards us, and gave us to understand by pantomimic signs, that we had presented beads to their neighbours below but would not give them anything. They offered the rings on their arms, and their weapons, and signified to us, as we were advancing slowly, on account of the faintness of the wind, that they would not allow us to tow any further unless we gave them something. They said all this, however, with a laughing countenance, jumped about, and laughed anew. It was plain they were only in jest; but our bloodthirsty fellows, seeing no danger in this small number of men, and never thinking of the probable consequences, just like the Turks, considered this an excellent opportunity to display their courage. They seized their weapons. I was unwell, but yet was standing on deck, and kept



order as well as my weak voice would allow me. I went from one to the other, and enjoined them not to fire, until arrows were first shot at them. The black soldiers, who were mostly recruits, I admonished especially not to be *filles de joie* (the usual expression here applied to those who exhibit fear in discharging their guns), but men—to grasp the gun firmly, and to take good aim. Our blacks are generally very much afraid of the report of guns, and do exactly as the Greeks did at the commencement of their war of freedom; they lay the butt-end on the thigh and fire at random. On the White River, also the report of these unknown weapons was more feared than the real danger itself. They listened to me; but then came the vessel of Captain Muhammad Aga, a fool-hardy Arnaut, who is always trying to distinguish himself in some way or another. He shouted to the band to cut away the rope, although the men were still on land. This was about to be done, when the tallest negro, who had twisted the rope round a little tree, pointed his bow at the sailor who was about to cut it through with his knife. He laughed at the same time, and it was clear that he was not in earnest; for he had wrestled in a friendly manner with the other sailors, when they tried to get the rope from him, without making use of his weapons. Yet the Arnaut commanded them to fire, whilst he had already aimed at the incautious native, being the first to discharge his piece. In a moment all three vessels fired away, as though they were beset by the devil. I was only able to pull back a couple of fellows whose guns had flashed in the pan. Eleven or twelve other victims followed the first, who was knocked over by the captain's shot. Those who went away wounded were not counted. An old woman was shot down by an Egyptian standing near me, and yet he boasted of this heroic deed, as did all the others of theirs. There might have been from twenty-five to thirty natives collected together at that place, scarcely thirty paces from us, and the high-standing straw might have concealed several more.

We sailed away with the wind favouring our criminal action, for our men had again come on board before the firing commenced. The *Dahabies* sailing ahead of us must have heard our shots; they did not however furl one sail to lend us assistance, which might have been eventually necessary. Before we caught up these vessels, we saw a woman on the shore, looking about among the dead men, and then afterwards running to the city at some distance from the shore. The natives were hastening towards it, but they did not trust themselves near us. Yet they knew not the melancholy truth that our shots would hit at a distance; hitherto they feared only the thunder and lightning of them, as we had seen several times. We halted a moment; the unhappy creatures or relatives of the slain came closer to the border of the shore, laid their hands flat together, raised them above their head, slid upon their knees nearer to us, and sprang again high in the air, with their compressed hands stretched aloft, as if to invoke the pity of heaven, and to implore mercy of us. A slim young man was so conspicuous by his passionate grief, that it cut to my heart, and—our barbarians laughed with all their might. This unbounded attachment to one another, and the circumstance that that woman, in spite of the danger so close at hand, sought for the man of her heart among those who had perished, afflicted me

exceedingly, because such moral intrinsic worth, flowing from pure natural hearts, is unfortunately more acquired than innate in civilised nations. We had only advanced a little on our way, and above thirty unarmed natives, who must yet at all events have been informed of the tragical incident that had just occurred, sat down on the sand directly close to the river, without suspicion, or designing any harm to us, as if nothing had taken place, and really—I had enough to do to prevent their being shot at.

We reached the vessels of the commanders, and Muhammad Aga was the first to hasten to them, in order to report the incident. But I also drew near, and there was a kind of court-martial summoned. Arnaud did honour to the European name, and took the part of the Turks, who looked upon the whole as a trifle. Finally, the Arnaut, who had already confessed the fact, faced about boldly and swift as lightning, declaring that he had never fired a shot, and that he would bring witnesses to prove it, and—here the matter ended. Selim Capitan thought he shewed his wish to keep up a good understanding with the natives, by throwing into the grass on the shore some miserable bits of glass paste, with a cup. The natives looked and groped about, whilst we sailed to the neighbouring island. Here we found two divisions of negroes, whose chiefs were also presented with strings of beads. Again we throw beads among the grass, and ordered the whole occurrence to be explained by the interpreters; more beads, and—everyone jumped forward delighted. One of these chiefs had all his naked body streaked over with ochre: he looked like the black huntsman of Bohemia. They are said to do this in particular when they marry; we have seen already several such red men; even the hair, and the ivory bracelets which are thick and of a hand's breadth, as well as the numerous iron rings on the wrists and ankles, are coloured red in this fashion.

21st January. I this morning felt myself uncommonly well but had scarcely stepped out of the door to go ashore, when the stream of light—I know not what other name to give it—rushed upon me with such force, and penetrated, as it were, through me, that I was scarcely able to sink back on my bed; and it is only now, when, however, the sun is at its height, that I feel myself at all capable of writing. We have remained since early this morning, in a southerly direction. The sails have been twice hoisted, but on the average we are towed by the rope. We leave an island on our right. There are several red skins among the negroes, who are really handsome men; the tokuls, standing singly, are large, well roofed, and, resting upon strong stakes, open on all sides. The stakes form a peristyle, and the inner wall is smeared inside with clay; perhaps they serve as stables for cattle, and summer tokuls. A small gohr or river, in the neighbourhood of which we repose at noon, comes merrily in from the right shore, and the stream has a noble breadth, but little depth of water.

Two o'clock, S.W. We have a slight north wind, and an island on our right; behind it, the forest continues on the shore. The high mountainous district beyond it is still blue, for the day is not clear. It appears, indeed, partly covered with wood, and to form a chain with the other mountains. The information we possess about this region is still very scanty, and it would be difficult to make anything out of the interpreters, even if my head were less affected. Groups of

a hundred and fifty to two hundred negroes are standing together on all sides; they generally accompany us a short way, without uniting themselves to the next swarm. This perhaps arises more from accident than for the purpose of keeping their boundary stations on the water, to prevent falling together by the ears, whilst watering their herds, and on other occasions. Islands impede our course, and the crew see, to their terror, a number of natives, holding their weapons aloft, wade through the river from one side to the other. We immediately take possession of a little islet in the middle of the river, and surround it with our vessels; a regular military position, for it is surrounded with deeper water. It is about a hundred paces long from north to south, and from five to six broad, and the shores fall away steeply to the river.

Feizulla Capitan disembarks, and returns soon from Selim Capitan, with the melancholy intelligence that there is "noie mafish," (no water). I was completely in despair, left the vessel, and set off to the top of the islet, where Turks and Franks were assembled for further consultation. The black people found on it were driven away by us; they jumped into the water like frogs, so that we heard a simultaneous fearful splash. They soon stood on the more shallow ground, and shouted their huzza, "Hui, ii hui iih!" laughed and joked, and offered their valuables, &c. We let some of the negroes come on the islet, and gave them presents of beads. About evening a large herd of cows appeared on the right shore; they were lean, possibly having been long in want of fresh grass. The men armed with spears, bows, and arrows, drove the herds from the right to the left shore, where we likewise remarked a herd of cattle. Our gentlemen were horribly afraid when the people accumulated like a black swarm of bees on all sides.

It was a lucky circumstance that a large bird of prey perched on the mast, to take a view aloft of the flesh under him. All eyes were directed to us and this bird, when Suliman Kashef seized his long gun; the blacks watched us closely, jostled each other, and were on tenter-hooks of anxiety, for they did not know what it meant. Suliman Kashef fired; the report set them in momentary fear, and they were about to run away, when the sight of the bird falling into the water, rooted them, as it were, to the ground. When, however, other birds of prey flew down on the water, to see what fate had befallen their feathered friend, the "Hui, ii hui iih," immediately came to a close; they ran as fast as they could, for this appeared too much for them to stand, having seen no arrow or stone flying at the bird. This single shot might be of importance at this moment, when the people generally, though at a distance, might have shown a bad feeling; moreover the incident was of inestimable value to the expedition, because it infused the feeling of our superiority, and even enhanced it, in their dismayed hearts. If I had previously strained every nerve to prevent the return already determined upon, and had got the again-convalescent Kashef on my side, so now even the timorous Selim Capitan was inclined to have the track more accurately examined.

January 22nd.—There was not a breath of wind, and it is still undetermined whether we shall proceed further. I therefore proposed to the Frenchmen, whose courage I could naturally have no doubt of, to take out some of the freight from the vessel, which

is lightly built and convenient, and thus to press on further. They agreed to this proposal. I described the country, and we were having breakfast together, when intelligence was brought to us that it was decided to go on. No sooner does Selim Capitan see the long-legged blacks going to their cattle, swimming over to the right shore, than fear seizes him anew; we, however, by our joint efforts managed to remove it.

In the meanwhile, the chief of this country comes to us with his grown-up son. A red cloth dress of honour is put on the old man; a red chequered cotton handkerchief tied round his head; and glass beads are hung round his neck. They also gave the son beads and bound a piece of calico round him like a napkin. It was plain to be seen that they were delighted with these presents, and particularly at the pleasure of conversing and communicating with us. The old man's name is Nalewadthohn, his son's Alumbek; but their great matta (king or lord, perhaps analogous to the title of honour previously conferred on us, "madam") is called Lakono. The latter is said to possess a beautiful red woollen dress, of a different cut to the abbaie, presented to Nalewadthohn. It must be truly interesting to see here, all of a sudden, a negro king in an English uniform, although it may only come from the Ethiopian sea, or the Indian ocean. Sultan Lakono dwells on Mount Penlenja, and rules over a large country, called Bari, pronounced by the Turks, however, without further ceremony, Bari. We are said to have been within the limits of this kingdom for the last two days: those men shot by us belonged also to Bari.

According to Nalewadthohn, who is in general very talkative, and does not appear very favourably inclined towards his king, all the mountains in the neighbourhood have abundance of iron; and Mount Penlenja, a quantity of copper, which is here in great estimation. Iron-ochre, which the natives here and there used to colour themselves with, is said to be found on all sides, formed by them, however, into balls: by this preparation, perhaps, a cleansing of the material takes place. The high mountain-chain we had already seen, lies to the west, at some hours' distance over the left shore of the Nile. Its name is Niakanja, and the mountains before us are called Kerrek and Lubek, which are said to be followed by many other higher mountains. Both the men are strikingly handsome, although not one of the whole multitude can be called ugly. They are tall and strongly built; have a nose, somewhat broad indeed, but not flat; on the contrary, slightly raised, such as we see in the heads of Rhinoceroses; a full mouth, not at all like that of negroes, but exactly the same as in the Egyptian slaves; a broad arched forehead, and a speaking, honest-looking eye. The latter is not, as we have found generally in the marsh regions, entirely suffused with black, whereby the countenances have a dismal appearance, but clear, full, and black, yet not dazzling. We observed that their legs were well formed, though very muscular; their naked bodies were adorned with the very same decorations of ivory and iron as we had seen in the others. The name of the village on the right side of the river is Barako; the village lying immediately opposite, under the trees, before which are a small island and pastures, is called Niowah. Alumbek was sent as our envoy to king Lakono.

We leave our island at noon, and have a larger island on our right, a smaller one on the left, and two to the

swath, accompanied by the negroes in the water: they even came with their long bodies to the side of the vessel, and part with everything they have for the beloved sug-ang.

At Amer (three o'clock in the afternoon), S.S.W., with oars and sails. A village, on the right side of the river, contains only a few tokus; but a large herd of cattle, grazing there, sets our crew longing again. About sun-set, S. I procure a beautiful spear for a single glass bead—silly, childish people! Immediately after sun-set, W.S.W. On the left a small island; a gohr, or arm of a river, appearing to form a large island, pours forth from thence, if it be not a tributary stream. The wood before us contrasts by its dark hue with the coloured horizon, over which, as yet, no alpine country glows. On the right shore stands a number of armed and laughing negroes, in picturesque positions; this has been the case the whole time, both in the water and on land. They walk arm-in-arm, quite in a brotherly manner, or with their arms round one another's necks as the students in Germany used to do in my time. They help each other in getting up on shore, and have frequently one foot placed firmly against the knee, standing like cranes. They lean on their spears, or long bows, or squat down; but I see none of them sitting or lying on the ground, according to the lazy custom of the orientals.

The north wind is so faint that we are obliged to lend assistance with poles; the river has more water, thank God, than we thought; and even our reis, whom a longing fit for his wives every now and then seizes, believes that this water-course will hold on for some time. We anchor in the middle of the river, and the guards are doubled in the vessels. I am tired of this constant variety of sensations, and yet would like to see and hear much more. My head is so heavy and stupid, that I cannot accept Suliman Kashef's invitation.

23rd January.—Half-past eight o'clock. We have gone so far in a southerly direction by the rope, and we move S. by W. and S.W. The rapidity of the river has increased from one mile and a half to two miles. The walk on shore has tired me more, because I was followed by the natives, with all their effects, and retarded, so that I was obliged to break a road through them, half by violence, though I am still very weak in my legs. I purchased for a couple of miserable beads a little sheep, partly covered with wool, and partly with hair, as the sheep here generally are, and having a long mane under the throat, and horns twisted back. Selim Capitan says that a similar species is found in Crete.

Tobacco is called here also tabac, as mostly on the White River. The Arabs give it the name of dogahin; this is the small-leaved sort, with dun-coloured flowers, which is cultivated likewise in Belled Sudan. I have not seen the tobacco-plant growing wild here; therefore, I cannot say whether the name of tobacco is indigenous here with the plant, or has been introduced by immigrants. Nevertheless, the Arabs are not generally smokers, and it is unlikely that tobacco was brought in by them; and it is less probable, because had it been so, it would have kept the name of dogahin. In Sennaar, however, a good but very strong tobacco has been cultivated for ages, and was probably introduced by the Fungas, who are likewise a well-formed negro race. Our usual title of honour is matia, which they, how-

ever, only give to the whites. The shores are very extensively intersected with layers of sand.

Ten o'clock. S. by E., and then S.W. Two villages on the right shore. We sail with a slight north wind, but scarcely make one mile, for the current is considerably against us. We meet continually with some fire-eaters among the blacks on shore; they are startled, certainly, at the report, but are not particularly frightened, especially if it be not close to their ears. We have Mount Korek in a south-westerly direction before us. It stands like the Niakanja, to which we have only come within the distance of from three to four hours, and which lies behind us, isolated from the other mountains. The summit appears flat from where we are; it has many indentations, and seems to rise only at six hundred feet above the broad basis, to which the ground ascends from the river. The wind having nearly ceased for half an hour, freshens again for three miles.

At noon. S.S.W. In a quarter of an hour, a gohr or arm of the Nile comes from S. by E.; we make only two miles more, and the wind deserts us again; we lie, therefore, as if stuck to the place, after having been thrown by the current on to the island, formed by the before named arm on the right shore. But the wind soon freshens again; we sail away cheerfully. The ships drive one against the other, or upon the sand, but work themselves loose again; the negroes come in the water; confusion here—confusion everywhere. A herd of calves stop in the water before us; this is really tempting, but we sail on. The log gives four miles, from which two must be deducted for the rapidity of the current, though the reis cannot understand this.

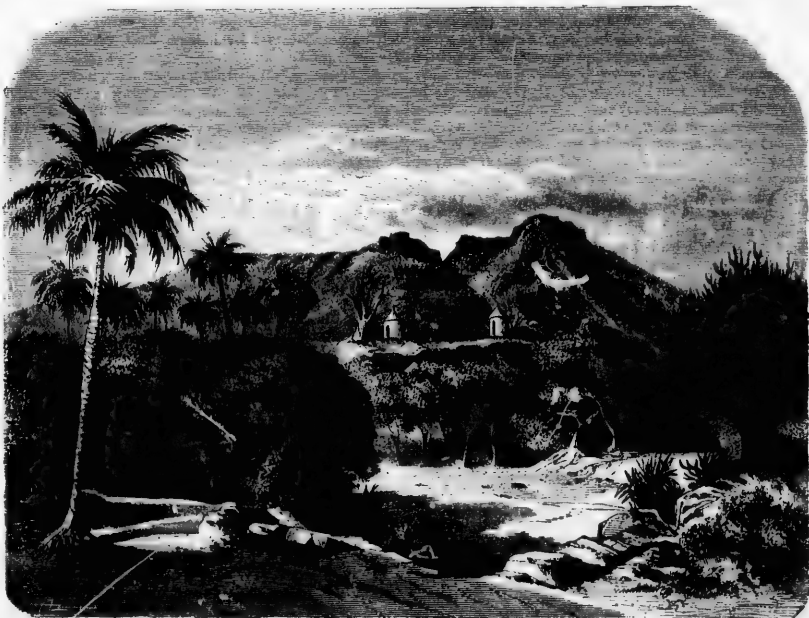
At half-past twelve o'clock, the end of the island; we sail S.S.E., and then S. by W. On the right shore a large durra-field, apparently the second crop on the very same stalks. The natives there, according to the custom of this country, have little stools to sit on, and a small gourd drinking-cup by their side. As before, part of them are unarmed, and have merely a long stick, with forks or horns at the top, in their hands. The covering of the head is various. Several have differently formed little wicker baskets on their heads, as a protection against the sun. They wear strings of the teeth of dogs or apes on various parts of the body, but mostly on the neck, as an ornament or talisman. They have bracelets, the points of which being covered with bits of fur, are curved outwards like little horns. Our envoy Alumbek imitated all the motions and the voice of an ox, in order to make us understand the meaning of these bracelets. These, as well as the forks on their houses and sticks, appear to denote in some way a kind of symbolic veneration for the bull, whose horns I had previously seen adorned with animals' tails; for the bull is bold, and the support of the family among the herds.

One o'clock. A number of negroes are squatting on the island at the left, or rather are sitting on their stools, and wondering at our sailing so merrily to S.S.W. I count eleven villages; but I do not trust myself on deck, for we have 30° Reaumur. About evening the whole scene will appear more surprising and pleasing to me; for even my servants, looking in exultingly at the window, praise the beauty of the country. On all sides, therefore, plenty of mountains, stones, and rocks; the great buildings in the interior of Africa are no longer a fable to me! If the nation of Bari has had internal strength enough to pursue the

road of cultivation for thousands of years, what has prevented it not only from rising from its natural state, but also from appropriating to itself the higher European cultivation? It has a stream, navigable, and bringing fertility, full of eatable animals; a magnificent land affording it everything: it has to sustain war with the gigantic monsters of the land and water, and to combat with its own kind; it possesses the best of all metals, iron, from which it understands how to form very handsome weapons sought for far and near; it knows how to cultivate its fields; and I saw several times how the young tobacco plants were moistened with water, and protected from the sun by a roof of shrubs. The men of nature it contains are tall, and

enjoying all bodily advantages; yet—it has only arrived at this grade of cultivation. If perfectibility of nature be so confined, this truly susceptible people only requires an external intellectual impetus to regenerate the mythic fame of the Ethiopians.

The hygrometer seems to have got out of order through Arnaud's clumsy handling, for it yesterday morning showed 82°, notwithstanding the air is far drier and clearer than this height of the hygrometer would show. Half-past ten o'clock. We are driven on the sand, and there we stop to wait for the other vessels. Alas! the beautiful wind! Two o'clock. We sail on southwards. On the right two islands. Selim Capitan is said to have the Sultan's brother on



COUNTRY OF THE SHILUKS, UPPER NILE.

board his vessel; we are making every exertion, therefore, to overtake him. The commander no sooner remarks this than he halts at the nearest island. I repaired immediately to his vessel, and found two relations of king Lakomo on board. Half-past two o'clock. We leave the island and the previous direction of S.S.W., and approach the right shore of the river E.S.E. On the right a gohr, or arm of the Nile, appears to come from S.W., and indeed from Mount Korek, or Koreg, as the word is also pronounced.

The two distinguished guests sit upon their stools, which they brought with them with their own royal hands, in naked innocence, and smoke their pipes quite delighted. An arm of the river leaves on the left

hand the main stream to the north, and may be connected with a gohr previously seen. A village stands above the arm of the river on the right shore of our stream, and an island is immediately under it before the gohr itself. The name of the village is Ullibari, and the arm Boregenn. It is said to flow down a very great distance before it again joins the White Stream. The latter winds here to the south; to the right we perceive a village on the left shore, called Igah. On the right shore we remark several villages, and those summer huts, or rekubas, already mentioned. All the tokuls have higher-pointed roofs, of a tent-like form. The country generally, in the neighbourhood of the residence of the great negro-king, appears very populous. The north wind is favourable. The black

princes look at the sails, and seem to understand the thing, although the whole must appear colossal to them in comparison with their surtuks, as we perceive from their mutually drawing each other's attention to them. The king's brother, whose name is Nikelo, has a friendly-looking countenance; and his handsome Roman-like head, with the tolerably long curled hair, is encircled with a strip of fur instead of the laurel. On the right he wears a yellow copper, on the left, a red copper bracelet. The latter might have been easily taken for an alloy of gold, although the noble man did not know the gold which was shown him as being of higher value, but distinguished that it was a different metal. Silver he did not know at all. These

mountains being rich in metals, must afford very interesting results with respect to the precious metals. The other guest is called Tombe: he is the son-in-law of the King; stronger and taller than Nikelo, and always cheerful.

We landed soon afterwards on the right shore, as the nearest landing-place to the capital, Balaniya, on the mountain of the same name, which was at some distance. They gave us the names of all the mountains lying around in the horizon. The river flows here from S.S.W., or rather the right shore has this direction. To N. by W. Mount Nerkonji, previously mentioned as Niakanja, long seen by us; to W. by S., Mount Konnobih; behind it in the far distance,



BALANIYA, CAPITAL OF BARRI, UPPER NILE.

the mountain-chain of Kugelu; to S.W., the rocky mountain Korek; behind which the before-named mountain-chain still extends, and is lost in misty heights. These do not appear, indeed, to be of much greater height; but on a more accurate observation, I distinguished a thin veil, apparently sunk upon them, clearer than the western horizon, and the blue of the mountain forms vanishing from Kugelu to the south. As I once looked for the alpine world from Montpellier, and found it, trusting to my good eye-sight, so now I gazed for a long time on this region of heights; their peaks were clearly hung round with a girdle of clouds, apparently shining with a glimmering light in opposition to the clouds hanging before them in our neighbourhood. When I view the long undulating chain of

VOL. II.

Kugelu, distant at all events, taking into consideration the clear atmosphere, more than twenty hours behind Konnobih (some twelve hours off), the highest summit of which, west by south, without losing its horizontal ridge, disappears first evidently in the west, and is completely veiled behind Korek, lying nearer over south-west, I conceive that this Kugelu well deserves the name of a chain of mountains, even if we only take the enormous angle of the parallax at twenty hours' distance.

These mountains lie, to all external appearance, upon the left side of the river, and Nikelo also confirms this. On the right side of the Nile, we see the low double rocks of Lululi to S.S.E., and a little further to S.E. by S., the two low mountains or hills of Liensajih and Konnobih lying together. To S.E. Mount Kor-

rejih, and then lastly to E. the mountain-chain of Balaniya, rising up in several peaks to a tolerable height, but apparently scarcely elevated more than 1,000 feet above the Nile. Far towards S., over the Lobek, I remarked several other misty mountains, the names of which I would have willingly learned, for I feared, and with justice, that they would be invisible in advancing nearer under the prominences of these African Alps. The royal gentlemen, however, with whom we stood on an old river bed of six feet high, were restless, and in a great hurry to take home their presents of a red coat and glass beads. The city is like all other villages, but large: the king's palace consists of several straw tokus lying together, encompassed as usual with a scribe; this also Nalewadtahon had told us. The Ethiopian palaces, therefore, have not much to boast of: it is sufficient if the men in them be pleased and happy, and not oppressed by the cares of government and want of sustenance. The durra was also here, as I had remarked in other places, either cut away, or cropped before it became ripe by the cattle; no matter—it sprouted a second time, and promised a good harvest, though only as yet about seven feet high. I had seen it thrice as high in Taka, without the people thinking even of cutting it down or mowing it. Selim Capitan dares not trust the natives; we went, therefore, ashore at the island close at hand, fixed stakes in the ground, and tied the vessels fast to them.

## V.

RECEPTION OF ENVOYS FROM KING LAKONO—DESCRIPTION OF THEM—RELIGION OF THE BARI: THEIR ARMS AND ORNAMENTS—PANIC ORAISED AMONG THE NATIVES AT THE EXPLOSION OF CANNON—LIVELY SCENE ON SHORE—COLOURED WOMEN—ARRIVAL OF KING LAKONO AND SUITE—HIS INTERVIEW WITH THE COMMANDER—HIS DRESS—THE NATIONAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF BARI—PRESENTS TO KING LAKONO, AND HIS DEPARTURE.

24TH JANUARY.—I repaired to Selim Capitan, to be present at the reception of the Sultan Lakono. He had sent two other envoys to announce to us that he would come, and we were to wait a little. One of these ambassadors was likewise a younger brother of the king's, a real giant both in height and breadth, and coloured red from head to foot; there was not even a single hair on the whole body of this Hercules that was not red. His name is Dogale. Nikelo, already known to us, returned also, but entirely in his natural state, not having even one of the strings of beads presented to him round his neck. The other envoy, a relation of the king's, is called Betja. Dogale lolis very comfortably on the carpet extended before the cabin, supporting his long ribs on the little stool placed under him. Favoured by nature in every respect, he has regular features, and a good-tempered though not intelligent countenance. All the questions asked of these high and mighty lords were answered with the greatest readiness. Sultan, or king, is called in their language Matta, which means generally a lord, but there is no other lord besides him. There is no one in these countries equal to his Matta in power and strength. The word Lakono was also pronounced Lagono, for they frequently change *k* for *g*, as well as *p* for *b*, *vice versa*, and they vary the fall of the accent, for example, Balaniya and Pelenja. Lakono has forty wives and several children, amongst them many grown-up sons. They show us the number,

not by stretching out the fingers of both hands, but by holding their clenched fist towards the questioners, in order to express by that means the number five or ten. Each of the brothers of the king had six wives, and this appears to be their usual appanage; for the women are purchased, and they are probably allowed a certain number of wives, according to their station. A private man, such as the sheikhs or chiefs of the community, has only three; the others have only one or two wives, exclusive of the slaves taken in war or purchased, like the male ones, for iron weapons. The latter, I learned on my return to the country of the Bokos, down to which place Lakono has navigated, for the purpose of purchasing slaves, as they told us there.

We order the drum to be beat and the men to pipe; it was with difficulty then that they could keep their seats. They do not display any troublesome prying spirit, or impertinent curiosity; but they see too much at once, the impression assails them too powerfully on all sides. I gaze on these people—they are men like ourselves, but they are more bashful than we; not, however, by any means approaching that timidity and helplessness which we have perceived, for example, among the Keks. They eat dates, almonds, and raisins, but do not snatch them hastily or greedily. They take the tinned-copper can (Brik) filled with water from the waahhand basin (Tisht), and drink directly from the curved spout, after having lifted up the cover and ascertained the contents; yet they have never seen such fruits and such a water-vessel. I observe them in their mutual confidential conversation, perhaps referring to us—what do they think of us? They are not astonished at the white faces; perhaps they take them to be coloured, like their own bodies, for our crew display all possible tints of flesh.

I am led to this latter supposition from a couple of women having previously tried the skin on my face with their wet fingers, to see if it were painted. The features and form of the head are quite regular among these gigantic people, and are a striking contrast to those of our black soldiers, with their more negro-like physiognomy, although they are not, on the whole, ugly. I compare the true Caucasian races, who are present, with these men, and find that the latter have a broader forehead. The inhabitants of the kingdom of Bari might be designated a protoplasma of the black race; for not only do they shoot up to a height of from six and a half to seven Parisian feet, which we have seen also in the other nations, but their gigantic mass of limbs are in the noblest proportions. The form of the face is oval, the forehead arched, the nose straight, or curved, with rather wide nostrils—the ale, however, not projecting disagreeably; the mouth full, like that of the ancient Egyptians; the orifice of the ears large, and the temples a little depressed. The last we do not find in the Barabras, and the races akin to them in Abyssinia. The men of Bari have, besides, well-proportioned legs and muscular arms. It is a pity that they also extract the four lower incisors, for not only is the face disfigured by this custom when they are laughing, but their pronunciation also becomes indistinct. They differ, moreover, from the nations hitherto seen by having no holes in their ears for ornaments; and they do not tattoo themselves. Yet I remarked some who had incisions, as imaginary ornaments, on their shoulders: such exceptions may originate from the mothers being



of another race. I have even seen in the land of Sudan instances of a twofold genealogical table in the countenance, because the father and mother were of different nations. There appears to be no national custom with respect to wearing the hair long or short; but generally the hair is short, and not more woolly than that of the Barabras and Arabs. On some there was none to be seen, and it appears either to be removed by a knife or a cauterising process, such as the women in the harem use for other parts. Some wear their hair like a cock's comb from the forehead down to the nape of the neck; others have scarcely the crown of the head covered: the most, however, wear tolerably long hair, in the natural manner, which gives a significant look to many faces. Their good-natured countenances correspond also to their jokes among themselves, which are, perhaps, occasionally directed against us. I have never been able to discover in the whole journey their reverence for our race and the god-like descent, much as this was asserted by Thibaut, who was with the first expedition.

It does not appear—at least, we could not make out from them—that they recognise one God as the essence of all that is good and beautiful, who punishes and rewards; but neither do they worship idols, for that, I believe, I have fully ascertained. They treat one another with frank brotherly love, stand embracing each other, divide the fruits given to them, assist in embarking and disembarking from the vessels to the shore; and all this in an affectionate manner. But yet they must have their peculiar ideas of friends and enemies, of injuries and revenge, and be drawn to commit acts, which we can scarcely imagine, when we see such an apparently harmless people of nature.

Skill in arms, which is generally not to be despised, is an accomplishment most desirable of all to a man living in a state of nature. The first things he seeks are weapons against the wild beasts; the fist, therefore, which nature has given for seizing and striking, is used for this purpose. The first weapon is the club: even the poorest person here carries this instrument of defence. Then man learns to know the different arms of animals—the eye, tooth, and the horn; therefore, we see here some of the clubs pointed at one end, in order to cut into the enemy's ribs in case of necessity, directly the blow from it is parried by the shield or casque. The stone, used by monkeys, and especially by the large cynocephali, for defence, as I was convinced, perforce, in the country of the Troglodytes, among the rocks of Kaffela el Lus, and which the modern Greeks are especially expert in throwing, does not appear to be used here as an instrument of warfare. Iron spears and darts did not come till lately, although they may have had them long previously of wood, such as we see even now. The most useful working implements, the knife, hatchet, &c., are next introduced; and from these also other weapons originate; the spear, not being fixed firmly on the shaft, became used as a two-edged knife, and the battle-axe might have followed the hatchet.

To speak of religious principles among these people would be out of place. Family love, the mutual living together, and the same customs and habits may form the basis of their moral principles, and be the first axiom of mutual forbearance. The first external sight which might produce, if not astonishment, at least a feeling of attachment and love, even to veneration, must be what makes a deep impression on the

soul: for example, the sun and moon; or what gives sustenance, as the corn, for instance; or protection and comfort, as the shady tree, &c. The moon is, probably, in higher esteem here than the burning sun, although the latter was certainly very agreeable to the natives when they collected themselves before daybreak on the shore, and stood each by his little fire, kindled on account of the cold, and fed by the reed-stalks growing between their extended legs. I could not ascertain that there was such a veneration for these two heavenly bodies, nevertheless I believe as much from their expressions and narrations. Although these were only repeated to us in a fragmentary manner, and their explanation assisted by gestures, yet they show that valour, like the virtue of the Romans, is the essence of all virtues, to which all others, springing from their pure uncorrupted nature, are subordinate.

The man wears the skin of the wild beasts he has slain, not as a covering, but as an ornament and triumphant spoil. If it were not so hot here, he would, like the ancient Germans, wear their scalp on his head as a war-cap. He carries the daring weapon of the wild boar killed by him—the tusk—upon a bracelet or frontlet. I saw also some wearing on the arm, as an ornament, an imitation of a boar's tusk, made of ivory; and, as already mentioned, they have iron bulls' horns on their bracelets. As the heads of these two animals so often appear as emblems in German escutcheons, so here also they are less considered as the memorials of dangers overcome than as signs of reverence or esteem of this valiant beast. If the rings with horns were more general, I should believe that, as the men on the White Stream display an uncommon love and affection for their cattle, they carried these horns, like the ancients did the phallus, as the attribute of fertility, unless the custom here had not the narrower signification of an Ethiopian Apis, or Father of Cattle.

In the meanwhile about fifteen hundred negroes may have been collected on the shore, not including those scattered on every side. They are armed without exception, and indeed with all their weapons—a sight sending a thrill of horror through the veins of the Frenchmen and Turks, which is shown plainly enough in various ways. They have only the consolation, and this ought to have prevented them before from feeling any fear at a danger not really existing—that we have, in truth, the grandees of the kingdom on board our vessels, and that they continue to be in the best humour, and certainly have no evil design, for Nature's stamp imprinted on the human countenance cannot be deceptive here. Even Suliman Kashef has become quiet, and is perhaps turning over in his mind how he shall act in case of a sudden attack.

All the natives have set up their "Hui ih!" several times, and at every time we stretch out our necks towards the neighbouring shore to see what is going on. This "Hui ih!" always resounds *à tempo*, as if at word of command; there must be therefore an analogous signal, though our ears cannot distinguish it over the water. It is a cry of joy intended for their matta. We are still waiting for him, but in vain; and in the meantime we din the ears of our guests with drumming and piping. They are also plied continually with sweets. Again and again they enjoy them, and do not prefer the sugar to the fruit, but eat slowly one after the other, as if they had been accustomed to them from youth upwards, and laugh and jest with us. We hear from them that the kingdom of Bari extends for four days'

journey down the river; that, the latter is called in their language, Tubirib, and has its origin at a long distance off, but they know not whether from the mountains or the valley. There are said to be several other nations on its shores—a sign, perhaps, of the considerable distance of its sources. These tribes have also a different language, but there is no matta so powerful as Lakono; which saying, since we have been in the kingdom of Bari, they are never tired of repeating. The red Goliath lolls and stretches himself in the most comfortable manner, and the others also change their position from time to time, and do not remain, like pagodas or the Egyptian statues of kings, in the lazy repose called by the Turks *kew*. Dogale is pleased at being measured; he is six feet six inches, Parisian measure, in height, with an unusual development in breadth, powerful shoulders, and a chest that might be used as an anvil. The two others, however, are not so large, although far overtopping us. The large brass bells, brought by us as presents for the cattle, pleased them very much, and they gave us plainly to understand that they can hear the sound of such a bell at a distance.

We tell them that we want wood for our vessels; they shout to the people, but the latter appear to pay very little attention, or do not like to go away from our vessels, keeping a sharp look out on them, either from the interest of novelty, or in case of any future danger to their men; and perhaps, in this respect, they are not armed in vain. When our guests were repeatedly requested to procure wood, they tell us to fire among the people, even if we should kill a couple of men. They laugh whilst saying this, and it really appears that they do not believe in the possibility of shooting a man dead, and only wish to frighten their people by the report. They would have us, however, fire; and Selim Capitan, therefore, ordered his long gun to be handed him, and fired in the air close to them; they were dreadfully startled by the report, but immediately afterwards laughed, and wanted us to repeat it. This was done. I should have liked to have made a rough sketch of the group, but I was far too unwell, and very thankful even that I was able to sit, and write down on the spot what I heard and saw. A fine field was open here for a painter or sculptor; these colossal well-proportioned figures—no fat, all muscle—no that it was delightful to look at them, with the exception of the calves of their legs, which were formed like lumps of flesh. No beard is developed either in young or old, and yet it does not appear that they use a cosmetic to extirpate it. If Selim Capitan pleased them better with his smooth shaven chin, than the long-bearded Suliman Kashaf, yet they exhibited a kind of horror when he shewed them his hairy breast, which perhaps appeared to them more fit for a beast than a man.

Therefore the supposition that they extract the four lower incisors not to be similar to beasts, has at least some apparent foundation, although the under jaw does not project, and, consequently, the lips are not made smaller by this extraction. Man here is always indeed elevated far above the beast, and needs, therefore, no such mutilation of the teeth. Our Dinkas, who themselves want the four lower incisors, have no other reason to allege for it, than that they do it to avoid the similarity to a beast, especially to the ass (*Homar*), as is the general answer in Sennar, to questions on this subject. The Turks take it for a kind of circum-

cision, just as we might suppose it meant a baptismal rite, being the sign of an act of incorporation by that means in a vast Ethiopian nation, divided now into several tribes. As this extraction of the teeth first takes place in boyhood, it might be considered to denote the commencement of manhood, and capability of bearing arms; but I have never heard of the ceremonies which would necessarily attend, if that were the fact, take place on the occasion. There is also another objection to this supposition, viz.—that a similar operation is performed on the girls. With respect to the eyes, they are full and well formed, like those of all the negroes of the White River, but with a dirty yellow white, which, in the inhabitants of the marshes, is generally suffused with blood in a shocking manner.

At last then it was determined to fire off a cannon, to see what impression this thunder would make upon them. They sat upright upon their stools—off went the gun, and the princes nearly kissed the planks on the opposite side, as if they had been felled by a blow. They sat up, however, immediately again, laughing loudly all the time, and wanted us to fire again: their request was complied with, but they crouched down low again to the side, were uncommonly pleased, and requested one more repetition of this report. Not a negro, however, was to be seen on all the shore; and it was feared, with justice, that the Sultan, who could not be far off, might be struck by a panic and return: the firing was therefore discontinued.

Intelligence arrives that King Lakono will be with us about three o'clock in the afternoon; whereupon the blacks, being suitably clothed by us, and hung round with strings of beads, took their leave with the red Dogale, all except Lombe, who is one of the king's subjects, and a sheikh in a neighbouring district down the river. The latter is a very sensible, quiet man, with a more intellectual physiognomy than the others; the Turks give themselves all possible trouble to obtain information from him about the gold. He says that Mount Pelenja itself does not contain copper; that Lakono, however, has a good deal of copper in his house, brought from other mountains at a distance; that Lakono's dress also came from this country, which is called Berri. Moreover, he took the gold bar shown to him for a different species of copper, and as he does not know how to distinguish gold, the latter may be found blended with copper in the royal treasury, and the mountains of Berri may be auriferous. The population is clearly very large, but he could not give us the number. He named several districts, part of which bore the names of the neighbouring mountains; and it almost seems to me as if there had been earlier independent tribes, who were first subdued by the great Lakono. He does not appear either to be a good royalist, and was evidently glad when the king's sons had withdrawn; he then put on a familiar look, which their presence had hindered him from doing previously. There seems to be no doubt that this country is a central point of negro cultivation, although Berri and other succeeding countries may be superior to the kingdom of Bari. I am curious about the Sultan's dress. As Berri is said to lie to the east, perhaps it was not made there, but has come, by means of barter, from India. Lombe also went away richly decorated (for the Turks cannot contain themselves now at the idea of gold *El Dahab*), in order, probably, to meet the Sultan, or,

perhaps, to get out of his sight with the treasures he had acquired.

I returned to my house, or rather my ship, to take my usual nap at noon; but the right shore being close at hand, separated only from our island by a narrow canal, obliges me almost immediately to rise again. The multifarious and manifold adorned and unadorned people afford a pleasing sight as I look at them from my windows. I view, as if from a box at the opera, the stage of black life on the whole length of the shore. Two women appear among the others; their anteriora and posteriora covered with two semi-circular leathern aprons, tanned red, according to the usual custom here. One is coloured red from head to foot; the other has only her still youthful firm breasts and her head of that hue. She looks, therefore, as if she wore a black narrow jacket under the breasts, and breeches of the same colour under the red apron. She may have been surprised in her toilette by the news of our arrival, and have run off to the shore just as she was; the whole lower part of the body from the breasts downwards was tattooed in the manner customary on the White River.

Buying and bartering are going on; cheating and robbing—the latter, however, only on our side. My servants are on the shore, and making gestures and signs with their fingers, to know what they shall purchase for me of the national wares. I do not bargain in person, for I am afraid of the sun. The people, in spite of their good humour, are, as I have convinced myself here, surprisingly mistrustful. Goods and the price of their purchase, are exchanging hands simultaneously. As the people transact but little business among themselves, it is very natural and right that they should exercise precaution in their transactions with a foreign people like ourselves; and it is certain that we have given the first cause for suspicion.

As I said before, the hair is generally kept short; they decorate it, for want of something better, with a cock's or guinea-fowl's feather. A more elaborate coiffure is of black ostrich-feathers, placed together in a globular form, and the lower ends plaited, in a little basket, the thickness of a fist. This tress-work, holding the feathers, stands on the centre of the head, fastened by two strings round the neck, and appears pretty generally worn. Prince Dogale also wore one, but of somewhat larger size. Some have their hair, which is tolerably long, smeared so thick with ochre, that merely little tufts are to be seen hanging about. Moreover, leather caps, fitting exactly to the skull, were worn with long or short tassels, hardly to be distinguished from the coloured hair. This antique kind of covering for the head, from which the Greeks and Romans formed their helmets, is similar, as regards form, to the modern fez or tarbush and takie (the cotton under-cap worn under the Turkish knitting-worsted cap). They appear here to serve principally as a protection against the sun. It was only with difficulty that I could procure two different specimens, and the sellers pointed quite dolefully to the hot sun, when they bared their shaven heads.

Leathern strings, as also strings consisting of aglets, strung in a row, not made, as I thought at first, of conchylia, but of the shells of ostrich-eggs, were slung round their hips. Several of the latter strings, which are also much in request with the women in Belled Sudan, and require laborious work, were purchased by

the crew, and I got also, specimens, but they were all, with one exception, immediately purloined. To my great astonishment, I saw subsequently in the Imperial Cabinet of Arts at Berlin, with which my ethnographical collection is incorporated, a string exactly similar, which Mr. Von Olfers had brought from the Brazilia. These strings wander, therefore, from the north of Africa to the west coast of that part of the globe, and from thence with the slaves to America, in the same way as they come from the other side to Sennaar by means of the slaves; or it may be, that they are made of the same size by the American savages. If the former be the case, this single fact would show that there is a connection between the country of Bari and the Atlantic Ocean. I was told that the blacks break in pieces the ostrich-eggs, grind the fragments on a stone to a circular form of about two lines in diameter, and then string one lamina after another on a thread, to the length of several ells—a work which requires great patience.

Sometimes from mere stupid wantonness, shots were fired in the air from the vessels, and the natives disappeared from the shore for a short time, but returned directly that the report of the shots died away. Several women now approached, part of them decked with the before-named leathern apron, and part with a rahat girdled round their hips, as in the land of Sudan. The threads hanging down from the girdle are not narrow slips of leather, such as those in Sennaar, but twisted cotton, and only the length of a finger. These scarcely form in front a light thread apron of a span in breadth, and leave the hips free, on which laces with tassels and small iron chains hang down, and a tuft falls down over the os sacrum, moving to and fro, when they walk, like an animal's tail.

Now I see that the women wish to paint themselves, as I saw them before. There are two who have coloured their nipples and navels to the size of a dollar. The breasts are more rounded, and have not that horizontal conical form found in the black slaves of the land of Sudan. I have already previously remarked that the women on the White Stream possess modesty in the concrete sense of the word; and though part of them are young and beautiful, but not tall, compared with the men, yet they regard these naked and magnificent manly forms without any immodest look; so, likewise, the men, kings of the world, gaze tranquilly upon the women. I am fully persuaded that, where woman bears in her mind the principle of the most necessary covering, naked truth is exactly the thing to keep up constantly a chaste as well as a decent relation between the sexes. Only give these women the decoits of the dress of European ladies, and clothe the men, and we shall see what will become of the blameless Ethiopians!

I am the more desirous to see continual repetitions of the sights peculiar to the land of Bari, because, by the festive occasion of the royal visit, these are multiplied in every form, and therefore I am still acquiring much knowledge. The square shields, about three feet long and two feet broad, with scalloped edges, projecting into four sharp points, appear to be little used. They are of neat's hide, and have a stick badly fixed in the centre to hold them by, the edge of which is not even turned to give a firmer hold. They have blue and red stripes crossed, each of a hand's breadth, as their external decoration, and these are coloured

with earth, so that they are easily obliterated. The Frenchmen made white stripes with chalk between these colours, and thus was the tricolour found in the middle of Africa. Whether the blue and red streaks serve as signs to distinguish one party from the other in warfare, I know not. Generally, the men here carried round, high-arched hand-shields, a foot in length, made of very solid thick leather. These hand-shields appear now, and perhaps exclusively, adapted for warding off a blow with the clubs, for they would probably be of little avail as a protection against arrows and spears to such colossal bodies, in spite of all the dexterity of these men. Yet they gave me to understand previously, that they ward off hostile spears by means of these shields.

The boars' tusks on the bracelets were mostly imitations of ivory, and therefore, like the small iron bulls' horns, are perhaps symbols of valour and the power of nature. They had besides all kinds of knick-knackeries on the arm and neck, such as little tortoise-shells, dogs' or monkeys' teeth, entire strings of which even they wear, pieces of bones, &c. It struck me that little bones of this kind are either remembrances or amulets, from the circumstance of their always wishing to retain them when we had already purchased the articles to which they were fastened. The iron necklaces were of very different kinds; close to them were iron ornaments arranged in a row, in the form of a narrow leaf, or in small open spindles, from which little red fruits projected. I observed here also the wide iron rings of the neck, of the thickness of a finger, which reach over the head, and down to the middle of the breast, and are not only worn in Khartum, but also in Egypt, by the daughters of the Fellahs. We here find an old fellow who will not sell his spear, the shaft of which is roughly wrought from iron, and who laughs at the sug-sug offered to him, as idle toys.

I must break off for the moment from this subject, for a fresh clamour resounds, and the cry of "Hui, ih," therefore away I go to Selim Capitan. We do not sit long with anxious curiosity, and look at the vacant carpet on which the great Matta was to recline, under the shade of the ship's tent (Denda, perhaps derived from the Italian tenda, for a war-tent is called Gemma, and a shepherd's tent of straw mats Birah), for the sandal which had fetched the supreme chief from the right shore, arrives. The Melek or Sultan, as the Turks and Arabs call him, on account of his vast power, steps on our vessel, with a retinue of followers, part of whom we knew. The dress and coiffure distinguish his tall figure from all the others. Notwithstanding every one removed on one side, and we form a divan upon cushions and chests around the carpet before the cabin, yet he stands upon the vessel with an insecure step, for he has his eyes directed towards us, and stumbles against the projecting foot of the gun-carriage. He carried his throne himself—the little wooden stool which we should call a footstool, and of which all talk; but he bore also an awful sceptre, consisting of a thick knob was studded with large iron spikes to inspire greater respect.

At an Arabic invitation, "fad ocaut," accompanied by a motion of the hand, he took his seat on the oval and somewhat hollowed-out stool, of about one foot long, and three quarters of a foot broad. There is something naturally dignified in his countenance and bearing, without any assumption; he looks

at the semicircle surrounding him, so that he may not do anything derogatory to his position as sultan, seeking probably him who is pointed out as the matta, or whom he takes to be our matta. He then slides along to Selim Capitan, who might appear to him to be of that rank from his corpulence, takes his right hand, and sucks his finger-ends, which appears to me a humiliation. The large-bearded Suliman Kashef, vain and proud, like all Circassians, wanted to have the same honour paid to him, and held out his fist, with its powerful broad knuckles; but King Lakono was autocrat enough to conclude, from the principle of his sovereignty, that two mattas or monarchs could not be or exist by the side of one another. Selim Capitan, therefore, was to him the only real and supreme head of the foreigners, and he refused this homage in a very contemptuous manner to Suliman Kashef, who, contrary to his usual custom, was not arrayed in all his bravery to-day. In order not to make himself ridiculous, the latter suppressed the word "Kiaffar," or "Abd," which I saw was already trembling on his lips.

Lakono's brother, and a couple of his suite, as also the Crown Prince Tahobe, whom we had not seen before, clearly endeavoured, without however throwing one glance of disapprobation at the old man, to repair this misunderstanding, occasioned by their peculiar etiquette, by paying all of us great lords the honour of finger-sucking. One thing was that the fingers could not be bitten off in this operation, owing to their lower teeth being wanting. As a testimony of welcoming and friendship, they stroked also our arms. They had not done this previously, perhaps because the king had not yet assured us of his favour.

That deliberations took place among the household of the king about the possible aim of our journey, may be presumed; both because the sultan not only kept away for a long time, notwithstanding his residence was only three hours distant, but also from other indistinct intimations, and from the very intelligible previous warning, that we were to remain on the right shore, at the original landing place, because the Matta would not allow us to move any further. Of course we did not take any notice of this warning, and would not understand it. Perhaps the white faces of another world, our vessels larger than their palaces, in which we go up the river without oars, when the wind is favourable, and especially the thunder and explosion of our cannons and guns, might have been the principal motive that induced the wise council to come to the reasonable opinion that it would be a ticklish affair to spit us like bats, or to kill us like dogs with clubs.

When we little expected it, the sultan raised his voice, without commanding *silenzio* beforehand with his sceptre, and sang—his eyes directed firmly and shining on us—a song of welcome, with a strong, clear voice. This was soon ended, and the song had brightened him up surprisingly, for he looked quite merrily around, as far as his eyes, which were apparently affected by a cataract, would allow him. This misfortune might be the cause also why he walked, as if in a mist, with an insecure step on the vessel. According to the translation passed by two interpreters from one to the other into Arabic, he chanted us as being bulls, lions, and defenders of the Penates (Tiran, Sing Tor, Assad and Aguan el bennat).

He is of an imposing figure, with a regular counte-

nance, marked features, and has somewhat of a Roman nose. We noticed on all the bare parts of his body remains of ochre, apparently not agreeing very well with the skin, for here and there on the hands it was cracked. He was the first man whom we had hitherto found clothed.

His temples are slightly depressed; on his head he wore a high bonnet, in the form of a bear-skin cap, covered over and over with black ostrich-feathers, which were fixed inside by an oval net-work. His feather-tiara was fastened under his chin by two straps; two other stiff red straps, with small leather tufts, projected like horns over both temples; these horns denote here, perhaps, the royal dignity, like the caps of horns (Takie betal Gorn) of the Moluks, in Belled-Sudan, and may be an imitation of Ammou, or of Moyses. He shook his cap very often in real pleasure. A long and wide blue cotton shirt, with long open sleeves, lined inside with white cotton, reached down to the feet from the throat, where it was hollowed out round, and had a red border. A large blue and white chequered cotton band, bound round the hips, held this dress together. He wore round the neck strings of blue glass paste, and rings of thin twisted iron wire. The feet were covered with well-worked red sandals, of thick leather. Bright polished iron rings, the thickness of the little finger, reached from the ankles to the calf, exactly fitting to the flesh, and increasing in size as they went up the leg. Above these he wore another serrated ring, and a thin chain. The knuckles of the right hand were surrounded with an iron and a red copper ring, of twisted work. On the left hand he had a prettily decorated yellow copper ring, with a dozen narrow iron rings, likewise fitted exactly to the arm. As we subsequently saw, the upper part of both arms was surrounded with two heavy ivory rings, of a hand's breadth. Contrary to the usual custom, he had also the four lower incisors; we could not ascertain the cause of this distinction, and at our question on the subject, he only answered with a cunning laugh. I soon remarked, moreover, that he wanted the upper teeth; yet he may have lost them from old age, for want of teeth is common even among these people, and he might have numbered some sixty years.

This want of sound teeth—as negroes are always distinguished for good teeth, and the marshy soil has entirely ceased in the country of Bari—may perhaps only arise from eating some fruit unknown to us, such as the cassava in Guiana, which have the same effect; or the reason for it may be sought in their pulling them out directly they pain them, with their iron instruments, always at hand. The constant smoking of their very strong tobacco, with the absence of cleanliness, which, however, is not the case with our Nuba negroes, may contribute to this imperfection. At first he smoked the cigar given him, and then the Turkish pipe, with the air of an old smoker; for smoking is a general custom among the nations on the White Nile. Dates were set before him, and the others picked him out the best, and breaking them in two, laid the stones in a heap, and gave him the fruit in his hand, partaking of them with him.

The music which had accompanied him to the shore, and embarked on board the vessel, consisted of a drum, made out of the trunk of a tree, and beaten with sticks, a kind of clarinet, and a fife, different only

from the small ones worn by all the natives round their necks by being three or four times larger. King Lakono's dress and copper rings came from the country of Berri; this was a confirmation of what we had already heard. He had never seen horses, asses, or camels, and it seemed as if there were no words in his language to denote them; nor did he know of an unicorn, and did not understand our explanation of these animals. If the Arabs in the land of Sudan do not deny the existence of the unicorn in the interior of Africa, and even assert that there are some, if the subject be followed up further, this arises from politeness, in order that they may correspond with our desire to prove the real existence of such an animal and is not what they know to be truth.

Lakono made himself comfortable afterwards, and sat down upon the carpet, moving his little stool under his shoulders. A red upper garment was fetched, and the Turks made him comprehend that he must stand up to have it put on. They bound a white shawl round his ribs, and another was twisted round his head, as a turban, after they had clapped on him a tarbush. On this, one of the two slaves who accompanied him placed on his own head the royal feather-cap, and laughed behind his master's back. This only lasted, however, a minute, though the others took no offence at it. The dress altogether was found to be too short and scanty for such limbs. Several strings of beads were hung round Lakono's neck, and several more piled up before him, to take to his wives; hereupon he could rest no longer, and went off, followed by all the others.

He was taken back by the sandal to the right shore, where his people shouted to him a "Hui ih!" and afforded him an assisting hand when disembarking from the vessel, as well as on the shore itself, according to the usual practice among themselves. We fired off cannons in honour to him, as soon as he set foot on land. Fear thrilled through them all, and even the Sultan set off running for a moment, till he was disabused of his panic, probably by his brothers.

## VI.

MIMOSAS AND TAMARIND-TREES—DIFFERENT SPECIES—DURRA AND CREEPING BEANS—RELIGION OF THE ETHIOPIANS—SECOND VISIT OF LAKONO—THE CROWN PRINCE TSHOB—PARTICULARS OF THE COUNTRY OF BARI AND BERRI—DESCRIPTION OF LAKONO'S FAVOURITE SUITANA—MOUNTAINS IN THE VICINITY OF BARI—THEIR FORM AND DISTANCE—ISLAND OF TCHANKER—REMARKS ON LAKONO'S LEGISLATION AND CONDUCT—THE NYAM-NAM, OR CANNIBALS—CUSTOMS AND ARMS OF THE NATIVES—THE TROPICAL RAINS—RETURN OF THE EXPEDITION.

25TH JANUARY.—At eleven o'clock we leave our island at the right shore, and halt towards the south, for the north-east wind is favourable to us. On the right and left are several little villages, and on the right shore a low foreland, which we had already visited and found very fertile. Several poison trees stand near the village lying in the background. The bushar and garrua have not left us, but cover the greatest part of the shore, where the thorn bushes appear to diminish, the nearer we approach the equator. We remark the very same circumstance with respect to the mimosas, and in those that we still here and there

see, the leaves are broader and seem to announce varieties or different species. Even the tamarind-tree, from which we have already gathered ripe fruit, has a different physiognomy here to what we see in the country of the Shilluks; the branches are more slender, and the larger leaves are not so thickly piled one upon the other. I was laughed at by my servant when I asked the name of this tree.

We sail along the left shore, and advance three miles and a-half; but one ship soon gets obstructed here, another there, and the water-track pointed out to us by the natives is really very narrow. The stream, which might previously have been about three hundred paces, is here certainly five hundred. A large island, with another smaller one, covered with durra, rises out of it. At one o'clock, S.S.W., in which direction we sail now at the right shore, where the water is better than we had thought. The negroes continue to run along the shore, or in the shallow places plunge into the water, and cry as loud as they can to us to stop a little and barter with them. The right shore is planted with durra, but it is already harvested. It is a small reddish kind, giving but little meal. At the previous landing-places there were, amongst other plants, several small creeping beans, of white and red colour, thriving luxuriantly on the ground. A small island on our left.



TAIL OF THE NYAM NAM.

I hear, from the mast, that nineteen mountains (gubal) are counted, without reckoning the small ones. The chain of mountains is, properly speaking, not wooded; but that which looks like a forest, from a distance is, in reality, the fragments of rocks, with which they are nearly all studded at the base: yet between these blocks a tree and copewood here and there thrives, which may sprout out beautifully green in the rainy season. A splendid ground, covered with trees, and inclined towards the river, approaches to the foot of the Korek, but does not probably afford the shade we suppose at a distance. The shores are not only very strongly intersected with layers of sand, but also the mould of the dam itself is completely mixed with sand. Therefore, it seems that the river enters now into a rocky bed, from the mountains of which there is not much fertility to wash away.

Two o'clock; W. by S. On the left shore again, several of those round-headed beautiful trees, with large acacia-leaves, under which the negroes seek for shade. The Frenchman had, according to yesterday's measuring,  $4^{\circ} 40'$  north latitude, and  $41^{\circ} 42'$  east

longitude, from Paris. Selim Capitan, however, found  $4^{\circ} 35'$  north latitude, and  $30^{\circ}$  east longitude. At half-past two o'clock we go with the river S.S.W., which direction it seems to retain for the present. On the left an island. The people still continue to shout, but they run no longer, as if they were mad, into the water, to cling to and hold fast to the vessels, for the sailors rap their fingers smartly; but stand quietly on one foot, resting the other against the knee. Three o'clock; S.S.W. The water is not bad, and we shall have, perhaps, a good course for a considerable time, if we only sound properly. On the right there is a small island, with a couple of tokuls behind upon the shore. Immediately on the left is another shallow island, with luxuriant durra. The natives wade through the water to an island situated not far from the left shore, upon which we see a farm-yard. Two more islands follow this one, and they swarm with black people. Four o'clock. The direction of the river is always still S.W., whilst we seek for deeper water in the windings of the stream. Right and left are islands, and also tokuls, part of which peep over the trees. The forms of the mountains become more visible and different from what they had hitherto appeared. This produces uncommon changes in the landscape, where all the surface of the earth is picturesquely skirted with trees.

Who would have thought of such a beautiful country in the centre of Africa, and looked for such a well-proportioned, gigantic race as we see yonder! They are real giants. Go on shore, look at the Turks, the Christians, and our other companions—what children they seem standing in the middle of this crowd of Titans. Half-past four o'clock. Rocks show themselves, for the first time, in the river. Three large, and several small ones form an ominous cross-line for our voyage. At five o'clock we halt at an island near these rocks. Here there are picturesque materials enough, and nothing shall prevent me from taking a panorama of this region.

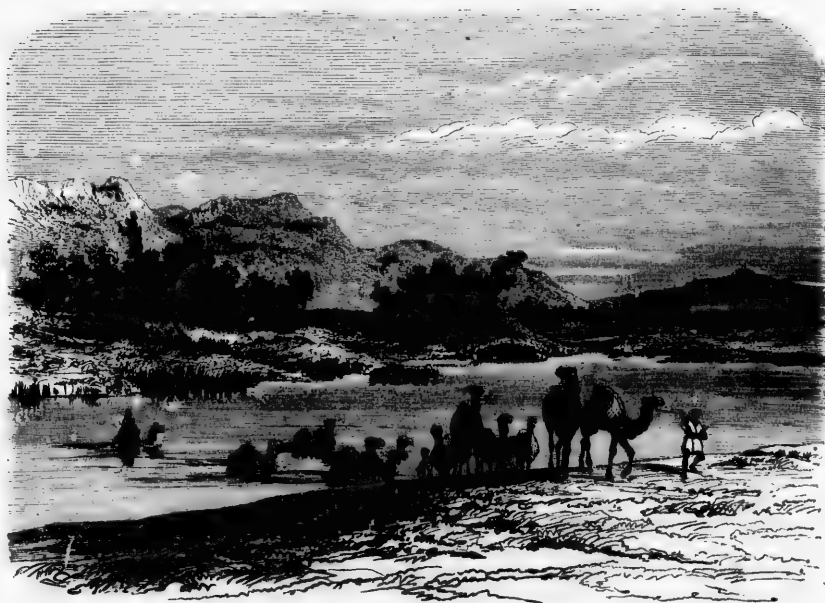
The people appear to be favoured of God as of heaven itself. The sun and moon do not appear to excite any unusual ideas here, although the former may be welcome in the morning, when they shake off the night's frost with the ashes, and in the evening to light them when they return from the chase, from labour in the fields, and from battle, or when they drive home their herds. The moon is of less service to them, for they go to roost with the fowls. The beneficent deeds of these two luminaries are too regular. But the canopy of heaven itself may direct their thoughts above; from thence comes the rain, irrigating their fields, causing the stream to increase, filling and animating anew their large fish-ponds. God's water is allowed to flow over God's land, and they are pious at the cheerful harvest, without praying, beseeching, and returning thanks, for they may look upon periodical rain as a regular tribute from above. Heaven does not forsake her people here, and the inexorable sun, parching up everything, has perhaps never been worshipped by the Ethiopians.

We lie now to the eastern side of the island of Tabanker. King Lakono visited us to-day a second time, and brought with him a young wife from his harem. He took off his hand the orange-coloured ring, on which Selim Capitan fixed a longing eye, and presented it to him with a little iron stool, plainly forged in a hurry.





PORT OF SUWAKIM, ON THE RED SEA.



FORD ON THE BLACK NILE.

The crown-prince, Tshobe, has an intelligent countenance, and seems a clever fellow. He wears no ornament on the upper part of his arms, except the two ivory rings. Although it was known that he would succeed King Lakono, and that the latter had called him his eldest son and successor, yet the Turks believed that he was some relation of the king's, whom he had only brought with him to receive presents. I had, however, previously seen him with us, and remarked at that time that he kept back proudly when the others stepped forward for our gifts. But Lakono had only presented us with two oxen, and given us a verbal mandate to the republicans of the left shore; therefore, the Turks were discontented. Against all policy, the honour of a Turkish coronation-mantle was not conferred upon Tshobe, nor on the others who might have expected a dress. The prince took the miserable glass beads with a kind of indifference and contempt.

We gathered further intelligence about the country, and Lakono was complaisant enough to communicate to us some general information. With respect to the Nile sources, we learn that it requires a month, the signification of which was interpreted by thirty days, to come to the country of Anjan towards the south, where the Tubirih (Bahr' el Abiad) separates into four shallow arms, and the water only reaches up to the ankles. Thirty days seems indeed a long time, but the chain of mountains itself may present great impediments, and hostile tribes and the hospice stations may cause circuitous routes. These latter appear necessary, for the natives being already overlaid with weapons and ornaments, it is impossible that they can carry provisions for so long a time, from the want of beasts of burden. There are said to be found very high mountains on this side, in comparison with which the ones now before us are nothing at all.

Lakono did not seem, according to my views, to understand rightly the question, whether snow was lying on these mountains. He answered, however, "No." Now, when I consider the thing more closely, it is a great question to me whether he and his interpreter have a word for snow; for though the Arabic word *telki* or snow is known perhaps in the whole land of Sudan, yet that itself is unknown. Whether these four brooks forming the White Stream come from rocks or from the ground, Lakono could not say, for he had not gone further. With respect to the country of Berri, which he stated in his first visit was likewise a month distant, Lakono now corrected himself and said that this country is not thirty, but only ten day's journey off to the east. He impressed on us particularly that copper is as abundant, and found there in the same manner as iron here. He appears, indeed, to wish to inflame our gold-seeking hearts by his repeated commendations of this country, on purpose that he may get possession, at one blow, of the treasures, with the assistance of our fire-arms. He expected an answer which could not be given him, because the Dinkani, who translated his words into Arabic, only told us (according to my full conviction) what he chose to let us know, most probably being induced by the other soldiers and sailors to do everything he could for our speedy return.

We also heard that on the road water is found, but that in Berri itself there is no river, and that the natives drink from springs (Birri). The people of Bari get their salt, which is quite clear and fine-grained, from thence. It is boiled in earthen pots, and retains

their form. The language of the country of Berri is different from that of Bari. The blue beads, in the form of little cylinders, which we saw on Lakono and some others, and had even found previously, came also from Berri. We had similar-formed glass paste, of white and blue colours; but the higher value was set on the blue, and on the large, round, blue beads.

King Lakono wished not only to undertake a warlike expedition, in company with us, to Berri, rich in copper, but also to the neighbouring mountain-chain of Lokaja (also Lokonja). The cannibals dwelling upon this mountain—not known here, however, by the name of Niam-Niam, or Niyam Nams—had been long the subject of conversation among the crew. According to what we heard from the natives below, these ill-famed mountaineers had heads, and went on all-fours, like dogs; this was repeated also even in Bari, probably from our misunderstanding the language.

Captain Selim, the Muscovite, to whom courage could not be denied in other respects, had, even in Khartum, been wonderfully afraid of these so-called Niam-Niams. Now, however, he allowed his fear to mount to a truly ridiculous height, probably because he was the most corpulent of us all, except Selim-Capitan. He thought nothing less than that he would be the first roast morsel which that savage mountain-race would choose for a feast, on a favourable nocturnal opportunity. Before the first expedition, my brother had designated him a plump morsel for the cannibals; and scarcely was he summoned to this expedition, than he inquired repeatedly and anxiously about the existence and the abode of these men. This joke was now haunting his brains, and particularly when his fat face was lighted up by the enjoyment of araki, which he drank secretly in his cabin, in order not to let the others partake of it. In such a condition as this, he exhorted me to assist in urging as speedy a return as possible; and, moreover, to think of my poor brother Tussuf, who perhaps was ill.

Lakono, explained, on closer questioning, the ominous rumour of the Anthropophagi, with dogs' heads, and informed us that these bad people have heads indeed, like others, but allow all their teeth to remain in their head, and crawl upon all-fours when they eat men. This means, perhaps, nothing more than that they do not join in open combat with the inhabitants of Bari, but crawl close to people, like dogs, plunder them, and perhaps eat them. The Bagharas assert, that the same custom of crawling, in marauding expeditions, exists among the Shilluks; and our Circassians relate things, which are scarcely credible, of the manner in which boys and girls are caught in their country.

## VII.

THE RIVER SAUBAT—SHUA BARRI, TUMBARRI, AND TUBARRI—LAKE BARRINGU—KUMBARRI MOUNTAINS—THE SEA OF THE GARZLES—PETERICK'S EXPLORATIONS—THE NYAN-NAMS.

THE Saubat joins the White Nile at the south boundary of the country of the Dinka and Shilluks—the latter bearing a name which presents a remarkable analogy to that which Count Græberg tells us (*Journal of Royal Geographical Society*, Vol. VII., p. 264) is the name of the language of the Berbers or Amasigh, and of a branch or nation of the same origin in Morocco. M. d'Arnaud's Chos Berry, or Shua Barri, which

Brun-Rollet and Dr. Beke make Schol Berry or River of Berry, is, it is to be observed, Werne's Bari, and M. Léon d'Aranche's Barro, and was supposed at first to be a separate tributary to the White Nile from the Go-jub or Uma; and this view of the matter was adopted by M. Brun-Rollet (who looked upon it as the White Nile) and by Dr. Beke, but they both appear to look upon it now as the upper source of the Saubat. It is not a little remarkable, in connection with the identity of the Saubat and of the River of Barri or Barro with the White River, that Dr. Krapf was informed that there are more than fifteen rivers running from the west and north of the Kegnía or Kenia, one of the great snow mountains of Eastern Africa. One of these, the Tumbiri or Tumburri, was described to the worthy missionary as being very large, and flowing, according to the report made to him by one Ruma wa Kikandi—in a northerly direction to the great Lake Barinju or Barringu, by which, in the phrase of his informant, you may travel a hundred days along its shores and find no end. The great River Tumbiri, Krapf further observes, is evidently identical with the River Tubiri or Tubarri, mentioned by Mr. Werne as being a name of the White River, at four degrees north latitude from the equator. Dr. Krapf also says: "It is very remarkable that Captain Speke should have seen the great lake which Ruma wa Kikandi, a native of Nembá, near the snow-capped mountain Kegnía, mentioned to me under the name of Barinju, the end of which cannot be found, even if you travel a hundred days' distance along its shores, as my informant expressed himself. It is further remarkable that Captain Speke very properly named it Victoria Nyanza, in honour of her Majesty, after the mountain in Mberre, or Mbarri, which, as will be found by subsequent travellers, presents the nearest approach from the coast of Mombaz to that lake, had been called by me Mount Albert or Albertino, in honour of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. Thus, the one may be said to mark the spot, the other the nearest way by which it can be reached, on which the great geographical problem of Africa, the discovery of the sources of the Nile, will probably be solved under the auspices of the English Government."

A curious and interesting question presents itself here, and that is, is Krapf justified in identifying his Lake Barinju with Lake Victoria? It is evident that his able editor, Mr. Ravenstein, did not agree with this view of the matter, for he has made Barinju a separate lake, having two outlets, one by the Dana to the Indian Ocean, the other by a river which joins the Tubarri or Tubiri, at Robengo, between the Kum-Birat or Kum Barri Mountains. The grounds for such a complicated bit of geography appearing to be derived from Krapf's same informant, Ruma wa Kikandi, who is made to describe the snow on Mount Kenia as producing continually a quantity of water, which descended the mountain and formed a large lake, from which the River Dana took its rise.

The name Barinju given to this lake would appear to associate it with the river or country of the Barri, the former of which is, we have seen, said to be a tributary to the Saubat; and this view of the matter is substantiated by Dr. Beke's map, who prolongs the Schol, which he makes a tributary to the Barro, towards the Snowy Mountains north of the Dana, and at the head-waters of the Jub, but he does not, like Ravenstein, make the Dana and Barinju flow from

the same lake. The great fact opposed to this view of the case is, that Krapf's informant calls the river of Barinju Tumbiri, and Krapf very naturally identifies this with the River Tubiri mentioned by Werne as being a name of the White River, 4° north latitude of the equator. It is, therefore, most probable that Krapf's Tumbiri joins the Upper Nile above 4° north latitude, and gives its name to the stream after it is joined by the affluent from Lake Victoria, if the Tumbiri does not, as well as the Kitangure, a river of Karagwah, and other streams, flow into a common reservoir—that of Lake Victoria—which may vary in its extent at different seasons of the year.

But it is not at all certain that Lake Victoria is the head of the Tubiri, which was ascended by the Turco-Egyptian expedition, and is yet better known through the numerous Europeans who have visited its banks, as high as the fourth parallel of north latitude. Even Dr. Beke says that to his mind the direct communication between the two is problematical. If Lake Victoria (Nyanza) be really the head of the Tubiri, he remarks, it is strange that the European residents at Gondokoro and its vicinity should not have heard of that great expanse of water in a locality where the testimony of trustworthy natives who have visited the upper regions places the mountains of Kombarat (Kum Bari) and the more distant country of the Fandangoes. Further, Dr. Kotschy states that at Gondokoro, during the rainy season, the Tubiri frequently rises and falls again suddenly in the course of a single day—a phenomenon which is characteristic of a mountain-stream, fed directly by the rains, rather than by a conduit from a reservoir like Lake Victoria, of which the drainage basin must be of immense extent.

There is another reason, which would be conclusive were we only sure of its being well founded. The observations for longitude made by the late Dr. Knoblesher, one of the missionaries at Gondokoro, along the course of the Tubiri, show that river to have been laid down by Selim Bashi and M. d'Arnaud full three degrees in error towards the east. Assuming this to be really the case, it is perfectly intelligible why Lake Victoria should not have been heard of at Gondokoro, inasmuch as the upper course of the Tubiri is thus carried away westward from the meridian of Lake Victoria, to be fed, not as Dr. Beke is inclined to suppose, by the Tanganyika (to which theory there are insuperable objections), but by a yet undiscovered lake, which would be Ptolemy's western lake, while Victoria Lake would be the eastern lake of the Alexandrian geographer, and a portion of the same system as Krapf's Barinju; while, if the geography is to remain as it at present stands, Lake Victoria would be the eastern lake, and Barinju the western. It appears further, in connection with this open question, that a M. Miani has since travelled one hundred and eighty geographical miles direct distance from Gondokoro on the White Nile to the south-east, to a place called Galuffi, and he makes no mention whatever of any large lake, such as the Nyanza, being reported to feed its waters, but, on the contrary, the natives derived the source of the Nile (!) from a town called Fatico, lying in the direction of Mount Kenia.

Before quitting the vexed question of the Saubat, or Barri River, Russegger's Bahr al Abiyad, or White Nile, and probably the Astasobas, or Nile of Ermentos, it is worthy of mention that M. Hansal states that the water of the Saubat is white, so that it has a

better claim to the designation of the upper course of the White River (we do not say the Nile) than the Tubiri, or Tubarri, whose waters are described as being dark-coloured, stagnant, and unwholesome.

A little above where the Sabat joins the Nile the main stream expands into a series of lakes, more or less continuous at different seasons of the year, and known as the Bahri Ghazal—the Sea of the Gazelles—and also as Lake No. When the second Turco-Egyptian expedition ascended the river, Mr. Werne describes it as black above the junction of the River N'jin Njin, or Niyin Niyin, from the stagnancy of the waters and the existence of morass. This was in the month of December. "This long marshy lake," he adds, "of some two hours in breadth, discloses a new world of plants, in various high grasses and bog shrubs." The next day (December 9th) brought the expedition to another small lake, and Mr. Werne says the distant shore of this marshy lake was denoted by isolated trees and a few small villages. The bed of the river was not, however, at this season, more than one hundred to one hundred and fifty paces in breadth. The same day it widened to "about an hour's breadth," succeeded by marshy swamp, extending to the left beyond the reach of vision, even from the mast. Nothing was to be seen "but the sky and grass sea, surrounded or intersected by the arms of the Nile." The next day they reached "the great lake, wherein the Gazelle River disembogues itself." "This river," adds Mr. Werne, "is said to flow here from the country of the Mughribus, or people of the west—as in Mughribu-l-Aksa (Morocco), Mughribu-l-Ausat (Algiers and Tunis). This lake," he adds, "may be from eighteen to twenty sea miles square."

M. Brun-Rollet, who explored the same series of lakes in the month of February, 1856, describes them as at that season concentrated into one great lake, fifty leagues in length from north to south. The river that flows into it he calls the Misselad, and he ascended it for a distance of nearly forty leagues in three boats, and with an escort of twenty-three soldiers. The Misselad appeared to be so large and deep that M. Brun-Rollet, who had previously visited the Blue River as well as the White River, declared that he had no doubt of its being the true Nile. Here then we have, in the order of succession, already a fifth Nile!

Mr. Petherick, who has since explored the Bahr al Ghazal on three different occasions, describes it as about one hundred and eighty miles in length, overgrown with weeds and lilies, and full of hippopotami. Mr. Werne had before noticed these, as also frequent patches of papyrus, lofty nests of termites, numerous birds, large fishes, and inveterate mosquitoes. Mr. Petherick describes the waters of the lake as contributed by many rivulets, as well as by a river running from the south-west, which is prevented only by the masses of reeds that choke it from affording a navigable highway to the far interior. Mr. Petherick made a further remarkable journey by land from the extreme end of the lake to the southwards, and in twenty-six days reached the country of the Nyam Nam tribe of cannibals—the caudate race of M. Fresnel and others, and of whom so many fables have been related. These people, whom Earl de Grey and Ripon identifies with the Bari, use iron boomerangs, just as the natives of Australia use wooden ones; and they seem to be the only other people in the world, besides the Australians, who have

discovered the singular properties of that strange projectile.

Dr. Beke remarks, that the idea of the Mountains of the Moon seems to be inseparable from that of the Nyam Nam and other monsters with which fancy has peopled them. Shakspeare, of whose almost universal knowledge every day affords additional proof, makes the African Othello speak of

"Hills whose heads touch heaven,  
And of the cannibals that each other eat,  
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders;"

whilst every traveller in Africa who may inquire after the sources of the Nile is sure to be told, in almost the same breath, of the Mountains of the Moon and their ferocious inhabitants.

A striking instance of this inveterate complex idea is given in Mr. Werne's account of the second Turco-Egyptian expedition. As the boats of the expedition rounded the point of Khartum, and slowly sailed into the White River, their crews heard the last shrill farewell cry of the women, many of whom, with both hands, swung their clothes backwards and forwards over their heads, as customary at funerals, thereby intimating their anticipation that their friends could never return, but would fall a prey to the man-eaters. "This," says Mr. Werne, "made most of our party laugh, especially my men, who flattered themselves they had just as good teeth as the Nyam Nam, so much dreaded by many, and particularly by the well-fed Egyptians, but whose country no one is able to point out."

"On the 23rd of April," Major Burton relates, "we left Mtuwua, and made for the opposite or western shore of the lake, which appeared about fifteen miles distant; the day's work was nine hours. The two canoes paddled far apart; there was, therefore, little bumping, smoking, or quarrelling till near our destination. At Murivumba the malaria, the mosquitoes, the crocodiles, and the men are equally feared. The land belongs to the Wabembe, who are correctly described in the Mombas Mission map as Menschenfresser—anthropophagi. The practice arises from the savage and apathetic nature of the people, who devour, besides man, all kinds of carrion and vermin, grubs and insects, whilst they abandon to wild growths a land of the richest soil and of the most prolific climate. They prefer man raw, whereas the Wadoo of the coast eat him roasted. The people of a village which backed the port assembled as usual to 'sow gape-seed,' but though

'A hungry look hung upon them all'—

and amongst cannibals one always fancies oneself considered in the light of butcher's meat—the poor devils, dark and stunted, timid and degraded, appeared less dangerous to the living than to the dead." All we can say is, that, for the sake of human nature, we hope—nay, till further proof is adduced, we believe—it to be a calumnious misrepresentation made to Major Burton.

Mr. Petherick describes the Baer or Bayir as residing south of the Dur, with whom they were at feud. The way thither lay through a mountain land, only frequented by elephants during the rainy season. This being now a border country, the Bayir were much troubled by foraging parties of their southern neighbours, the Nyam Nam, who pillaged their villages, and committed great

slaughter and devastation, their object being to carry off the youth into slavery. They described these uncomfortable neighbours as warlike and savage, invariably feasting on their fallen enemies. They even implored the travellers to return, as they said so small a party as they were would certainly be overpowered and eaten.

These men were so frightened at the idea of accompanying me, says Mr. Petherick, to Nyam Nam, that it required numerous presents and all my persuasive powers to obtain, at length, the necessary porters; and on arriving within sight of Mundo, the first Nyam Nam village, I could not induce them to enter it, and throwing off their loads, they decamped, leaving only the interpreter in the firm grip of two of my followers. Nothing daunted, my men took up the rejected loads, and we proceeded towards the village.

On nearing it, the sound of several tom-toms, and the shrill whistle of their calls, plainly indicated that the Nyam Nam were on the alert. A large party, bearing their arms and shields, issued forth to meet us; and, drawing up in line across our path, seemed determined to impede our progress. Headless of the impediment we proceeded on our way; and my Khartums in the best spirits joined lustily in a song.

The sight of the savages before us was imposing; each man guarded the greater part of his body with a large shield, holding a lance vertically in his right hand. The party were evidently surprised at the confidence and unoffending manner of our approach, and evinced a greater disposition to run away than to attack. On we went joyfully, and when within ten yards of them, their ranks opened, allowing us a passage through them, of which, as a matter of course, we availed ourselves, and entered the village (apparently deserted by women and children), with the Nyam Nam following in the rear. Passing through a street of huts, rather distantly situated from one another, we reached a slight eminence, commanding a fine view of a highly fertile country. During our march, the tom-toms continued their noise; but, regardless of consequences, we took up our position under the shade of a magnificent sycamore tree, in the vicinity of a couple of huts; and, disembarassing ourselves of our baggage, we quietly seated ourselves in a circle round it, exposing our fronts to the natives, who, in great numbers, soon surrounded us. Apparently astonished at the coolness we displayed, they gradually closed, and, the front rank seating themselves, their proximity became disagreeable, as they hemmed us in so closely that several of them actually seated themselves upon our feet, indulging at the same time in laughter and loud conversation which we could not understand. Enjoining patience on my men, and convinced that, in case of necessity, the harmless discharge of a gun or two would scatter our visitors, I learnt with some difficulty, through the medium of the Bayir and Dur interpreters, that these savages looked upon us in the light of bullocks fit for the slaughter, and that they contemplated feasting upon us; but they disputed the propriety of slaying us until the arrival of their chief, who, I learnt, was not in the village.

Mr. Petherick, received at first with hostility by the Nyam Nam, gradually established friendly relations with them, helped them in a fight, as also in an elephant hunt, and it is needless to say that, cannibals as they were, they had no tails!

Thus it is, and ever will be, that the false glitter of

fable will disappear before the broad day of observation, just as prejudices do in the presence of intercourse and intercommunication. The caudate race of Africa kept always receding as travel advanced, till the fable is now expelled from the country of the Nyam Nams, its last stronghold. The men with four eyes, those with eyes under their armpits, the dwarfs with ears reaching to the ground, the

"Men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

all reminding one of the strange fantasies of antiquity, and of some rare men of later times, as the Maunde-villes and the Monboddos, will one after another be expunged from our minds as our knowledge of interior Africa extends. Already, it may be observed, Mr. Petherick's utmost south comes almost close upon Captain Speke's farthest north, at the latter traveller's Mountains of the Moon; and if a kind Providence will spare the gallant captain and his companion, Grant, from the twofold evils of climate and savages, there can be little doubt that the interval will soon be crossed, and then Eastern Africa will be known, at all events in a general way, from Alexandria to the Cape of Good Hope.

M. Lejean, at present travelling on the Nile, claims to have discovered the origin of the fable of the Nyam Nams having tails. He says that, like the Choktav Indians, they wear (or, at least, some of them wear) leathern ornaments behind, which have a resemblance to a tail (See p. 200). It is the fan-shaped tail of M. d'Escayrac. M. Lejean obtained one from the body of a Nyam Nam, in which the leathern work was strengthened by little bits of iron. M. Lejean, who has not penetrated into the country of the Nyam Nam, calls them Nyam Nyams, as others have done before Mr. Petherick's time, who calls them Nyam Nam; and he also notices the Nyam Barri—an important point, as it will tend to show that this remarkable coppered-coloured and transition race occupies the greater part of the territory at the head waters of the Nile, from the Shua Barri and head affluents of the Sautat to those of the Tu Barri and head affluents of the White Nile, and further to the Nyam Lah, or great western tributary of the Gazelle Lake, upon which Mr. Petherick first reached these curious people. The love of gain will sometimes do as much as the spirit of adventure for the progress of geographical knowledge. We perceive, by a recent number of the *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie*, that the French (especially M. Poncet fils and M. Ambroise) have already founded establishments (*établissements pour le commerce de l'ivoire*), of which the chief appears to be at Fatil, on one of the many Nile tributaries, in the heart of the country so recently opened to us by Mr. Petherick.

#### VIII.

FRENCH RIVALRY IN THE SEARCH FOR THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.—THE MISSEAD, A WESTERN TRIBUTARY TO THE NILE.—THE TUBIRI OR TUBARRI AFFLUENT FROM LAKE VICTORIA—NTANZA—MOUNTAINS OF KUMBARRI—KRAFF'S TUMBIRI OR TUMBARRI—GEOGRAPHICAL CONTROVERSIES—BREN'S SOURCE OF THE NILE IN LAKE TANGANYIKA—MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON—GREAT CENTRAL AFRICAN TABLE-LAND—LAKE NTANZA AND SHIRWA—PROBABLE SOURCES OF THE NILE AT MOUNT KILIMANDJARO—THE ETHIOPIAN ST. GOTTHARD—SUMMARY.

M. LEJEAN is supposed to have left Khartum in the company of M. Peney, to explore the White Nile on

the 28th of November, 1861; and M. D'Arnaud, in a letter to the veteran geographer Jomard, dated Alexandria, February 5th 1861, says that he is convinced that Messrs. Peney and Lejean will arrive at the Caput Nili before the English travellers, Speke and Grant. His conviction is that they will reach the great lake (Victoria Nyanza), which, he adds, may henceforth be viewed as the true source of the Nile, since, at the fourth degree, the river rises and falls with great regularity, a phenomenon which can only result from its having its origin in a regulating lake, and that they will arrive there in an incontestable manner by ascending the river.

The rivalry is praiseworthy; but granting M. Arnaud's anticipations to be realised, will that take away the right of first discovery, and naming the lake, which belongs to Captain Speke? And if he (Captain Speke) discovered the lake, and it turns out to be, according to his own surmises, the long-sought-for head of the Nile, will he or Messrs. Peney and Lejean have discovered the Caput Nili? It will be time to argue the point when the latter have reached the lake by the river-way, but in the meantime it is certain that the lake is discovered, and if it should turn out to be the head of the Nile, so we should say is also the "Caput Nili:" all that is wanting is the proof of connection between the two—the lake and river—and we shall be glad if the Frenchmen acquire the honour of establishing that long-surmised fact, but without claiming at the same time the discovery of the sources of the Nile, which must be conceded to the discoverer of the lake, so appropriately named Victoria Nyanza. Had Mr. Petherick been the first to reach the lake by the river-way, and where he is gone to carry succour to Speke and Grant, would he for a moment have thought of claiming the discovery of the sources of the Nile?

The neighbourhood of the sources of the Nile has been looked upon from the most remote times as inhabited by peculiar races. Old Cellarius, after saying "Lacus autem fieri ex fluminibus, quæ ex Lunæ montibus decurrant, existimat, 'bidemque fontes Nili esse sanior hinc opinio de Nilo origine, quamvis, etiam erronea, est illa Jabæ,'" adds, "Ceterum dum de Nili paludibus, quibus exoritur ex Ptolemæo egimus, ali-quid de Pygmæorum fabula adiciendum est. Plinius enim, lib. vi., cap. 30, 'Quidam et Pygmæorum gentem prodiderunt inter paludes, ex quibus Nilus oritur.' Pomponius Mela, lib. iii., cap. 8, 'Fuere interius Pygmæi, minutum genus, et quod pro satis frugibus contra græcos dimicando defecit.' To all of which the acute geographer of Amasia adds, "Confictos recte censet, quia nemo fide dignus narravit."

With regard to the question of the Misselad, or any other tributary to the Bahr al Ghazal (and several other rivers have been detected flowing from the west and south-west, among which one of considerable size called Lut, or Muj), being the true Nile, we are somewhat assisted in this portion of the inquiry by the discoveries of Dr. Barth in western and southern Sudan or Negroland.

It is not a little curious that Barth found the name of the Tuburi or Tubarri, when at the extreme point

of his excursion into Mandara and the Musgu country, on the occasion when he accompanied a slave-catching expedition of the Sultan of Bornu. He describes the expeditionary army as sparing the Dawa and the Tuburi tribes who dwell beyond from discretionary motives—in other words, they were too powerful to be attacked with impunity. The same traveller also describes "the low rocky mount" of the Tuburi as visible at the distance of about sixteen miles from the furthest.

An almost uninterrupted communication, the same traveller points out, has been opened by nature herself; for, from the mouth of the Kware (or Niger), to the confluence of the River Benuwa with the Mayo Kebbi, there is a natural passage navigable without further obstruction for boats of about four feet in depth; and the Mayo Kebbi itself, in its present shallow state, seems to be navigable for canoes, or flat-bottomed boats like those of the natives, which I have no doubt may, during the highest state of the inundation, go as far as Dawa in the Tuburi country, where Dr. Vogel was struck by that large sheet of water which to him seemed to be an independent central lake, but which is, in reality, nothing but a widening of the upper part of the Mayo Kebbi. "It is very probable that from this place," Barth adds, "there may be some other shallow water-course, proceeding to join the large Ngallon of Demmo, so that there would exist a real bifurcation between the basin of the Nile and that of the Tsad."

Is it possible that at the epoch of inundation there is a threefold communication from the great central lake—which may very fairly be designated from its discoverer, Lake Vogel—to the basin of the Niger on the one hand, to the basin of the Tsad, as opined by Barth, and to the basin of the Misselad and Nile, as we shall venture to opine? The occurrence in the same region of the Tuburi or Tubarri, who seem to dwell in all the lands around this head of the Nile, as well as the peculiarities in the hydrographical features of central Africa, seem to point to such a curious and hitherto almost unanticipated fact. The number of water-courses which flow from the south-westerly area of the hydrographical basin of the Nile into the Bahr al Ghazal, lend further countenance to this hypothesis, and there is also much reason to believe in the existence of a more or less extensive lake or morass district in that direction, and which would constitute the south-west head reservoir of the Nile, and represent at the same time Ptolemy's western lake.

It is to be remarked in connection with this point, that Captain Speke is reported to have said (*Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, Vol. IV., No. II., p. 41), that he could not say positively that any decided relation existed between the Bahr al Ghazal and the Victoria Nyanza. All the branches of the Upper Nile appeared to him to have their heads directed south-easterly, tending towards the Nyanza, but more especially so the Bahr al Ghazal, from the position in 4° north latitude, where Mr. Petherick crossed it. The granitic hills which Mr. Petherick saw outcropping to an altitude of two thousand feet above the level of the northern country, might, he suggested, be a continuation of the same description of hills that cross the Tuburi or Tubarri at Gondo Koro, also in 4° north latitude. If this were the case, it was evident the whole country has thence northward to the Mediterranean an evenly declining slope from two thousand

<sup>1</sup> It appears that this spirit of rivalry has come to grief. It was announced at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on the 6th December, 1861, by a letter from Mr. Consul Petherick, that the expedition of Messrs. Peney and Lejean had come to some untoward end, the nature of which was not explained.



feet to the sea-level. Of this fact the analogous descriptions of the sluggish nature of the two great streams in a measure bear proof.

These hills appear to form a kind of steppe in the country, and act as a support to the great interior plateau, which is nearly 4,000 feet above the sea, as was determined by Captain Speke when he discovered Lake Victoria, and which is at an elevation of 3,738 feet above the level of the sea, and lies about 200 miles or so to the immediate southward of the range. As these two streams, the Bahr al Ghazal and Bahr al Abiyad, have both been seen to intersect this range, and as a large river called Lut, or Muj, which, as well as the two former ones, comes from the direction of Lake Victoria, it would, this gallant traveller remarked, be a pure matter of speculation to say which of the three may drain the said lake.

We turn now to the central and still more interesting stream of all, and the one upon which a French mission was established, a few years ago, under Dr. Knoblecher—i.e., the White Nile, Tubiri or Tubarri, as it appears to be called in the uppermost part of its course. The claims of the Saubat, from its whiteness, or from its remote sources, to be called the Bahr al Abiyad, or the fact that this latter river is called, according to Mr. Werne, Tubiri beyond 4° north latitude, or Khurifry, according to Dr. Beke (text, p. 16—Churifry in the map), an orthography which almost reminds one of M. d'Arnaud's Choa-Berry, do not militate from the great fact that all travellers seem to have united—with the exception, perhaps, of M. Brun-Rollet and Russegger—in considering this as the main branch of the Nile.<sup>1</sup> Above the junction of the Bahr al Ghazal and the Tubiri, or Khurifry, says Dr. Beke, the general direction of the Tubiri, which is regarded as a continuation of the Bahr al Abiyad, is nearly S.S.E. Along its entire course, as far as it was explored by the Turco-Egyptian expeditions, the river is free from cataracts, but has occasional shallows; winding among marshes and swamps, which are in part the beds of water-courses entering the main stream during the rains.

In 4° 42' 42" north latitude, and 31° 38' (1) longitude east of Greenwich, a ridge of gneiss, running from east to west, directly across the stream, arrests farther progress up the Tubiri. But, above this, the river has, as we have before seen at length, been navigated as far as the fourth degree of north latitude, where another rapid is met with, which can only be passed during the rains. Here the Tubiri is still a large stream, averaging more than two hundred yards in breadth, and two or three yards in depth. Beyond this, the river is said to come from the south-east, its sources being in the mountains of Komberat (Kum Barri) south of the equator. Another arm, according to the Bari or Barri negroes, comes from lofty mountains, said to be beyond the country of the Fandangos, a dark but not a negro race, dwelling several days' journey south of Komberat. It may be added, that Mr. Werne, when at the extreme point reached by the third Turco-Egyptian expedition, was informed that the river continues a month's journey farther south before reaching the country of Anyan. The distance of the region

here alluded to, and of the Komberat mountains and the country of the Fandangos, as marked on Dr. Beke's map, from Mount Kenia and the slope of the other Mountains of the Moon adjacent to that culminating point, leave little doubt as to the identity, as established by Krapf's informant on the one hand, and the reports of the Bari negroes on the other, that the Tumbiri and Tubiri or Tubarri, are the same. There are reports of a great lake said to be situate to the west of the Fandango country, which lake M. Brun-Rollet lays down conjecturally on the equator, and between the twenty-third and twenty-fourth meridians east of Paris. "If Nyanza," says Dr. Beke, "be the head of the Tubiri, Tanganyika might, perhaps, be made to correspond with M. Brun-Rollet's western lake." But if, as Krapf's informant told him, the head reservoir of the Tubiri was Lake Barinju, Brun-Rollet's lake would rather correspond to Lake Victoria. If we should, however, in accordance with Dr. Knoblecher's observations, have to move the Tubiri farther westward, we should have the Barinju the same as Lake Victoria, and Brun-Rollet's western lake would be the morass at the head of the Lut, or Muj, and Ptolemy's western lake, while Victoria, Barinju, and Tubiri would remain the eastern lake, as before propounded. We cannot for a moment admit that Lake Tanganyika can represent the western lake of the Alexandrian geographer. Dr. Beke himself says: "If the Tubiri, with the Komberat and Fandango mountains, should have to be carried westward to about the meridian of Tanganyika, we must look for a third lake (that is, bringing Tanganyika into the hydrographical basin of the Nile, which we have carefully avoided doing), the position of which would be relatively about as much to the north-west of Tanganyika as Victoria Nyanza is to the north-east; and it really seems that such a lake would answer far better than (Victoria) Nyanza to Lopez's description of the second lake of the Nile, and which is afforded by Pigafetta, in his 'Relatione del Reame de Congo,' as follows: 'There are two lakes, but they are situated quite otherwise than as stated by Ptolemy, for he places his lakes east and west, whereas those which are now seen are situated north and south of each other in almost a direct line, and about four hundred miles asunder. Some persons in these countries are of opinion that the Nile, after leaving the first lake, hides itself underground, but afterwards rises again. But Signor Odoardo (Lopez) states that the most veracious history of this fact is, that the Nile does not conceal itself underground, but that, as it runs without any settled course through frightful valleys and deserts uninhabited by man, it is said to descend into the bowels of the earth. The Nile truly has its origin in the first lake, which is in 12° south latitude; and it runs four hundred miles due north, and enters another very large lake, which is called by the natives a sea, because it is two hundred and twenty miles in extent, and it lies under the equator. Respecting this second lake, very positive information is given by the Anzioli near Congo, who trade to those parts, and who say that on the lake there are people in large ships, who can write, have numbers, weights, and measures (which in those parts of Congo are not used), and build houses of stone and mortar; their customs being like those of the Portuguese.'" The only difficulty we experience in this part of the question is as to the head-waters of the Tumbiri of Krapf having its sources at or near Mount

<sup>1</sup> Barth describes all the Arab tribes in Bornu as being designated by the term Shuwa, and by the Bagirmi as Shiva. This Choa-Berry, or Shuwi-Barri of M. Brun-Rollet, seems to indicate a tribe of Arabs dwelling in Barri, or on the river of same name.

Kenia, being a distant south-east source of the Nile, or one of the tributaries to Lake Victoria; or whether Lake Victoria, with its known southerly affluent, Kitangure, is not a second isolated central and most remote, and hence true, source of the Nile, and the south-west lake a third source and reservoir.

To include Lake Tanganyika in the same hydrographical system, as is done by Dr. Belke is, to a certain extent, to increase the difficulties of this question. Major Burton and Captain Speke, on leaving the coast of Eastern Africa, nearly opposite Zanzibar, proceeded westwards over a low alluvial plain till they reached the coast-range of mountains, which they compare to the Western Ghats of India, and of which they ascertained the maximum altitude,

where they crossed, to be about 6,000 feet. This range is manifestly a southerly prolongation of the Mountains of the Moon, and a similar coast-range appears, with occasional breaks and solutions of continuity, to be prolonged by Zambesi, Port Natal, and Kaffraria, to the Cape of Good Hope. On the western side of this longitudinal range they came to an elevated plateau, ranging from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea, generally more or less clothed with vegetation, and inhabited in parts, with only one central wilderness—Mgundi Mkhali—and then crossing the highlands of Uniamesi, or of the Moonland (4,040 feet at Mfuto), the descent was gradual to Lake Tanganyika, 1,800 feet above the sea. Lake Tanganyika, so far as our travellers could ascertain, had no outlet, although it



VIEW ON THE ATBARAH, OR BLACK NILE.

received the waters of several considerable streams, and it was encircled at its northern extremity by a crescent-shaped range of hills, of the estimated height of 6,000 feet or more, which Captain Speke was led to mistake for the Alexandrian geographer—Ptolemy's—Snowy Mountains of the Moon. The chief affluent to this lake, and indeed the only well-determined one, is the Malagarazi, which is said to have its sources in the mountains of Urundi, that is, part of the Eastern Ghats of Africa, at no great distance from the Kitangure, or River of Karagwah, which flows into Victoria-Nyanza. "But while the latter," Major Burton says, "springing from the upper counter-slope, feeds the Nyanza, or Northern Lake, the Malagarazi,

rising in the lower slope of the equatorial range, trends to the south-east, till it becomes entangled in the decline of the Great Central African Depression—the hydrographical basin first indicated in his address of 1852 by Sir R. I. Murchison, President of the R. G. S. of London." What Major Burton meant was Great Central African Hydrographic! Plateau Table-land, or Elevation, not Depression. Sir R. I. Murchison's words, as since corroborated by Livingstone, at Lake Dilolo, and the head-waters of the Zambesi, in the west, are quite clear as to the Equatorial African Interior being "a vast watery plateau-land, of some elevation above the sea, but subtended on the east and west by much higher grounds, from which

the interior waters escape by deep lateral gorges." Lake Tanganyika, about 300 feet long, by 30 or 40 miles broad, and as Major Burton should have said, in the decline of the great central African plateau, is alone an exception to this rule, and would constitute a vast isolated reservoir in a hollow, at about half the average height of the watery plateau, unless, as is most probably the case, it has a communication with Nyassi, or "Star Lake," at all events, at the season of flood. It has already been ascertained that it has a communication at such a season with Lake Rukwa, and its waters may overflow thence to the ocean by the Rwaha, Rufiji or Lufiji River, or by "Star Lake" and the Shiré (which latter is most likely) to the sea.

Earl de Grey and Ripon advocated this latter view of the subject in his address for 1860. We cannot give his lordship's arguments in detail, but we can give the summary, which in this instance precedes the details.

"It is indeed a strange hydrological puzzle," remarks his lordship, "if a lake, situated in the damp regions of the equator, subject to a rainy season that lasts eight out of the twelve months of the year, and supplied by considerable rivers, one of which is stated to be saline, should have no outlet whatever, and yet retain its elevation unchanged, its evaporating area invariable, and also the sweetness of its waters uncompromised. We may speak to much the same effect of the Lake Shirwa, lately visited, but not yet thoroughly explored, by Dr. Livingstone. To make this matter more strange, we find the Nyassa Lake closely adjacent to the Shirwa, and not far distant from the Tanganyika, and of approximately the same elevation, gives exit to a splendid river, the Shiré, which Livingstone describes as being at its outlet one hundred and fifty yards broad, ten to twelve feet deep, and running at two and a quarter knots an hour. Lastly, there is this further unexplained peculiarity, that, contrary to the Zambesi, and to the properties of all rivers in tropical Africa, the variation in the height of the Shiré in the wet and dry seasons does not exceed the remarkably small amount of two or three feet.

"Now, if we venture to disregard native testimony altogether on that one point in which native testimony is perpetually misleading travellers, namely, the direction of the current of a river, the facts at present before us appear not only contradictory, but even lend considerable probability to the theory that the Nyassa is connected with the Tanganyika, and that the Shiré may be the outlet of both of them, and also to the surplus waters of the Shirwa."

Dr. Beke entertains, we have seen, a totally different view of the matter, although he advances it with the circumspection of one who prefers truth to theory, and with the wariness of a veteran geographer. After noticing the discovery of the Lakes Nyanza and Tanganyika, whence he says Ptolemy derived his two arms of the Nile, a view which, in as far as Tanganyika is concerned, we have already combated, he continues:

"Whether these two lakes do actually join the Nile, as asserted by that geographer, is a question requiring investigation. Captain Speke, when addressing the Royal Geographical Society, on his return to England, in May, 1859, expressed his opinion that Lake Nyanza is the great reservoir of the Nile. That it is so towards the south-east may be admitted, as also that it is Ptolemy's eastern lake. But it remains to be ascer-

tained whether there are not other similar reservoirs farther westward in the interior of the continent. Indeed, we know already of Lake Tanganyika, in a position sufficiently corresponding to that of Ptolemy's western lake; only its elevation of merely 1800 feet seems to militate against its connection with the Nile, especially as it is said to be encircled and shut in at its northern extremity by a range of mountains. Still, it is not absolutely certain that Tanganyika has no outlet through or round those mountains; and besides, as the elevation of the Nile at Khartum is only 1200 feet, whilst from about 10° north latitude the main stream and its principal arms are almost on a dead level, we should be wrong in asserting the physical impossibility of a connection between the lake and the river."

It is not only, however, that the elevation of Lake Tanganyika at 1800 feet militates against its having any connection with the Nile, which is 1200 feet at Khartum, granting the stagnant character of the stream at the Bahr al Ghazal, but it is the almost insuperable objection to the existence of the great central African watery plateau between the two basins, and which attains an elevation of between 3000 and 4000 feet, of which Speke's Lunar Crescent is the outlying ridge, and which it is utterly improbable that a Tanganyika river should flow through in a channel at a lower level by one half than the plateau itself for a distance of some hundreds of miles. We have before attempted to show that it is much more likely that Lake Victoria, which is at an altitude of 4000 feet, and, according to those Arabs whose information had hitherto proved correct, extended northwards for upwards of 300 miles, stretches in reality in a north-westerly direction to an extent of which a perfect conception has not been hitherto formed, either as a continuous sheet of water, or broken into several lakes and morasses, according to the season of the year, and constituting that portion of the great central African watery plateau from whence descend the Lut or Muj, the Nikbor, the Nam, the Aliji, the Kuwan or Apabu, and the other numerous tributaries of the Bahr al Ghazal from the south-west.

Upon this point Dr. Beke, speaking of the Bahr al Ghazal, or Keilak, says: "This river has been ascended three or four days' journey (25 to 30 leagues) in a westerly direction from its confluence with the lake, and is found to divide there into two arms, the one from the west having the appearance of an extensive lake, while the other, which is supposed to be the principal, comes from the south. The latter has been ascended as far as Dar Benda, by M. Brun-Rollet or M. Vayssière, and the other Europeans who have explored these hitherto unknown regions."

There would seem thus to be several lake or morass reservoirs to the south-west. The farther westward course of the Bahr al Ghazal has not, however, been yet traced; but the river is asserted to be as large as the Tibiri itself, and from native information it would seem to have branches coming from the south-west, the west and also the north-west. When Dr. Barth was in Adamawa, he heard of a river called Ada, flowing eastward in about 8° north latitude, and 24° east longitude, which, Dr. Beke remarks, can only be a tributary of the Nam Airth. M. Jomard, in his *Observations sur le Voyage au Darfour (Dar-fur) of Sheikh Muhammad al Tunay*, describes, on the authority of M. Koenig, a river named Amberkey, as being a

branch of the Gula or Kula. This must also be an affluent of the Bahr al Ghazal, if not the river noticed by Dr. Barth. Muhammad al Tunay himself speaks of a large river named Baro running to the west of Dar-fur, which in like manner must be an affluent of the Bahr al Ghazal, and in which we find the great central name of Bari, Berri, Barri, Barro, and Bora again.

This north-westerly prolongation of the Victoria-Nyanza would also be, as before said, Ptolemy's western lake, rather than, as Beke supposes, Lake Tanganyika. The great feature of this latter lake is, that it is in the decline of the watery plateau, and one half below its level, that it belongs to the hydrographical basin of the Nyassa, Shirwa, Shire, and Zambesi, and not to that of the Nile, and that the division is, as Major Burton has pointed out, where the Kitangure, or River of Karagwah springs from one slope of the Mountains of the Moon to flow to Lake Victoria, and the Malagarazi flows from the other slope to Lake Tanganyika. It is not impossible that this St. Gothard of the Mountains of the Moon is Mount Kilimandjaro; on the contrary, there is every probability that it is so. Speke's Lunar Mountains and the Karagwah in all probability constitute another watershed from which the rivulets to the south flow to Lake Tanganyika, and those to the north to Lake Victoria; but these cannot be so remote as the sources of the Kitangure, or they would extend to Lake Tanganyika, and therefore, as far as we yet know, the Kitangure constitutes the actual sources of the Nile, and these are at or near what Major Burton calls the Ethiopian Olympus, Kilima-Ngao, or Kilimandjaro.

Major Burton's account of the kingdom of Urundi is, that it has a sea-face of about fifty miles, hence it must embrace a portion of the African Ghauts, besides strips of fertile land and green hills. This region, he adds, rising from the lake in a north-easterly direction, culminates into the equatorial mass of highlands which, under the name of Karagwah, forms the western spinal promulgation of the Lunar Mountains. Elsewhere he says: The kingdom of Karagwah, which is limited on the north by the Kitangure, or Kitangulo River, a great western affluent of the Nyanza Lake, occupies twelve days in traversing. The usual estimate would thus give a depth of 72, and place the northern limit about 228 rectilinear geographical miles from Kazeh, or in south latitude  $1^{\circ} 40'$ . This would carry up the Kitangure so far north that its tributaries would embrace the western slopes of Mount Kenia, as well as of Kilimandjaro. Then again, he says, speaking of Karagwah, its equatorial position and its altitude enable it to represent the Central African prolongation of the Lunar Mountains. Ptolemy describes this range, which he supposes to send forth the White Nile, as stretching across the continent for the distance of  $10^{\circ}$  of longitude. There may, undoubtedly, be a highland district prolonged westerly from Kilimandjaro south of Victoria-Nyanza and between it and Lake Tanganyika, and connected with Captain Speke's Lunar Mountains, but neither Major Burton's Karagwah Lunar Mountains, nor Captain Speke's Lunar Mountains, answer the description of the Alexandrian geographer so well as the lofty coast range, or African Ghauts, whose culminating points rise above the limits of the snow line. It is, however, remarkable, that both chains described by Major Burton and by Captain Speke lie in the district of Unyamwezi, or the actual "Land of the Moon."

Mr. Macqueen, who places the sources of the Nile a little eastward of the meridian of  $35^{\circ}$ , and a little northward of the equator—that is, we suppose, identifies them with Krapf's Tumbiri and Barinju, flowing from the north slopes of Kenia, objects to Lake Victoria being the source or reservoir of the Nile; indeed, he says it is impossible it can be so, for it is not at a sufficiently high altitude. Now, if Dr. Beke can argue a communication between Lake Tanganyika, far south of Lake Victoria, at an altitude of 1800 feet with the Nile, which is already 1200 feet at Khartum, it is, surely, much more easy to admit a junction between Lake Victoria, which is 4000 feet, and much nearer! As to the height of the sources of the Nile, they are at present, and will probably remain yet for a long time, unknown, as Captains Speke and Grant's journey does not precisely embrace the search for them; but whether they are at the head-waters of the Kitangure in the Kilimandjaro, or at those of the Tumbiri on Mount Kenia, they may be from 10,000 to 15,000 feet above the level of the sea.

According to Major Burton, the Victoria Nyanza is an elevated basis or reservoir, the recipient of the surplus monsoon rain, which falls in the extensive regions of the Wamasai and their kinsmen to the east, the Karagwah line of the Lunar Mountains to the west, and to the south Usukuma, or northern Unyamwezi. Extending to the equator, in the central length of the African peninsula, and elevated above the limits of the depression in the heart of the continent, it appears to be a gap in the irregular chain, which, running from Usumbara and Kilimungaro to Karagwah, represents the formation anciently termed the Mountains of the Moon. Then, further on, after a description which is manifestly not that of an eye-witness, he says, "The altitude, the conformation of the Nyanza Lake, the argillaceous colour, and the sweetness of its waters, combine to suggest that it may be one of the feeders of the White Nile." He then quotes M. Brun-Rollet, and the details supplied by the Egyptian expedition in support of the same view, and, after facetiously disposing of Krapf's Tumbiri, by intimating that, as the word Tumbiri and Thumbili means a monkey, and the people are peculiarly fond of satire in a small way, it is not improbable that the very name had no foundation of fact, he avers that it is impossible not to suspect that between the upper portion of the Nyanza and the Watershed of the White Nile there exists a longitudinal range of elevated ground, running from east to west—a furca draining northwards into the Nile, and southwards into the Nyanza Lake—like that which separates the Tanganyika from the Maravi or Nyassa of Kilwa!

The periodical swelling of the Nyanza Lake, Major Burton goes on to argue, which, flooding a considerable tract of land to the south, may be supposed—as it lies flush with the basal surface of the country—to inundate extensively all the low lands that form its periphery, forbids belief in the possibility of its being the head stream of the Nile, or the reservoir of its periodical inundation. In Karagwah, upon the western shore, the masika, or monsoon, lasts from October to May or June, after which the dry season sets in. The Nile is therefore full during the dry season, and low during the rainy season, south of and immediately upon the equator. And as the northern counter-slope of Kenia will, to a certain extent, be a lee-land, like Ugogo, it cannot have the superfluity of moisture necessary to

send forth a first-class stream. The inundation is synchronous with the great falls of the northern equatorial regions, which extend from July to September, and is dependent solely upon the tropical rains. It is therefore probable that the true sources of the "Holy River" will be found to be a network of runnels and rivulets of scanty dimensions, filled by monsoon torrents, and perhaps a little swollen by melted snow on the northern water-parting of the Eastern Lunar Mountains.

To this long disquisition it will be sufficient to answer that the Nile is supplied from various sources, and by several large rivers, including the Black Nile, the Blue Nile, the Saubat, the Misselad, the Tubiri, or Tubarri, and others, besides the Nyanza tributary, to point out its unsatisfactory character. Granting, with Mr. Macqueen and Major Burton, that the swelling of the River Nile proceeds from the tropical rains of the northern torrid zone, as was stated emphatically to Julius Cæsar, by the chief Egyptian priest Amoreis, two thousand years ago, what is there to remove the greater part, almost the whole, of the upper hydrographical network of the Nile from the sphere of their action? There is every reason to believe that Lake Victoria extends north of the equator, and whether it is prolonged far away by a chain of lakes or morasses to the north-west of the equator, or whether the lakes and morasses of the great African watery plateau are in that direction, local and isolated, still it is certain that they would burst their limits at the time of the tropical rains, and pour down their waters by a thousand rivulets to the tributaries of the Bahr al Ghazal, coming from the south-west. Those which come from the south-east, being influenced by other phenomena of varying monsoons and melting of snow, would cause those divergencies in the rising of the White Nile which have puzzled Major Burton, but their influence upon the great point in question—the supply of the mass of affluents from the south-west—is very trifling. Add to which, Sir R. I. Murchison has shown that the periodical overflow of the waters, in whatever directions, from the great central and intertropical watery plateau of Africa, is explicable by the fact that, at certain seasons of the year, differing, of course, in different latitudes, the rainfall of several months would at last so supersaturate the interior plateau lands and lakes as to produce periodical annual discharges, the exact epoch of which at different places can only be determined by further observations.

In the words of the present vice-president of the Geographical Society, if it should eventually be proved that the Lake Nyanza (Victoria) contributes its annual surplus waters to the White Nile, so may it then be fairly considered as the main source of the great river; the more so when we see that its southern end is farther to the south, or more remote from its embouchure, than any other portion of the Nilotic water-parting. On the other hand, the high mountains which flank the great stream in the east, and probably supply it with some of its waters, may, by other geographers, be rather viewed as the main and original source.

These are the only remaining portions of the great problem which have to be worked out—a problem which it has been the desideratum of all ages to unravel, and one which, according to Lucan, made Julius Cæsar exclaim that to gain this knowledge he would even have abandoned the civil war—

*Spes sit mihi certa videndi*

*Niliacos fontes bellum civile relinquam* (LUCAN, lib. x.)—

a problem which Nero sent his centurions to determine, and which, by the last discovery of Captain Speke, seems certainly now to approach nearly to a satisfactory solution.

It is indeed to solve this interesting problem—which, like the relics of our lost countrymen in the Arctic regions, were, before the voyage of the *Fox*, reduced to within the limits that any practical geographer could have put his finger upon the spot, and notwithstanding the planting of the French tricolor flag at the head of a river flowing to the Indian Ocean—that Captains Speke and Grant have started once more to Eastern Africa under the best auspices. Her Majesty's government and the Royal Geographical Society have both acted liberally in supporting this expedition. Captain Speke's instructions are to make the best of his way to the point whence he before turned back, at the southern end of Lake Victoria, and thence to explore to its northern extremity, seeing whether or no it has a northern outlet. If there should be no connection between the Victoria-Nyanza and the Nile, he is to use the best of his judgment in prosecuting his search to the sources of the latter; and, finally, he is to endeavour to reach Gondokoro, the missionary settlement formerly occupied by Knoblecher, and stated to be in latitude north  $4^{\circ} 25'$ .

Mr. Petherick, her Britannic Majesty's consul at Khartum, has at the same time volunteered his services to proceed up the Nile to explore its sources, and also to aid the expedition of Captains Speke and Grant, gone by way of Zanzibar, by meeting it, if possible, on its way from Lake Victoria to the Lower Nile.

As a disquisition such as we have ventured to enter upon is not easily followed without the assistance of better maps than are yet generally attainable, we will give a tabular statement of the results, which may assist in rendering the present state of the question regarding the sources of the Nile clearer:

First Source of the Nile: Bahr al Aawad, Black River, Athani, and Takkazy. The Nile of Elmazin, of Cantacuzene, and of Albuquerque. (A view of the subject now utterly exploded.)

Second Source of the Nile: Bahr al Azrak, Blue River. Both affluents—the Abiyad, White, and the Tacny. Nile of the Jesuits, of Bruce, and of Mr. Cooley. (Exploded.)

Third Source of the Nile: Saubat, or Sobat. (Possible, more especially if the Barri and Tubarri are the same as the Tumbiri and Tubiri.)

Fourth Source of the Nile: The Misselad. Nile of M. Brun-Rollet.

Fifth Source of the Nile: From Vogel's Lake. Ptolemy's western lake. Giving birth at seasons of flood to affluents to the Benuwe and Niger, to the Shari and Lake Tsad, and to the Lake of Gazelles and the Nile! (Not improbable.)

Sixth Source of the Nile: Tumbiri of Krapp, Tubiri of Werne, Tubesi of the King of Barri. Nile of Krapp and Macqueen. Patioo of Miani. Viewed as a tributary to the Tubiri or Tubarri, and not of the Saubat. (Possible.)

Seventh Source of the Nile: Lake Victoria, or Nyanza, and its southerly tributary, the Kitangure. (Most probable of all.)

Eighth Source of the Nile: From Lake Tanganyika, Boko's western lake of Ptolemy. (Not at all probable.)

Since the foregoing disquisition was written, the true source of the Nile has, at last, been discovered by Captain Speke. As already mentioned, the Victoria Nyanza was discovered by Captain Speke on the 30th July, 1858; and he confidently asserted, at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held in London in May 1859, that the Victoria Nyanza would eventually prove to be the source of the Nile. Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society, at once accepted his views; and it was determined to send out Captain Speke to prosecute his investigations with all speed, so that the glory of the discovery should not be lost to England. After making due preparations, Captain Speke, accompanied by his friend Captain Grant, who asked to be allowed to go with him, embarked at Portsmouth on 27th April, 1860, for Zanzibar, which they reached on 17th August. With the assistance of Colonel Bigby, the British Consul at Zanzibar, they enlisted nearly 100 men for the expedition, to serve as a body-guard, mule-drivers, and porters.

The expedition left Zanzibar on 21st September, 1860, and crossed to Bagamoya, on the African mainland, and from thence proceeded into the interior. Captain Speke, in his interesting "Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile," describes the state of the various countries through which the expedition passed. After marching through Uzaramo, Usagara, Ugoga, and the Wilderness of Mgunda Mkhali, they passed on through Unyamuezi, Usinza, Usui, Karague, and, on the 19th February, 1862, the expedition reached Uganda, which kingdom is adjacent to the Victoria Nyanza. They were detained by the king of Uganda under various pretenses, till the 7th July, when they were allowed to go forward, and the expedi-

tion proceeded to march down the northern slopes of Africa.

On the 21st July, Captain Speke states, with commendable enthusiasm, that "at last he stood on the brink of the Nile! Most beautiful was the scene; nothing could surpass it!" Again, marching forward, they reached that part of the river which the natives call the "Stones," but which Captain Speke named the "Ripon Falls."

Captain Speke then goes on to state that "the expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old father Nile, without any doubt, rises in the Victoria Nyanza; and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief. . . . The most remote waters, or *top head of the Nile*, is the southern end of the lake, situated close on the third degree of south latitude; which gives to the Nile the surprising length, in direct measurement, rolling over thirty-four degrees of latitude, of above 2300 miles, or more than one-eleventh of the circumference of the globe."

The expedition next proceeded down the Nile, through Unyoro and Madi, and reached Gondokoro on 15th February, 1863. Here they were met by Captain Baker, who had come up the Nile with three vessels to look after the expedition. Captain Speke then proceeded down the Nile to Alexandria, which he reached in safety.

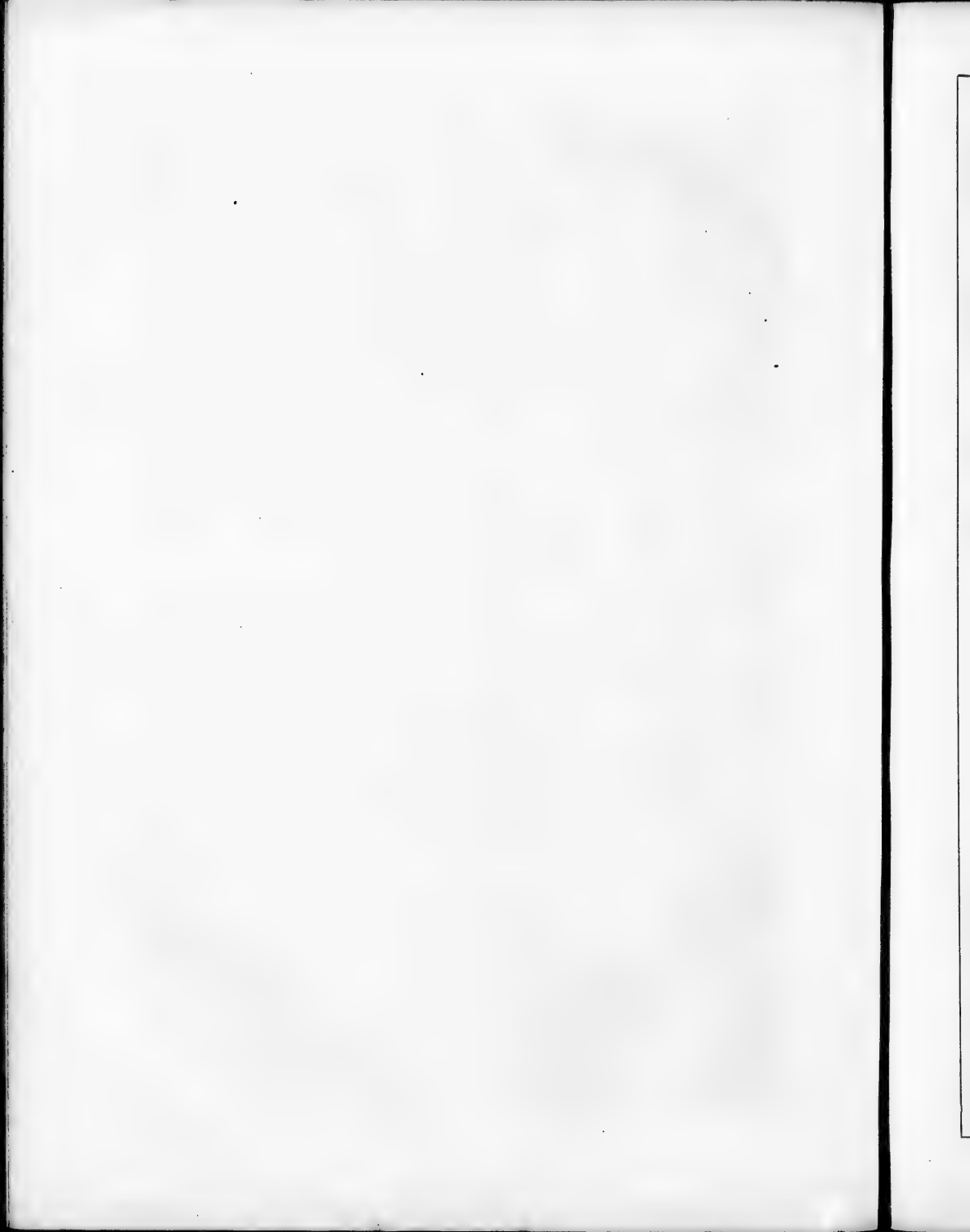
Captain Speke has thus solved what was a mystery for ages, and he takes high rank among explorers as the discoverer of the source of the Nile—a problem which had baffled all previous geographers, and which learned sages of many countries had for ages been vainly endeavouring to solve.



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PEAK OF TENEFITE





# VOYAGE OF DON GIOVANNI MASTAI,

HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS IX.,

FROM GENOA TO SANTIAGO, ACROSS THE PENINSULA OF SOUTH AMERICA,  
1828-1824.

## I.

ORIGIN OF THE MISSION—DEPARTURE FOR GENOA—THE  
ELOYEA AND HER CREW—NAVIGATION OF THE MEDITER-  
RANEAN—THE COAST OF CATALONIA.

In the year 1823, South America had already acquired its political independence, but she had not yet arrived at religious pacification, being broken up into parties, consequent upon the commotions to which she had been so long subjected. In the latter years of the pontificate of Pius VII., one of the most influential men of Chili, Archdeacon Don José Ignacio Cienfuegos, was despatched to Rome by the newly constituted powers, to ask of the Holy Father to institute an apostolic mission that should reside at Santiago. The main object of the proposed mission was to smooth away the difficulties that had arisen, on more than one occasion, between the Chilean clergy and the supreme power; several members of the religious orders had even gone so far as to demand their secularisation. The mission of an apostolic vicar had thus become a matter of first necessity.

The court of Rome acceded to the request, forwarded by the Representative Chambers of Chili, and assembled a special congregation, composed of six cardinals, presided over by Cardinal della Genga. The choice of this assembly fell at first upon Monseigneur Ostini, an ecclesiastic of known merits, and at that time professor of sacred science at the College of Rome. Various circumstances, however, combined to induce this learned theologian to decline an honour which he accepted first, and the congregation named, in his place, Don Giovanni Muzi, who at that epoch resided at the court of Vienna, as auditor to the apostolic nuncio. He started at once from Germany for Rome, where Pius VII. raised him to the dignity of Archbishop of the Philippines in *partibus infidelium*. Two young ecclesiastics were deputed to accompany the archbishop and assist him in his labours, one, Don Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, at that time a simple canon, and the Abbé Giuseppe Sallusti, secretary of legation, an intelligent man, to whom we are indebted for the following account of this curious ecclesiastical excursion. It was published in Rome in the year 1827, in four volumes, in octavo, with a map, under the title, *Storia delle Missioni Apostoliche del Stato del Chile, colla Descrizione del Viaggio dal Vecchio al Nuovo Mondo*

*fatto dal l'Autore*, opera di Giuseppe Sallusti. Don Giovanni Mastai, born at Sinigaglia on the 13th May, 1792, was at that epoch 31 years of age, he was elected archbishop of Spoleto after his return in 1827, and became sovereign pontiff in 1846.

At the reiterated request of a learned ecclesiastic from the Argentine provinces, Doctor Pacheco, the congregation, presided over by Cardinal della Genga, conferred great powers upon the new vicar-apostolic; not only was he empowered to provide for the spiritual wants of Chili and of the provinces comprising the ancient vice-royalty of Buenos Ayres, but similar powers were conferred upon him over Peru, Columbia, and the Mexican States.

The apostolic mission embarked at the port of Genoa on the 5th of October, 1823, in a French brig, called *l'Eloyea*. The vessel was in excellent condition, newly coppered, a swift sailer, and the captain, Antonio Copello, had long navigated the seas of South America. He was at once an intelligent and able mariner, and an agreeable companion; his lieutenant, or, as the Italians still designate him, the pilot, was one Campodonico, also a sailor of great experience. The crew numbered 34 men, all select.

Two natives of Chili embarked at the same time with Monseigneur Muzi and Don Giovanni Mastai, and did not separate from the mission till it reached the great River La Plata. One was Don José Cienfuegos, of whom we have already spoken; the other was a young ecclesiastic of rare merits, Father Raymondo Aroe, who belonged to the order of Reformed Dominicans in the city of Santiago.

All went on wonderfully pleasantly for the first few days; the wind was favourable, the arrangements made by Captain Copello for the convenience of his passengers gave every satisfaction, but the travellers were not as yet able to enter into the pleasure of the journey. If, on the one hand, they had much to hope, they had, on the other, much to cause anxiety. Thanks to the conversation of Father I. de Molina on Chili, they had been enabled to form to themselves a good idea, at Bologna, of the magnificent regions that they were about to visit. An incident, the result of which could not at that moment be foreseen, had occurred previous to their departure from Genoa; they heard there that Pius VII. had fallen from weakness in his

apartments, on the 19th of August, and that his condition was such, after the lapse of three days from the occurrence, as to leave no hopes of his recovery, indeed he died before their departure, and immediately upon his death the concclave had assembled and had elected Leon XII. in his place.

The progress of the brig at the same time met with a sad check in the occurrence of one of those dead calms well known to sailors, but very imperfectly understood by those who have not been to sea. The vessel, although making no way, is still balloted about in every direction, as if at the mercy of the waves, and this movement is more creative than any other of that inexpressible feeling of discomfort from which many suffer more even than from a serious illness. Don Giovanni Mastai was in this category, and the one who suffered more than any other member of the mission. This sad indisposition attained with him such a degree of intensity as to utterly deprive him of all strength, and leave him prostrate for several days.

At length, on the 7th of October, the wind having freshened up, they were borne across the Gulf of Lyons, and on the 9th were going along with a favourable breeze at the rate of ten knots a hour. The Island of Minorca was soon passed, and the lofty peaks, and the high and rugged rocks of Mont Serrat, at the base of which are so many humble sanctuaries, were detected, presenting an agreeable contrast to the grandiose mountains to which they cling for support. The mission were still in the enjoyment of this imposing and admirable spectacle, when a terrible south-west wind arose, and the *libeccio*, so dreaded on the coast of Italy, came on to blow in all its fury. Carried away by the tempest, the ship was soon borne past the shores of Catalonia, and became a playing in the storm off the port of Valencia, in which it would gladly have sought refuge, had it not been that the bad feeling of the Spanish authorities was more to be dreaded even than the tempest, for the countries to which the Holy See was despatching a mission, were at that time deemed to be in open rebellion against the mother government. The *libeccio* in the meantime did not cease to rage; on the contrary, the tempest seemed to gain in strength, and no alternative remained but to seek refuge in some port of that country which they were so anxious to avoid contact with. They were at this moment not far from Majorca, so the resolution was come to seek shelter in the harbour of Palma, and it was then that, on the very onset of the mission, that long series of vexations, annoyances, and contrarieties which befel it, had their first origin.

After having been long tossed by the winds, after having seen themselves driven from Valencia to Ivica, a formidable group of rocks that threatened proximate destruction, at length the *Eloya*s anchored on the 14th of October in the safe and calm harbour of Palma, in which no tempest was ever dreaded, and whence the pious travellers could contemplate with feelings of admiration that splendid cathedral, the magnificence of whose architecture is rendered visible, by its position, to a great distance.

## II.

PALMA IN MAJORCA—THE MEMBERS OF THE MISSION IMPRISONED IN THE LAZARETTO, OR QUARANTINE.

THE authorities of the island were in commotion on seeing the Sardinian flag floating from the brig driven into the harbour by stress of weather, the officers of

health at once paid a visit to the ship, and Monseigneur Muzi found himself obliged to land forthwith. He selected Don Giovanni Mastai, who had scarcely recovered from his sufferings, to accompany him, leaving the Abbé Sallusti on board.

The prelate descended into a boat alongside, and was soon rowed ashore; but no sooner had he and his companion landed than they were hurried to the lazaretto, and, despite their remonstrances, and without regard to their holy character, they soon heard the treble bolts of this formidable prison closed upon them. The news of this strange arrestation soon spread to the *Eloya*s, and, as may be easily imagined, caused a universal consternation. The Abbé Sallusti never hesitated a moment in going on shore to share the captivity of his companions.

This occurred on the 16th of October. On the 17th the three united members of the mission were subjected to a first interrogatory, not like that to which travellers coming from afar, and who may have infringed some of the laws of quarantine, are subjected, but a real judicial inquiry, to which criminals of the deepest dye are alone exposed, and concerning whose guilt there could be no doubts. The Abbé Sallusti has given a graphic description of this strange scene, and we will let him speak:—

Everything was disposed for the great Sanhedrin (he says), and the new Prætor of Pilate had taken up his station at the very entrance of the lazaretto. It was there that the alcade<sup>1</sup> of the city took his place, assuming at the same time a most forbidding aspect, and putting on the most threatening looks. The presidency devolved upon him, in fact, from his qualification as a judicial authority. It was with an air of majesty a thousand times more imposing than what would have been assumed by any Roman pro-consul that he addressed the questions to us which we were expected to answer. By his side were two other ministers of justice, with physiognomies just as severe, and whose fierce aspect chilled us with apprehensions, and made us tremble. A notary, of spare features and fragile frame, and of a generally cadaverous appearance, having great resemblance to a Pharisee, was also there to register the questions and the answers.

When everything was ready, a little wooden stool was placed in the midst of this synagogue of persons so ill-disposed towards us, upon which Monseigneur Muzi took his place first, and each of us afterwards, but in succession (the worthy Abbé says alternately), in order to pass through the examination to which we were subjected; but before the interrogatory commenced, we had to go through the fumigations inspired by a dread of the plague. This over, we were successively interrogated by the supreme judge as to our country, the position we filled in it, and the object of our mission. They wanted to know if we had political objects in view in going to America. To all these questions categorical answers were given, and in the most perfect good faith, on our part. Long answers were not permitted; nor would it have been prudent on our part to have entered into long details: yes or no, were all that were required when it was possible, and in reality it was the best answer to give when one was desirous of not being compromised. We were not permitted to remain together during the examination, but the locality was so disposed that the words ad-

<sup>1</sup> From the Moorish *Al Kadi* (the judge).

dressed to each of us were distinctly heard, and we were thus enabled to ascertain, when the proceeding was over, that our answers had been the same, which in reality could not have failed to be the case, for we had spoken nothing but the truth.

The sitting was not prolonged, and the three passengers of the *Eloya* withdrew in good spirits. Admission to the town was no longer forbidden to them. Nevertheless, the magistrates of Palma, believing themselves to be invested with a power which they certainly had not, exerted themselves to their utmost to put a stop, as they themselves admitted, to a mission so opposed to the sovereignty of their government. They denied that the Holy See had the right to send to the South Americans spiritual aid, so long sought for and asked for by the populations emancipated by victory. They even went further; they summoned the envoy from Chilli to come and at once give an account of the motives that influenced them, and to render an account of them before their tribunal. Don José Cienfuegos and Father Raymondo Arce declined to make their appearance, and refused to leave the ship. This firm resistance on their part had the best effects. It gave time for the consul of Sardinia to interfere, and the Bishop of Palma having also interfered in favour of the missionaries, the negotiation, which threatened to render the sojourn of the *Eloya* in Europe eternal, was brought to an end, and the reverend fathers were permitted to embark.

A delay of three days in this little hospitable island had now forcibly taken place, and, in the interval, the Mediterranean had not yet subsided into its ordinary quietude; once more the vessel was driven into the neighbourhood of Ivica, whence it was obliged to retrograde. Once more the shores of Catalonia came in sight, and the wind continuing to freshen, they soon found themselves off the rocky coast of the ancient kingdom of Valencia. The Italians and the descendants of the Castilians compared their reminiscences; the old Spanish legends which have made the circuit of the globe, translated into all languages, could not fail to obtrude upon the thoughts of the pious travellers, and they saluted the land of the Cid. This splendid panorama continued to unroll itself before them; they could contemplate at their ease the enchanted region whence Isabella drove Boabdil. They could distinguish Malaga with its magnificent vineyards, and many other cities adorned with flowering plants and palm-trees; and it was not till some time after that they ultimately passed the Straits, beyond which they felicitated themselves as being out of the reach of further misadventures. Gibraltar, seen by night, had appeared to them sparkling with a thousand lights, like an illuminated city. The day of the 28th was passed not far from this immense fortress, at a spot where they were most hospitably and kindly received and entertained, and whence they set forth to enter upon the great ocean.

### III.

#### NAVIGATION TO TENERIFFE—THE EXPEDITION IN TROUBLE —CORRALES DE COLUMBA—CAPE VERDE ISLANDS.

For a time all was admiration. The coast of Morocco presented itself in all its varied and picturesque aspects; the *Eloya* made good way, and soon the sight of land was altogether lost. With the open sea, came,

however, turbulent weather, and all the party were laid up again. Don José Cienfuegos was so ill that he requested to be set down at the Canary Islands. This was so much the more to be regretted, as it was he who had solicited that the mission should be sent, and without his experience it would be of no avail when it reached the end of its journey. Yet the continuance of bad weather kept aggravating his sufferings. On the 3rd of November, the storm attained so much violence that the ship was threatened with destruction. The *Eloya*, we are told, was solely indebted for its escape to the promptitude of the Captain, and the rapidity of his manoeuvres. Luckily, as if the tempest had attained a crisis, the weather became milder the next day, just as the Peak of Teneriffe was coming in sight.

The aspect of this justly celebrated volcanic cone, rising, with its acclivities of rock and verdure, and its summit of snow, as it were, right out of the ocean, equalled in majesty only by the skies above, which lavish their splendour on it, served for a moment to distract the reverend fathers from their sufferings. A sudden calm had succeeded to the tempest; the sea was still agitated but the wind had fallen. For two days the travellers drifted in sight of this great mountain (See page 213); for two successive evenings did they enjoy the magnificent sight of the setting sun illuminating the lofty peak in the most brilliant radiance.<sup>1</sup> Still the breeze kept sinking, the surface

<sup>1</sup> Teneriffe, or more properly Tenerife, called Chinerife by the original inhabitants, the Guanches, is the largest and most important of the Canary Islands. Its length from south-west to north-east is about sixty miles. Towards the south-eastern extremity it is nearly thirty miles across, but it grows gradually narrower towards the north-east, being near that extremity hardly more than five miles wide. In Humboldt's travels, the area of the island is stated to be 73 maritime square leagues, or 897 English square miles; but according to a more recent estimate the area is 83-805 Spanish square leagues, or 1012 English square miles, which is nearly equal to the area of Cheshire. About one-seventh of the area (comprehending 100,000 acres, or 150-25 miles) is available for agricultural purposes. The remainder is covered with lava and other volcanic productions, and a great part is destitute of vegetation; a small portion only is covered with trees. The highest ground of the island is the Peak of Teneriffe, called by the inhabitants Peak of Teyde, which name is derived from Tcheyde, by which term the Guanches meant hail.

This mountain is situated towards the north-western part of the island, and is a volcano with two summits, of which the south-eastern, and more elevated, called Piton, is 11,946 feet above the sea-level, and the north-western, Mount Chahorra, is 9888 feet. Their bases are united by a short ridge, which is somewhat lower than the summit of Mount Chahorra. Both summits are extinct volcanoes. The crater of the Piton, called Caldera, is of oblong shape and only 300 feet long from south-east to north-west, and 200 feet in the opposite direction.

It is distinguished by a high circular wall, which surrounds it, and which would prevent access to the crater, if it were not broken down on its western side. The depression of the crater does not exceed 100 feet. The crater of Mount Chahorra is very large, as it takes more than an hour to go round it, it is about 140 feet deep. It is not on record that volcanic matter has issued from either of them; they are at present only solfatarae, from the crevices of which sulphuric vapours are continually arising. But to the west of Mount Chahorra are four volcanic cones, from which, in 1798, great quantities of lava flowed and covered the adjacent tracts. In 1706 a great quantity of lava issued from the north-eastern side of the ridge which unites the Piton to Mount Chahorra. These lavas reached the sea, and almost filled the harbour of Garraichio, which up to that time was the best or, more properly speaking, the only harbour in the island. Very elevated volcanic masses extend from Mount Chahorra in a north-west direction to the Punta de Jena which is the most elevated cape of the island. These masses rise to 7000 feet above the

of the sea was not even rippled, and the heat had become almost unupportable. Carried away by currents, of the force and direction of which (at that epoch of navigation) the captain was utterly ignorant, the brig was gradually approaching the coast, and the danger of its position became imminent. A stout cable was hoisted out in the ship's boat, and the vessel was kept off the rocks by dint of hard rowing. The vigorous sailors of the *Eloya* bore off the ship triumphant from all danger. At the very moment a breeze sprang up that made her bound over the bosom of the waters, and this first burst was succeeded by a gentle wind that enabled them to steer peaceably in the midst of this happy archipelago, of which they saw almost every island in succession, each having its own beauties wherewith to delight the eyes and rivet the attention.

On the night of the 5th the little town of Santa Cruz was still visible in the distance, or to speak more correctly, its lights shone from afar. Night had come on, and the passengers were all fast asleep, when the sound of the speaking trumpet as suddenly roused them all up. The Genoese brig found itself in the presence of an armed frigate. The tales of horror that were at that time in circulation regarding the Columbian corsairs rendered their being awoke under such circumstances anything but agreeable. It was known that only a few months previously the crew of a Genoese ship, having been made prisoners by these buccaneers, had been plundered of everything, and then abandoned on a desert island, with a sack of biscuit for all provisions. It was actually a Columbian corsair whom Captain Copello was addressing in the night through his speaking-trumpet, and that we are not told why—in the English language—but luckily the visit was as rapid as it was threatening.

sea level. The Peak of Toyde is surrounded on the south-west, south, and south-east, by an uninterrupted ridge of mountain masses, which form a semicircle, and are about three miles from its base. These mountains are very steep towards the volcano. On the other side only single mountains occur. The tract which lies between the base of the volcano and the semicircle is called Los Llanos de las Retamas, from a plant called retama, nearly the only plant which vegetates on this tract, which is covered with pumice-stones. Its surface is uneven, but has a regular slope from the base of the volcano towards the masses forming the semicircle. Near the base of the volcano it is about 8000 feet, and near the semicircle, about 6000 feet above the sea. The mountains forming the semicircle rise from 1000 to 1800 feet above their base. It is supposed that the Peak of Toyde, and the mountains that belong to it, cover an area of 120 square miles.

From the outer edge of the semicircle the country descends in rapid and broken slopes towards the sea on the west and on the north, but on the south and east the semicircle is surrounded by table-lands, whose surface is likewise much broken, but which at the distance of several miles preserve an elevation between 4000 and 6000 feet above the sea. These table-lands are most extensive to the east, where they terminate about twenty miles from the semicircle on the Plain of Laguna. These table-lands, and the volcano, taken together, probably cover nearly half the island. In many places the table-lands and the slopes of the hills, which cover it, are overgrown with pines, but the greater part consists of bare volcanic rocks of lava. No part of them is cultivated, with the exception of a small portion in the vicinity of Chauru, south of the semicircle where corn is grown, and where there are extensive plantations of fruit trees. On the edge of the table-land, west of Guines, is a small volcano which made an eruption in 1705.

The Plain of Laguna is traversed by 16° 20' W. longitude. West of that plain the cultivable country is found only near the sea, and from three to four miles from it, with the exception of the table-land of Chauru, which is more than eight miles distant.

The cultivable tract along the sea is so uneven that it is almost

The corsair captain caused the papers to be shown, examined the log-book, and expressed his satisfaction at the peaceable character of the *Eloya* and her crew and passengers,—a satisfaction which was further cemented by a bottle of excellent Malaga.

The further progress of the light brig was, after that, interrupted by few incidents. The ship's cook had an unfortunate habit of carbonizing his viands and burning his sauces, a thing not to be tolerated when there was such good Malaga on board with which to wash them down. So one day the captain announced that as a last alternative, and for sake of example to his successor, he must be shot. Poor Girolamo Passadore, who took this matter seriously, trembled in all his limbs in presence of the musketeers mounted on the deck, and it required all the compassionate tenderness of Don Giovanni Mastai, and of the other passengers, to put a pleasant end to the comedy, which was only authorized by old customs, for they were now in the neighbourhood of the Tropics, where practical jokes of a rather hazardous character are too often indulged in. They soon reached Cape de Verd islands, and admired their splendid vegetation, but they did not effect a landing.

#### IV.

##### A SLAVER—MAN OVERBOARD—FALSE ALARM—NEARING THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

On the 8th of December, after having passed the Line, the members of the mission were witnesses of one of those painful scenes which were so common at that epoch, but which, be it said to the honour of humanity, are less frequent in our own days. Detained by a perfect calm, they had sought for distraction in catching sharks, but this failing to afford the expected

impossible to find a square mile which can be called level. A portion of it rising in steep and sharp ridges cannot be cultivated, but where the declivities are moderate, the soil generally repays the labour bestowed on it. The most fertile tract is on the north side of the island, between Tegna and San Juan de la Rambla, especially west of Santa Ursula, which portion is called the Valley of Tuoro. The soil consists of a mixture of sand, volcanic matter, and some clay, and produces rich crops of wheat and all kinds of fruit, especially grapes. West of San Juan de la Rambla are a few fertile valleys, but a great part of the country is covered with recent lava. The most sterile part lies along the west coast between Punta de Tena and Punta Rosa, where there are only a few narrow valleys, and where a tract several miles in length on both sides of Puerto de los Christianos is quite barren. Between Punta Rosa and Santa Cruz there are several fine valleys, which have a fertile soil, composed of decomposed pumice-stone, and tuff, intermixed with gravel, but their fertility cannot be compared with that of the Valley of Tuoro, which is mainly to be ascribed to the smaller quantities of rain which fall on the southern shores.

The plains of Laguna occupies the middle of the island near 16° 20' W. long; it is about 1700 feet above the sea, and inclosed by hills; the surface is nearly a dead level, occupying a space of about twelve square miles. After the rains it is partly covered with water, and hence is derived its name. The soil consists of a reddish clay, and produces abundant crops of grain, but no part of it is covered with trees.

The eastern portion of the island, or the peninsula which extends east of the Plain of Laguna, is only hilly in comparison with the western portion, as the highest summit, the Bufadero, rises only to 8069 feet above the sea level. In this part no traces of lava and volcanic cones occur, the hills consist mostly of black basalt; the valleys are numerous but narrow. These valleys and the adjacent hills are cultivated and planted with trees, where the surface is not too steep; they produce the finest fruits in the island. The country descends gradually towards the east, and Punta de Anaga is only elevated a little above the sea-level.



solace, a visit was resolved upon to a brig, which was lying, like the *Eloyas*, like a log upon the sea. Some apprehensions had been entertained at first that she was a corsair, but her peaceable attitude having assured them to the contrary, a visit of officers and passengers was effected, and she was found to be a fast-sailing brig, encumbered with negro slaves, destined for the market of Rio Janeiro. Completely naked, or with only a thin scarf round the loins, these poor creatures were tied two by two, and another thick rope bound several couples together; and what is more terrible to relate, there was no relief to their sufferings; all day long they were exposed to the ardour of a tropical sun's rays, and by night they sought for sleep in the same places on deck, treated in every way precisely like cattle.

Comparing notes as to the presumed geographical position in which the two ships were placed, considerable difference of opinion was found to exist. The captain of the slaver asserted that, according to his calculations, they were about forty-five miles from Cape St. Thomas, in about 22° S. lat., and in the neighbourhood of the coast of Brazil. This opinion was, on the other side, declared to be erroneous. According to the observations made on board the *Eloyas*, they were at a much greater distance from the Cape; but as some error of calculation might have crept in in consequence of the numerous tempests to which they had been exposed, and which had not permitted them to take the sun's height sometimes for days, and thus correct their ship's reckoning, they deemed it wise to take precautions and give as wide a berth as possible to the said Cape St. Thomas; they soon found, however, that they had been misinformed, and the *Eloyas* had great trouble in recovering its route. The calm was succeeded also by bad weather, in which no observations could be obtained, add to which the water had gone bad, and, owing to the long detentions and adverse winds, the ship's provisions had ran out. A "deplorable parsimony," we are told, reigned at the repasts, where nothing was to be obtained but starved fowls and potatoes. And thus this untoward navigation was prolonged for several weeks, but without, we are also told, any incidents occurring worthy of being reported.

They were at length approaching the coast of America, when on the 16th of December, after a delicious day, one of those terrible winds that come from Cape Horn, began to blow with a violence which they were destined to experience again before they landed. On the 17th it abated a little, but only to recommence on the 19th with greater force than before, and the *Eloyas* drove before it at the rate of nine knots an hour. The same evening they were visited for the first time by the birds which the Portuguese call, in remembrance of a melancholy legend, *as almas perdidas*, or "the lost souls," and the appearance of which is always the signal of frightful tempests. The captain and the lieutenant did not disguise from the passengers that they were going to have very bad weather. On the morning of the 21st of December, the sea became extraordinarily turbulent, and the waves rolled mountains high, and on the 22nd the tempest had attained the acme of its fury.

The missionaries had gathered together in the common room, and were engaged in prayer, when an unusually heavy sea, striking the ship on her flanks, threw Don Giovanni Mastai against the beams oppo-

site with frightful violence, and it was a miracle that he did not inflict some sad injury upon Father Raymond Arce, who was praying opposite to him. Pietro Plomer, one of the owners of the vessel, and Don José Cienfuegos, were almost equally ill-treated, but happily no more serious accident supervened.

Towards the end of the day the wind still blew hard, but they had succeeded in sitting themselves down to table as well as they could, when towards the middle of their repast, devoured in all haste, the voice of Captain Copello reached the ears simultaneously of all the passengers, and threw them into consternation: "Let go a boat!—a boat, quick!" More active than the other guests, the Abbe Sallusti hastened to the deck; the ship had been backed, and with her head to the wind no longer held her course, but remained pretty nearly in the same spot buffeted by winds and waves. The narrator of the voyage naively admits that he thought that his last hour was come. He was about to hurry back to seize upon a great coat in order that he might also get into a boat, when he learnt the cause of the tumult. The quarter-master of the ship, Paolino Canassa by name, had gone forward to take soundings a short time previous, and was in the act of casting the lead, when suddenly a heavy wave had struck the bows of the ship, and had carried him far away. A hen-coop had been thrown out to him, and this was followed by a dog's kennel, a fragment of a mast, and other objects that first came to hand, but the unfortunate Canassa was already a third of a mile off, and his loss seemed certain. The terrible confusion that reigned on board had very naturally communicated itself to those below, and had occasioned among those who were there assembled the most singular illusions. Some fancied that they could distinguish among the shouts of the sailors, the Spanish cry, "Tierra, tierra," others thought they heard, "Guerra, guerra," and the remembrance of the corsairs had come very forcibly to their mind. It turned out, in fact, that the word "Tierra" had been launched across the waves to the poor swimmer, for they were not at that time a very great distance from the shore. Don Giovanni Mastai was the only one who saw the shipwrecked man buffeted by the waves, and he had cried out, "God! O my God!" And then he had hastened on deck to help in the salvage. All this tumult was destined, however, to have an end; the ship's boat had in the meantime been lowered and launched, three gallant sailors had got into the frail embarkation, and braving the heavy sea, they succeeded in reaching the swimmer at a distance of two miles from the ship, at a time when his strength was almost utterly exhausted. It was not, however, without the greatest trouble and exertions, the sea ran so high, that they could get him into the boat; more than once they were nearly all being buried in the same watery tomb, but at length, after an hour's anxious suspense, the passengers were enabled to embrace the gallant Paolino Canassa.

With the exception of this untoward accident, which kept the passengers for the rest of the day under an emotion that it is easy to understand, the 23rd of December passed over like other days, only as evening came on the wind increased in fury, and the ship was obliged to lay to. In order to avoid the great seas that struck her, and the effects of which were not without danger, the passengers were ordered down below, and as everything had to be made as close and

tight as possible, the heat became so exceedingly great, and was mixed up with such mephitic exhalations, that they felt as if they were doomed to be stifled.

During the whole night the wind continued to blow with the same violence, the ship still lay to, buffeted by wind and waves, the land was supposed to be at no considerable distance, and there was momentary danger of being carried upon a shoal or striking against a rock; never indeed had the brig been as yet in such imminent peril. The rain poured in torrents, and the wind roared frightfully, but luckily the crew preserved their courage, and, holding up against the storm, so manœuvred the ship as to carry her safely through it. Such was the violence of the tempest that the captain, although so old and experienced a sailor, declared that he had never witnessed anything like it, and M. Pietro Ploner, who had been four times between Europe and America, was taken utterly aback. They almost believed that a terrible submarine earthquake had something to do with this extraordinary commotion.

Not one of the passengers could obtain the slightest rest; Monseigneur Muzi set up all night, Don Giovanni Mastai was a victim to a fearful attack of sickness; and at day-break the tempest continued with undiminished fury, nay, if possible, was worse than ever. The wind blew from the south-west, the vessel continued to ship great seas, and the unfortunate passengers were obliged to remain in their horrible confinement, without any fresh air. In this sad position it was not even a question of comforting themselves with the poverty-stricken ordinary that was daily served on board of the *Eloyas*: the poor cook, Girolamo Passadore, who, thanks to the merciful interference of the passengers, had certainly no fear of being put to death, had got up as far as the deck in the morning, and having had but one glance at the terrific conflict of elements, had gone back at once to his hammock, and did not make his appearance again that day. The passengers had to content themselves with the same pittance that was served out to the sailors.

### V.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES ON BOARD OF THE *ELOYAS*—CAPTURE OF A FALCON—NEARING LAND AND ENTRANCE INTO THE RIO DE LA PLATA.

The wind had ceased to blow so violently, the waters had moderated their fury. Nothing remained but that ponderous swell which signalises with so much majesty the end of a tempest; it was Christmas, and with that solemn festival hope seemed to revive. Monseigneur Muzi celebrated midnight mass with all the pomp of circumstances that the occasion would admit of, but the sea was still in such a state of commotion that few present could keep their legs. The next morning Don Giovanni Mastai celebrated mass in his turn, after him Father Raymondo Arce and the Abbé Sallusti closed the proceedings of this holy day.

A fresh breeze made itself felt the whole of the 26th, which seemed to announce the proximity of the coast, but it was in vain the lead was cast; no bottom.

The captain pursued his course, therefore, without apprehensions. A novel source of amusement presented itself in shooting sea-falcons that now first showed themselves. One of these birds, instead of flying away when fired at, only took up a position in the rigging,

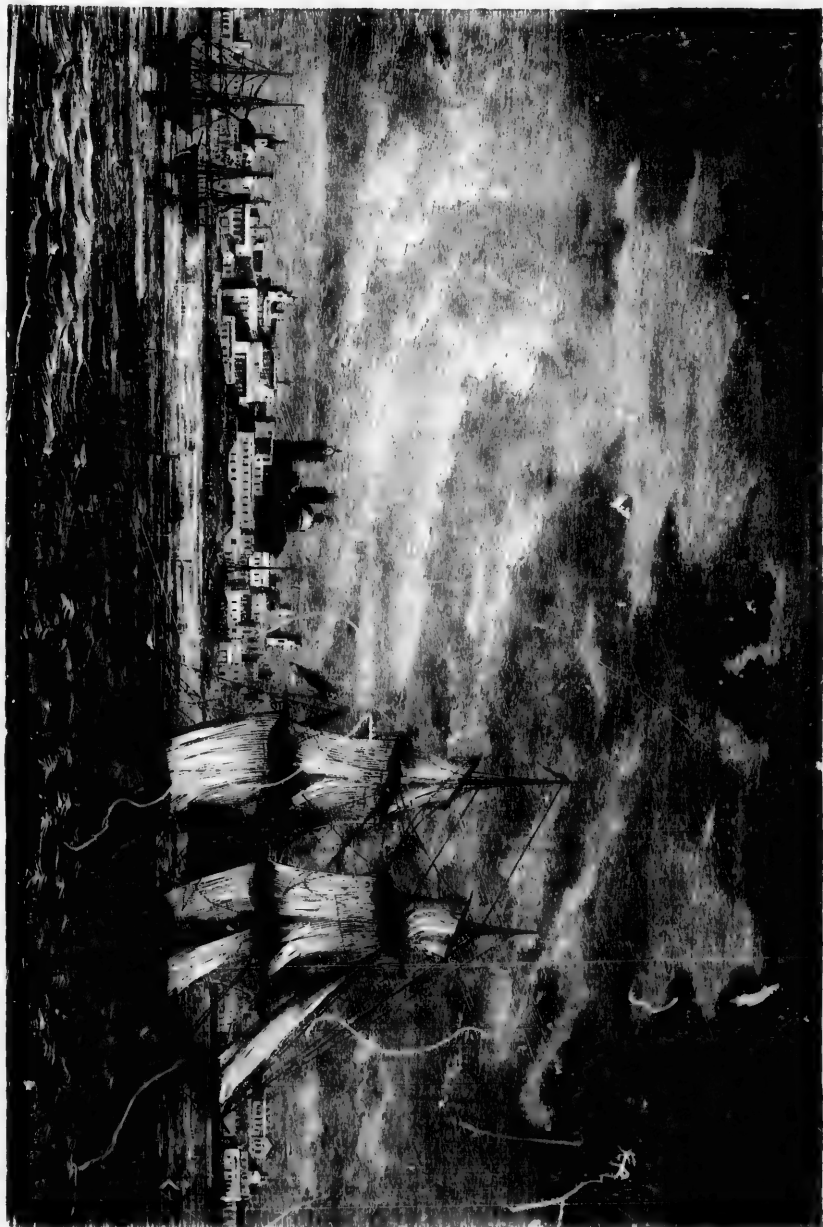
whence it would seem as if a better aim could be obtained. It was accordingly spared, and having finally taken refuge in the poop, it was captured by the lasso. This beautiful bird resembled the European falcon, only that its bearing was more majestic, its look was more imperious, and its great brown wings presented a greater expanse.

As the day advanced the lead gave indications of forty-seven fathoms with sandy bottom, at midnight there were only thirty-seven, and at last, on the 27th, at three o'clock in the evening, a sailor who was aloft gave the signal, land! A thousand hurrahs, a thousand shouts of joy welcomed the glad intelligence, the Genoese sailors took off their caps, and all united to salute the land they had been so anxiously looking for for now three months.

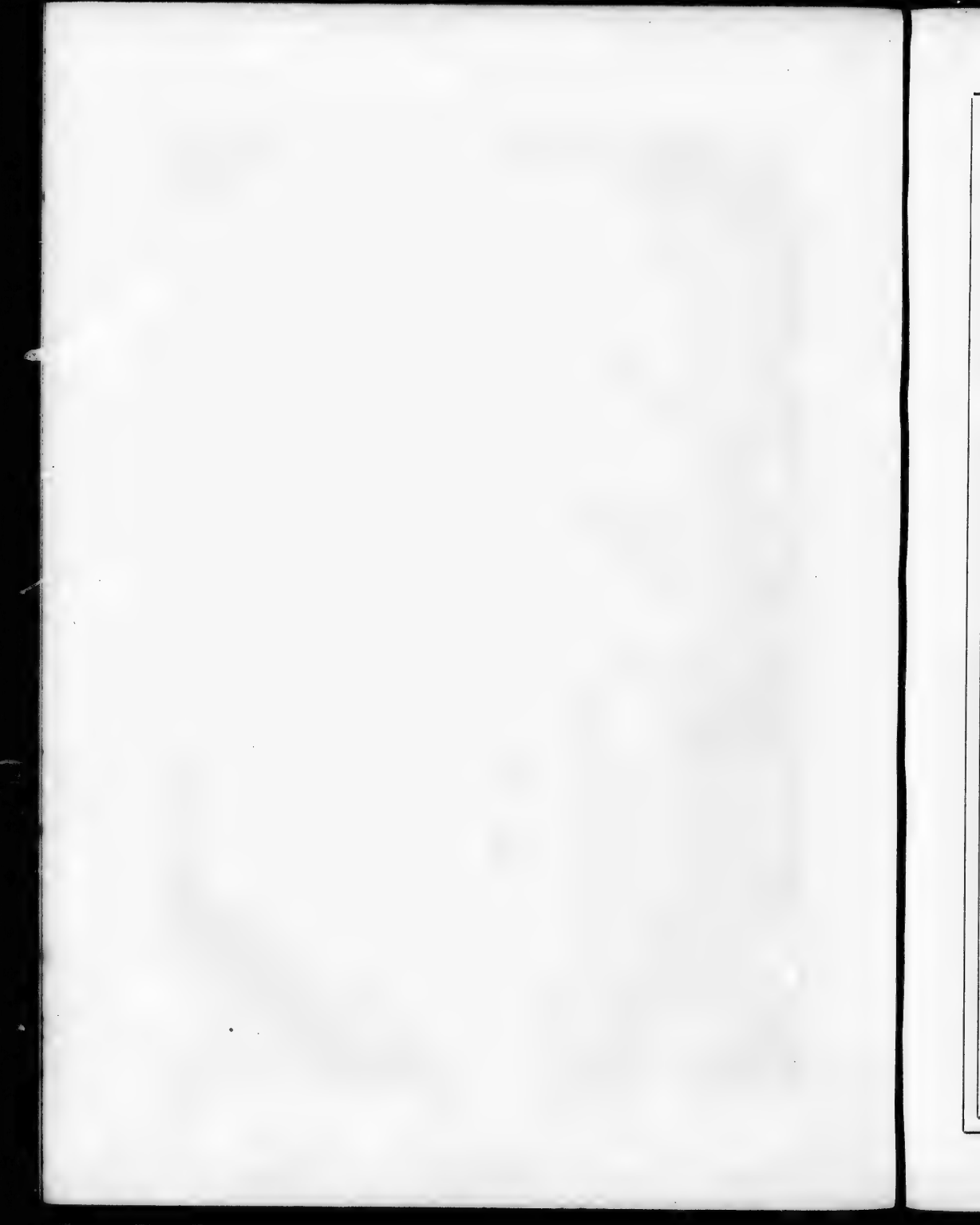
The first point of the coast that they made out was the Isla de Lobos, the next was Cape Santa Maria. Seal Island was at that epoch completely desert, and only frequented by occasional fishermen, who came to hunt the wolves and lions of the sea, as the seals of the Southern Ocean have been variously designated. Cape Saint Mary was visible to the north, and was dotted with cottages, the abode, apparently, of peasants and fishermen. The portions of this point of land the most peopled are precisely the two extremities: the one to the south, the other the north; in front is the rock called Las Animas, in memory of an old Indian tradition, which designated the low but forest-clad mountain to which it had attached the name as the abode of spirits.

There are no less than forty leagues to traverse from Cape Santa Maria to Cape San Antonio. This is the immense space that geographers persist in considering as the mouth of the Rio de la Plata; but the Abbé Sallusti argues, that it partakes more of the character of a gulf than of the mouth of a river.

The night of the 27th passed without the *Eloyas* making any additional way towards the Maldonado, Las Animas, or the Sugar Loaf; the lead only indicated fourteen fathoms water, and it would have been dangerous to have advanced farther without the aid of a pilot. Notwithstanding the perfect calm that reigned during the day of the 28th, events soon proved how prudent the delay had been. Towards evening a horrible tempest succeeded to this deceitful quiet, and the situation became all the more critical, as, whilst slowly making its way, the ship was navigating in dangerous waters. On one side there was the coast to dread, and the other the "*banco de los Ingleses*," upon which so many ships are lost; the captain could not, indeed, conceal his anxiety, for he had recognised threatening signs in the aspect of the atmosphere. The typhoon did not, however, declare itself, and the *Eloyas* kept creeping on, but no sooner had it neared the shoals of the English than the formidable and dreaded wind that comes from the plains, and has taken its name from them—the *pampero*—came on to blow with the most fearful violence. This obliged them to put about, and they sought shelter behind the Island of Flores, where they were in hopes of finding at once a shelter from the wind, and a sufficient protection against the almost irresistible current of the river. The Island of Flores, the Abbé Sallusti remarks, has received that name in irony, for it was found to consist of two rocks totally void of all vegetation whatsoever, and upon which are to be seen only a few poor fishermen's huts. It was behind these rocks,



MONTÉVIDEO IN URUGUAY.



where there were about seven fathoms of water, that the *Eloya* let go her chief anchor; the two rocks certainly gave some protection against the current, but they afforded none against the fury of the hurricane. It is impossible to form a conception of the violence of this south-west wind, called the *pampero*, unless by experience. It is at once, in the words of another traveller, the hurricane of the West Indies, and the whirlwind of the Great Deserts of the Sahara. "I have seen," says the writer here quoted, "a black cloud arise in mid-day like a dense curtain, which after having imparted a livid colour to the sun, enlarged, expanding rapidly on the horizon, obscuring the atmosphere so that it was impossible to distinguish the nearest objects. This was the signal for the tempest. The cloud would suddenly burst, and would break into a thousand jagged heaps, out of which would blow the irresistible storm, but, instead of rain, it would be accompanied by a white dust, not unlike the cinders of a volcano."<sup>1</sup> The *pampero* continued to blow upon them with its characteristic fury; the situation of the *Eloya* was becoming critical, and it became a matter of imperious necessity to gain the open sea; but it was in vain that all hands were turned to raising the anchor, it resisted all and every effort; there only remained one chance of safety, and that was to cut the cable, an operation which we are told was performed with equal coolness and dexterity by the ship's carpenter, assisted by a seaman. The brig was then let go before the wind, she seemed to be carried away by a power like that of thunder, and she was soon far away beyond the reach of rocks and shoals. By day-break the *Eloya* was once more in the open sea, out of the Rio de la Plata, and upwards of eighty miles from the Island of Flowers.

## VI.

THE *ELOYA* MAKES ITS WAY BACK INTO THE RIO DE LA PLATA—ARRIVES OFF MONTE VIDEO—FALLS IN WITH A SHIPWRECKED VESSEL—THE *ELOYA* SAVES, BY ITS SIGNALS, TWO ENGLISH SHIPS FROM THE SAME FATE—FERVOROUS GALE—NEW DANGERS—CLOUD OF MOSQUITOES.

THE *Eloya* was obliged to remain a whole day out in the open sea, and when the storm abated it went to such extremes as not to leave sufficient wind wherewith to make their way back again; and when a breeze did spring up, it soon rose once more to the formidable character of the most formidable of *pamperos*, so that the perplexed and baffled captain could not help exclaiming: "The end of the world is assuredly come; it will soon be all over with us!" The gloomy opinions entertained by the captain were also shared by the pilot, but at mid-day the *pampero* ceased to blow, a favourable wind sprang up, and the *Eloya* once more made its way into the river.

Upon this occasion it passed buoyantly over the same water that it had previously followed, was carried safely by the pilot's skill past the dreaded English sands, already so notorious for its catastrophes, and where the packet-boat of Monte Video, so familiar with these coasts as to have little to dread, was destined to perish soon after, with thirty-six passengers. After having crossed this dangerous bar, which was indeed the common grave of seamen, the *Eloya* reached

Monte Video in safety on the morning of the 1st of January, 1824.<sup>2</sup>

The harbour of Monte Video is formed by a kind of bay; it is a sheet of water entering into the land, and has thus additional safety given to it: to the east is a beautiful plain, covered with rural habitations, and admirably cultivated; to the west is the city. (See p. 221.) The Genoese brig only stopped at this place time sufficient to replace its anchor and obtain the services of a practical pilot. The apostolic mission was nevertheless visited by the principal inhabitants. The chapter, accompanied by four ecclesiastics, presented itself before the archbishop of the Philippines, and they were followed by two Dominicans, one belonging to Chili and the other to Lima; and the same evening, the wind being favourable, the *Eloya* continued its voyage.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There is a curious passage in the work of Francisco Albo, which records one of the earliest voyages of circumnavigation ever accomplished in respect to the name of this place. "Beyond the Cape (Saint Mary) is a mountain shaped like a *sombbrero*, to which we gave the name of Monte Video, and which has since been corrupted into Santo Video. This is the Monte Video of our own times." (See Fernandes de Navarrete, *Coleccion de Documentos, y Viajes*, t. iv.)

<sup>2</sup> Monte Video is the capital of the republic of Uruguay, or Banda Oriental, in South America. It is built on a small promontory, which forms the eastern shore of its harbour; the western consisting of another projecting point connected with a hill, from which the town has received its name. It is 130 miles from Cape St. Mary, which forms the northern point of the entrance of the La Plata river, and opposite the town the river is still seventy miles wide. Its harbour is more than four miles long, and more than two miles wide, but too shallow for large vessels; it is also exposed to the *pamperos*, or south-western winds, which blow over the extensive plains, called *pampas*, with exceedingly great force. With all these disadvantages, it is the best harbour on the broad estuary of the La Plata river. The town is, in general, well built, the streets being wide, straight, and intersecting each other at right angles; they are paved, and have narrow footways. The houses are built with taste, and have flat roofs and parapets. The cathedral, dedicated to the apostles, San Felipe and San Jago, is not distinguished by its architecture, nor are there any other public buildings of note. Monte Video is a very healthy place, but suffers from want of wood and water. The inhabitants use rain-water, which is collected in cisterns placed in the court-yard of each house; but there are also some wells dug near the sea-shore, from which water is brought in carts for the supply of the town. The population, which, before 1810, is stated to have amounted to 30,000, or even 36,000, souls, was reduced by war and a siege, which the town had to sustain against the Brazilians, to 15,000 souls; but it has probably again increased during the last ten years. Its commerce is increasing. The principal articles of export are the produce of the numerous herds of the country, as hides, salted and jerked beef, tallow, and horns, to a very considerable amount.

The so-called Banda Oriental was formerly the name of that portion of the vice-royalty of Buenos Ayres which was situated to the east of the River Uruguay, and comprehending the present Republica del Uruguay Oriental, and the country called the Seven Misiones. Lying between the great body of the Spanish possessions and Brazil, it was, at the commencement of nearly every war between the Spaniards and Portuguese, occupied by the latter, but, at the conclusion of peace, entirely or in part restored to the former. When Buenos Ayres declared itself independent of Spain, the whole belonged to the then vice-royalty of Buenos Ayres; but the continual civil wars by which the declaration of independence was followed in Buenos Ayres induced the government of Brazil to take possession of the Banda Oriental in 1816. The republic of Buenos Ayres protested against this step, and, as no amicable settlement could be made, a war began between Buenos Ayres and Brazil in 1825, which was terminated by a treaty of peace in 1828. By the articles of this treaty, the northern district of the Banda Oriental, or the Seven Misiones, was incorporated with the empire of Brazil, and the larger southern part declared an independent republic, which took the name of Republica del Uruguay Oriental.

<sup>3</sup> *Arabele Insella, Voyage à Buenos-Ayres et à Porto-Allegre, Le Havre, 1835.*

The night proved propitious, and on the morning of the 2nd of January they reached the point where the waters are no longer salt. They were then between Monto Video and Buenos Ayres; the river had not at that epoch been carefully surveyed as it has since been, and the lead had to be kept going momentarily for fear of shoals. Towards noon the hulk of a frigate, of which the stern and masts alone appeared above the

water, sufficiently testified that the precautions taken, and which might now appear to be so uncalled for, were not altogether useless. The *Eloya* lay to for the night near the wreck. The very day ensuing, the *Eloya* was the happy means of saving two English ships, who, not perceiving the place where the frigate had been lost, were going right upon the sands.

The little brig continued its course in safety till it

On the north it extends to 29° 30' south latitude, and, is here divided from the Seven Misiones, which now constitute a part of the Brazilian province of Rio Grande do Sul, by the River Ibecuy-guacu. Its southern extremity, which extends to about 35° south latitude, is enclosed by the Atlantic Ocean, and the wide embouchure of the Plata River. Its western boundary, which nearly reaches 58° west longitude, is formed by the River Uruguay, which divides it from the republic of Entre Rios and Corrientes, which belongs to the United States of Buenos Ayres. Thus it is inclosed by natural boundaries on three sides. On the east, where it joins the Brazilian province of Rio Grande do Sul, its boundary is also partly natural, being formed by a chain of mountains, running north and south to nearly 32° south latitude; but from this point the boundary line extends to the south-east, and terminates on the coast, after cutting Lakes Mirim and Manguera. The most eastern point falls somewhat to the west of the fifty-second meridian.

The whole length of the country, from the most northern bend of the Ibecuy-guacu to the Pao de Apucar (Sugar-loaf), near Maldonado, is about 380 miles. In the northern part, the breadth may extend 180 miles from east to west, and in the southern part, which is much wider, about 300 miles. Its mean breadth may be estimated at 240 miles. This would give a surface of 91,200 square miles, or nearly the area of Great Britain. Schaffer, in his description of Brazil, assigns to it an area of 10,575 German square miles, equal to 227,362 English, or more extensive than the surface of France, but that is doubtless a gross exaggeration, even if the Seven Misiones are included.

By far the greatest part of the country is hilly and elevated. It forms, as it were, the most southern prolongation of the Serra do Mar (the sea mountain-range of Brazil), which extends northward to near the mouth of the Rio de St. Francisco (9° south latitude). In the Banda Oriental it rises rather abruptly on the southern coast, where it forms the hill of Cape de St. Maria, the Pao de Asucar (Sugar-loaf) some miles to the west of Maldonado. The Monte Video on the west side of the bay, to which it gives its name, and the hill of St. Lucia, farther to the west, near the mouth of a small river bearing that name. At no great distance, however, from the shore, it takes the shape of an extensive table-land, whose surface in many places presents hardly any perceptible irregularity, and in others is covered with extensive ranges of low hills: both the plains and the hills are without trees, and afford only pasture for cattle. The hills are called Cochillas, and the highest range, which forms the water-shed between the ocean and the River Uruguay, is named the Grand Cochilla. It extends into the Brazilian province of Rio Grande do Sul, where it is called Serra de Iheral. The eastern declivities of the Grand Cochilla, which terminates abruptly in the plains about the Lakes Mirim and Dos Patos at about twelve or twenty miles from their banks, are called Serra de los Tapies. On the west the table-land seems to extend to the banks of the river Uruguay, but here it is cut by numerous valleys, and presents the aspect of an extremely hilly country. In these valleys, as well as in those which lie along the southern coast, west of Cape de Santa Maria, many fertile tracts occur in which the grains and fruits of southern Europe succeed very well, but the remainder is only fit for pasture. That portion of the Banda Oriental which extends along the coast to the north of Cape Santa Maria, and about sixty or eighty miles inland, is a part of a very remarkable tract which occupies the eastern coast of South America, from 28° to 34° south latitude, or from the island of St. Catharine to Cape de Santa Maria. Nearly through its whole extent it is covered with sands, and intersected by innumerable lakes of different sizes. The greater part of this low plain belongs to the Brazilian province of Rio Grande do Sul. It is of indifferent fertility. This country being situated without the tropics enjoys a temperate climate, resembling that of Spain or Italy. The air is pure and healthy. In the valleys and on the low plains, the winter, which lasts from May to October, is less distinguished by bare or only covered with shrubs. In some of the latter districts, bones and the excrements of cattle are burnt for fuel.

August. The high table-land is annually exposed to it, sometimes for one or two months together, but as very little snow falls, the cattle find pasture in these districts all the year round.

The principal river is the Uruguay, which originates in that portion of the Serra do Mar which stretches along the ocean opposite the island of Santa Catharina, and runs for a considerable distance under the name of Pelotas westward, between banks consisting principally of pointed and massy rocks. It takes the name of Uruguay not far from the point where it begins to separate the province of Rio Grande do Sul from the republic of Corrientes. Here it assumes the appearance of a large river, and soon begins to bend its course to the south-west. Numerous small streams increase its waters in this part of its course. In latitude 29° it receives the Ibecuy, and then begins to flow in a southern direction, forming the boundary between Banda Oriental and the republics of Corrientes and Entre Rios. Not far from the place where it enters the great estuary called the Rio de la Plata, its waters are increased by those of the Rio Negro, which joins it on the left bank. The Uruguay is navigable for large boats to the first great fall called Salto Grande, situated nearly at an equal distance from the mouths of the Ibecuy and Rio Negro. About forty miles below the former there is the Salto Chico, or Little Fall, which again interrupts the navigation of the smaller boats or canoes. The whole course of this river may amount to about a thousand miles.

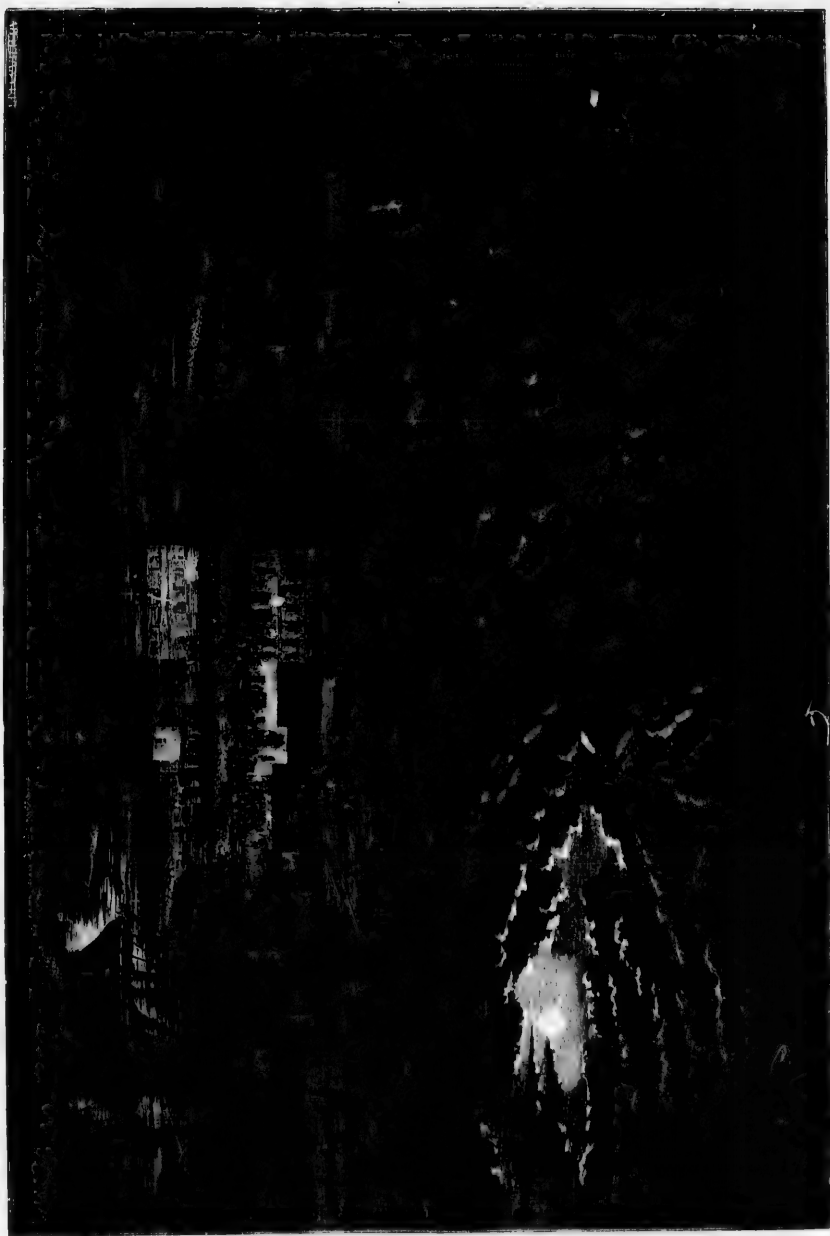
The Ibecuy rises in the Grand Cochillas, and first runs to the west, but soon turns northward, and flows in that direction for upwards of sixty miles. After which, having joined the Ibecuy Mirim (Little Ibecuy), it again turns to the west and becomes a considerable river, separating part of the Banda Oriental from the province of Rio Grande do Sul. Its current is almost always tranquil, and the stream is navigable nearly to its head. The whole course of the Ibecuy amounts to upwards of 250 miles.

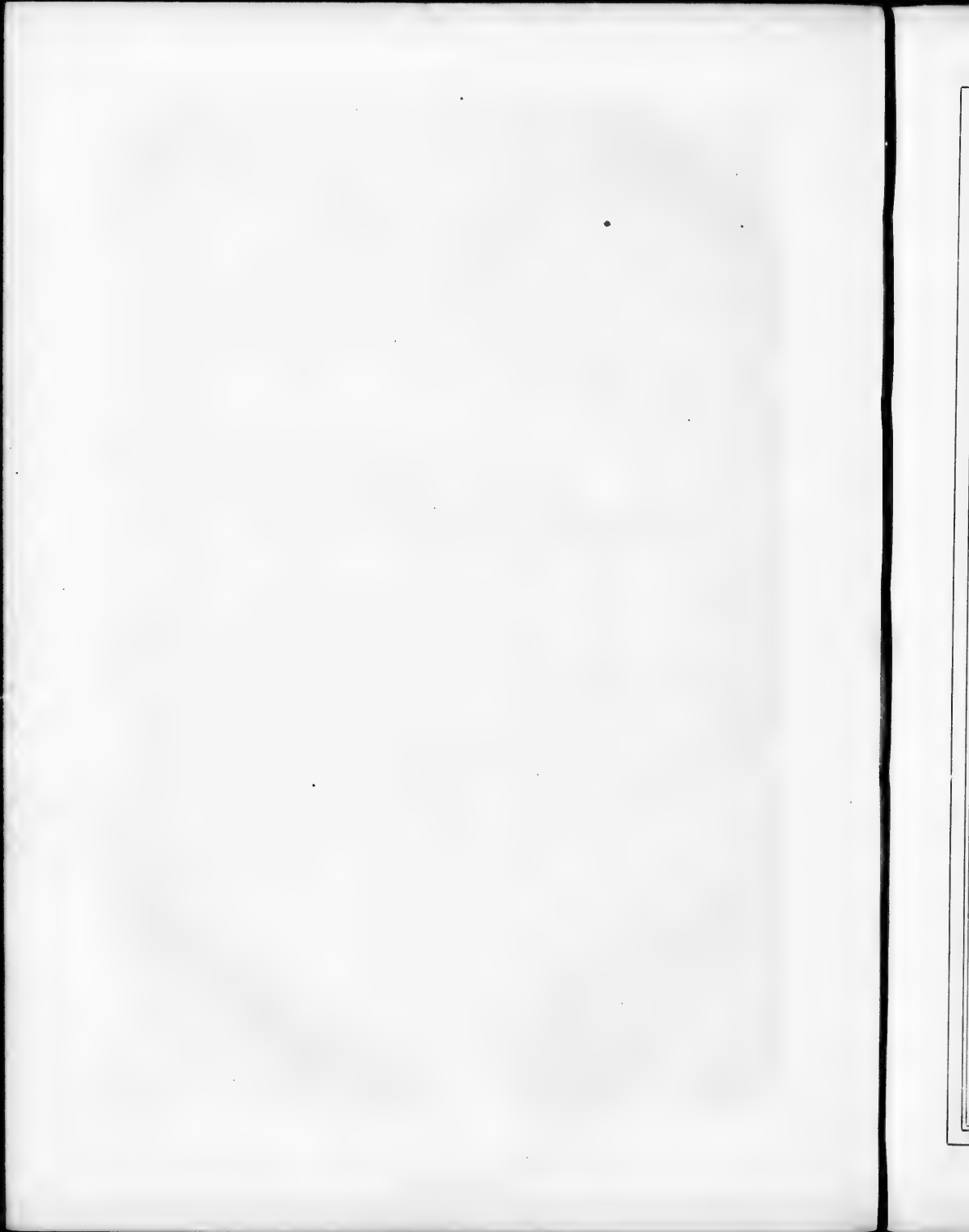
The Rio Negro has its origin near that of the Ibecuy, and its general direction is to the south-west. It joins the Uruguay about twelve miles before that river enters the Rio de la Plata, after having run upwards of 250 miles.

Two considerable lakes, lying in the eastern plain, belong, in part, to Banda Oriental: the largest is the Lake Mirim, which signifies small, having received this name from comparison with the Lake Los Patos, which is not far distant to the north, but belongs to the province of Rio Grande do Sul. The Lake Mirim is ninety miles in length and twenty-five at its greatest width. It lies parallel to the shores of the ocean, and discharges its waters into the Lake of Los Patos, by a channel fifty miles long, wide and navigable, which is called Rio de San Goncalo. About the southern half of this lake belongs to Banda Oriental. The other large lake, the Manguera, by Henderson called Manguera, extends between the coast and Lake Mirim. It is eighty miles long and about four broad, and empties itself into the ocean at its northern extremity by a short channel called Arroio Takim. The greatest part of this lake belongs to Banda Oriental. It is not ascertained whether gold and silver are found in this country; but at San Carlos, to the west of Cape de Santa Maria, a rich copper-mine is worked. From the banks of the Uruguay, great quantities of lime are exported to Buenos Ayres, and in the same districts potter's-earth and amber, or terra-sombras, are found. The valleys on the west and south are well-adapted to a great diversity of production: wheat, rye, barley, Indian corn, rice, peas, beans, water-melons, and other kinds of melons, with onions, are cultivated; also some cotton-mauddas, and the sugar-cane. Hemp and different qualities of flax grow in great abundance. The fruit-trees of the south of Europe succeed here better than farther to the north, and none so well as the peach. The vine grows well, and produces abundantly, but hitherto no wine has been made. Timber is by no means abundant: for from 30° southward it is only on the banks of the principal rivers that any forests of fine full-grown timber occur, the table-land being either quite bare or only covered with shrubs. In some of the latter districts, bones and the excrements of cattle are burnt for fuel.



POPE PIUS IX. ARRIVING AT QUEBEC-AIRTEL.





reached the *Ensenada de Barragan*, and there, as if it were destined that she should not escape any of the calamities that assail the best in these regions, a violent storm suddenly arose, and which obliged them to cast anchor. It was a terrific hurricane, mingled with thunder; the lightning fell every moment on the shore, or went to extinguish itself in the river; and this terrible spectacle became so threatening, that it was expected every moment that the ship would be set on fire. The *Ensenada de Barragan* is a kind of creek formed by the *Rio de la Plata* and a small river which flows into it from the south. A few houses already existed there, but the inundations of the river prevented their extension. *Colonia del Sacramento*, however, soon displayed itself on the northern bank to the eyes of the mission. *Monseigneur Muzi*, whose health had suffered much during this prolonged navigation, was still seriously indisposed; the weather con-

tinued also to be most trying, storms, accompanied by thunder, lightning and rain, succeeding to moments of calm. At length, on the 8th of January, at about two in the afternoon, as they were sailing before the wind, they obtained their first view of *Buenos Ayres* in the extreme distance, and at the same moment a plague of a novel description came to assail the persecuted and unfortunate passengers of the *Eloya* in the shape of a cloud of mosquitoes, which, borne across the waters by the wind, came and settled upon the devoted ship. It positively requires to have undergone the torture that these little insects can inflict upon a person in South America, to form a just conception of what our travellers had to suffer; the masts and rigging were actually covered with them, and the very colour of the wood was no longer distinguishable from the numbers of their winged enemies.

## VII.

## ARRIVAL AT BUENOS AYRES—THE MISSION DECLINES A SOLEMN ENTRANCE—NOCTURNAL RECEPTION.

THE wind continued to be favourable till the 3rd of January, and the *Eloya* cast anchor off *Buenos Ayres* the same evening. Soon after she received information as to the position which was allotted to her in the port, and which also announced the visit of the officers of health the ensuing day at half-past eight; till that formality had been gone through, all communication with the city was interdicted, and a guard was left on board. At six o'clock seven guns saluted the city. At the third discharge of artillery one of the passengers, *M. Perez*, desirous of welcoming the happy arrival of the apostolic mission on the shores of America, exclaimed, "*Vive Monseigneur l'Archevêque!*" and the crew joined in the acclamation with shouts of "*Reviva il vicario apostolico! reviva l'America! reviva il Chile!*" and their shouts of joy mingled with the hurrahs of the crew.

At the hour appointed, and before the custom house officers had made their appearance, the supreme government despatched the captain of the harbour with three messengers to the *Eloya*. *Monseigneur Muzi* was invited to land in a magnificently decorated boat, which was to conduct him on shore, where the ecclesiastical, military, and civil authorities awaited his arrival. A solemn reception had indeed been prepared for the Vicar Apostolic, and it was intended to conduct him in great pomp from the landing place to the cathedral, where a *Te Deum* was to be chanted. But the deplorable state of the archbishop's health, and the disorder of his dress, which had resulted from so long and painful a navigation, as also certain obstacles suggested by the Chilean authorities, all combined to prevent his accepting the intended honours. The supreme government renewed its proposals three different times, but the motives which influenced the first refusal not having changed, the answer was the same, and this persistence, it must be acknowledged, had the most untoward results for the mission. The envoy of Chili, *Doctor Cienfuegos*, was the first to land, and he promised that the boat which took him on shore should return at once to take such members of the Mission, as wished to leave the brig, on shore. But the boat did not return till the night was already far advanced, and it was about one in the morning before *Monseigneur Muzi* left the vessel. Notwithstanding these little contrarieties, the appearance of the city charmed the

More than four-fifths of the country being only fit for pasture, cattle, of course, constitute the chief wealth. The richest proprietors often possess thirty or forty square miles of land, and feed from five to ten thousand head of cattle and upwards. By far the greatest number are those called "bravo," because they live in a state of wildness. Some cattle are consumed in the country, and others sent to the slaughter-houses of *Monte Video* and *Buenos Ayres*; but by far the greatest proportion is manufactured into jerked beef, which is salted without the bones, dried in the sun, and exported to different parts of America, especially Brazil. Every great proprietor breeds also a certain number of horses and mules, and some of them a great number of sheep, which have a fine wool. Neither goats or pigs are numerous.

Game is very abundant, but the people generally are not very fond of hunting or shooting. Among other species of wild quadrupeds, there are the marten or *lepus*, the deer, the ounce, the monkey, the peccary, the rabbit, the armadillo, the squash, the fox, and some others peculiar to the country. The European species of dog have multiplied so excessively that they live in the plains, without ever entering any village or dwelling. They are called *chimarro* dogs. Immediately on the slaughter of cattle ceasing, or when they want provisions, they assemble in large bands, and encircle an ox, which they pursue with unceasing obstinacy until the animal falls with fatigue, when he is soon devoured. Even a horseman runs some risk in the plains when the dogs are in a state of famine.

Birds are very numerous. In the lakes of the eastern plains there are wild ducks and large wild geese: some brown, some white, and others with black necks, which have a fine long down under their feathers, similar to the American fur. A few other birds of the species found in Europe are also met with, as the heron, the quail and partridge; but there are other species not known in Europe, as different kinds of parrots, the *Macuco* partridge, the toucan, and many others. When the Europeans first arrived several native nations were in possession of this country, some of whom are still found in the interior, as the *Charruas*, *Minnaos*, *Tupes*, and *Guayacunas*, but in small numbers; by far the greatest number of the inhabitants are the descendants of Europeans. The population is differently stated. *Schaffer* makes it 175,000, but others lower it to 80,000, and even to 55,000. The metropolis of the republic is, we have seen, *Monte Video*. Between it and *Capo Santa Maria* stands the town of *Maldonado*, with a fine harbour, good fortifications, and about 2,000 inhabitants: it exports hides and copper. *Colonia del Fuerte Sacramento* is a small town with a harbour, opposite *Buenos Ayres*. Along the southern coast there are a few islands, but none of great extent. The largest, called *Dos Lomas* (of the wolves), is not far from the harbour of *Maldonado*; it is two miles in circumference, and contains good water, but is almost all rocks and stones.

The constitution of the *Republica del Uruguay Oriental* was published in the month of August, 1830, according to which the legislative power is divided between a senate, consisting of nine members, and a house of representatives, consisting of twenty-nine members. The Code *Napoléon* is the law of the country.

The taxes amounted, in 1830, to 800,323 Spanish dollars, and the expenses of Government to 1,013,484. The country was then divided into nine departments.

newly-arrived, and as all the houses that fronted the place of disembarkation were illuminated, and these myriads of lights were reflected by the waters of the river, this spontaneous illumination really presented a marvellous spectacle. (*See* p. 225.)

Buenos Ayres possessed at onetime a mole, as all the world knows, but a terrible storm having destroyed it it had not at that time been replaced. Hence the disembarkation was effected in the strangest manner possible. The boats could only approach within a certain distance of the shore, and the remainder of the distance had to be effected in kind of cars, with high wheels, called *carretillas*. These *carretillas* were drawn by mules, but however sure-footed these animals may be, they do not sometimes prevent accidents happening. The stout Genoese sailors, however, lent their shoulders to the members of the mission, and it was thus that they effected their landing on the shores of South America, at about two o'clock in the morning.

Notwithstanding the inconvenience of the hour, and the well-motivated refusals of the nuncio, the Apostolic Mission was received by a numerous assemblage. Everybody pushed up to the persons of Monsseigneur Muzi, of Don Giovanni Mastai, and of the Abbé Sallusti, each endeavouring to be the first to kiss the hand of the prelate. To the present day, many an old man, at that time a child, remembers the future pontiff, who followed the archbishop, and whose very aspect depicted the most affectionate kindness. "Many children," says the Abbé Sallusti, "preceded us, two and two, holding little glass lamps in their hands: it reminded me of the entrance of the divine Saviour into Jerusalem. There was more than one pious old man in that crowd who, remembering the words of the Gospel, repeated in Latin, '*Benedictus, qui venit in nomine Domini: hosanna in altissimis*.'"

It was thus that they arrived at the hotel of the "Three Kings," at that time kept by an Englishman, who is spoken of as a *galant homme* in the widest significance of the word, and the delay that had occurred had been put to the greatest advantage, assisted by Doctor Cienfuegos, in order to give a worthy reception to the Mission. The repast served up to M. Muzi was worthy of those famous suppers of Solomon, for which ten fattened oxen were killed every day, and twenty taken from the pastures, not to mention a hundred calves, besides buffaloes, stags, and deer. With the exception of buffaloes, the country could contribute all the rest, but that which was superior to the feasts of Solomon, was the refinement that pervaded the service, the modern elegance that presided at the repast. Nothing was wanting, neither flowers nor precious vases, nor the most esteemed wines of Europe, and it is quite certain that all the resources of the country were put under contribution, in order that the passengers of the *Eloyas* might the more readily forget the long hours of trial and the sad privations which they had to undergo during their tedious and untoward navigation.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Though Amerigo Vespucci sailed along the coast before the end of the fifteenth century, it does not appear that he observed the wide estuary of the Rio de la Plata. It was discovered by Juan Diaz de Solis, who was sent to those parts in 1513 by the Spanish government, and he took possession of it, but did not form a settlement.

Sebastian Cabot was sent from Spain, in 1580, to make discoveries in South America. He traversed the La Plata, and following the course of the Rio Parana to its confluence with the

## VIII.

## SOJOURN AT BUENOS-AYRES—DEPARTURE FROM THAT CITY—FIRST INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

NOTWITHSTANDING this splendid reception, for which the Mission was not indebted to the authorities of Buenos Ayres, its members had not always to congratulate themselves upon their sojourn at the capital of the Argentine Republic. The population crowded in

Paraguay, sailed up the first-mentioned river; but being prevented from proceeding far by shoals and cataraets, he entered the Paraguay, which he ascended to a point above the place where Asuncion is situated. He built also a small fort at a place where the Rio Torero, or rather the Cusumana, joins the Parana (32° 30' south latitude), which he called Santa Spiritu; which, however, was destroyed by the Indians soon after his departure. The favorable account that he gave of the country called Paraguay induced the Spaniards to send a considerable force to these parts, under the adelantado Don Pedro de Mendoza, in 1534, who built a fort near the spot on which the town of Buenos Ayres now stands; and he then sailed to Paraguay to found the town of Asuncion. The fort was soon destroyed by the Indians. The Spaniards concentrated their forces in Paraguay, and from thence they gradually began to establish their settlements over the country.

In 1573, Don Juan de Gery founded the town of Santa Fé. In the meantime other Spaniards, who for some time before had held undisturbed possession of Alto Peru, or the present republic of Bolivia, advanced southward, passed the Abra de Costaderas, and founded Salta, Tucuman and Coriova, about the same time that Gery built Santa Fé. The town of Buenos Ayres was founded by Gery in 1580. He built a fort sufficiently strong to repel the attacks of the Indians. All the countries thus conquered were joined to the viceroyalty of Peru, of which they formed a portion until 1777, when Buenos Ayres was divided from it, and constituted a separate viceroyalty. In the seventeenth century the Jesuits entered the country for the purpose of civilising the Indians, and converting them to Christianity. Their progress was at first slow; but after the year 1692, when they obtained more extensive privileges, the conversion and civilization of the Guaranis, who inhabit both banks of the Parana above the Island of Apipé, went on rapidly; and about the middle of the last century it was stated, and believed, that the Jesuits had succeeded in forming a powerful state. On the suppression of the Jesuits, in 1768, it was found that the country was inhabited by about 100,000 peaceful and industrious Guaranis. Since that time the Missions, as they are called, have rapidly decreased in population. At present the number of inhabitants is stated to be under 8,000. Though the attempts to convert the other tribes who inhabit the northern provinces were not attended with great success, the Spaniards had suffered less from their incursions than from the attacks of the southern tribes, who, from the time that they had obtained horses, adopted the habits of the Mongols and other nomadic nations of Upper Asia, and by their unexpected incursions laid waste the neighbouring Spanish settlements, and drove off their herds of cattle. If these natives had submitted to the orders of the hereditary chiefs, like the Mongols, they would probably have expelled the whites from the plains, and confined them to the mountainous regions. The Spaniards tried all means to bring about a pacification, and they partly succeeded in 1740, when the course of the Rio Salado of Buenos Ayres, and the parallel of 35° south latitude, were agreed upon as the boundary between the southern Indians and the Spanish settlements.

Buenos Ayres has, however, since extended its southern boundary to the Bahia Blanca, a deep inlet and good harbour near 39° south latitude, and has a coast-line along the La Plata and the Atlantic above 600 miles in length, which, however, contains no harbour for large vessels, except that of the city of Buenos Ayres, near the most northern, and that of Bahin Blanca, at the southern extremity of the coast-line. That of Buenos Ayres is bad, but Bahia Blanca is a good one. The new boundary line on the west runs northward from Bahia Blanca to Fort Melique, curving eastward, and on this side the State is surrounded by countries which are still in the possession of the native tribes, no whites residing west of the line. A line drawn east-north-east from Melique to the Arroyo del Medio, divides it from the state of Santa Fé. This surface is estimated at 75,000 square miles, about 8,000 less than the island of Great Britain. The whole country is a level plain, with the exception of the districts adjacent to the western line, which are somewhat hilly, and the range

the footsteps of the Vicar Apostolic; but the members of the government had not forgiven the repeated refusals to yield to their pressing invitations. A certain coolness reigned in consequence between the authorities and the Mission. Matters even went further: the ecclesiastic who administered the diocese, the Abbé Zavaletti, after having conceded to M. Muzi the right of confirmation, withdrew it, to the great indignation of the faithful. The news that was received at the same time from Chili had not a more favourable character. It had been decided at Santiago, at a very tumultuous meeting of the Representative Chambers, that the Mission asked from Rome should be perfectly well received, but should be only temporary. Twelve days

elapsed pending these discussions, and, as will be afterwards seen, this slight delay in an adventurous journey saved the Mission from great calamities.

Nine o'clock of the morning of the 16th of January, 1824, was fixed upon for the departure; the visits of the clergy had been received; but the number of persons anxious to obtain the blessings of the Vicar-Apostolic was so considerable, that some delay was occasioned.

The members of the Mission filled two carriages of a sufficiently antique appearance, and drawn each by four horses. One of those immense open chariots, which are known by the name of carraters, followed the carriages laden with provisions. Each horse was mounted by a kind of postilion, who had the title of



CARAVAN IN THE PAMPAS.

coachman. A small detachment of cavalry in grand uniform preceded the modest procession, and a postilion was sent off at a canter to provide relays of horses.

of the Sierras del Vulcan and Ventana, and those connected with them which traverse the southern districts. A large portion of it is fit for agriculture, and by far the largest part of the articles exported from Buenos Ayres are drawn from this province, especially cattle, sheep, wool and corn. All the inhabitants north of the Rio Salado are of Spanish origin, but the countries south of the river are mostly occupied by tribes belonging to the Pulches. The remains of extinct species of large animals, as those of the megatherium, are often found in the western districts. As this state alone has a coast line, and consequently is thus brought into connection with foreign nations, the provincial government, though not by an express agreement, carries on the business of

Besides the members of the Mission, four young Chilians, who accompanied Dr. Cienfuegos, and two attendants, the caravan numbered no less than twelve

the Argentine Republic with foreign powers. The executive, according to the constitution, consists of a governor, or captain-general, as he is styled, aided by a council of ministers appointed by himself. He is responsible to the Junta, or legislative assembly, by whom he is elected. The Junta itself consists of forty-four deputies, one-half of whom are annually renewed by the people.

There is no town of importance in this state, except Buenos Ayres. San Pedro and San Nicolas, which are on the banks of the Rio Parana, contain only from 500 to 800 inhabitants. Buenos Ayres is situated on the south bank of the upper part of the wide estuary of the La Plata river, about 150 miles from the place where it enters the sea. The estuary at Buenos Ayres is about

coachmen, and, at a later period, when they were in dread of the savages in the pampas, six gauchos had to be attached to the service, with as many horses, in addition to those obtained at the relays.

The first day fifteen miles were accomplished, and they did not stop till they got to Moron, but it must be remarked that the road in the neighbourhood of the capital was excellent. The rite of confirmation was administered to several of the faithful in this pretty place. They could also now admire at their ease those fields of fennel, and still more especially those endless woods of peach trees, which rivet the attention of all travellers.

At Lujan, or Santos Lugares, a miserable rancho,

where the Mission had to pass the night, was quickly hung with damask by the officiating priest of the place. A richly decorated altar and six candelabras of massive silver were also transported there, and thus the first mass, celebrated by the Vicar-Apostolic, in South America, was extemporised in the bosom of the pampa. Immediately afterwards, Don Giovanni Mastai, the Abbé Salustri, and Father Raymondo Arce, went to the humble village church, where three other masses were said. They were about to enter upon the vast solitudes of the interior; more than one peril had to be encountered.

Lujan and its worthy priest were left the same day, and the pampa, where it neighbours Buenos Ayres,



PREDATORY INDIANS OF THE PAMPAS.

with its innumerable mataderos, have been so often described by travellers, that we shall spare the reader

thirty-six miles wide, so that Colonia, a small place on the opposite bank, is only visible from the more elevated places in the town, and then only in very clear weather. Though the estuary has a considerable depth in the middle, it grows so shallow towards the south bank that large vessels are obliged to remain in the outer roads, from seven to nine miles from the shore; small vessels enter the inner roads, called *bellas*, where they are still two miles from the town. The beach itself is extremely shallow; even boats cannot approach nearer than fifty yards, or a quarter of a mile, according to the state of the tide, and persons as well as goods are landed in rudely-constructed carts, drawn by oxen. When it blows fresh, the surf on the beach is very heavy, and often causes loss of life. A pier, which was constructed in the time of the Spanish government, is nearly useless, except at very high tides.

the description of things as offensive to the sense of smell as they are to the eyes. Nor shall we stop here

The city stands on a high bank for about two miles along the river. Between the city and the water's edge is a space of considerable width, rarely covered by the tides, on which some trees are planted. To the east of the pier, at a distance of a few hundred yards, stands the fort or castle, the walls of which extend to the water's edge, and are mounted with cannon. It is of little importance in a military point of view; at present it has no garrison, and the buildings are appropriated to public offices, and the residence of the president of the republic.

About a mile lower down, the high bank suddenly turns inland, leaving a vast level plain along the shore, traversed by a little stream, which makes a good harbour for small craft, its mouth forming a kind of circular basin.

Behind the castle is the plaza, or great square, which occupies a considerable space; it is divided into two parts by a long and



to describe the Tlirtern, or armed peacock, so admirably depicted by Usara, or the innocent viscachas, little rodents, or creatures of the rat-tribe, but belonging to the family of chinillides, whose innumerable

low edifice, which serves as a kind of bazaar, and has a corridor along the whole length of each side, which is used as a shelter for the market people. The space between this bazaar and the fort is appropriated to the market, where all kinds of provisions, especially excellent fruits, are sold; but there are no stalls, and the goods are spread on the ground. The opposite side, which is much larger, is a kind of *place d'armes*, and contains a very fine edifice, called the *cabildo*, or town-house, in which the courts of justice hold their sessions, and the city council, or *cabildo*, meets. Near the centre of the square is a neat pyramid, erected in commemoration of the Revolution, by which the country was freed from the dominion of Spain. It has an emblematic figure at each corner, representing Justice, Science, Liberty and America; the whole is inclosed with a railing.

The streets are at regular intervals, and are open at right angles to the river, with a rather steep ascent from the shore; they are straight and regular; a few of them near the plaza are paved, but the greater part are unpaved. In the rainy season they are a slough of mud, and in the dry season the dust in them is still more insupportable. Most of them have footpaths, but they are narrow and inconvenient.

In the neighbourhood of the plaza there are many houses of two stories, but towards the outskirts the houses have only one story. They are built of bricks, have flat roofs, and are white-washed. Towards the street they have commonly two windows, which have seldom glass-panes, and are generally protected by a rope, or iron railing, which gives the house the appearance of a prison. In the middle of this outer wall is a gate-way, the rooms on each side of which are generally occupied as places of business, or as merchants' counting-rooms. By the gateway the patio or court-yard is entered, which is surrounded on three sides by buildings, the wall of the adjoining house making up the fourth. The building at the back of the court is usually the dining room; that on the left or the right is the sitting room or parlour. The patio is usually paved with brick, and sometimes with black and white marble tessellated. In the better sort of houses a canvas awning is spread from the flat roof over the patio, and serves as a protection against the excessive heat of the sun. Grape vines are planted round the walls. The houses have as little wood as possible about them, both the first and second floors having brick pavements. There are no chimneys except in the kitchens, as the climate is not severe enough to render fire-places necessary in the rooms.

There are fifteen churches, of which the principal are the cathedral, which of itself covers almost a whole square, San Domingo, Santa Mercedes, San Francisco, and the Recoleta; they are all large and handsome buildings, but of a somewhat gloomy aspect. In the time of the Spaniards these churches were ornamented with a profusion of gold and silver, but the revolutionary wars have drained them of their wealth.

The majority of the inhabitants are the descendants of Spaniards who have settled in the country during the last three centuries. The number of free men, or slaves is small; that of native Indians is much greater; they compose the greater part of the lower classes, and speak only Spanish, having entirely forgotten the language of their ancestors. The whole population of the town is estimated by some at only 40,000, but by others at 60,000 and upwards.

No other town of South America has so many institutions for the promotion of science. The university, which has lately been modelled on more comprehensive principles, possesses a library of about 20,000 volumes. There is also a collection of objects of natural history, an observatory, a separate school of mathematics, a public school, and a school for painting and drawing. Since the Revolution there have also been established a literary society for the promotion of natural philosophy and the mathematics, an academy of medicine, and another of jurisprudence, a normal school for mutual instruction, a patriotic union for the promotion of agriculture, besides some charitable societies. A considerable number of newspapers is published in the town.

The town was founded by the Spaniards in 1535, but in 1539, being obliged by the neighbouring Indians to abandon it, they retired to Assumption, on the Paraguay. When the Spaniards were firmly settled in the country they rebuilt the town in 1580, and since that time it always has been increasing, though slowly. The climate is healthy, as its name, Buenos Ayres (good air),

holes put the best constructed carriages in constant danger of being upset or breaking down. At Conchos they made acquaintance with a new form of suffering in the desert, the water was positively corrupt, and was drawn from a well the margin of which was pro-

impies; an appellation which was bestowed on it by its founder, Mendonza.

In 1805 the town of Buenos Ayres was taken by the British, but they were soon expelled. The inhabitants of the Argentine Republic, like those of the other Spanish colonies, did not submit to the authority of Joseph Buonaparte, and in 1810, they organized an independent government in the name of king Ferdinand VII. But after Ferdinand recovered the throne of Spain, his measures respecting the American colonies created such disgust, that the States united and declared their independence in the town of San Miguel de Tucuman, the 9th of July, 1816; and in 1819, a federal government was projected, but the states refused to accede to it because they were made too dependent on the federal government. At the same time dissension and civil war broke out, which were attended by a rapid succession of political changes. The provincial government of Buenos Ayres underwent twenty changes between the 10th of November, 1819, and the end of January, 1821. In 1821 the government seemed to have acquired some consistency, at least at Buenos Ayres. But the ascendancy which the military acquired in the war with Brazil, brought on other revolutions after the conclusion of peace (1829), which continued until 1836, when Rosas was created dictator for life.

The intervention of France and Brazil in procuring the expulsion of Rosas is said to have procured substantial results for the world. The free navigation of the Plata and its tributaries was secured, and an end was put to the system of isolation, which was the sole policy of the government overthrown. The success of France and Brazil was the stepping-stone to power of Urquiza, and his elevation is said to have been beneficial in giving some idea of natural unity to the disjointed states of the Argentine confederation.

We have seen that when Spain held the country these provinces formed a vice-royalty, Buenos Ayres as the capital town; and since the era of independence, commenced in 1810 and formally completed in 1816, the city and province of Buenos Ayres have claimed and retained, to a great extent, a metropolitan importance. As the obscure provinces of the interior developed in power, they resisted more and more the predominance of the maritime city; and it became, after a time, a bitter contest between town and country. Buenos Ayres is not only the largest province of the not very compact confederation, but it possesses the only great city, the only considerable port, the only *entrepôt* of foreign trade. The gauchos of the interior can catch with the lasso and ride without a saddle any number of wild horses; but that provinces with such men forming the mass of the population should dictate a government to Buenos Ayres is as absurd as if the granaries of our eastern counties ruled London, or the rail-splitters of Illinois dictated to New York. Urquiza, after defeating President Rosas at Caseros, ten years ago, was nominated captain-general of the federal forces; but, while retaining this mere title, he devoted himself to the actual government of Entre Rios, one of the smallest of the twelve or thirteen confederated provinces. Nearly the whole soil of the little State is his own land, and he is the great millionaire of the South. In San Juan, a neighbouring state, he placed a creature of his own; and his influence with President Derqui has given an absolutist tone to the governments of many provinces, and to the federal authority itself. The liberal government of Buenos Ayres has openly and honestly combated this retrograde policy—practically a return to the days of Rosas—and the federal clique so far resented this attitude that the deputies from Buenos Ayres were refused admission to the federal congress. This was forcing the maritime province into actual secession. Buenos Ayres prepared its forces for the worst, and Derqui, following Mr. Lincoln at a civil distance, urged Urquiza from his retirement, and sent him with a federal force to chastise the "rebels." The federal army and the Buenos Ayreans met at Pavon, in the province of Santa Fe, on the 17th of October, 1861. The fight did not last long, and was for some time—like all South American battles—doubtful as to its results. But, though he lost nearly all his cavalry, the Buenos Ayrean general remained on the field, Urquiza retired to Parana, and in a few days resigned his command, returning to rule his own province. The federal authority has thus received a heavy blow, and State rights have had good luck.

tected by heaps of whitened bones. Nor would it be of much interest in the present day, when the characteristics of the pampas and llanos of South America are almost as well known as those of the prairies in the North, to follow our travellers step by step to each relay of horses, and each more or less miserable station of repose. Nothing can better show the general characteristics of travelling over pampas, llanos, prairies, and steppes, than that, except when an occasional river presents itself on the way, the events of one day's journey on their wide and monotonous expanses are precisely repeated the next. If there is little or no variety in scenery then, there is, to compensate it, variety in suffering from want of water and food. If the charqui of the Peruvians—the pemican of the South—should fail, the traveller's position becomes perilous, for it is only at rare distances that he can procure meat or maize.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The pampas, llanos, and other plains, occupy about five-sixths of the surface of the provinces of La Plata. The most northern part of them, which is known under the name of El Gran Chaco, extends on the east of the mountain region as far as the banks of the Rio Paraguay, and from the northern boundary of the republic to the confluence of the Rio Salado with the Parana, occupying all the tract between these rivers. This immense country, which is about one-sixth of the whole Argentine Republic, or 120,000 square miles, is very little known, there being only a few families, and those mostly of Indian origin, settled on the banks of the rivers. The interior is possessed by several aboriginal tribes, who wander about in the woods, and live on the produce of the chase and wild fruits. The most northern part of the desert appears to have annual rains, and the country is accordingly pretty well wooded. In this part, which lies between the Rio Uruguay and the Rio Paraguay on both sides of the Rio Pilcomayo, and which is called the Llanos de Manso, there is a considerable number of independent tribes, though the several families are generally small. The southern portion of the Gran Chaco, between 26° and 30° south latitude, is a complete desert for want of rain and water. The general character of the soil is sandy, and in many places it is covered with incrustations of salt; in others it is interspersed with small salt swamps. No part of it produces grass, but some tracts are covered with stunted prickly trees. It is uninhabited, except on the banks of the Rio Salado, where a few families have settled.

The country which lies west of the southern portion of the Chaco, and extends to the banks of the Rio Dulce, though not considered as forming a part of it, does not materially differ from it in features, soil, and vegetation, except along the banks of the Rio Dulce, the water of which, being sweet, can be used for irrigation, and is, in many places, used for that purpose.

West of the Rio Dulce, and between 28° 30' and 30° south latitude, a desert extends as far west as the neighbourhood of the Sierra Velasco, from which it is separated by a fertile tract, called La Costa, hardly twenty miles wide. Where the desert is traversed by the road between Cordova and Santiago del Estero, near its eastern extremity, it is about sixty miles wide, but further west it grows much wider. The surface is level, here and there interspersed with hillocks; for the most part covered with a thick salt efflorescence. Hence the desert has obtained the name of Great Salina. The vegetation is limited to a kind of salsola, from the ashes of which soda is extracted. The desert is probably the hottest part of America, the heat during the province of the northern winds in summer being almost insupportable in those places which are built on the borders of this desert, as Santiago del Estero. This may be mainly attributed to the nature of the soil, but partly to the lowness of the country; it having been ascertained, by barometrical observations, that the surface of the desert is only a few feet above the level of the sea at the town of Buenos Ayres, though it is 700 miles distant from that point.

That part of the plain which lies between 30° and 33° south latitude exhibits a different character. Nearly in the middle of it is Sierra de Cordova, a system of heights which in another place would be called mountains, but in the neighbourhood of the snow-capped Andes can only be called hills. It was formerly supposed that this sierra was connected with the Andes, but it has been ascertained that a plain 200 miles wide lies between them. The

Our travellers revenged themselves for their culinary privations in the Pampas by a comfortable repast at San Pedro, but the lodgings do not appear to have been so *recherché* as the viands, for the pious traveller, who was destined one day to have the Vatican for a home, was obliged to pass the night in a shed without

most elevated and mountainous part of this system is between 30° and 32° south latitude, and extends more than 120 miles from north to south, but the width does not exceed 50 miles. The southern part, between 31° and 32°, is a small table-land, about 30 miles wide, and growing narrow towards the south. The declivity is gentle towards the base, but near the top it is steep. The plain is covered with grass, but is entirely devoid of trees. It may be about 2,500 or 3,000 feet elevated above its base, and perhaps 3,500 or 4,000 feet above the sea-level. In winter it is sprinkled with patches of snow. The short valleys, by which the western side is furrowed, produce abundance of maize and fruits, and this is also the case with the long valley which runs along the eastern unbroken declivity. Near 32° south latitude the table-land branches off into two ridges, of which the eastern is called the Sierra and the western the Serrazuela. They run north and north-westerly, and at their northern extremity are more than fifty miles from each other. The intervening country is a succession of stony or sandy ridges, flat at the top, and alternating with broad pastoral valleys interspersed with plantations of fig and peach trees.

The country which extends from the Sierra de Cordova to the Rio Parana is hilly, or strongly undulating along the base of the heights, and produces good crops of Indian corn in the lower tracts, where the fields can be irrigated. This hilly country extends about thirty miles, when the country sinks into somewhat irregular plains. Some parts of these plains are covered with trees, but others are without wood, which becomes more scarce as we proceed further east, until the woods reappear at some distance from the banks of the Parana. These woods chiefly consist of low mimosaes or stunted prickly trees. The plains are generally covered with coarse grass, but in some parts, especially in the eastern districts, the soil is impregnated with salt. The numerous small streams which flow from the eastern declivity of the Sierra de Cordova, and sink into three rivers, the Primero, Segundo, and Tercero, do not join the Parana, but are lost in small salt lakes, with the exception of the Tercero, which, however, in the dry season, is very shallow, and has hardly water enough for small boats. The Rio Dulce, a large river which rises in the Sierra de Aconguja, and runs about 400 miles, is likewise lost in an extensive salt lake, called Laguna Salada de los Porongos. The salt lakes in which these rivers are lost occur between 30° and 32°, and are near the meridian of 68° west. It seems that a deep depression runs along this meridian, and that the country between it and the Rio Parana and Rio Salado is much more elevated. There are agricultural settlements in this country on the banks of the rivers, and small hamlets, inhabited by herdsmen, occur on the plains. Though the pasture is indifferent, a considerable number of cattle are reared. The country which surrounds the southern extremity of the Sierra de Cordova, and extends to 33° south latitude, resembles in its general character that which is to the east of it, except that it is traversed in several places by narrow ridges of low rocky hills, along the base of which vegetation is much more vigorous, and the soil more favourable to agriculture than in the wide plains which lie between them.

The country which lies on the west of the Sierra de Cordova, and extends in that direction for 120 or 130 miles from the range, is nearly altogether bare of grass. Rain is scarce in all the countries of South America, south of 24°, and this want of moisture is the chief reason why cultivation extends so slowly in these parts. In the country west of Sierra de Cordova it never rains, nor is the ground ever refreshed with dew, which falls abundantly in the pampas farther to the south-east. The soil of this region is composed of a loose and friable clayey loam, and the greater part of it contains stunted trees; tracts covered with salt incrustations, or with grass, are only occasionally met with, and never occupy a large surface. The grassy tracts are most numerous near the southern extremity of the Sierra Velasco, where they are called Los Llanos, and supply pasture for numerous herds of cattle.

That part of the plain which extends from 33° south latitude to the banks of the Rio Negro, the southern boundary of the Argentine Republic, is known under the name of Pampas. Though generally considered as one plain, extending on a perfect level from the shores of the Atlantic to the base of the Andes, it

doorway or flooring, and with the thatch in so dilapidated a state that it was, the Abbé Ballusti says, a real astronomer's cabin, whence one could, without quitting one's bed, contemplate the stars. This airy habitation was, in reality, the pantry of the postmaster, a solitary sentinel placed at the extreme frontiers of civilisation.

has been observed that nature has divided it by some tracts of more elevated ground into several regions, which differ in soil and fertility. The most remarkable and best known of these elevated grounds begins on the shores of the Atlantic, between Cape Corrientes and Punta Andros, south of 35° south latitude, with rocks, which at some distance from the sea rise to the height of hills, having broad summits in the form of a table-land, and steep sides. This range of hills, which is called the Sierra del Vulcan (opening), is only a few hundred feet high, and has excellent pasture on its summit. About forty miles from the sea, the range is interrupted by a wide gap, or opening (called by the aborigines *Vulcan*), and on the west of this opening rises another ridge, which has various names, being broken by several other gaps, and extends, in a south-eastern and north-western direction, about 300 miles from the Atlantic. Where this elevated ground approaches 61° west longitude, it turns to the north, and runs in that direction to 35° south latitude, when it turns more to the west, and may be said to terminate where the parallel of 34° cuts the meridian of 63°. This part of the higher ground is a gentle swell, overtopped by low hills, which occur at great distances from one another, and by a few low ridges. Though most travellers describe the country north of 34°, in the direction of this swell, as a perfect level, it is somewhat higher than the plains lying east and west, and it extends to the banks of the Rio Parana, where the river is lined with cliffs about sixty feet above its level, between San Nicolas and Rosario. This elevated ground separates the eastern portion of the pampas from that farther west. All the rivers which water these eastern pampas have their origin in this elevated tract. It is remarkable that the water of most of them is salt, especially in summer, when the volume is much diminished, though they flow through a country which is not impregnated with saline matter. From this, it may be inferred that extensive deposits of salt must exist on the high ground in which they originate.

The Rio Salado, which rises near the point where the parallel of 34° cuts the meridian of 63°, runs in an east-south-eastern direction about 300 miles, and divides the eastern pampas into two nearly equal parts. Though numerous settlements have been made in the country north of the Rio Salado, by far the greatest part of it is still in its natural state. It is a continuous level plain, covered with coarse luxuriant grass, growing in tufts, and partially mixed with wild oats and trefail. Extensive tracts are entirely overgrown with thistles from six to eight feet high, which are used for fuel, as the country is entirely devoid of trees and shrubs. Near the dwellings of the inhabitants only single trees are met with. The level plain contains shallow depressions, in which the rain-water is collected and forms pools. This water evaporating in the dry season, these depressions are then covered with rich grass, which supplies pasture during the hot weather. Thus this country is able to maintain immense herds of cattle and horses, and it is observed that the coarse grass and thistles gradually disappear when trodden down by the animals, and are replaced by a fine turf, this is especially observable in the neighbourhood of the town of Buenos Ayres. Though the rearing of cattle is still the principal object of agriculture, sheep have much increased of late years, and what has been more cultivated. The latter is now grown to such an extent, that not only the importation from the United States of North America has been entirely stopped, but flour and corn have been shipped to Brazil. Wool also forms an important article of export. Though the rivers are dry in summer, except the Rio Salado and the largest of its affluents, whose water cannot be used on account of its saltness, fresh water may be procured, at no great depth, by digging wells. Along the banks of the La Plata and Rio Parana, between Buenos Ayres and the small town of San Pedro, there is a broad belt of low ground, which is annually inundated by the freshets of the Rio Parana for several months, and fertilised by the muddy deposit of that river.

The country south of the Rio Salado is of a somewhat different character. Near the banks of the river it is on a level with the country north of it, which it resembles in every respect; but about ten miles from the river swamps begin, which extend over a great part of this region. Towards the sea, the swamps are nearly 100 miles wide; but farther west they grow narrower,

Coarse hewn and heavy planks, suspended by cords to the cross beams, awung from the roof, and upon these elegant shelves were placed quarters of meat, now some days gone, maize, cheese, leather, and undressed and untanned hides, so the character of the perfumes exhaled from above may be more easily

felt. They terminate at the confluence of the Rio Salado with the Rio Flores. These swamps are thickly set with tall reeds and reeds, and in many places interspersed with small lakes and ponds. They probably owe their existence to the circumstance of their surface constituting a perfect level, which receives numerous streams, the waters of which cannot make their way to the Rio Salado or to the sea. These swamps form a great obstacle to the extension of agricultural settlements; for, though the country along the base of the Sierra del Vulcan, and the more western ranges of hills, appears in no respect to be inferior in fertility to the country north of the Rio Salado, no agricultural settlements have been established here.

North of the Bahia Blanca (near 59° south latitude) a mountain of considerable elevation rises abruptly over the plain: it is called Sierra Ventana, and its elevation above the sea-level is about 3,500 feet. This mountain extends north-west for about twenty miles, but grows lower towards the west, where it is separated by a depression from another and lower ridge, that runs in the same direction, and is called Sierra Guanini. So far this country is known, but farther west it has not been explored. It is, however, known that in the same direction there occurs a vast forest, three days' journey long, which covers a hilly tract, and other forests, of a similar description occur in the centre of the pampas, and lie in the same direction.

The country between the Sierra del Vulcan and the Sierra Ventana, and the ridges dependent on them, resembles in its natural features the country south of the Rio Salado. Along the base of the Sierra Ventana extends a level country, interspersed with some low hills; the surface is dry, and fit for agricultural establishments. But in approaching the chain of the Sierra del Vulcan, Darwin found the country, to the width of sixty miles, covered with swamps. In some parts there were fine moist plains, covered with grass, while others had a soft, black, and peaty soil. There were also many extensive but shallow lakes, and large bogs of reeds. He compares this tract with the better part of the Cambridgeshire fens. These swamps probably owe their origin to the rivers which descend with a rapid course from the Sierra Ventana, and Sierra Guanini, to the level country.

The greatest part of the western pampas, namely, all the country west of 63° west longitude, and extending thence to the Andes between 34° south latitude, and the Rio Negro, is almost unknown, having only been explored along the courses of the rivers, except in one line, in which it has been traversed by land. The few points which have thus been examined are too isolated to authorise us to form an idea of the capabilities of this immense country. But we are well acquainted with that portion of the plain which lies between 33° and 34° south latitude, as it is traversed by the great road that leads from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza, and thence over the Andes to Chili.

In the country which surrounds the sources of the Rio Salado, the soil of the plain begins to be impregnated with muriate of soda, and continues more or less so to the base of the Andes. But it has a different character east and west of 63° west longitude. East of that meridian a great part of the surface is covered with extensive saline swamps, overgrown with reeds; the more elevated spots of these swamps are covered with a saline efflorescence. The dry tracts which intervene between the swamps are overgrown with a coarse grass that attains a height of six feet, and resembles rye or wild oats. This grass grows in clumps, and is salt to the taste. The soil consists of a dark friable mould, without the smallest particle of salt. In every part of this country there are lakes containing salt water. Many of them are from ten to twenty miles long, and nearly as wide. These lakes are most numerous between 64° and 65° west longitude, where an extensive shallow depression occurs, perhaps fifty miles in length and twenty in width. The whole of this depression is filled with water, when the Rio Quinto, which originates in the Sierra de Cordova, is raised by a freshet from the mountains, at which time it sends a great portion of its waters into the depression. When the water has been evaporated by the heat of the summer, it only remains in the numerous lakes and ponds with which the depression is interspersed. Where the plain approaches the hilly country that surrounds the south side of the Sierra de Cordova, the surface is broken in many places into low hills, with a steep ascent, and furrowed by ravines; the hills are

imagined than described. Don Giovanni Mastai, and his companion the Abbé Sallusti, had no other alternative, however, than to sleep in this repulsive spot, which we need hardly say how delighted they were to exchange the next day for the balmy odours wafted from the banks of the Paraná; for they had reached

separated from each other by grassy plains. The grass is smooth, short, and thick, and there are low bushes on it. The hills are partly clothed with thorny trees of a stunted growth, and with brushwood. The rivers which intersect this country run in beds from twenty to forty feet below its surface; their banks are very steep, but during the greater part of the year there is no water in them. It is only in the hilly tract of this part of the western pampas that there are any agricultural settlements; in the level country there are only cattle farms.

The plain, which extends from 68° west longitude to the base of the Andes, presents a level surface. The soil consists of loose sand, impregnated with saline matter, and unfit for the growth of grass. The vegetation is limited to low thorny trees, some rough-barked, and saline basile plants. But this arid and sterile soil, when irrigated, is changed into the most fertile fields. The saline matter, as it seems, when applied to a soil so light, becomes, by the assistance of constant moisture, the most active stimulus to vegetation, and serves as a never-failing manure. The rivers in this region, being very little depressed below the general surface of the plain, are extensively used for irrigation, and the settlements on the Rio Tunuyan, Rio de Mendoza, and Rio de San Juan, are rather numerous, and rapidly increasing in extent and number. Indian corn and wheat are grown to a great extent, and exported to the neighbouring countries. The soil seems particularly adapted to fruit-trees. The plantations of vines, figs, peaches, apples, olives and nuts, are very extensive, and their produce goes to the neighbouring countries, especially to Chili.

The Argentine Republic contains also an extensive tract of hilly country, which lies between the Rivers Paraná and Uruguay. In the northern part of this region is the Laguna de Ybera, which extends from north to south in some places nearly 100 miles, and nowhere less than 40, and from east to west about 80 miles. It covers an area of more than 3000 square miles. A narrow strip of elevated ground divides its northern border from the Rio Paraná, and it is supposed that it is supplied with water from that river by infiltration, as no stream enters it, and it supplies with water four small rivers, one of which, the Mirinay, runs to the Uruguay, and three others to the Paraná. The surface of this low tract, however, is only a deep swamp, interspersed with numerous small lakes. It is chiefly covered by aquatic plants and shrubs, but in most parts it is impassable. The country extending southward from this lake to the confluence of the Paraná with the Uruguay has an undulating surface, the heights seldom rising into hills, except in the interior, and at a few places along the Paraná. It is chiefly overgrown with trees, between which there are some savannas of moderate extent. On the plain, numerous herds of cattle are pastured, which constitute the wealth of the country. Though the trees are of stunted growth, the entire want of forests in the surrounding countries makes this wood of great demand for the ordinary purposes of cabinet work, carriages, and as timber for small houses. The interior of the country appears to be much more hilly than along the rivers, and is occupied by the forest of Montell, which extends more than 100 miles from north to south, with an average width of 40 miles. It is encumbered with brushwood and studded with small trees. At the southern extremity of the country, along the banks of the Paraná, there is a low tract, which is subject to occasional inundations. That portion of this country which extends from the lake of Ybera in a north-eastern direction to the boundary-line of Brazil, is known under the name of the Misiones, from the circumstance of the Jesuits having collected here a great number of aborigines, and accustomed them to a civilized life. The south-western part, which is undulating, has a soil of great fertility, producing cotton, sugar, and other tropical productions. To the north-east of it the country rises into high hills and mountains, which are covered with high timber-trees, the most southern which occur east of the Andes from the Strait of Magalhães.

The population of the Argentine Republic consists of descendants of Spaniards and of Indians. The whites have not settled here as masters, as in the countries farther north, where they have captured themselves from agricultural labour. They are here cultivators of the ground, and chiefly look after cattle and horses. Those who look after the horses, and are called gauchos, live a wild

life, and can hardly be said to be superior to the Indians. Their dress is a cloak (poncho), and they live exclusively on beef.

It is there that, for these five years past, a new city,

The Indians, who are subject to the dominion of the whites, are far from being numerous: the number probably falls short of 30,000 individuals. They are only found in the provinces north of the Great Salina. On the Desplado, and the valleys surrounding it, they seem to belong to the Peruvian nation, and to speak the Guichua language. In the valleys of Caxamara and Rioja they form distinct tribes, and live in villages distinct from the whites: their language is not the Guichua. Several families of the Guaraní are still settled in the Misiones, and others established themselves in Corrientes and Entre Rios. After the expulsion of the Jesuits in 1767, the Indians, who are not subject to the whites, and who are frequently at war with them, may be divided into the northern and southern Indians. The former inhabit the Gran Chaco, between the Salado and the Paraguay and Paraná, and the latter the countries south of 35° south latitude. Only one independent nation has maintained its ground surrounded by settlements of the whites—the Guaycurus, who inhabit the country between the towns of Cordova and Santa Fé, and as far north as the Great Lake, called Laguna Salados de Los Vorongos. Twenty years ago this tribe was composed of only 600 or 800 individuals, and since that time they have probably been reduced to a still smaller number by the civil wars in the provinces; they seem to belong to the great nation of the Guaycurus, which inhabits the western banks of the Paraguay, between 16° and 28° south, and has rendered itself formidable both to the Spaniards and Portuguese. They have great numbers of horses, and dwell in low houses constructed of hides, which they move about with great facility. The attempts made to settle them in fixed places have hitherto proved abortive, as they are much attached to a wandering life.

The number of Indians in the southern districts of the Gran Chaco is small, and it seems that there are only a few families in the neighbourhood of the rivers; but on the banks of the Rio Vermejo, and between it and the Paraná, there is a great number of wandering tribes, some of which are powerful. The most numerous of these tribes are the Tobas, Mataguayos, and Matacos, on the banks of the Vermejo and the Guanas; Guaycurus Yagas, Lenguas, and Ivirayaras between the Pico-Mayo and Paraná. All these, with the exception of the Guanas and Matacos, adhere to a nomadic life, and live on the produce of their flocks and of the chase. They have also many horses. The men go naked, with the exception of a girdle of cotton round their loins; the women cover themselves with a large cotton cloth. The men are always on horseback. Most of these nations seem to belong to the race from which the Guaycurus have sprung, and all their languages are only dialects of one. They raise some Indian corn. The Matacos, who had been for some time under the care of the Jesuits, have fixed habitations, cultivate the ground, and a considerable number of them go every year, in harvest-time, to the province of Salta, where they are employed in getting in the crops. Though these northern tribes have generally not a friendly intercourse with the whites who are settled near them, they are not in a state of continual war with them, as is the case with the southern Indians. Though in most other respects they resemble the southern tribes, they are not so tall, and on the average not taller than the inhabitants of southern Europe.

The southern tribes have their pasture grounds south of the Rio Salado of Buenos Ayres, and of 55° south latitude, which line was established, in 1740, between them and the Spanish government. This line was secured on the side of the Spaniards by a few military posts, and though the Indians from time to time made predatory incursions into the settlements, the whites lived in a state of comparative security. But during the confusion with which the establishment of the political independence of these provinces was attended, and during the war with Brazil, the Indians, becoming bolder, laid waste the country as far north as the Sierra de Cordova, killing the men and taking women and children captives. After several attempts to bring about a peaceful arrangement had failed, the Government of Buenos Ayres sent a strong force against them, under the command of Rosas, the present dictator of Buenos Ayres, who secured from 1852 to

destined to be one of the great metropolises of the world—the flourishing federal city, capital of the Argentine States—is growing in peace; but Ciudad de la Vagada del Parana had no existence in the time of our missionaries, who passed by without almost deigning a notice of the future emporium of the south.

## IX.

SAINT NICOLAS—ROSARIO—DESMOCHADOS, OR "THE MUTILATED"—INCURSIONS OF SAVAGES—DANGERS RUN BY THE MISSION.

FROM Saint Nicolas, which they attained on the 19th instant, our travellers were no longer in the territory of Buenos Ayres, but were advancing on that of San'a Fé. The first town of any importance that they met with was that of Rosario, which they reached

1835) the whole country as far south as the Lusa Leubu, killed many thousands of the Indians, and rescued 1,500 whites who had been captured in the predatory expeditions of the natives. These active measures seem to have had a good effect, and, at the same time, the country, as far south as the Lusa Leubu, was annexed to the Argentine Republic. The Indians must accordingly now consider that they are only permitted to inhabit these countries with the consent of the republic. These southern tribes are divided into innumerable petty tribes of families, each governed by its own cacique, or ulmeco, who occasionally claims, by hereditary title, but has little authority, except in time of war, when all submit implicitly to his direction. These tribes are frequently quarrelling and fighting with one another, and are only united in their predatory excursions against the whites. They speak a common language, and seem to descend from the same stock as the Aruacians in Southern Chili. All these tribes are comprehended under three denominations: the *Pehuelches* (Pine-tree Indians) inhabit the Andes, and the mountainous and hilly country along its eastern declivity; the *Banqueles* (Thistle Indians) occupy the central plains, and are more troublesome than the others to their neighbours; the *Puelches* inhabit the country along the Atlantic, between the Rio Salado of Buenos Ayres, and about 800 miles inland. This last-mentioned division of Indians is now on friendly terms with the whites. They are a tall race, averaging near six feet in height. They have numerous herds of horses. They eat the flesh of the mares and colts, and only occasionally eat bread of maize, which they obtain from the Spaniards in exchange for salt and cattle, and blankets made by their women. Their dwellings are made of hides sown together, and are easily moved. They are always wandering about in the wide plains in quest of pasture for their horses; all of them, men, women, and children, live more on horseback than on foot.

Under the Spanish dominion, the countries now comprehended within the Argentine Republic were divided into four intendencias, Buenos Ayres, Cordoba, Tucuman, and Salta. When these countries obtained their independence, a new division was made in 1833 and 1834, but, as the physical character of the country had not been attended to in making this division, some of the new states again divided: at present, there are thirteen republics. It was originally intended to unite them all under a central government, but the attempt that was made did not succeed. The States were dissatisfied with the authority and influence of the central government in their internal affairs, and they ceased to send deputies to the congress. We may, therefore, consider the Argentine Republic as an aggregate of thirteen republics, quite unconnected with one another; and it is possible that, for some time, they will form no union. The nature of the country renders any union by conquest very difficult, and in many cases impossible. Each of the thirteen States is separated from its neighbour by extensive tracts, either of desert or at least of uncultivated country, to penetrate which, even with a small army, is extremely dangerous. Though there has been some fighting among them for several years, we do not find that any two of these republics have united in one government. But the friends of liberty have to complain of another consequence of this division of the country into numerous small states. Deprived of assistance from their neighbours, most of them have already fallen under the authority of individuals, called dictators. To use the proper term, despotic governments have taken the place of republican institutions.

on the 21st. This town, so flourishing in the present day, and which constitutes the port to the new State, did not contain at that epoch a population of more than 7,000 souls, whereas it now reckons 12,000. The priest of the city came forward to meet the Vicar Apostolic, and confirmation was solemnly given to thousands of the faithful.

On the morning of the 23rd they quitted this animated town, and it was at this point that they began to quit the valley of the majestic River Parana, which they had followed for so long a period. The dotted line in the map which marks the road now laid out is not the same as that followed by the Mission, which kept close to the banks of the river as far as Rosario. Passing Candelaria and Orqueta, it was at the latter place that they met with the first Pampas Indian they had seen. They were destined soon to make a better acquaintance with his race. Six leagues beyond that, they reached a post-house with the disagreeable name of Desmochados, which signifies the place of the mutilated. The name thus given to this ill-fated spot commemorated a frightful event. A few years previously some Indian horsemen surprised the master of the post and all his attendants, and the savages had, contrary to all expectations, granted them their lives, but had given to themselves the truly savage satisfaction of cutting off their hands and feet, and had left them in that frightful condition.

Accustomed to sanguinary incursions, Desmochados had still more recent reminiscences attached to it. Only ten days before, Don Giovanni Mustai and Monsiegnor Muzi passed there, a troop of three hundred Indian horsemen had presented themselves in front of the tower that defends the passage. The brave postmaster had had time to shut himself up in it, and being armed with an excellent rifle, he had managed to kill one of them and wounded several others, who were carried away by their horses. These ferocious men, knowing the uselessness of their weapons, had withdrawn, but the blood spilt had to be repaid by other blood, and meeting with an unfortunate pastor by the way, they had put him to death with no less than twenty lance-wounds, after which the implacable savages had cut him up in little bits. A thing they were at that time ignorant of, but which oozed out afterwards, was that they reserved the same fate for every member of the Mission. Imperfectly informed by their spies, the Indians, reckoning upon a considerable booty, had hastily gathered together in order to pillage the caravan; only they made a mistake, as was afterwards satisfactorily ascertained, as to the precise moment when the strangers would pass by. The delay, which was experienced at Buenos Ayres, it turned out, had certainly saved their lives. But had it again extended to a full fortnight, the tragedy would have been enacted in all its details so horrible to contemplate. Three days after the travellers had gone by, the Indians came back to the same spot, and twenty unfortunate persons, whom they met, were pitilessly massacred by them; the merchandise that they escorted were carried off, and only one of these men, frightfully wounded and gashed, rose up from among the heap of dead, and survived to relate the event.

The tribes that ravage these regions in this sad manner, are the *Puelches*, the *Pehuelches*, and the *Banqueles*, and these warriors are among the most formidable of the Indians of the south. Sheltered



under lenthern tents, which they transport at a moment's notice to the most distant part of the pampas, they live almost exclusively on horse's flesh, and they enrich themselves by plunder.

Let them be called *Corruas*, as in the bosom of the Argentine States, or *Malons*, as the Chilians are pleased to designate them, still these raids or predatory incursions are almost always attended by fierce struggles and frightful results. Handling their strong lances with so much ease and dexterity that they lift a man transfixed, in order the better to enjoy his agony, they turn round their heads the arm of their ancestors—the *bolas*—which never misses its aim, and with which they nail to the ground those who have escaped their pikes. But the days of these barbarous triumphs are nearly at an end; new and additional posts of well-equipped veterans, always ready to combat these barbarians, are founded every year, and civilization conquers new lands, from day to day, from these nomads. Urquiza will be the exterminator of their race, or he will reduce them to terms of peace. (See p. 230.)

At Frayle Muerto, a little place, but where they received a most hospitable reception, Monseigneur Muzi received, through Don José Cienfuegos, a message from the clergy of Cordoba or Cordova. The Vicar Apostolic felt it to be his duty to reply to this message himself, and not through any intermediary, an act that so hurt the feelings of the Chilian envoy, that he ever afterwards held aloof from the Mission, and travelled for the rest of the way by himself! His carriage broke down on two different occasions, and the annoyance to his health that was entailed by this line of conduct, no doubt led him to repent more than once for having adopted it. He was, nevertheless, found safe, and in tolerable good condition at Mendoza, whence the Mission had to start for its passage over the Cordillera of the Andes.

### X.

#### CHANGE OF ROAD—NEW ASPECT OF THE LANDSCAPE—CORDOVA—MENDEZA—SANTIAGO.

MONSIEUR MUZI had been warned some time previous to this incident, when at l'Esquina de Medrano, that it was absolutely indispensable that he should change his route, in order to avoid the armed bands of Indians. They were thus placed under the necessity of changing their course for the time being from the north to the south, virtually turning their back upon the point which they proposed to reach. Literally overwhelmed with dust and fatigue, it was only after they had been refreshed by the limpid waters of the Arroyo de San José, that the members of the Mission were enabled to resume their original line of route.

The caravan was no longer preceded by an orderly, the luxury of a military courier had departed with Don José Cienfuegos. Our travellers did not the less continue to prosecute their rapid journey across these splendid solitudes. Accustomed to the exquisitely beautiful landscapes of Italy, ever fresh in their memory, still they admitted that these lands of Central South America as yet unclaimed by civilised communities, presented in the productions of nature, and the promises they held out to the future, new objects for admiration, and that at almost every step that they took.

They had been now many days travelling, when on the 25th of January they halted a moment to celebrate mass at Canada de Lucas, from whence, however, they proceeded without stopping on the way to Punta de Agua, where the road turned to the westward. The climate was now becoming delicious, and the country began to assume a more and more varied aspect. The plains, covered with beautiful flowering plants, were enlivened by the presence of the nandus, the stag of the country, deer, and hares, that, surprised by the unusual sound of the caravan, stopped a moment, and then perceiving the carriages, fled as if carried away by the wind. The Araucaria, so remarkable for the regularity of its branches, looking as if clipped and pruned, Dutch fashion, was visible in every direction.

The grasses became at the same time so abundant and so lofty as to completely hide the road; this was more particularly the case at Coral de Baranga. In the distance the mountains of Cordova were visible, and they felt that they were getting into the neighbourhood of the Andes.

Whenever the Mission arrived at an inhabited spot, they were comforted by a kindly and hospitable reception. At the station of Tambo, for example, an excellent supper was provided for them; but they were not always so fortunate, and they had often to seek their rest supperless on the naked ground, with the starry sky for a canopy. At the torrent of Baranguisa, the Abbé Sallusti examined the auriferous sands. At Cordova, capital of a province, hemmed in between two mountains, they were at once touched and edified by the enlightened piety of the clergy; and at San José del Moro they were entertained by so honest an hotel-keeper, that they insisted upon his looking over his bill again, but he was too disinterested to do anything of the kind.

Twelve leagues beyond this, at the station of Rio Quinto, they learnt the sad news of a disastrous accident that had befallen Don José Cienfuegos, and this intelligence induced them to change their route towards a small provincial capital, San Luis de la Punta, so named after Saint Louis of France. The Mission was received with every demonstration of respect at this pretty little town. Founded in 1597, the travellers had reason not only to admire its churches and active piety, but also the advanced state of agriculture and the productiveness of the mines. They were more particularly struck with the magnificence of the nopals, all covered with cochineal.<sup>1</sup>

Our travellers progressed hence towards Mendoza,

<sup>1</sup> The province of San Luis comprehends that immense tract of country which extends between the state of Mendoza on the west, and that of Cordova on the east. Its north-western part runs northward to the boundary of Ujeja and the border of the Great Salina, and it reaches southward to the old boundary line (35° south latitude). No part of it possesses any considerable degree of fertility. The greatest number of the widely-scattered and isolated settlements, consisting mostly of cattle-farms, occur along the road leading to Buenos Ayres to Mendoza, in the hilly country, where tracts of grassy land alternate with ridges of hills and sandy desert, overgrown with miscoms. As the grass is coarse and long, the pastures are indifferent; still cattle, horses, mules, and sheep, are abundant, and are exported to a small amount, together with some wool. The corn and maize which are raised are not sufficient for the consumption of the scanty population. The country between the Sierra de Cordova on one side, and Mendoza and San Juan on the other, is still worse. As no fresh-water streams run through it, it cannot be irrigated, and with the exception of a few spots, is a complete desert. San Luis de la Punta, the capital, is a poor village-like town, with 1,600 inhabitants.



but they had to pass on their way the extensive marshes of Chorillo, where one of their carriages broke down. They were thus detained for some time at the station of Chorillo, where they arrived worn out with fatigue under a burning sun, and where there is no fresh water. In these terrible marshes, formerly devastated by the Indians, it was with difficulty that shelter could be obtained for the Vicar-Apostolic, whilst Don Giovanni Mastai, and the Abbé Salusti, had no alternative but to seek for refuge in a roofless hut, of which the four walls alone remained standing, and even these seemed momentarily about to tumble down. Nevertheless, with such accommodation, they had to remain in this place for several days.

At Chorillo they also first heard that the Indians of

the pampas had gathered together, to the number of eight thousand, to go and devastate the plains of Buenos Ayres, and that, coming up to a presidio erected on purpose to oppose their incursions, they had marched up to the very mouths of the cannon.

At length a new start was effected, and five leagues thence they reached the Bebedero, whose banks present inexhaustible salinas. Dormido, the next station they came to, had nothing to present them with but a kind of soup, in which grains of maize swam in greasy water in company with shreds of charqui as tough as leather.

An agreeable change was experienced, however, at Catitas. There the delicious fruits of Europe abounded, and from thence our travellers first contin-



GRAND SQUARE AT SANTIAGO.

plated the Andes, covered with their eternal snows, and stretching far and wide in indescribable sublimity. That day, entirely devoted to pious admiration, was like a magnificent anticipation of the days of joy and repose that were now about to succeed to one another. After having passed through Retamo, where mass was celebrated in its small church—after having rested at Rodeo de un Medio—and after having forded the Tunuyan, another river and two torrents, the city of Mendoza made its appearance, and all the miseries of the journey were for a moment forgotten.

This charming city, that leaves such delightful reminiscences with all who have been fortunate enough to visit it, put on a festal aspect to do honour to the Mission. Ladies waited upon the Vicar-Apostolic in

full dress, triumphal arches of flowers and leaves were hastily raised, and it was amidst the acclamations of the entire population that Monseigneur Muzi and Don Giovanni Mastai were conducted to the house of Dona Emmanuela Corbalan, where Doctor Cienfuegos had preceded them, and where everything had been prepared to give them a magnificent reception.

Mendoza is not an episcopacy; it is dependent upon the diocese of Cuyo, which comprises San Juan and San Luis. The episcopate has since been instituted at San Juan, by a bull dating July 24th, 1834. Nevertheless, the most gorgeous religious solemnities, and numerous festivities held in honour of the Vicar-Apostolic, detained the Mission there for nine days. This brief period of repose constituted a halt in the journey;

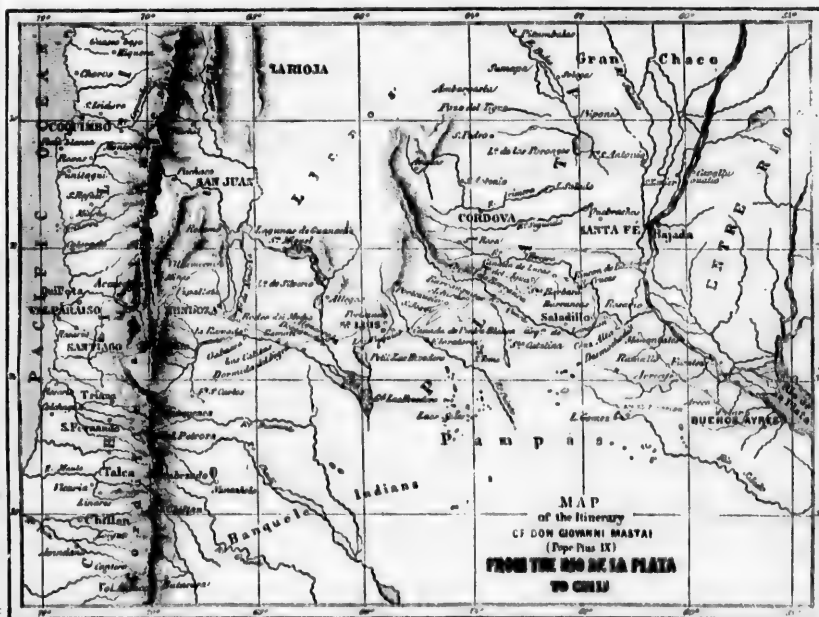
it was far from constituting its termination. The formidable barrier that separates two regions equally favoured in point of climate remained to be crossed: the passage of the Andes can never be effected without running some dangers.

On the 24th of February our travellers set out from Mendoza, with this perilous ascent before them. But with good fresh horses, and a better road, they reached the mountain of Paramillo in fifteen hours, and found themselves fairly engaged in the Cordillera. The pampa has its monotonous aspect and its miseries, but the road across the Andes has its perils, at which even the most intrepid traveller may shudder. At the summit of the desolate mountains, in the region of mourning, where all vegetation ceases, and where the traveller may ride on in a funeral silence, the pious missionaries were several times threatened by numerous perils, but

Providence was there to protect them. The worst day was the 29th of February, but it was gloriously succeeded by the 1st of March, when, for the first time, a terrestrial paradise seemed stretched at their feet. Arrived in this region of the Roncagua, those who had suffered so much felt themselves once more revived.

After having traversed Villa de Santa Rosa, after having halted for a time in the glorious plains of Chacabuco; after having said mass at Pellégne, at Colina, and in the convent of Dominicans which stands at the gate of the capital, at last they entered the city of Santiago. (See page 237.) The Ambrosian hymn was chanted pontifically on the 6th of March, in celebration of the happy termination of their journey.

Santiago received the pious travellers by surrounding them with all the pomps of the church, to which the acclamations of the people came to join themselves.



And here the record leaves them, its object having been simply to sketch the narrative of the journey from Genoa to the capital of Chili, a narrative to which the

different works devoted to the record of travels have never yet directed public attention.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Santiago, the capital of the republic of Chili, in South America, is situated in a large plain which extends eighty miles north and south, and about fifty miles east and west. This plain borders on the east, on the high range of the Andes, which are covered with snow during the greater part of the year, and on the west on a range of hills called the Cuesta de Prado, which divides it from the shores of the Pacific. This plain is about 1850 feet above the level of the sea, and unfit for agricultural purposes, except where it is irrigated along the banks of some small rivers,

and a canal, which brings water from the River Mapu to the vicinity of the town, and fertilizes a tract more than twenty miles in length and several miles in width.

Santiago is one of the finest cities in America, in respect to buildings, convenience, and healthiness. It stands on a very gentle slope towards the west; and it is regularly laid out, being divided, like other Spanish towns, into rectangular and equal squares, called *cuadradas*. The principal streets, which are about forty-five feet wide, eight in number, run south-east and north-west, and are crossed by twelve other streets, all of equal width.

# A JOURNEY TO THE WEST INDIES AND TO NEW ORLEANS.

## I.

THE CARIBBEAN SEA—ISLAND OF MONTESERAT—PASSAGE OF  
THE UNDIVIDED ISLANDS—LESSER ANTILLES—ANTIGUA—  
FRENCH CARIBBEAN ISLANDS—DOMINICA—SAN LUCIA—  
BARBADOS—ST. VINCENT—THE GRENADINES.

The sea was calm and phosphorescent; the ship, propelled by steam-power through the slowly heaving ocean, made its way with a deep murmur like that of some gigantic cetaceous animal, and, like it, swung gently to and fro at each alternate rise and fall. I lay recumbent in one of the deck boats, contemplating the starry heavens above, and enjoying the fresh evening air; and as the ship bobbed up and down, the point of its tapering mast seemed to describe enormous circles, and the stars to be dancing in the sky. In the clear atmosphere of the tropics, instead of appearing, as with us, as if fixed in a solid vault, they seem to be so many luminous bodies suspended at various heights. It was the crystal vault of the Chaldeans contrasted with the great skull-cap of the Scandinavians, with the fleecy clouds representing emanations from the divine brain.

The streets are paved with small rounded stones, taken from the bed of the River Mapocho, and have a gutter in the middle, through which a current of water, flowing from the river, is suffered to run during two hours in the day, by which means the streets are kept clean. Most of the streets are paved on one side with slabs of red porphyry, quarried from the neighbouring hill of San Cristóbal; the width of this pavement is nine feet. The houses are usually only one storey high, on account of the earthquakes, but they are very large, and contain many rooms, arranged round three quadrangular squares, called patios. The entrance of the house is through a wide and lofty archedway, which leads to the front patio, which is paved and separated from the second by a large sala and dormitorio. The second patio is laid out with flowers, and the third is used for domestic purposes. The windows of the rooms looking into the front patio, and especially the large windows of the sala, are protected by handsome, fancifully-wrought gratings, which are sometimes gilt, but the rooms in the other patios have no windows. The front of the house along the street is occupied by small rooms, which have no communication with the interior of the house, and serve as shops for mechanics and retailers. The walls of the houses are four feet thick, and built of large bricks made of baked mud, but they are all white-washed or painted, which gives them an agreeable appearance. They are roofed with red tiles. The Plaza, or great square, stands nearly in the middle of the city; it occupies the space of a whole quadra. It has a handsome bronze fountain in the centre, surrounded by a basin of hewn stone, from which the inhabitants are supplied with water by water-carriers. The buildings on the north-west side are the government palaces, the prison, and the chamber of justice. On the south-west side stand the cathedral and the palace of the bishop: on the south-east side are a number of little shops, and on the north-east there are private residences. The palace is an extensive building, in the Moorish style, of which it is a good specimen. The cathedral is the only stone building in Santiago; though somewhat heavy it is ornamental, but not finished. The other buildings of the town are in a good style, but they are not large, except the Casa de Moneda, or mint. This building occupies a whole quadra, or about 250 paces every way, is two stories high, has three court-yards, and a great number of apartments of those who were formerly officers of the establishment. But no money has been coined there for some years, and the machinery has been removed to Coquimbo. There are several handsome churches and convents in Santiago, especially those of San Domingo, San Francisco, and San Augustin.

At the eastern extremity of the town is a small rocky eminence, on which the fort of Santa Lucia is built, which is much visited by foreigners, on account of the beautiful views which it affords

The pleasant motion, the monotony of sounds, and the impenetrable depths of the azure blue above, combined to throw me into a sleep as gentle and as soothing as had been my impressions when awake, and I did not rouse till a gruff voice disturbed my slumbers by the cry of land! I rose up, and out of the darkness of night was soon enabled to make out a great black mass, barely two miles off, in a north-westerly direction; it was the Island of Montserrat; a few minutes more and the sharp peaks of the twin mountains, that in reality constitute this island, could be distinctly made out rising above the horizon. (See p. 267.)

This volcanic rock of the Lesser Antilles was discovered by Columbus, and received its name from him in consequence of its resemblance to a mountain of the same name near Barcelona, and as being descriptive of its appearance, that of a broken mountain. The island is about twelve miles long, and about seven broad. The first settlement was made on it in 1632, by the English, under Sir Thomas Warner. It was taken from

of the Andes. Adjacent to the hill on the north is the Tajamar, or breakwater. The River Mapocho skirts the northern side of the town, and though in the dry season a small river, it swells in the rainy season, and during the melting of the snow in the mountains, to such a formidable size, that it would inundate the town if it were not kept off by the Tajamar. This breakwater is of substantial brick and mortar masonry, about six feet across at the top, widening towards the ground, with a parapet of a single brick in thickness, and three feet high. It is nearly paved in the whole of its extent, which is two miles, with small black pebbles. It was formerly used as a public walk. At the western extremity of the Tajamar is a handsome bridge over the Mapocho, of eight arches, which leads to the suburb of Chimba. Along the south-western side of the city is the Canada, which is a large open place, planted with four magnificent rows of poplars, which are watered by small canals constantly full of clear running water. This is at present the public walk. The Canada separates the city from the large suburb called La Cañadilla. At the western extremity of the city is the small suburb of Chunchuco. As no census has been taken, the population of Santiago is not exactly known. Thirty years ago it was estimated at 40,000, but modern travellers have made it 60,000. The inhabitants are nearly all of pure European blood; only a few have a slight mixture of Indian blood. The town owes its flourishing condition to the circumstance of its having been for many years the seat of government, and the residence of the great landed proprietors. The state of society has much improved since the country acquired its independence; many schools have been established, and there are even several schools for females, whose education is almost entirely neglected in the other countries of South America. It has also a college. Coarse ponchos and saddlery are made to some extent, and sent to the other parts of Chili. Santiago exports the produce of its mines, and jerked beef-hides, and fruits, to Valparaiso, from which place it receives the manufactures of Europe, China, and the East Indies, with sugar, cocoa, and some other colonial productions from Peru and Central America. A good road leads from Santiago to Valparaiso, a distance of ninety miles: it is the best artificial road in South America, and practicable for carriages, though it crosses three ranges of steep hills. Santiago has some commercial intercourse with Mendoza, on the eastern side of the Andes. Two roads connect these towns. The northern traverses the Andes by the mountain pass of Porillo, south of Mount Tupungato, which attains an elevation of 14,365 feet above the sea-level, and is seldom open longer than from the beginning of January to the end of April. By these roads Santiago receives mules, hides, soap, tallow, dried fruits, and wine from Mendoza.

them in 1664 by the French, but was restored at the peace of Breda, and has since continued in the possession of the English. The mountains are in some places quite inaccessible, and are separated from each other by almost perpendicular chasms, which, with the sides of the mountains, to their summits, are clothed with a luxuriant vegetation, including both lofty trees and tropical shrubs. On the south-west side, in a dell formed by the junction of three conical hills, and at a height of a thousand feet above the level of the sea, is a *Souffrière*, or boiling sulphurous spring.

The island has a small but well-built town, called Plymouth, and situated on its south-west side. The shipping has, however, to lie off the town in an open roadstead. There is, indeed, no available harbour or bay on any part of the shore, and it requires some skill on the part of those who manage the boats to land or embark with safety. Hence a peculiar kind of boat, called a *Moses boat*, is used for conveying produce and goods to and from the ships. The exports are simply sugar, molasses, rum, and a trifle of cotton. The inhabitants are, curiously enough, mostly Irish or the descendants of Irishmen, but there is an average of about 6,000 apprenticed negroes and 1,000 free blacks to some 300 whites.

Montserrat is a dependency of the Island of Antigua, but it has a separate legislature of its own, consisting of eight members of the House of Assembly, two of whom are returned from each of the four districts into which the island is divided, and six members of council. The island is esteemed to be so healthy that it has acquired the name of the *Montpellier of the west*. The average mortality of the troops stationed there is found to be far less than is experienced in any other of the West India Stations.

Mr. Anthony Trollope gives an amusing and sketchy account of the Passage of the Windward Islands, from which we shall take the liberty of borrowing an extract or two, as our way lay more directly into the Caribbean Sea.

In the good old days, when men called things by their proper names, those islands which run down in a string from north to south, from the Virgin Islands to the mouth of the Orinoco River, were called the Windward Islands—the Windward or Caribbean Islands. They were also called the Lesser Antilles. The Leeward Islands were, and properly speaking are, another cluster lying across the coast of Venezuela, of which Curaçoa is the chief. Oruba and Margarita also belong to this lot, among which, England, I believe, never owned any.<sup>1</sup>

But no *w-a-days* we Britishers are not content to let the Dutch and others keep a separate name for themselves; we have, therefore, divided the Lesser Antilles, of which the greater number belong to ourselves, and call the northern portion of these the Leeward Islands. Among them Antigua is the chief, and is the residence of a governor supreme in this division.

After leaving St. Thomas the first island seen of any note is St. Christopher, commonly known as St. Kitts,

and Nevis is close to it. Both these colonies are prospering fairly. Sugar is exported, now I am told in increasing, though still not in great quantities, and the appearance of the cultivation is good. Looking up the side of the hills one sees the sugar-canes apparently in cleanly order, and they have an air of substantial comfort. Of course the times are not so bright as in the fine old days previous to emancipation; but nevertheless matters have been on the mend, and people are again beginning to get along. On the journey from Nevis to Antigua, Montserrat is sighted, and a singular island-rock called the Redonda is seen very plainly. Montserrat, I am told, is not prospering so well as St. Kitts or Nevis.

These islands are not so beautiful, not so greenly beautiful, as are those further south to which we shall soon come. The mountains of Nevis are certainly fine as they are seen from the sea, but they are not, or do not seem to be, covered with that delicious tropical growth which is so lovely in Jamaica and Trinidad, and, indeed, in many of the smaller islands.

Antigua is the next, going southward. This was, and perhaps is, an island of some importance. It is said to have been the first of the West Indian colonies which itself advocated the abolition of slavery, and to have been the only one which adopted complete emancipation at once, without any intermediate system of apprenticeship. Antigua has its own bishop, whose diocese includes also such of the Virgin Islands as belong to us, and the adjacent islands of St. Kitts, Nevis, and Montserrat.

Neither is Antigua remarkable for its beauty. It is approached, however, by an excellent and picturesque harbour, called English Harbour, which in former days was much used by the British navy; indeed, I believe it was at one time the head-quarters of a naval station. Premising, in the first place, that I know very little about harbours, I would say that nothing could be more secure than that. Whether, or no it may be easy for sailing vessels to get in and out with certain winds, that, indeed, may be doubtful.

St. John's, the capital of Antigua, is twelve miles from English Harbour. I was in the island only three or four hours, and did not visit it. I am told that it is a good town—or city, I should rather say, now that it has its own bishop.

In all these islands they have queens, lords, and commons in one shape or another. It may, however, be hoped, and I believe trusted, that, for the benefit of the communities, matters chiefly rest in the hands of the first of the three powers. The other members of the legislature, if they have in them anything of wisdom to say, have doubtless an opportunity of saying it—perhaps also an opportunity when they have nothing of wisdom. Let us trust, however, that such opportunities are limited.

After leaving Antigua we come to the French island of Guadeloupe, and then passing Dominica, of which I will say a word just now, to Martinique, which is also French. And here we are among the rich green wild beauties of these thrice beautiful Caribbean islands. The mountain grouping of both these islands is very fine, and the hills are covered up to their summits with growth of the greenest. At both these islands one is struck with the great superiority of the French West Indian towns to those which belong to us. That in Guadeloupe is called Basseterre, and the capital of Martinique is St. Pierre. These towns offer remarkable

<sup>1</sup> The greater Antilles are Cuba, Jamaica, Hayti, and Porto Rico, though I am not quite sure whether Porto Rico does not more properly belong to the Virgin Islands. The scattered assemblage to the north of the greater Antilles are the Bahamas, at one of the least considerable of which, San Salvador, Columbus first landed. Those now named, I believe, comprise all the West India Islands.

contrasts to Roseau and Port Castries, the chief towns in the adjacent English islands of Dominica and St. Lucia. At the French ports one is landed at excellently contrived little piers, with proper apparatus for lighting, and well-kept steps. The quays are shaded by trees, the streets are neat and in good order, and the shops show that ordinary trade is thriving. There are water conduits with clear streams through the towns, and everything is ship-shape. I must tell a very different tale when I come to speak of Dominica and St. Lucia.

The reason for this is, I think, well given in a useful guide to the West Indies, published some years since, under the direction of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. Speaking of St. Pierre, in Martinique, the author says: "The streets are neat, regular, and cleanly. The houses are high, and have more the air of European houses than those of the English colonies. Some of the streets have avenues of trees, which overshadow the footpath, and on either side are deep gutters, down which the water flows. There are five booksellers' houses, and the fashions are well displayed in other shops. The French colonists, whether Creoles<sup>1</sup> or French, consider the West Indies as their country. They cast no wistful looks towards France. They marry, educate, and build in and for the West Indies, and for the West Indies alone. In our colonies it is different. They are considered more as temporary lodging-places, to be deserted as soon as the occupiers have made enough money by molasses and sugar to return home."

All this is quite true. There is something very cheering to an English heart in that sound, and reference to the word home—in that great disinclination to the idea of life-long banishment. But, nevertheless, the effect as shown in these islands is not satisfactory to the *amour propre* of an Englishman. And it is not only in the outward appearance of things that the French islands excel those belonging to England which I have specially named. Dominica and St. Lucia export, annually about 6,000 hogsheads of sugar each. Martinique exports about 60,000 hogsheads. Martinique is certainly rather larger than either of the other two, but size has little or nothing to do with it. It is anything rather than want of fitting soil which makes the produce of sugar so inconsiderable in Dominica and St. Lucia.

These French islands were first discovered by the Spaniards; but since that time they, as well as the two English islands above named, have passed backwards and forwards between the English and French, till it was settled, in 1841, that Martinique and Guadeloupe should belong to France, and Dominica and St. Lucia, with some others, to England. It certainly seems that France knew how to take care of herself in the arrangement.

There is another little island belonging to France, at the back of Guadeloupe, to the westward, called Marie-Galante; but I believe it is but of little value.

To my mind, Dominica, as seen from the sea, is by

far the most picturesque of all these islands. Indeed, it would be difficult to beat it either in colour or grouping. It fills one with an ardent desire to be off and rambling among those green mountains—as if one could ramble through such wild, bush country, or ramble at all with the thermometer at 85°. But when one has only to think of such things without any idea of doing them, neither the bushes nor the thermometer are considered.

One is landed at Dominica on a beach. If the water be quiet, one gets out dry-shod by means of a strong jump; if the surf be high, one wades through it; if it be very high, one is of course upset. The same things happen at Jacmel, in Hayti; but then Englishmen look on the Haytians as an uncivilised, barbarous race. Seeing that Dominica lies just between Martinique and Guadeloupe, the difference between the English beach and surf and the French piers is the more remarkable.

And then, the perils of the surf being passed, one walks into the town of Roseau. It is impossible to conceive a more distressing sight. Every house is in a state of decadence. There are no shops that can properly be so called; the people wander about chattering, idle and listless; the streets are covered with thick, rank grass; there is no sign either of money made or of money making. Everything seems to speak of desolation, apathy, and ruin. There is nothing, even in Jamaica, so sad to look at as the town of Roseau.

The greater part of the population are French in manner, religion, and language, and one would be so glad to attribute to that fact this wretched look of apathetic poverty—if it were only possible. But we cannot do that after visiting Martinique and Guadeloupe. It might be said that a French people will not thrive under British rule. But if so, what of Trinidad! This look of misery has been attributed to a great fire which occurred some eighty years since; but when due industry has been at work great fires have usually produced improved towns. Now eighty years have afforded ample time for such improvement if it were forthcoming. Alas! it would seem that it is not forthcoming.

It must, however, be stated in fairness that Dominica produces more coffee than sugar, and that the coffee estates have latterly been the most thriving. Singularly enough, her best customer has been the neighbouring French island of Martinique, in which some disease has latterly attacked the coffee plants.

We then reach St. Lucia, which is also very lovely as seen from the sea. This, too, is an island French in its language, manners, and religion; perhaps more entirely so than any other of the islands belonging to ourselves. The laws even are still French, and the people are, I believe, blessed (I) with no lords and commons. If I understand the matter rightly, St. Lucia is held as a colony or possession conquered from the French, and is governed, therefore, by a quasi-military governor, with the aid of a council. It is, however, in some measure dependent on the governor of Barbados, who is again one of your supreme governors. There has, I believe, been some recent change which I do not pretend to understand. If these changes be not completed, and if it would not be presumptuous in me to offer a word of advice, I would say that, in the present state of the island, with a Negro-Gallie population who do little or nothing, it

<sup>1</sup> It should be understood that a Creole is a person born in the West Indies, of a race not indigenous to the islands. There may be white Creoles, coloured Creoles, or black Creoles. People talk of Creole horses and Creole poultry; those names which have not been themselves imported, but which have been bred from imported stock. The meaning of the word Creole is, I think, sometimes misunderstood.

might be as well to have as much as possible of the queen, and as little as possible of the lords and commons.

To the outward physical eye, St. Lucia is not so trieste as Dominica. There is good landing there, and the little town of Castries, though anything but prosperous in itself, is prosperous in appearance as compared with Roseau.

St. Lucia is peculiarly celebrated for its snakes. One cannot walk ten yards off the road, so one is told, without being bitten. And if one be bitten, death is certain, except by the interposition of a single individual of the island, who will cure the sufferer—for a consideration. Such, at least, is the report made on this matter. The first question one should ask on going there is as to the whereabouts and usual terms of that worthy and useful practitioner. There is, I believe, a great deal that is remarkable to attract the visitor among the mountains and valleys of St. Lucia.

And then, in the usual course, running down the island, one goes to that British advanced post, Barbados—Barbados, that lies out to windward, guarding the other islands as it were! Barbados, that is and ever was entirely British! Barbados, that makes money, and is in all respects so respectable a little island! King George need not have feared at all; nor yet need Queen Victoria. If anything goes wrong in England—Napoleon coming there, not to kiss her Majesty this time, but to make himself less agreeable—let her Majesty come to Barbados, and she will be safe! I have said that Jamaica never boasts, and have on that account complained of her. Let such complaint be far from me when I speak of Barbados. But shall I not write a distinct chapter as to this most respectable little island—an island that pays its way?

St. Vincent is the next in our course, and this, too, is green and pretty, and tempting to look at. Here also the French have been in possession but comparatively for a short time. In settling this island, the chief difficulty the English had was with the old native Indians, who more than once endeavoured to turn out their British masters. The contest ended in their being effectually turned out by those British masters, who expelled them all bodily to the Island of Ruatan, in the Bay of Honduras; where their descendants are now giving the Anglo-American diplomatists so much trouble in deciding whose subjects they truly are. May we not say that, having got rid of them out of St. Vincent, we can afford to get rid of them altogether?

Kingston is the capital here. It looks much better than either Roseau or Castries, though by no means equal to Basseterre or St. Pierre.

This island is said to be healthy, having in this respect a much better reputation than its neighbour, St. Lucia, and, as far as I could learn, it is progressing—progressing slowly, but progressing—in spite even of the burden of queens, lords, and commons. The lords and commons are no doubt considerably modified by official influence.

And then the traveller runs down the Grenadines, a pretty cluster of islands lying between St. Vincent and Grenada, of which Bequia and Carriacou are the chief. They have no direct connection with the mail steamers, but are, I believe, under the governor of Barbados. They are very pretty, though not, as a rule, very productive. Of one of them I was told that the

population were all females. What a paradise of houri, if it were but possible to find a good Mahomedan in these degenerate days!

Grenada will be the last upon the list; for I did not visit or even see Tobago, and of Trinidad I have ventured to write a separate chapter, in spite of the shortness of my visit. Grenada is also very lovely, and, I think, the head-quarters of the world for fruit. The finest mangoes I ever ate I found there; and I think the finest oranges and pine-apples.

The town of St. Georges, the capital, must at one time have been a place of considerable importance, and even now it has a very different appearance from those that I have just mentioned. It is more like a goodly English town than any other that I saw in any of the smaller British islands. It is well built, though built up and down steep hills, and contains large and comfortable houses. The market-place also looks like a market-place, and there are shops in it, in which trade is apparently carried on and money made.

Indeed, Grenada was once a prince among these smaller islands, having other islands under it, with a governor supreme, instead of tributary. It was fertile also, and productive—in every way of importance.

But now here, as in so many other spots among the West Indies, we are driven to exclaim, *Ichabod!* The glory of our Grenada has departed, as has the glory of its great namesake in the old world. The houses, though so goodly, are but as so many Alhambras, whose tenants now are by no means great in the world's esteem.

All the hotels in the West Indies are, as I have said, or shall say in some other place, kept by ladies of colour; in the most part by ladies who are no longer very young. They are generally called familiarly by their double name. Betsey Austen, for instance; and Caroline Lee. I went to the house of some such lady in St. Georges, and she told me a woful tale of her miseries. She was Kitty something, I think—soon, apparently, to become Kitty of another world. "An hotel," she said. "No; she kept no hotel now-a-days—what use was there for an hotel in St. Georges! She kept a lodging-house; though, for the matter of that, no lodgers ever came nigh her. That little grand-daughter of hers sometimes sold a bottle of ginger-beer; that was all." It must be hard for living eyes to see one's trade die off in that way.

## II.

THE BAHAMAS—THE SAN JACINTO AND THE TRENT—CAPE TIBURON—PORT ROYAL—KINGSTON—SPANISH TOWN—THE COUNTRY IN JAMAICA—PORT ANTONIO—ST. ANN'S BAY—FALMOUTH AND MONTEGO BAY—COUNTRY LIFE IN JAMAICA—MILITARY STATION AT NEWCASTLE—BLUE MOUNTAIN PEAK.

LEAVING the windward passage to the right, as also the Bahama Channel, which has attained so sad a notoriety of late, from the American steam-frigate *San Jacinto* lying in wait and boarding there a British mail steamer, in time of peace, in order to carry away by force four non-belligerent passengers, commissioned to a neutral state, and placed under the protection of our flag. As geographers, we regret this outrage, all the more as it was perpetrated by an officer who has received honours in this country. Her Majesty the



Queen's medal, as Patron of the Royal Geographical Society, was awarded, in 1817, to Captain Charles Wilkes, U.S.N., for his voyage of discovery in the south hemisphere, and in the antarctic regions in the years 1838-42. A philosopher is expected to do everything in his power to allay, not to arouse, natural antipathies, the more especially so when not otherwise inconsistent with his duty. Captain Wilkes loses all interest or sympathy as such, for he had it in his power to have claimed the despatches in the most courteous manner, without either insulting the Commissioners or outraging the British flag. He preferred the latter course, and must therefore take the responsibilities that history may have to attach to his name.

Our way lay across the Caribbean Sea, and soon Montserrat was like a cloud in the horizon. The sun rose, and almost as soon made its tropical heat so sensible, as to drive all those exposed to its fiery beams, and who yet did not care to exchange the chances of the faintest of sea-breezes for the close and sickly atmosphere below, to seek shade wherever it could be found, even in the rear of the temporary protection of a spreading sail. The hopes of seeing land as we were coasting Puerto, or Porto Rico and Haiti, cheered us on the way and kept attention alive; but we were too far out at sea, and it was not till Cape Tiburon came in sight that our anxiety was gratified. The peninsula that terminates at the Cape of Sharks is in reality a narrow chain of mountains that advances boldly into the sea, and the peaks that dominate over the rugged outline of its coast have a wild and magnificent appearance. The loftiest of these peaks is nearly 9,000 feet in elevation, and from it the chain descends by a series of terraces down to Cape Tiburon, where the last rocks dive into the blue depths below with a fierce aspect of resistance, like a bull succumbing to an assault, yet still lifting up its horns in defiance. (See page 247.)

If Cape Tiburon could speak (and it can roar enough at times), or if nature's hieroglyphs had recorded upon its rocky surface the scenes that it has witnessed, it would indeed be a sad story to hear or to peruse. Few ships bound to Jamaica, except those carried by force of steam past the currents of the windward passage between Cuba and Haiti or St. Domingo, but its passengers have seen Cape Tiburon in peace or in wrath, but still in safety; but how many have been wrecked off those iron-bound coasts? Some have been burnt down to the water's edge within sight of those ominous rocks, and not only was this a notorious place of look-out for buccanniers of old, whence to issue forth and seize their lawless unoffending galleons and prizes, but in war time Cape Tiburon has seen many a hard-fought action. Would that such things were no longer to be!

Early next morning the Blue Mountains of Jamaica were in sight, and before many hours had elapsed we were at anchor in Port Royal, an officer of the Board of Health having boarded us as we rounded the Point, and ruffled our patience by delaying us for some thirty minutes under a broiling sun. Kingston Harbour is a large lagoon, formed by a long narrow bank of sand which runs out into the sea, commencing some three or four miles above the town of Kingston, and continuing parallel with the coast on which the town is built till it reaches a point some five or six miles below. This sand-bank is called "The Palisades," and the point or end of it is called Port Royal. This is the seat of

naval supremacy for Jamaica, and, as far as England is concerned, for the surrounding islands and territories. And here lies our flag-ship; and here we maintain a commodore, a dock-yard, a naval hospital, a pile of invalided anchors, and all the usual adjuncts of such an establishment.

The communication between Port Royal and Kingston, as indeed between Port Royal and any other part of the island, is by water. It is on record that adventurous subs. and still more enterprising mids. have ridden along the Palisades, and not died from sun-stroke. But the chances were much against them. The ordinary ingress and egress is by water. The ferry boats usually take about an hour, and the charge is a shilling. They are sometimes, however, upwards of two hours in the transit.

Were it arranged by Fate, says Mr. Anthony Trollope, that my future residence should be in Jamaica, I should certainly prefer the life of a country mouse. The town mice, in my mind, have but a bad time of it. Of all the towns that I ever saw, Kingston is perhaps, on the whole, the least alluring, and is the more absolutely without any point of attraction for the stranger than any other.

It is built down close to the sea—or rather, on the lagoon which forms the harbour, has a southern aspect, and is hot even in winter. I have seen the thermometer considerably above eighty in the shade in December, and the mornings are peculiarly hot, so that there is no time at which exercise can be taken with comfort. At about 10 A.M. a sea-breeze springs up, which makes it somewhat cooler than it is two hours earlier—that is, cooler in the houses. The sea-breeze, however, is not of a nature to soften the heat of the sun, or to make it even safe to walk far at that hour. Then, in the evening, there is no twilight, and when the sun is down it is dark. The stranger will not find it agreeable to walk much about Kingston in the dark.

Indeed, the residents in the town, and in the neighbourhood of the town never walk. Men, even young men, whose homes are some mile or half-mile distant from their offices, ride or drive to their work as systematically as a man who lives at Watford takes the railway.

Kingston, on a map—for there is a map even of Kingston—looks admirably well. The streets all run in parallels. There is a fine large square, plenty of public buildings, and almost a plethora of places of worship. Everything is named with propriety, and there could be no nicer town anywhere. But this word of promise to the ear is strangely broken when the performance is brought to the test. More than half the streets are not filled with houses. Those which are so filled, and those which are not, have an equally ragged, disreputable, and bankrupt appearance. The houses are mostly of wood, and are unpainted, disjointed, and going to ruin. Those which are built with brick not unfrequently appear as though the mortar had been diligently picked out from the interstices.

But the disgrace of Jamaica is the causeway of the streets themselves. There never was so odious a place in which to move. There is no pathway or trottoir to the streets, though there is very generally some such—I cannot call it accommodation—before each individual house; but as these are all broken from each other by steps up and down, as they are of different levels, and sometimes terminate abruptly without any steps, they cannot be used by the public. One is driven, therefore

into the middle of the street; but the street is neither paved nor macadamized, nor prepared for traffic in any way. In dry weather it is a bed of sand, and in wet weather it is a watercourse. Down the middle of this the unfortunate pedestrian has to wade, with a tropical sun on his head; and this he must do in a town which, from its position, is hotter than almost any other in the West Indies. It is no wonder that there should be but little walking.

But the stranger does not find himself naturally in possession of a horse and carriage. He may have a saddle-horse for eight shillings; but that is expensive as well as dilatory if he merely wishes to call at the post-office, or buy a pair of gloves. There are articles which they call omnibuses, and which ply cheap enough, and carry man to any part of the town for sixpence; that is, they will do so if you can find them. They do not run from any given point to any other, but meander about through the slush and sand, and are as difficult to catch as the mosquitoes.

The city of Havana, in Cuba, is lighted at night by oil-lamps. The little town of Cien Fuegos, in the same island, is lighted by gas. But Kingston is not lighted at all.

We all know that Jamaica is not thriving as once it thrived, and that one can hardly expect to find there all the energy of a prosperous people. But still I think that something might be done to redeem this town from its utter disgrace. Kingston itself is not without wealth. If what one hears on such subjects contains any indications towards the truth, those in trade there are still doing well. There is a mayor, and there are aldermen. All the paraphernalia for carrying on municipal improvements are ready. If the inhabitants have about themselves any pride in their locality, let them, in the name of common decency, prepare some sort of causeway in the streets; with some drainage arrangement, by which rain may run off into the sea without lingering for hours in every corner of the town. Nothing could be easier, for there is a fall towards the shore through the whole place. As it is now, Kingston is a disgrace to the country that owns it.

One is peculiarly struck also by the ugliness of the buildings—those buildings, that is, which partake in any degree of a public character—the churches and places of worship, the public offices, and such like. We have no right, perhaps, to expect good taste so far away from any school in which good taste is taught; and it may, perhaps, be said by some that we have sins enough of our own at home to induce us to be silent on this head. But it is singular that any man who could put bricks and stones and timber together should put them together in such hideous forms as those which are to be seen here.

I never met a wider and a kinder hospitality than I did in Jamaica, but I neither ate nor drank in any house in Kingston except my hotel, nor, as far as I can remember, did I enter any house except in the way of business. And yet I was there—necessarily there, unfortunately for some considerable time. The fact is, that hardly any Europeans, or even white Creoles, live in the town. They have country seats, pens as they call them, at some little distance. They hate the town, and it is no wonder they should do so.

That which tends in part to the desolation of Kingston—or rather, to put the propositions in a juster form, which prevents Kingston from enjoying those

advantages which would naturally attach to the metropolis of the island—is this: the seat of government is not there, but at Spanish Town. Then our naval establishment is at Port Royal.

When a city is in itself thriving, populous, and of great commercial importance, it may be very well to make it wholly independent of the government. New York, probably, might be no whit improved were the national congress to be held there; nor Amsterdam, perhaps, if the Hague were abandoned; but it would be a great thing for Kingston if Spanish Town were deserted.

The governor lives at the latter place, as do also those satellites or moons who revolve round the larger luminary—the secretaries, namely, and executive officers. These in Jamaica are now so reduced in size that they could not perhaps do much for any city; but they would do a little, and to Kingston any little would be acceptable. Then the legislative council and the house of assembly sit at Spanish Town, and the members—at any rate of the latter body—are obliged to live there during some three months of the year, not generally in very comfortable lodgings.

Respectable residents in the island, who would pay some attention to the governor if he lived at the principal town, find it impossible to undergo the nuisance of visiting Spanish Town, and in this way go neither to the one nor the other, unless when passing through Kingston on their biennial or triennial visits to the old country.

And those visits to Spanish Town are indeed a nuisance. In saying this I reflect in no way on the governor or the governor's people. Were Gabriel governor of Jamaica, with only five thousand pounds a year, and had he a dozen angels with him as secretaries and aides-de-camp, mortal men would not go to them at Spanish Town after they had once seen of what feathers the wings were made.

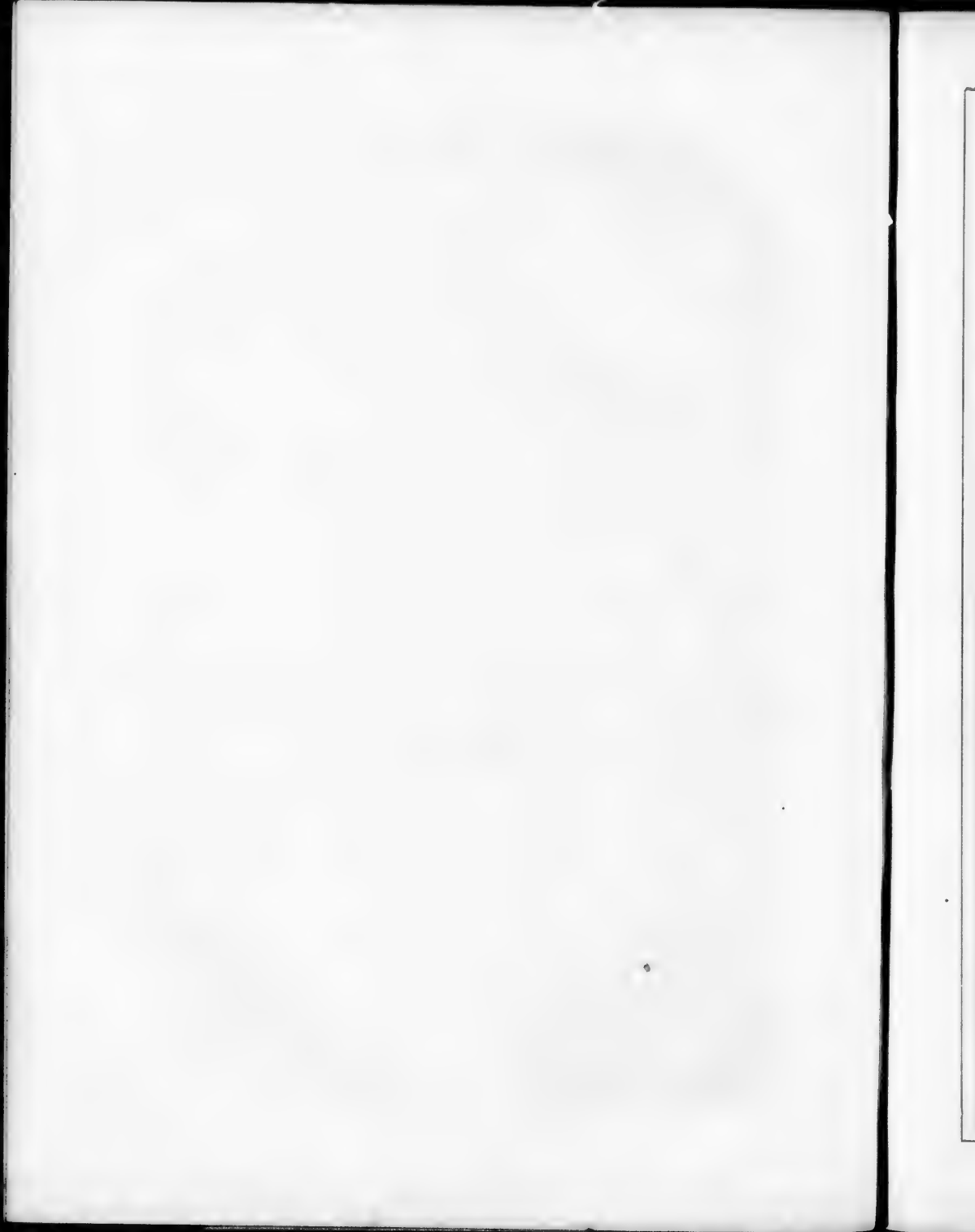
It is like the city of the dead. There are long streets there in which no human inhabitant is ever seen. In others a silent old negro woman may be sitting at an open door, or a child playing, solitary, in the dust. The governor's house—King's House as it is called—stands on one side of a square; opposite is the house of the assembly; on the left, as you come out from the governor's are the executive offices and house of the council, and on the right some other public buildings. The place would have some pretension about it did it not seem to be stricken with an eternal death. All the walls are of a dismal dirty yellow, and a stranger cannot but think that the colour is owing to the dreadfully prevailing disease of the country. In this square there are no sounds; men and women never frequent it; nothing enters it but sunbeams—and such sunbeams! The glare from those walls seems to forbid that men and women should come there.

The parched, dusty, deserted streets are all hot and perfectly without shade. The crafty Italians have built their narrow streets so that the sun can hardly enter them, except when he is in the mid heaven; but there has been no such craft at Spanish Town. The houses are very low, and when there is any sun in the heavens it can enter those streets; and in those heavens there is always a burning, broiling sun.

But the place is not wholly deserted. There is here the most frightfully hideous race of pigs that ever made a man ashamed to own himself a bacon-eating

BAY OF ST. ANDREW, COAST OF JAMAICA.



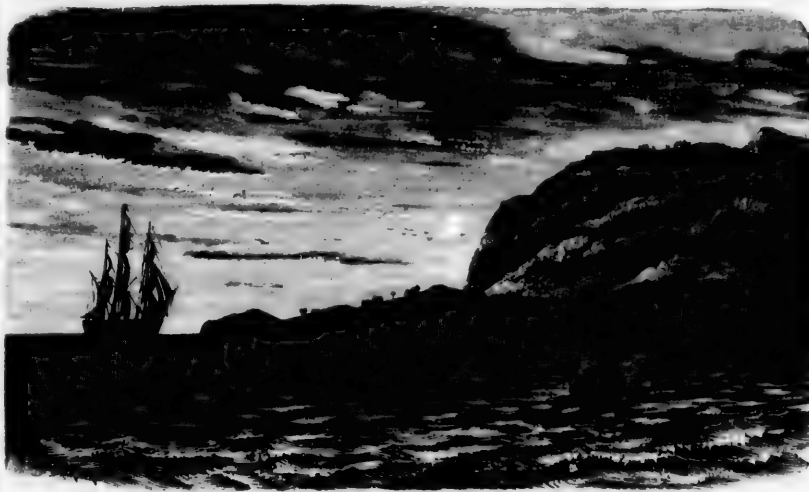


biped. I have never done much in pigs myself, but I believe that piggy grace consists in plumpness and comparative shortness—in shortness, above all, of the face and nose. The Spanish Town pigs are never plump. They are the very ghosts of swine, consisting entirely of bones and bristles. Their backs are long, their ribs are long, their legs are long, but, above all, their heads and noses are hideously long. These brutes prowl about in the sun, and glare at the unfrequent strangers with their starved eyes, as though doubting themselves whether, by some little exertion, they might not become beasts of prey.

The necessity which exists for white men going to Spanish Town to see the governor results, I do not doubt, in some deaths every year. I will describe the first time I was thus punished. Spanish Town is thirteen miles from Kingston, and the journey is

accomplished by railway in somewhat under an hour. The trains run about every four hours. On my arrival a public vehicle took me from the station up to King's House, and everything seemed to be very convenient. The streets, certainly, were rather dead, and the place hot; but I was under cover, and the desolation did not seem to affect me. When I was landed on the steps of the government-house, the first idea of my coming sorrows flitted across my mind. "Where shall I call for you?" said the driver; "the train goes at a quarter past four." It was then one; and where was he to call for me? and what was I to do with myself for three hours? "Here," I said, "on these steps." What other place could I name? I knew no other place in Spanish Town.

The governor was all that was obliging—as governors now-a-days always are—and made an appointment for



CAPE TIBURON, HAYTI.

me to come again on the following day, to see some one or say something, who or which could not be seen or said on that occasion. Thus some twenty minutes were exhausted, and there remained two hours and fifty minutes more upon my hands.

How I wished that the big man's big men had not been so rapidly courteous—that they had kept me waiting for some hour or so, to teach me that I was among big people, as used to be done in the good old times! In such event, I should at any rate have had a seat, though a hard one, and shelter from the sun. But not a moment's grace had been afforded me. At the end of twenty minutes I found myself again standing on those glaring steps.

What should I do? Where should I go? Looking all around me, I did not see as much life as would serve to open a door if I asked for shelter! I stood upon those desolate steps till the perspiration ran down

my face with the labour of standing. Where was I to go? What was I to do? "Inhospitalum caucasum!" I exclaimed, as I slowly made my way down into the square.

When an Englishman has nothing to do, and a certain time to wait, his one resource is to walk about. A Frenchman sits down and lights a cigar, an Italian goes to sleep, a German meditates, an American invents some new position for his limbs as far as possible asunder from that intended for them by nature, but an Englishman always takes a walk. I had nothing to do. Even under the full fury of the sun walking is better than standing still. I would take a walk.

I moved slowly round the square, and by the time that I had reached an opposite corner all my clothes were wet through. On I went, however, down one dead street and up another. I saw no one but the pigs, and almost envied them their fleshlessness. I

turned another corner, and I came upon the square again. That seemed to me to be the lowest depth of all that fiery pandemonium, and with a quickened step I passed through but a corner of it; but the sun blazed even fiercer and fiercer. Should I go back and ask for a seat, if it were but on a bench in the government scullery, among the female negroes?

Something I must do, or there would soon be an end of me. There must be some inn in the place, if I could only find it. I was not absolutely in the midst of the Great Sahara. There were houses on each side of me, though they were all closed. I looked at my watch, and found that ten minutes had passed by since I had been on my legs. I thought I had wandered for an hour.

And now I saw an old woman—the first human creature I had seen since I left the light of the Governor's face; the shade I should say, meaning to speak of it in the most complimentary terms. "Madam," said I, "is there an inn here; and if so, where may it be?" "Inn!" repeated the ancient negress, looking at me in a startled way. "Me know nothing, massa; and so she passed on. Inns in Jamaica are called lodging-houses, or else taverns; but I did not find this out till afterwards."

And then I saw a man walking quickly with a basket across the street, some way in advance of me. If I did not run I should miss him; so I did run; and I hallooed also. I shall never forget the exertion. "Is there a public house?" I exclaimed, feverishly, "in this place?" "I forget the exact word which should fill up the blank, but I think it was 'blessed.'"

"Public-house, massa, in dis d—m place," said the grinning negro, repeating my words after me, only that I know he used the offensive phrase which I have designated. "Public-house! what dat?" and then he adjusted his basket on his head, and proceeded to walk on.

By this time I was half blind, and my head reeled through the effects of the sun. But I could not allow myself to perish there, in the middle of Spanish Town, without an effort. It behoved me as a man to do something to save my life. So I stopped the fellow, and at last succeeded in making him understand that I would give him sixpence if he would conduct me to some house of public entertainment.

"Oh, de Wellington tavern," said he; and taking me to a corner three yards from where we stood, he showed me the sign-board. "And now de two quatties," he said. I knew nothing of quatties then, but I gave him the sixpence, and in a few minutes I found myself within the "Wellington."

It was a miserable hole, but it did afford me shelter. Indeed, it would not have been so miserable had I known at first, as I did some few minutes before I left, that there was a better room up-stairs. But the people of the house could not suppose but what everyone knew the "Wellington;" and thought, doubtless, that I preferred remaining below in the dirt.

I was over two hours in this place, and even that was not pleasant. When I went up into the fashionable room above, I found there, among others, a negro of exceeding blackness. I do not know that I ever saw skin so purely black. He was talking eagerly with his friends, and after a while I heard him say, in a voice of considerable dignity, "I shall bring forward a motion on de subject in de house to-morrow." So that I had not fallen into bad society.

But even under these circumstances, two hours spent in a tavern without a book, without any necessity for eating or drinking, is not pleasant; and I trust that when I next visit Jamaica, I may find the seat of government moved to Kingston. The Governor would do Kingston some good; and it is on the cards that Kingston might return the compliment.

The inns in Kingston rejoice in the grand name of halls. Not that you ask which is the best hall, or inquire at what hall your friend is staying; but such is the title given to the individual house. One is the Date-tree Hall, another Blundell's Hall, a third Barkly Hall, and so on. I took up my abode at Blundell Hall, and found that the landlady in whose custody I had placed myself was a sister of good Mrs. Seacole. "My sister wanted to go to India," said my landlady, "with the army, you know. But Queen Victoria would not let her; her life was too precious." So that Mrs. Seacole is a prophet, even in her own country.

Much cannot be said for the West Indian hotels in general. By far the best that I met was at Cien Fuegos, in Cuba. This one, kept by Mrs. Seacole's sister, was not worse, if not much better, than the average. It was clean, and reasonable as to its charges. I used to wish that the patriotic lady who kept it could be induced to abandon the idea that beefsteaks and onions, and bread and cheese and beer composed the only diet proper for an Englishman. But it is to be remarked all through the island that the people are fond of English dishes, and that they despise, or affect to despise, their own productions. They will give you ox-tail soup when turtle would be much cheaper. Roast beef and beefsteaks are found at almost every meal. An immense deal of beer is consumed. When yams, avocado pears, the mountain cabbage, plantains, and twenty other delicious vegetables, may be had for the gathering, people will insist on eating bad English potatoes; and the desire for English pickles is quite a passion. This is one phase of that love for England which is so predominant a characteristic of the white inhabitants of the West Indies.

At the inns, as at the private houses, the household servants are almost always black. The manners of these people are to a stranger very strange. They are not absolutely uncivil, except on occasions; but they have an easy, free, patronising air. If you find fault with them, they insist on having the last word, and are generally successful. They do not appear to be greedy of money; rarely ask for it, and express but little thankfulness when they get it. At home in England, one is apt to think that an extra shilling will go a long way with boots and chambermaid, and produce hotter water, more copious towels, and quicker attendance than is ordinary. But in the West Indies a similar result does not follow in a similar degree. And in the West Indies it is absolutely necessary that these people should be treated with dignity; and it is not always very easy to reach the proper point of dignity. They like familiarity, but are singularly averse to ridicule; and though they wish to be on good terms with you, they do not choose that these shall be reached without the proper degree of antecedent ceremony.

"Halloo, old fellow! how about that bath?" I said one morning to a lad who had been commissioned to see a bath filled for me. He was cleaning boots at the time, and went on with his employment, sedulously,



as though he had not heard a word. But he was over sedulous, and I saw that he heard me.

"I say, how about that bath?" I continued. But he did not move a muscle.

"Put down those boots, sir," I said, going up to him; "and go and do as I bid you."

"Who do you call fellow? You speak to a gen'lman gen'lmanly, and don't he fill de bath."

"James," said I, "might I trouble you to leave those boots, and see the bath filled for me?" and I bowed to him.

"Es, sir," he answered, returning my bow, "go at once." And so he did, perfectly satisfied. Had he imagined, however, that I was quizzing him, in all probability he would not have gone at all.

There will be those who will say that I had received a good lesson; perhaps I had. But it would be rather cumbersome if we were forced to treat our juvenile servants at home in this manner—or even those who are not juvenile.

I must say this for the servants, that I never knew them to steal anything, or heard of their doing so from anyone else. If anyone deserves to be robbed, I deserve it; for I leave my keys and my money everywhere, and seldom find time to lock my portmanteau. But my carelessness was not punished in Jamaica. And this I think is the character of the people as regards absolute personal property—personal property that has been housed and garnered—that has, as it were, been made the possessor's very own. There can be no more diligent thieves than they are in appropriating to themselves the fruits of the earth while they are still on the trees. They will not understand that this is stealing. Nor can much be said for their honesty in dealing. There is a great difference between cheating and stealing in the minds of many men, whether they be black or white.

There are good shops in Kingston, and I believe that men in trade are making money there. I cannot tell on what principle prices range themselves as compared with those in England. Some things are considerably cheaper than with us, and some much, very much dearer. A pair of excellent duck trousers, if I may be excused for alluding to them, cost me eighteen shillings when made to order. Whereas, a pair of evening white gloves could not be had under four-and-sixpence. That, at least, was the price charged, though, I am bound to own that the shop-boy considerably returned me sixpence, discount for ready money.

The men in the shops are generally of the coloured race, and they are also extremely free and easy in their manners. From them this is more disagreeable than from the negroes. "Four-and-sixpence for white gloves!" I said; "is not that high?" "Not at all, sir; by no means. We consider it rather cheap. But in Kingston, sir, you must not think about little economies." And he looked at me in a very saucy manner as he tied his parcel. However, I ought to forgive him, for did he not return to me sixpence discount, unasked?

There are various places of worship in Kingston, and the negroes are fond of attending them. But they love best that class of religion which allows them to hear the most of their own voices. They are therefore fond of Baptists; and fonder of the Wesleyans than of the Church of England. Many are also Roman Catholics. Their singing-classes are constantly to be heard as one walks through the streets. No religion is worth any

thing to them which does not offer the allurements of some excitement.

Very little excitement is to be found in the Church of England Kingston parish church. The church itself, with its rickety pews, and creaking doors, and wretched seats made purposely so as to render genuflection impossible, and the sleepy, droning, somnolent service, are exactly what was so common in England twenty years since; but which are common no longer, thanks to certain much-abused clerical gentlemen. Not but that it may still be found in England if diligently sought for.

But I must not finish my notice on the town of Kingston without a word of allusion to my enemies, the mosquitoes. Let no European attempt to sleep there at any time of the year without mosquito-curtains. If he do, it will only be an attempt; which will probably end in madness and fever before morning.

Nor will mosquito-curtains suffice unless they be brushed out with no ordinary care, and then tucked in; and unless, also, the would-be-sleeper, after having cunningly crept into his bed at the smallest available aperture, carefully pins up that aperture. Your Kingston mosquito is the craftiest of insects, and the most deadly.

I have spoken in disparaging terms of the chief town in Jamaica, but I can atone for this by speaking in very high terms of the country. In that island one would certainly prefer the life of a country mouse. There is scenery in Jamaica which almost equals that of Switzerland and the Tyrol; and there is also, which is more essential, a temperature among the mountains in which a European can live comfortably.

I travelled over the greater part of the island, and was very much pleased with it. The drawbacks on such a tour are the expensiveness of locomotion, the want of hotels, and the badness of the roads. As to cost, the tourist always consoles himself by reflecting that he is going to take the expensive journey once, and once only. The badness of the roads forms an additional excitement; and the want of hotels is cured, as it probably has been caused, by the hospitality of the gentry.

And they are very hospitable—and hospitable, too, under adverse circumstances. In olden times, when nobody anywhere was so rich as a Jamaica planter, it was not surprising that he should be always glad to see his own friends and his friends' friends, and their friends. Such visits dissipated the cost of his own life, and the expense was not appreciable—or, at any rate, not undesirable. An open house was his usual rule of life. But matters are much altered with him now. If he be a planter of the olden days, he will have passed through fire and water in his endeavours to maintain his position. If, as is more frequently the case, he be a man of new date on his estate, he will probably have established himself with a small capital; and he also will have to struggle. But, nevertheless, the hospitality is maintained, perhaps not on the olden scale, yet on a scale that by no means requires to be enlarged.

"It is rather hard on us," said a young planter to me, with whom I was on terms of sufficient intimacy to discuss such matters—"We don't word to the people at home that we are very poor. They won't quite believe us, so they send out somebody to see. The somebody comes, a pleasant mannered fellow, and we kill our little fatted calf for him; probably it is only a

ewo lamb. We bring out our bottle or two of the best, that has been put by for a gala day, and so we make his heart glad. He goes home, and what does he say of us? These Jamaica planters are princes—the best fellows living; I like them amazingly. But as for their poverty, don't believe a word of it. They swim in claret, and usually lathe in champagne. Now that is hard, seeing that our common fare is salt fish and rum and water." I advised him in future to receive such inquirers with his ordinary fare only. "Yes," said he, "and then we should get it on the other cheek. We should be abused for our stinginess. No Jamaica man could stand that."

It is of course known that the sugar-cane is the chief production of Jamaica; but one may travel for days in the island and only see a cane piece here and there. By far the greater portion of the island is covered with wild wood and jungle—what is there called bush. Through this, on an occasional favourable spot, and very frequently on the roadsides, one sees the gardens or provision-grounds of the negroes. These are spots of land cultivated by them, for which they either pay rent, or on which, as is quite as common, they have squatted without payment of any rent.

These provision grounds are very picturesque. They are not filled, as a peasant's garden in England or in Ireland is filled, with potatoes and cabbages, or other vegetables similarly uninteresting in their growth; but contain cocoa-trees, breadfruit-trees, oranges, mangoes, limes, plantains, jack fruit, sour-sop, avocado pears, and a score of others, all of which are luxuriant trees, some of considerable size, and all of them of great beauty. The breadfruit-tree and the mango are especially lovely, and I know nothing prettier than a grove of oranges in Jamaica. In addition to this, they always have the yam, which is with the negro somewhat as the potato is with the Irishman; only that the Irishman has nothing else, whereas the negro generally has either fish or meat, and has also a score of other fruits besides the yam.

The yam, too, is picturesque in its growth. As with the potato, the root alone is eaten, but the upper part is fostered and cared for as a creeper, so that the ground may be unencumbered by its thick tendrils. Support is provided for it as for grapes or peas. Then one sees also in these provision-grounds patches of coffee and arrowroot, and occasionally also patches of sugar-cane.

A man wishing to see the main features of the whole island, and proceeding from Kingston as his headquarters, must take two distinct tours, one to the east and the other to the west. The former may be best done on horseback, as the roads are, one may say, non-existent for a considerable portion of the way, and sometimes almost worse than non-existent in other places.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of Jamaica is the copiousness of its rivers. It is said that its original name, Xaymaca, signifies a country of streams; and it certainly is not undeserved. This copiousness, though it adds to the beauty, as no doubt it does also to its salubrity and fertility, adds something too to the difficulty of locomotion. Bridges have not been built, or, at least, have been allowed to go to destruction. One hears that this river or that river is "down," whereby it is signified that the waters are swollen; and some of the rivers when so down are certainly not easy of passage. Such impediments are

more frequent in the east than elsewhere, and on this account travelling on horseback is the safest as well as the most expeditious means of transit. I found four horses to be necessary, one for the groom, one for my clothes, and two for myself. A lighter weight might have done with three.

An Englishman feels some bashfulness in riding up to a stranger's door with such a cortège, and bearing as an introduction a message from somebody else, to say that you are to be entertained. But I always found that such a message was a sufficient passport. "It is our way," one gentleman said to me, in answer to my apology. "When four or five come in for dinner after ten o'clock at night, we do think it hard, seeing that meat won't keep in this country."

Hotels, as an institution, are, on the whole, a comfortable arrangement. One prefers, perhaps, ordering one's dinner to asking for it; and many men delight in the wide capability of finding fault which an inn affords. But they are very hostile to the spirit of hospitality. The time will soon come when the back-woodman will have his tariff for public accommodation, and an Arab will charge you a fixed price for his pipe and cup of coffee in the desert. But that era has not yet been reached in Jamaica.

Crossing the same river four-and-twenty times is tedious; especially if this is done in heavy rain, when the road is a narrow track through thickly-wooded ravines, and when an open umbrella is absolutely necessary. But so often had we to cross the Wang-water in our route from Kingston to the northern shore.

It was here that I first saw the full effect of tropical vegetation, and I shall never forget it. Perhaps the most graceful of all the woodland productions is the bamboo. It grows either in clusters, like clumps of grass in an English park, or, as is more usual when found in its indigenous state, in long rows by the riversides. The trunk of the bamboo is a huge hollow cane, bearing no leaves except at its head. One such cane alone would be uninteresting enough. But their great height, the peculiar graceful curve of their growth, and the excessive thickness of the drooping foliage of hundreds of them clustering together produce an effect which nothing can surpass.

The cotton-tree is almost as beautiful when standing alone. The trunk of this tree grows to a magnificent height, and with magnificent proportions: it is frequently straight; and those which are most beautiful throw out no branches till they have reached a height greater than that of any ordinary tree with us. Nature, in order to sustain so large a mass, supplies it with huge spurs at the foot, which act as buttresses for its support, connecting the roots immediately with the trunk as much as twenty feet above the ground. I measured more than one, which, including the buttresses, were over thirty feet in circumference. Then from its head the branches break forth in most luxuriant profusion, covering an enormous extent of ground with their shade.

But the most striking peculiarity of these trees consists in the parasitic plants by which they are enveloped, and which hang from their branches down to the ground with tendrils of wonderful strength. These parasites are of various kinds, the fig being the most obdurate with its embrace. It frequently may be seen that the original tree has departed wholly from sight, and I should imagine almost wholly from existence; and then the very name is changed, and the cotton-

tree is called a fig-tree. In others the process of destruction may be observed, and the interior trunk may be seen to be stayed in its growth and stunted in its measure by the creepers which surround it. This pernicious embrace the natives describe as "The Scotchman hugging the Creole." The metaphor is sufficiently satirical upon our northern friends, who are supposed not to have thriven badly in their visits to the Western islands.

But it often happens that the tree has reached its full growth before the parasites have fallen on it, and then, in place of being strangled, it is adorned. Every branch is covered with a wondrous growth—with plants of a thousand colours and a thousand sorts. Some droop with long and graceful tendrils from the boughs, and so touch the ground; while others hang in a ball of leaves and flowers, which swing for years, apparently without changing their position.

The growth of these parasite plants must be slow, though it is so very rich. A gentleman with whom I was staying, and in whose grounds I saw by far the most lovely tree of this description that met my sight, assured me that he had watched it closely for more than twenty years, and that he could trace no difference in the size or arrangement of the parasite plants by which it was surrounded.

We went across the island to a little village called Annotta Bay, traversing the Waag-water twenty-four times, as I have said; and from thence, through the parishes of Mettalf and St. George, to Port Antonio, "*Fuit illum et ingens gloria.*" This may certainly be said of Port Antonio and the adjacent district. It was once a military station, and the empty barracks, standing so beautifully over the sea, on an extreme point of land, are now waiting till time shall reduce them to ruin. The place is utterly desolate, though not yet broken up in its desolation, as such buildings quickly become when left wholly untenanted. A rusty cannon or two still stand at the embrasures, watching the entrances to the fort; and among the grass we found a few metal balls, the last remains of the last ordnance supplies.

But Port Antonio was once a goodly town, and the country round it, the parish of Portland, is as fertile as any in the island. But now there is hardly a sugar estate in the whole parish. It is given up to the growth of yams, coconuts, and plantains. It has become a provision-ground for negroes, and the palmy days of the town are of course gone.

The largest expanse of unbroken cane-fields in Jamaica is at the extreme south-east, in the parish of St. George's in the East. Here I saw a plain of about four thousand acres under canes. It looked to be prosperous; but I was told by the planter with whom I was staying that the land had lately been deluged with water; that the canes were covered with mud; and that the crops would be very short. Poor Jamaica! It seems as though all the elements are in league against her.

I was not sorry to return to Kingston from this trip, for I was tired of the saddle. In Jamaica everybody rides, but nobody seems to get much beyond a walk. Now to me there is no pace on horseback so wearying as an unbroken walk. I did goad my horse into trotting, but it was clear that the animal was not used to it.

Shortly afterwards I went to the west. The distances here were longer, but the journey was made on wheels,

and was not so fatiguing. Moreover, I stayed some little time with a friend in one of the distant parishes of the island. The scenery during the whole expedition was very grand. The road goes through Spanish Town, and then divides itself, one road going westward by the northern coast, and the other by that to the south. I went by the former, and began my journey by the bog or bogie walk, a road through a magnificent ravine, and then over Mount Diabolo. The Devil assumes to himself all the finest scenery in all countries. Of a delicious mountain tarn he makes his punch-bowl; he loves to leap from crag to crag over the wildest ravines; he builds picturesque bridges in most impassable sites; and makes roads over mountains at gradients not to be attempted by the wildest engineer. The road over Mount Diabolo is very fine, and the view back to Kingston very grand.

From thence I went down into the parish of St. Ann's, on the northern side. They all speak of St. Ann's as being the most fertile district in the island. The inhabitants are addicted to grazing rather than sugarmaking, and thrive in that pursuit very well. But all Jamaica is suited for a grazing-ground, and all the West Indies should be the market for their cattle.

We give an illustration of the Bay of St. Ann's, with its noble mountains in the background, at page 246.

On the northern coast there are two towns, Falmouth and Montego Bay, both of which are, at any rate in appearance, more prosperous than Kingston. I cannot say that the streets are alive with trade; but they do not appear to be so neglected, desolate, and wretched as the metropolis or the seat of government. They have jails and hospitals, mayors and magistrates, and are, except in atmosphere, very like small country towns in England.

The two furthestmost parishes of Jamaica are Hanover and Westmoreland, and I stayed for a short time with a gentleman who lives on the borders of the two. I certainly was never in a more lovely country. He was a sugar planter; but the canes and sugar, which, after all, are ugly and by no means savoury appurtenances, were located somewhere out of sight. As far as I myself might know, from what I saw, my host's ordinary occupations were exactly those of a country gentleman in England. He fished and shot, and looked after his estate, and acted as a magistrate; and over and above this, was somewhat particular about his dinner, and the ornamentation of the land immediately round his house. I do not know that Fate can give a man a peasant's life. If, however, he did at unseen moments inspect his cane-holes, and employ himself among the sugar houghs and rum punchcons, it must be acknowledged that he had a serious drawback on his happiness.

Country life in Jamaica certainly has its attractions. The day is generally begun at six o'clock, when a cup of coffee is brought in by a sable minister. I believe it is customary to take this in bed, or rather on the bed; for in Jamaica one's connection with one's bed does not amount to getting into it. One gets within the mosquito net, and then plunges about with a loose sheet, which is sometimes on and sometimes off. With the cup of coffee comes a small modicum of dry toast.

After that the toilet progresses, not at a rapid pace. A tub of cold water and diletante dressing will do something more than kill an hour, so that it is half-past seven or eight before one leaves one's room.

When one first arrives in the West Indies, one hears much of early morning exercise, especially for ladies; and for ladies, early morning exercise is the only exercise possible. But it appeared to me that I heard more of it than I saw. And even as regards early travelling, the eager promise was generally broken. An assumed start at five A.M. usually meant seven; and one at six, half-past eight. This, however, is the time of day at which the sugar grower is presumed to look at his canes, and the grazier to inspect his kine. At this hour—eight o'clock, that is—the men ride, and sometimes also the ladies. And when the latter ceremony does take place, there is no pleasanter hour in all the four-and-twenty.

At ten or half past ten the nation sits down to breakfast; not to a meal, my dear Mrs. Jones, consisting of tea and bread and butter, with two eggs for the master of the family and one for the mistress; but a stout, solid banquet, consisting of fish, beefsteaks—a breakfast is not a breakfast in the West Indies without beefsteaks and onions, nor is a dinner so to be called without bread and cheese and beer—potatoes, yams, plantains, eggs, and half a dozen "tinned" productions, namely, meats sent from England in tin cases. Though they have every delicacy which the world can give them of native production, all these are as nothing, unless they also have something from England. Then there are tea and chocolate upon the table, and on the sideboard beer and wine, rum and brandy. 'Tis so that they breakfast at rural quarters in Jamaica.

Then comes the day. Ladies may not subject their fair skin to the outrages of a tropical sun, and therefore, unless on very special occasions, they do not go out between breakfast and dinner. That they occupy themselves well during the while, charity feels convinced. Sarcasm, however, says that they do not sin from over-energy. For my own part, I do not care a doit for sarcasm. When their lords reappear, they are always found smiling, well-dressed, and pretty; and then after dinner they have but one sin—there is but one drawback—they will go to bed at nine o'clock.

But by the men during the day it did not seem to me that the sun was much regarded, or that it need be much regarded. One cannot and certainly should not walk much; and no one does walk. A horse is there as a matter of course, and one walks upon that; not a great beast sixteen hands high, requiring all manner of levers between its jaws, caprioling and prancing about, and giving a man a deal of work merely to keep his seat and look stately; but a canny little quiet brute, fed chiefly on grass, patient of the sun, and not inclined to be troublesome. With such legs under him, and at a distance of some twenty miles from the coast, a man may get about in Jamaica pretty nearly as well as he can in England.

I saw various grazing farms—pens they are here called—while I was in this part of the country; and I could not but fancy that grazing should in Jamaica be the natural and most beneficial pursuit of the proprietor, as on the other side of the Atlantic it certainly is in Ireland. I never saw grass to equal the guinea grass in some of the parishes; and at Knockalla I looked at Hereford cattle which I have rarely, if ever, seen beaten at any agricultural show in England. At present the island does not altogether supply itself with meat; but it might do so, and supply, moreover,

nearly the whole of the remaining West Indies. Proprietors of land say that the sea transit is too costly. Of course it is at present; the trade not yet existing; for indeed, at present there is no means of such transit. But screw steamers now always appear quickly enough wherever freight offers itself; and if the cattle were there, they would soon find their way down to the Windward Islands.

But I am running away from my day. The inspection of a pen or two, perhaps occasionally of the sugar works when they are about, soon wears through the hours, and at five preparations commence for the six o'clock dinner. The dressing again is a dilettante process, even for the least dandified of mankind. It is astonishing how much men think, and must think, of their clothes when within the tropics. Dressing is necessarily done slowly, or else one gets heated quicker than one has cooled down. And then one's clothes always want airing, and the supply of clean linen is necessarily copious, or, at any rate, should be so. Let no man think that he can dress for dinner in ten minutes because he is accustomed to do so in England. He cannot brush his hair, or pull on his boots, or fasten his buttons at the same pace he does at home. He dries his face very leisurely, and sits down gravely to rest before he draws on his black pantaloons.

Dressing for dinner, however, is *de rigueur* in the West Indies. If a black coat, &c., could be laid aside anywhere as barbaric, and light loose clothing adopted, this should be done here. The soldiers, at least the privates, are already dressed as Zouaves; and children and negroes are hardly dressed at all. But the visitor, victim of tropical fashionable society, must appear in black clothing, because black clothing is the thing in England. "The governor won't see you in that coat," was said to me once on my way to Spanish Town, "even on a morning." The governor did see me, and as far as I could observe, did not know whether or no I had on any coat. Such, however, is the feeling of the place: but we shall never get to dinner.

This again is a matter of considerable importance, as, indeed, where is it not? While in England we are all writing letters to the *Times*, to ascertain how closely we can copy the vices of Apicius on eight hundred pounds a year, and complaining because in our perverse stupidity we cannot pamper our palates with sufficient variety, it is not open to us to say a word against the luxuries of a West Indian table. We have reached the days when a man not only eats his best, but complains bitterly and publicly because he cannot eat better; when we sigh out loud because no Horace will teach us where the sweetest cabbage grows; how best to souse our living poultry, so that their fibres, when cooked, may not offend our teeth. These lessons of Horace are accounted among his Satires. But what of that? That which was satire to Augustine Rome shall be simple homely teaching to the subject of Victoria with his thousand a year.

But the cook in the Jamaica country-house is a person of importance, and I am inclined to think that the lady whom I have accused of idleness does during those vacant interlunar hours occasionally peer into her kitchen. The results at any rate are good—sufficiently so to break the hearts of some of our miserable eight hundred a year men at home.

After dinner no wine is taken—none, at least, beyond one glass with the ladies, and if you choose it, one after they are gone. Before dinner, as I should

STEAM-PACKET AND TUG-BOAT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.







have mentioned before, a glass of bitters is as much *de rigueur* as the black coat. I know how this will disgust many a kindly friend in dear good old thickly-prejudiced native England. Yes, ma'am, bitters! No, not gin and bitters, such as the cabmen take at the gin-palaces; not gin and bitters at all, unless you specially request it, but sherry and bitters; and a very pretty habit it is for a warm country. If you don't drink your wine after dinner, why not take it before? I have no doubt that it is the more wholesome habit of the two.

Not that I recommend, even in the warmest climate, a second bitter, or a third. There are spots in the West Indies where men take third bitters, and long bitters, in which the bitter time begins when the soda-water and brandy time ends, in which the latter commences when the breakfast beer-bottles disappear. There are such places, but they must not be named by me in characters plainly legible. To kiss and tell is very criminal, as the whole world knows. But while on the subject of bitters, I must say this: Let no man ever allow himself to take a long bitter such as men make at ———. It is beyond the power of man to stop at one. A long bitter duly swigged is your true West Indian syren.

And then men and women saunter out on the verandah, or perhaps, if it be starlight or moonlight, into the garden. Oh, what stars they are, those in that western tropical world! How beautiful a woman looks by their light, how sweet the air smells, how gloriously legible are the constellations of the heavens! And then one sips a cup of coffee, and there is a little chat, the lightest of the light, and a little music, light enough also, and at nine one retires to one's light slumbers. It is a pleasant life for a short time, though the flavour of the *dolce far niente* is somewhat too prevalent for Saxon energies fresh from Europe.

Such are the ordinary evenings of society, but there are occasions when no complaint can be made of lack of energy. The soul of a Jamaica lady revels in a dance. Dancing is popular in England—is popular almost everywhere, but in Jamaica it is the elixir of life; the Medea's cauldron, which makes old people young; the cup of Circe, which neither man nor woman can withstand. Look at that lady who has been content to sit still and look beautiful for the last two hours; let but the sound of a polka meet her, and she will awake to life as lively, to motion as energetic, as that of a Scotch sportsman on the 12th of August. It is singular how the most listless girl, who seems to trail through her long days almost without moving her limbs, will continue to wait and polk and rush up and down a galopade from ten till five, and then think the hours all too short!

And it is not the girls only, and the boys—begging their pardon—who rave for dancing. Steady matrons of five-and-forty are just as anxious, and grave senators, whose years are past naming. See that gentleman with the bald head and grizzled beard, how sedulously he is making up his card! "Madam, the fourth polka," he says to the stout lady in the turban and the yellow slip, who could not move yesterday because of her rheumatism. "I'm full up to the fifth," she replies, looking at the M.S. hanging from her side; "but shall be so happy for the sixth, or perhaps the second schottische." And then, after a little grave conference, the matter is settled between them.

"I hope you dance quick dances," a lady said to me. "Quick!" I replied in my ignorance; "has not one to go by the music in Jamaica?" "Oh, you goose! don't you know what quick dances are? I never dance anything but quick dances, quadrilles are so deadly dull." I could not but be amused at this new theory as to the quick and dead—now at least to me, though, alas! I found myself tattered from all the joys of the night by this invidious distinction.

In the West Indies, polkas and the like are quick dances; quadrilles and their counterparts are simply dead. A lady shows you no compliment by giving you her hand for the latter; in that you have merely to amuse her by conversation. Flirting, as any practitioner knows, is spoilt by much talking. Many words make the amusement either absurd or serious, and either alternative is to be avoided.

And thus I soon become used to quick dances and long drinks—that is, in my vocabulary. "Will you have a long drink or a short one?" It sounds odd, but is very expressive. A long drink is taken from a tumbler, a short one from a wine-glass. The whole extent of the choice thus becomes intelligible.

Many things are necessary, and many changes must be made, before Jamaica can again enjoy all her former prosperity. I do not know whether the total abolition of the growth of sugar be not one of them. But this I do know, that whatever be their produce, they must have roads on which to carry it before they can grow rich. The roads through the greater part of the island are very bad indeed: and those along the southern coast, through the parishes of St. Elizabeth, Manchester, and Clarendon, are by no means among the best. I returned to Kingston by this route, and shall never forget some of my difficulties. On the whole, the south-western portion of the island is by no means equal to the northern.

I took a third expedition up to Newcastle, where are placed the barracks for our white troops, to the Blue Mountain peak, and to various gentlemen's houses in these localities. For grandeur of scenery this is the finest part of the island. The mountains are far too abrupt, and the land too much broken for those lovely park-like landscapes of which the parishes of Westmoreland and Hanover are full, and of which Shuttlestone, the property of Lord Howard de Walden, is perhaps the most beautiful specimen. But nothing can be grander, either in colour or grouping, than the ravines of the Blue Mountain ranges of hills. Perhaps the finest view in the island is from Raymond Lodge, a house high up among the mountains, in which—so local rumour says—Tom Cringle's Log was written.

To reach these regions a man must be an equestrian—as must also a woman. No lady lives there so old but what she is to be seen on horseback, nor any child so young. Babies are carried up there on pillows, and whole families on ponies. 'Tis here that bishops and generals love to dwell, that their daughters may have rosy cheeks, and their sons stalwart limbs. And they are right. Children that are brought up among these mountains, though they live but twelve or eighteen miles from their young friends down at Kingston, cannot be taken as belonging to the same race. I can imagine no more healthy climate than the mountains round Newcastle.

I shall not soon forget my ride to Newcastle. Two ladies accompanied me and my excellent friend who was pioneering me through the country; and they

were kind enough to show us the way over all the break-neck passes in the country. To them and to their horses, these were like easy high-roads; but to me, — I It was manifestly a disappointment to them that my heart did not visibly faint within me.

I have hunted in Carmarthenshire, and a man who has done that ought to be able to ride anywhere; but in riding over some of these razorback crags, my heart, though it did not faint visibly, did almost do so invisibly. However, we got safely to Newcastle, and our fair friends returned over the same route with no other escort than that of a black groom. In spite of the crags the ride was not unpleasant.

One would almost enlist as a full private in one of her Majesty's regiments of the line if one were sure of being quartered for ever at Newcastle—at Newcastle, Jamaica, I mean. Other Newcastles of which I wot have by no means equal attraction. This place also is accessible only by foot or on horseback; and is therefore singularly situated for a barracks. But yet it consists now of a goodly village, in which live colonels, and majors, and chaplains, and surgeons, and purveyors, all in a state of bliss—as it were in a second Eden. It is a military paradise, in which war is spoken of, and dinners and dancing abound. If good air and fine scenery be dear to the heart of the British soldier, he ought to be happy at Newcastle. Nevertheless, I



PORT OF NEW ORLEANS.

prefer the views from Raymond Lodge to any that Newcastle can afford.

And now I have a mournful story to tell. Did any man ever know of any good befalling him from going up a mountain; always excepting Albert Smith, who we are told, has realised half a million by going up Mont Blanc? If a man can go up his mountains in Piccadilly, it may be all very well; in so doing he perhaps may see the sun rise, and be able to watch nature in her wildest vagaries. But as for the true ascent—the nasty, damp, dirty, slippery, boot-destroying, shin-breaking, veritable mountain! Let me recommend my friends to let it alone, unless they have a gift for making half a million in Piccadilly. I have tried many a mountain in a small way, and never

found one to answer. I hereby protest that I will never try another.

However, I did go up the Blue Mountain Peak, which ascends—so I was told—to the respectable height of 8,000 feet above the sea-level. To enable me to do this, I provided myself with a companion, and he provided me with five negroes, a supply of beef, bread and water, some wine and brandy, and what appeared to me to be about ten gallons of rum; for we were to spend the night on the Blue Mountain Peak, in order that the rising sun might be rightly worshipped.

For some considerable distance we rode, till we came indeed to the highest inhabited house in the island. This is the property of a coffee-planter who lives there,

and who divides his time and energies between the growth of coffee and the entertainment of visitors to the mountain. So hospitable an old gentleman, or one so droll in speech, or singular in his mode of living, I shall probably never meet again. His tales as to the fate of other travellers made me tremble for what might some day be told of my own adventures. He feeds you gallantly, sends you on your way with a God-speed, and then hands you down to derision with the wickedest mockery. He is the gibing spirit of the mountain, and I would at any rate recommend no ladies to trust themselves to his courtesies.

Here we entered and called for the best of everything—beer, brandy, coffee, ringtailed doves, salt fish, fat fowls, English potatoes, hot pickles, and Worcester sauce. "What, C—, no Worcester sauce! Gammon; make the fellow go and look for it." 'Tis thus hospitality is claimed in Jamaica; and in process of time the Worcester sauce was forthcoming. It must be remembered that every article of food has to be carried up to this place on mules' backs, over the tops of mountains for twenty or thirty miles.

When we had breakfasted and drunk and smoked, and promised our host that he should have the pleasure of feeding us again on the morrow, we proceeded on our way. The five negroes each had loads on their heads and cutlasses in their hands. We ourselves travelled without other burdens than our own big sticks.

I have nothing remarkable to tell of the ascent. We soon got into a cloud, and never got out of it. But that is a matter of course. We were soon wet through up to our middles, but that is a matter of course also. We came to various dreadful passages, which broke our toes and our nails and our hats, the worst of which was called Jacob's ladder—also a matter of course. Every now and then we regaled the negroes with rum, and the more rum we gave them the more they wanted. And every now and then we regaled ourselves with brandy and water, and the oftener we regaled ourselves the more we required to be regaled. All which things are matters of course. And so we arrived at the Blue Mountain Peak.

Our first two objects were to construct a hut and collect wood for firing. As for any enjoyment from the position, that, for that evening, was quite out of the question. We were wet through and through, and could hardly see twenty yards before us on any side. So we set the men to work to produce such mitigation of our evil position as was possible.

We did build a hut, and we did make a fire; and we did administer more rum to the negroes, without which they refused to work at all. When a black man knows that you want him, he is apt to become very impudent, especially when backed by rum; and at such times they altogether forget, or at any rate disregard, the punishment that may follow in the shape of curtailed gratuities.

Slowly and mournfully we dried ourselves at the fire; or rather did not dry ourselves, but scorched our clothes and burnt our boots in a vain endeavour to do so. It is a singular fact, but one which experience has fully taught me, that when a man is thoroughly wet he may burn his trousers off his legs and his shoes off his feet, and yet they will not be dry—nor will he. Mournfully we turned ourselves before the fire—slowly, like badly-roasted joints of meat; and the result was exactly that: we were badly roasted—roasted and raw at the same time.

VOL. II.

And then we crept into our hut, and made one of those wretched repasts in which the collops of food slip down and get sat upon; in which the salt is blown away and the bread saturated in beer; in which one gnaws one's food as Adam probably did, but as men need not do now, far removed as they are from Adam's discomforts. A man may cheerfully go without his dinner and feed like a beast when he gains anything by it; but when he gains nothing, and has his boots scorched off his feet into the bargain, it is hard then for him to be cheerful. I was bound to be jolly, as my companion had come there merely for my sake; but how it came to pass that he did not become sulky, that was the miracle. As it was, I know full well that he wished me—safe in England.

Having looked to our fire and smoked a sad cigar, we put ourselves to bed in our hut. The operation consisted in huddling on all the clothes we had. But even with this the cold prevented us from sleeping. The chill damp air penetrated through two shirts, two coats, two pairs of trousers. It was impossible to believe that we were in the tropics.

And then the men got drunk, and refused to cut more firewood, and disputes began which lasted all night; and all was cold, damp, comfortless, wretched, and endless. And so morning came.

That it was the morning our watches told us, and also a dull dawning of muddy light through the constant mist; but as for sunrise —! The sun may rise for those who get up decently from their beds in the plains below, but there is no sunrise on Helvellyn, or Right, or the Blue Mountain Peak. Nothing rises there; but mists and clouds are for ever falling.

And then we packed up our wretched traps, and again descended. While coming up, some quips and cranks had passed between us and our sable followers; but now all was silent as grim death. We were thinking of our sore hands and bruised feet; were mindful of the dirt which clogged us, and the damp which enveloped us; were mindful also a little of our soiled raiment, and ill-requited labours. Our wit did not flow freely as we descended.

A second breakfast with the man of the mountain, and a glorious bath in a huge tank, somewhat restored us, and as we regained our horses the miseries of our expedition were over. My friend fervently and loudly declared that no spirit of hospitality, no courtesy to a stranger, no human eloquence should again tempt him to ascend the Blue Mountains; and I cordially advised him to keep his resolution. I made no vows aloud, but I may here protest that any such vows were unnecessary.

I afterwards visited another seat, Flamstead, which, as regards scenery, has rival claims to those of Raymond Lodge. The views from Flamstead were certainly very beautiful; but on the whole I preferred my first love.

### III.

THE GRAND CAYMAN—DELTA OF THE MISSISSIPPI—BALIZE, OR PILOT-TOWN—THE LILIGUEE—CYPRESS FORESTS—FORT JACKSON—FIRST PLANTATIONS—TUG-BOATS AND STEAM-PACKETS—DEFENCES OF NEW ORLEANS—IMPRESSIONS OF FIRST LANDING—SOCIETY—CRIBBLES AND QUAD-BOARDS—A PEG BY WHICH TO LET AMERICAN PRIDE DOWN A LITTLE.

LEAVING the magnificent panorama of mountains and forests presented by Jamaica to the traveller—as he treads the deck of a ship bound to the Gulf of Mexico—

behind us, we passed next day the Caymans, of which the largest, known as the Grand Cayman, is twenty-four miles long by two and-a-half broad; it is low, and covered with trees, chiefly cocon-nut. On the western side is a large village, called George's Town; but the other portion of the island is thinly inhabited. These islands—they are three in number, including Little Cayman and Cayman Brack—were much favoured by the buccaneers of old, and there are among the inhabitants many of their descendants. Produce is raised more than sufficient for their own consumption, and vessels touching here may obtain supplies; but there are no cattle or sheep, and water is scarce. The natives employ themselves chiefly in catching turtle for the supply of Jamaica and other islands. The climate is considered to be healthy. Little Cayman and Cayman Brack are small, low, barren, and uninhabited.

Fusing thence Cape Antonio, the south-west extremity of Cuba, we entered the Gulf of Mexico, and after what, to a man anxious to exchange the routine of a deck promenade for the more varied scene presented by the streets, levee, and quays of New Orleans, appeared a very tedious navigation, the deep blue sea was suddenly seen to assume a yellow tinge, and shortly afterwards the low line of land became perceptible on the horizon. It was time, for a few minutes more and our vessel came with a jerk to a sudden stand-still. It had stuck in the mud of the Mississippi!

The position would have been one full of interest to a geologist, who might have speculated at his ease, with Lyell in his hand, upon the progress of the vast alluvial deposits, and the future fertile and inhabited lands that have yet to rise out of the gulf; but the rolling of the ship during what appeared an unusually long and dark night, in a bed of filthy mud, which could not be improved by calling it alluvium in a semi-fluid state, was by no means so to a sea-sick traveller. Glad were we then, when, by dawn of day, the captain despatched a boat in search of a pilot. The little messenger was soon lost in the fog that at that early hour enveloped everything to the northward, but it almost as suddenly re-appeared, as if suspended on a cloud. It had got into a space free from fog, and thus appeared beyond it. This alternation of parallel zones of fog and of transparent atmosphere is not uncommon at the mouth of the Mississippi, where currents of fresh and salt water meet at different temperatures.

After waiting a few hours, we saw a black point issuing forth from the semi-obscure, and as it came nearer we could make out the outline of a tug-boat. Fearlessly, and in a most business-like manner, it came along, and to our surprise, instead of accepting a rope fastened to the stern and proffered to clear us from off the mud in which we were imbedded, she lashed herself to our sides, and reversing her engines, took us off, almost as quickly as the master could jump on board, deign what can scarcely be designated a salute to our captain, and get hold of the tiller-wheel. Thanks to her power, we were soon after carried into the south-west passage, now the principal mouth of the Mississippi, but once engaged in this it slackened speed, for the navigation is not void of danger, the depth varying often, and frequent recourse was had to the lead. Soon, to our infinite satisfaction, we were on the bed of the river itself, and we heard the rippling of its waters against our flanks; but still we could not make out its shores. We seemed to be streaming up a river in the middle of the sea. But gradually banks of mud

could be distinguished to the right and left, and as we proceeded these became more numerous and more continuous, till at length they seemed to have become permanently united to form a long line of low shore.

It is just at this point that the bar of the river presents itself, and the water is most shallow. Up to this time the paddles of the tug-boat had turned up blue and salt water from beneath the yellow surface waters, but now they turned up nothing but yellow water, mixed with mud. Once over the bar, the scene of many wrecks, the pilot took his money and left, with as little courtesy as he had come, but we soon forgot his New World presence and manners in a swarm of little boats that made their appearance along-side, offering fruit, oranges, spirits, sugar, and other comestibles for sale.

A group of wooden huts, with a flag flying above, and built where the mud begins first to be clad with anything like permanent vegetation, announced the presence of Balize. (See p. 263.) This was on the left bank (coming down the river). The true Balize was on the right bank on the south-east passage, but since the south-west passage has become the principal mouth of the river, the pilots removed to the new site, also known as Pilotaville and Pilot-town. It is, however, a most melancholy site, the houses are in momentary danger of being swept away, whilst fever and death emanate from the miasmatic fogs that spread over the marshes. The electric wire, however, carried on lofty poles above the rank vegetation below, conveys news from thence to New Orleans of all arrivals or departures, as also of the frequent catastrophes that occur at the mouth of the river. A few wandering buffaloes pick up a scanty pasturage on the Delta of the Mississippi, and they are tended by a race of people who we must suppose are as proof against fever as the ancient Guanches were said to be against fire. The French of New Orleans call them *Islingues* or *Islanders*, and they are described as semi-savage descendants of the *Islenos* or *Canariots*, who are so numerous in Cuba and in the Antilles.

A little more than an hour's steaming brought us to the point where the river ramifies into different branches. For the last hundred miles and upwards of its course, the Mississippi resembles a gigantic arm projected into the sea and having its fingers spread out on the surface of the water. To the west is the Gulf of Baratana, to the east that of Chandeaur and Lake Pontchartrain.

To the south the sea makes its way as a little gulf between each of the mouths, so that land consists at every point only of so many narrow bands of mud, incessantly carried away by the waves, and as incessantly renewed by the alluvial matters brought down by the river. In some places the banks are so frail that, were it not for the binding roots of the canes, the dyke would be carried away and a new mouth given to the river. The only vegetation of these moist lands is a kind of cane, and the river has to be ascended a distance of thirty miles before the first stunted willow trees are met with. These, however, soon constitute a littoral band, and are themselves succeeded by the Louisianian cypress tree, which grows in marshy soil. It is a splendid tree, very upright, and not throwing off branches for some fifty or sixty feet from the ground. Like the mangrove, it throws out enormous roots, partly on the surface partly below the soil, and across little sheets of water, to interlace beyond and

form a formidable and tenacious network, that reclaims the land against any extent of inundation. The roots of the Louisianian cypress are further fed by conical growths some feet in height, while the leaves above are needle-shaped, smaller than the fir or pine, and sometimes almost entirely wanting, leaving for only ornament to the naked branches masses of floating hair-like moss, known in the country as Spanish beard or moss. Water fowl abound in the savannahs that extend between the cypress forests and the sea-shore; and notwithstanding the destruction involved to these protecting forests, they are often set fire to in the pursuit of game.

Fort Jackson stands in the central channel of the river, at the head of the more recent alluvia, where the land is still wide at both sides, and the first plantations make their appearance. These are all modelled after the same plan: fillen trunks of trees on the shore, a bank of earth to keep out the water; behind, a roadway parallel to the river, then a plank fence and fields of canes, followed by cultivation, amidst which here and there are wooden houses, painted red and white, and raised upon frameworks that stand a foot or two above the still, marshy soil below, while the more humble huts of the negroes are dispersed like bee-hives amidst the trees and plantations, the great forest of cypress trees still constituting the background. The landscape is thus very uniform, but it becomes imposing by its continuous majesty, although not striking in its details. In the midst of one of these plantations, on the left bank of the river, rises a column commemorative of General Pakenham's folly—and that, indeed, should be its name—in leading a handful of devoted men through an almost impassable bog to where the Americans had cut a deep ditch from the river to the impenetrable cypress groves, and then posting themselves behind bales of cotton, impervious to balls, they were thus enabled to pick off their victims at their leisure.

The river was enlivened in this part of its course by sailing vessels of all sizes, forms, and descriptions, by those well-known moving hotels yclept steam-packets, than which nothing so remarkable of its kind is to be met with in the New World; and by, if possible, the still more singular spectacle of a single tug-boat taking up as many as four three-masted vessels at once against the current (See page 253). There was something very striking in the spectacle thus presented to us of four ships, so closely approximating as to form as it were one gigantic vessel with its twelve masts, its sails flapping listlessly in the calm air, its signals hoisted and flags flying, and its sheets and gear all interlaced like some great network, whilst from its very heart came forth a dense smoke, which, with the heavy sound of steam propulsion, betrayed the moving power lost amidst the very vessels which it was conveying upwards with resistless force against the rapid current of the Mississippi. Well may these little Titans of the flood designate themselves as such, and as Briareus, Hercules, Jupiter and Enceladus.

A letter from New Orleans, dated October 25th, gives, as might naturally be expected, a highly-coloured account of the preparations being made in the present warlike times in the Mississippi for the defences of that great navigable river. It begins by declaring that the Mississippi is fortified so as to be impassable for any hostile fleet or flotilla. Forts Jackson and St. Philip are armed with 170 heavy guns (68-pounders, rifled

by Bushley Britten, and received from England). The navigation of the river is stopped by a dam at about a quarter of a mile from the above forts. No flotilla on earth could force that dam in less than two hours, during which it would be within short and cross range of 170 guns of the largest calibre, many of which would be served with red-hot shot, numerous furnaces for which have been erected in every fort and at every battery.

And the patriotic writer then goes on to say:—

"In a day or two we shall have ready two iron-cased floating batteries. Their plates are four and a half inches thick, of the best hammered iron, received from England and France. Each iron-cased battery will mount twenty 68-pounders, placed so as to skim the water and strike the enemy's hull between wind and water. We have an abundant supply of incendiary shells, cupola furnaces for molten iron, Congreve rockets, and fire-ships.

"Between New Orleans and the forts there is a constant succession of earthworks. At the plain of Chalmette, near Janin's property, there are redoubts armed with rifled cannon, which have been found to be effective at five miles' range. A ditch, thirty feet wide and twenty feet deep extends from the Mississippi to La Cypriene.

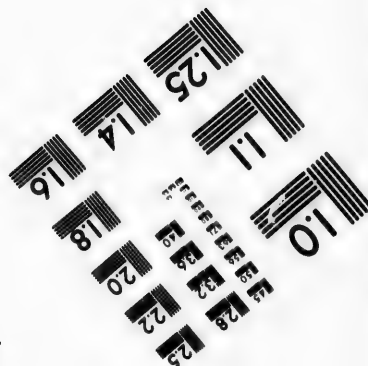
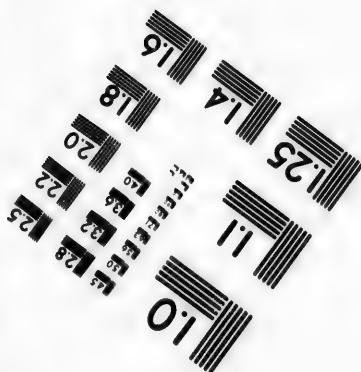
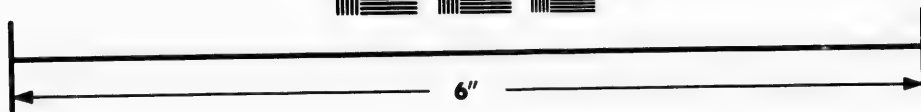
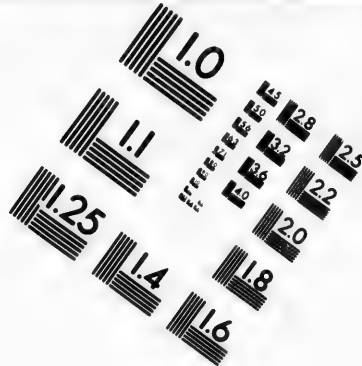
"In Forts St. Philip and Jackson there are 3,000 men, of whom a goodly portion are experienced artillerymen and gunners who have served in the navy.

"At New Orleans itself we have 32,000 infantry, and as many more quartered in the immediate neighbourhood. In discipline and drill they are far superior to the Northern levies. We have two very able and active generals, who possess our entire confidence—General Mansfield Lovell and Brigadier-General Ruggles. For commodore we have old Hollins—a Nelson in his way.

"We are ready to give the Yankees a hot reception when they come. I write you in a very sedate though confident mood. Around me all are mad with excitement and rage. Their only fear is that the Northern invaders may not appear. We have made such extensive preparations to receive them that it were vexatious if their 'invincible armada' escaped the fate we have in store for it."

To compare past and present impressions—the most instructive of all—it is impossible, said the much abused, but, at the time she wrote, perfectly veracious, Mrs. Trollope, not to feel considerable excitement and deep interest in almost every object that meets us on first touching the soil of a new continent. New Orleans presents very little that can gratify the eye of taste, but nevertheless there is much of novelty and interest for a newly arrived European. The large proportion of blacks seen in the streets, all labour being performed by them; the grace and beauty of the elegant Quadroons, the occasional groups of wild and savage-looking Indians, the unwonted aspect of the vegetation, the huge and turbid river, with its low and slimy shore, all help to afford that species of amusement which proceeds from looking at what we never saw before.

The town has much the appearance of a French ville de province, and is, in fact, an old French colony taken from Spain by France. The names of the streets are French, and the language about equally French and English. The market is handsome and well supplied, all produce being conveyed by the river. We



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were much pleased by the chant with which the Negro boatmen regulate and beguile their labour on the river; it consists of very few notes, but they are sweetly harmonious, and the negro voice is almost always rich and powerful.

By far the most agreeable hours I passed at New Orleans were those in which I explored with my children the forest near the town. It was our first walk in "the eternal forests of the western world," and we felt rather sublime and poetical. The trees, generally speaking, are much too close to be either large or well grown; and, moreover, their growth is often stunted by a parasitical plant, of which I could learn no other name than "Spanish moss;" it hangs gracefully from the boughs, converting the outline of all the trees it hangs upon into that of weeping willows. The chief beauty of the forest in this region is from the luxuriant under-growth of palmetos, which is decidedly the loveliest-coloured and most graceful plant I know. The pawpaw, too, is a splendid shrub, and in great abundance. We here, for the first time, saw the wild vine, which we afterwards found growing so profusely in every part of America, as naturally to suggest the idea that the natives ought to add wine to the numerous productions of their plenty-teeming soil. The strong pendant festoons made safe and commodious swings, which some of our party enjoyed, despite the sublime temperament above-mentioned.

Notwithstanding it was mid-winter when we were at New Orleans, the heat was much more than agreeable, and the attacks of the mosquitos incessant and most tormenting; and yet I suspect that, for a short time, we would rather have endured it, than not have seen oranges, green peas, and red pepper growing in the open air at Christmas. In one of our rambles we ventured to enter a garden, whose bright orange hedge attracted our attention; here we saw green peas fit for the table, and a fine crop of red pepper ripening in the sun. A young negress was employed on the steps of the house; that she was a slave made her an object of interest to us. She was the first slave we had ever spoken to, and I believe we all felt we could hardly address her with sufficient gentleness. She little dreamed, poor girl, what deep sympathy she excited; she answered us civilly and gaily, and seemed amused at our fancying there was something unusual in red pepper pods; she gave us several of them, and I felt fearful lest a hard mistress might blame her for it. How very childish does ignorance make us! and how very ignorant we are upon almost every subject, where hearsay evidence is all we can get!

I left England with feelings so strongly opposed to slavery, that it was not without pain I witnessed its effects around me. At the sight of every negro man, woman, or child that passed, my fancy wove some little romance of misery as belonging to each of them, since I have known more on the subject, and become better acquainted with their real situation in America, I have often smiled at recalling what I then felt.

The first symptom of American equality that I perceived, was my being introduced in form to a milliner; it was not at a boarding house, under the undistinct outline of "Miss C . . . .," nor in the street through the veil of a fashionable toilette, but in the very penetralia of her temple, standing behind her counter, giving laws to ribbon and to wire, and ushering caps and bonnets into existence. She was an English woman, and I was told that she possessed great intel-

lectual endowments, and much information; I really believe this was true. Her manner was easy and graceful, with a good deal of French tournure; and the gentleness with which her fine eyes and sweet voice directed the movements of a young female slave, was really touching: the way, too, in which she blended her French talk of modes with her customers, and her English talk of metaphysics with her friends, had a pretty air of indifference in it, that gave her a superiority with both.

I found with her the daughter of a judge, eminent, it was said, both for legal and literary ability, and I heard from many quarters, after I had left New Orleans, that the society of this lady was highly valued by all persons of talent. Yet were I, traveller like, to stop here, and set it down as a national peculiarity, or republican custom, that milliners took the lead in the best society, I should greatly falsify facts. I do not remember the same thing happening to me again, and this is one instance among a thousand, of the impression every circumstance makes on entering a new country, and of the propensity, so irresistible, to class all things, however accidental, as national and peculiar. On the other hand, however, it is certain that if similar anomalies are unfrequent in America, they are nearly impossible elsewhere.

In the shop of Miss C—— I was introduced to Mr. M'Clure, a venerable personage, of gentlemanlike appearance, who in the course of five minutes propounded as many axioms, as "Ignorance is the only devil." "Man makes his own existence;" and the like. He was of the Law Harmony school, or rather the New Harmony school was of him. He was a man of good fortune (a Scotchman, I believe), who, after living a tolerably gay life, had "conceived high thoughts, such as Lyncurgus loved, who bade flog the little Spartans," and determined to benefit the species, and immortalise himself, by founding a philosophical school at New Harmony. There was something in the hollow square legislations of Mr. Owen that struck him as admirable, and he seems, as far as I can understand, to have intended aiding his views by a sort of incipient hollow square drilling; teaching the young ideas of all he could catch, to shoot into parallelogramic form and order. This venerable philosopher, like all of his school that I ever heard of, loved better to originate lofty imaginings of faultless systems, than to watch their application to practice. With much liberality he purchased and conveyed to the wilderness a very noble collection of books and scientific instruments; but not finding among men one whose views were liberal and enlarged as his own, he selected a woman to put into action the machine he had organised. As his acquaintance with this lady had been of long standing, and, as it was said, very intimate, he felt sure that no violation of his rules would have place under her sway; they would act together as one being: he was to perform the functions of the soul, and will everything; she, those of the body, and perform everything.

The principal feature of the scheme was, that (the first liberal outfit of the institution having been furnished by Mr. M'Clure) the expense of keeping it up should be defrayed by the profits arising from the labours of the pupils, male and female, which was to be performed at stated intervals of each day, in regular rotation in learned study and scientific research. But unfortunately the soul of the system found the climate of Indiana uncongenial to its peculiar formation, and,

therefore, took its flight to Mexico, leaving the body to perform the operations of both, in whatever manner it liked best; and the body, being a French body, found no difficulty in setting actively to work without troubling the soul about it; and soon becoming conscious that the more simple was a machine, the more perfect were its operations, she threw out all that related to the intellectual part of the business (which, to do poor soul justice, it had laid great stress upon), and stirred herself as effectually as ever body did, to draw wealth from the thews and sinews of the youths they had collected. When last I heard of this philosophical establishment, she and a nephew-son were said to be reaping a golden harvest, as many of the lads had been sent from a distance by indigent parents, for gratuitous education, and possessed no means of leaving it.

Our stay in New Orleans was not long enough to permit our entering into society, but I was told that it contained two distinct sets of people, both celebrated, in their way, for their social meetings and elegant entertainments. The first of these is composed of Creole families, who are chiefly planters and merchants, with their wives and daughters; these meet together, eat together, and are very grand and aristocratic; each of their balls is a little Almack's, and every portly dame of the set is as exclusive in her principles as a lady patroness. The other set consists of the excluded but amiable Quadroons, and such of the gentlemen of the former class as can by any means escape from the high places, where pure Creole blood swells the veins at the bare mention of any being tainted in the remotest degree with the negro stain.

Of all the prejudices I have ever witnessed, this appears to me the most violent, and the most inveterate. Quadroon girls, the acknowledged daughters of wealthy American or Creole fathers, educated with all of style and accomplishments which money can procure at New Orleans, and with all the decorum that care and affection can give; exquisitely beautiful, graceful, gentle, and amiable, these are not admitted, nay, are not on any terms admissible, into the society of the Creole families of Louisiana. They cannot marry; that is to say, no ceremony can render an union with them legal or binding; yet such is the powerful effect of their very peculiar grace, beauty, and sweetness of manner, that unfortunately they perpetually become the objects of choice and affection. If the Creole ladies have privilege to exercise the awful power of repulsion, the gentle Quadroon has the sweet but dangerous vengeance of possessing that of attraction. The unions formed with this unfortunate race are said to be often lasting and happy, as far as any union can be so to which certain degree of disgrace is attached.

There is a French and an English theatre in the town; but we were too fresh from Europe to care much for either; or, indeed, for any other of the town delights of this city, and we soon became eager to commence our voyage up the Mississippi.

Miss Wright, then less known (though the author of more than one clever volume) than she has since become, was the companion of our voyage from Europe; and it was my purpose to have passed some months with her and her sister at the estate she had purchased at Tennessee. This lady, since become so celebrated as the advocate of opinions that make millions shudder, and some half-score admire, was, at the time of my leaving England with her, dedicated to a pursuit widely different from her subsequent occupations. Instead of

becoming a public orator in every town throughout America, she was about, as she said, to seclude herself for life in the deepest forests of the western world, that her fortune, her time, and her talents might be exclusively devoted to aid the cause of the suffering Africans. Her first object was to show that nature had made no difference between blacks and whites, excepting in complexion; and this she expected to prove by giving an education perfectly equal to a class of black and white children. Could this fact be once fully established, she conceived that the negro cause would stand on firmer ground than it had yet done, and the degraded rank which they have ever held amongst civilised nations would be proved to be a gross injustice.

This question of the mental equality, or inequality between us and the negro race, is one of great interest, and has certainly never yet been fairly tried; and I expected for my children and myself both pleasure and information from visiting her establishment, and watching the success of her experiment.

It is to be remarked, in connection with these liberal, humane, and enlightened views, to which Mrs. Trollope was willing to give a fair consideration, which is so much more than any white resident in the New World would concede to them, that Mr. Anthony Trollope has gone much further, for he says, "My theory—for I acknowledge to a theory—is this: that Providence has sent white men and black men to these regions (the intertropical lands and islands) in order that from them may spring a race fitted by intellect for civilisation; and fitted also by physical organisation for tropical labour. The negro in his primitive state is not, I think, fitted for the former; and the European white Creole is certainly not fitted for the latter.

Such views are not only borne out by every consideration connected with the subject, but it must not also be lost sight of that many ethnologists are of opinion that the white races, both Saxon and Celtic, deteriorate rapidly in the New World. Dr. Knox, for example, says, in his very original work on the *Races of Men* (p. 51), that, under the influence of climate, the Saxon decays in northern America, and he rears his offspring with difficulty. He has changed his continental locality, and a physiological law is against his naturalisation there. Were the supplies from Europe not incessant, he could not stand his ground. A real native American race, of pure Saxon blood, is a dream that never can be realised. Dr. Knox thus goes even further than Mr. Trollope; he does not believe that, the supplies being stopped, as was the case in Mexico and Florida, that, as Barton Smith foretold, the American whites would pass into Red Indians; or that, as Mr. A. Trollope hopes, and we hope with him, a mixed population may supplant an effete and impossible Saxon or Celtic stock; but he argues, from physiological proofs of deterioration, as shown in the loss of fat, and other symptoms of premature decay, that there will be extinction—never conversion!

#### IV.

IMPORTANCE OF NEW ORLEANS—GENERAL DESCRIPTION—PECULIAR AND PICTURESQUE ARCHITECTURE—PLACES OF REGRETATION AND AMUSEMENT—ORIGIN OF THE CITY—VARIOUS POPULATION—AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS—MARKET—LEVEES—PLACES OF WORSHIP—VALENT COMMERCE—PREVAILING DEMORALISATION—CLIMATE AND SEASONS—SLAVERY—THE MISSISSIPPI.

To turn to later and more detailed and satisfactory accounts of New Orleans, we must consult the pages

of Philippo and of Captain Hamilton. New Orleans, says the first able advocate of the cause of progress of what was at the time he wrote the United States of America, is the capital of the State of Louisiana, and is called "the Crescent City." It is situated on the banks of the Mississippi, about 100 miles from the mouth of the river, 1644 miles from New York by the shortest route, and is one of the most flourishing cities of the republic. As a commercial depot it is unrivalled, as are also the activity and bustle on the river and on the shore. It is built on a level bed of alluvium, on a surface that slightly dips southward, which was formerly a cypress swamp, and is at high water but from two to four feet above the surface of the river. The plain on which the city is built rises only nine feet above the level of the sea. Excavations are often made far below the level of the Gulf of Mexico. To prevent inundations, a high bank, called "the Levee," has been raised, extending along the city, and reaching a considerable distance beyond it, forming an extensive and pleasant promenade.

The city stands on the left bank of the river, being a tongue of land between the Mississippi and Lake Pontchartrain, into which great inland sea the waters of the Gulf of Mexico enter. It extends round the elbow of the stream, forming a curve nearly in the shape of a half-moon, and has from this latter circumstance received the designation of "the Crescent City," as intimated above.

The city is in the form of a parallelogram, extending a distance of five miles on a line parallel with the river, and may be said to be divided into two portions, French and Anglo-American, or, politically, into three municipalities.

It was originally formed of heavy-roofed, old French and Spanish houses, and the streets were laid out as nearly as possible at right angles, running the whole length and depth of this great city. They are still in general narrow, a style which was judged by the Spaniards, and not without reason, best adapted to a warm climate. But at the same time they are always filthy; their condition is an absolute nuisance, and in wet weather they are almost impassable. There are brick causeways (the *trottoirs* of the French), but the carriage-ways are left in a state of nature.

The houses are principally constructed of wood, and the architecture of the older sections of the city is Spanish. When Louisiana came into possession of the French, the original taste in building seems to have been retained and to have preponderated for a long time.

As a security against hurricanes, as is supposed, the houses in general are but one story high; they are ornamented with green verandahs and balconies, and the principal apartments open to the street. While, however, most of the houses are built of wood, and exhibit the architecture of an earlier day, there are edifices of greater pretensions covered with stucco, adorned with verandahs, centred in plots of garden-ground, half-hidden with oleanders, magnolias, palms, aloes, and the yucca gloriosa, which, added to the orange trees disposed in rows on each side, covered throughout almost the entire year with beautiful aromatic blossoms or brilliant fruit, and these again relieved by acacias and other flowering trees and shrubs, render the appearance of this part of the city truly beautiful and picturesque. The vine and various species of convolvulus grow wild on every

side; while the orange, the myrtle, and the arbutus, loading the air with perfume, are often mingled with red-blossomed aloes, the prickly cactus, and variegated hollies; together with all the varieties of rubiace, euphorbia, and legumes.

There is something in the general air and *tout ensemble*—the style of building, the mingling of the foliage, particularly that of the palm tree, with the quaint architecture—when seen through the vistas of the straiter streets, which calls up a confused remembrance of some of the best Spanish and French West India towns, though in some other respects they are greatly dissimilar, and more allied to towns in Flanders.

This quarter of the city is the residence of the Spanish and French part of the population. That occupied by the Anglo-Americans has but little attraction of any kind, being built in a plain, monotonous line, with but little embellishment from art or nature. The streets are wider, and the houses larger, higher, and the stores more capacious; but the internal superiority of the latter, as to comfort, has been attained at the expense of external effect.

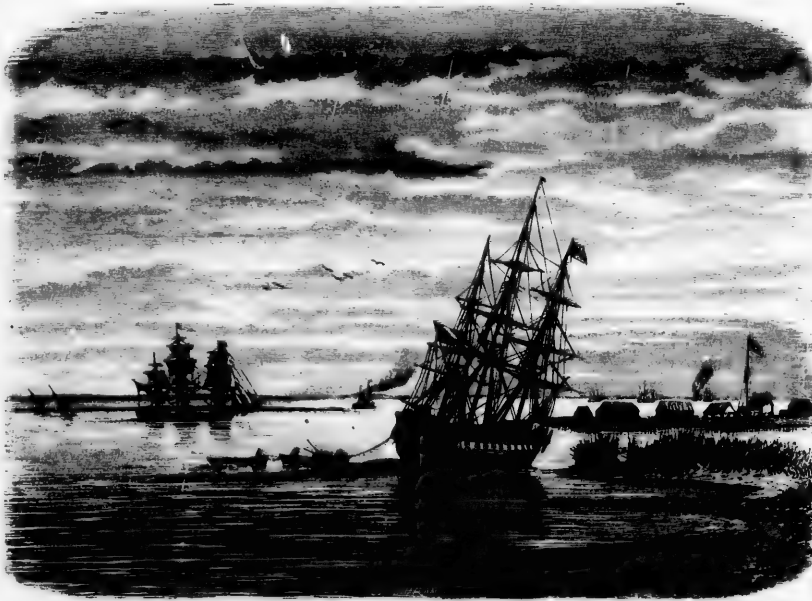
The city now contains a considerable number of public buildings, some of which, particularly the cathedral of the Roman Catholics, and the Charles's Hotel, are of very respectable architecture. Among those of the second class are the town-house, the churches and chapels, the military and general hospitals, the barracks, the custom-house, and the theatres.

One of the hotels, called Charles's Hotel, or the French Restaurant, the property, in whole or in part, of a Frenchman, is said to be the most splendid of its kind that is to be found in the Southern States, resembling in its exterior architecture the Pantheon at Rome. When at its full complement, five hundred and sixty persons dine there at the ordinary every day, three hundred and fifty of whom sleep in the house. There are one hundred and sixty servants, and seven French cooks. All the waiters are whites—Irish, English, French, German, and American. The proprietor or manager assembles them every day at noon, when they go through a regular drill, and rehearse the service of dinner. This magnificent building was finished in 1838, and cost 600,000 dollars. The gentlemen's dining-room is one hundred and twenty-nine feet by fifty feet, and is twenty-two feet high, having four ranges of tables capable of accommodating five hundred persons. The ladies' dining-room measures fifty-two feet by thirty-six. There are, altogether, three hundred and fifty rooms, which might be made to contain, with little inconvenience, between six and seven hundred people. The front consists of a projecting portico, supported by six fine Corinthian columns resting upon a rustic basement. The whole is surmounted by a large dome forty-six feet in diameter, and crowned by a beautiful Corinthian turret. This dome is the most conspicuous object in the whole city. Viewed at a distance, the whole building seems to stand in the same relation to New Orleans at St. Paul's to London. The furnishing of the establishment cost 150,000 dollars. The cooking at this mammoth hotel or boarding-house is performed by a steam-engine and other apparatus. The charge for board and lodging is three dollars per day; but there are others in New Orleans scarcely inferior in all the requisites for respectable inmates, where they could be accommodated for about, or even for less than half that amount.

There are several other hotels in the city of considerable size, but all conducted in a style far inferior to that of the French Restaurant.

There are in this city six public squares laid out with taste, filled with the luxuriant foliage of the south. Magnolias, myrtles, oleanders, jessamines, the fragrant clematis, with roses and flowering trees and shrubs of endless variety, flourishing, it may almost be said, in all the affluence and magnificence of the tropics; while here and there, from amid the masses of verdure, are seen towering the cypress, the ceiba, and the fig, some of them spreading their vast arms over the lower tribes of vegetation, and clothed with heavy draperies of parasite orchis, and innumerable other parasitic plants,

creeping from tree to tree, or flinging their long tendrils above a hundred feet from the ground. The most magnificent, as well as the most abundant, of all the trees here, is the live-oak, an evergreen, from the branches of which, as from the ceiba, are seen depending mosses and other boreals hanging down in rich festoons. These pendant, gray mosses upon the heavy branches, particularly when the trees have been planted with any regularity, produce an almost unimaginably picturesque effect. From all these circumstances, the city wears an appearance of comfort, and convenience, and beauty, seldom enjoyed amidst a dense population, and very unusual in American cities in general.



BALIZE, MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

New Orleans was originally founded by a small number of Spaniards in 1719, and in 1782 remained little more than a village, containing only about 4,000 inhabitants, being injured in its trade by the monopoly of the Spanish rule. In 1801 it was conceded to France, who allowed the Americans to use it as a place of deposit for marketable produce. Through the consummate policy of Jefferson, it was at length purchased by the United States Government for 15,000,000 dollars and thus became annexed to the Union, having its own provincial government, and sending its own representatives to the general Congress. At this period (1803), the population of the whole state numbered more than 8,000 souls, who were almost entirely French and Spanish.

The present population, considering the infancy of its existence under the government of America, is amazing, being now upwards of 100,000; and it continues to augment with such astonishing rapidity, as to justify the expectation of its becoming in a few years the greatest emporium of commerce in the whole of the New World, so admirably is its situation adapted to the purpose. As New York is called the London of the United States; and it must also be to the South what New York is to the North and centre of the Union. At the same time it has communication with New York and the more northern ports, both by the Atlantic sea board and by means of canals which connect Ohio with Lake Erie and Lake Erie with the Hudson; thereby

commanding a portion of the commerce of the whole Eastern and Western, as well as of the Northern and Southern States. Thus holding the keys of the whole West, and commanding the commerce of 20,000 miles of river navigation, as well as along the whole Atlantic coast, it has during the last few years leaped into prodigious activity and life. No longer since than 1812, the first steamboat arrived from Pittsburg, when the trade of the place commenced. Enterprise increased at a rate unprecedented. In twenty years it contained 50,000 inhabitants, and in ten succeeding years the population was doubled.

The cotton and sugar of Arkansas, Missouri, and Louisiana,—the grain of the vast fertile Western States,—the lead of Illinois,—the peltry of the Oregon,—with all their active trains of owners and supercargoes, pour into the city continuously during eight months of each year.

Enterprise and industry, stimulated to incredible activity by brilliant success, has thus been richly rewarded; whilst wealth and the means of subsistence naturally and speedily augmented the population. The inland trade has become immense; from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand flat boats, fifty or sixty steam-boats, and a vast mass of steam-vessels of extraordinary tonnage, may be seen as though constantly lying along its Levee. During the ten years between 1835 and 1844, the average receipts of duties at the custom-house were 905,196 dollars; and in the eight years from 1845 to 1852 inclusive, the average was 1,648,298 dollars. There has also been, as a consequence of the prosperity of New Orleans, a remarkable increase in the trade of the other Gulf ports, including Mobile, Pensacola, St. Mark, Apalachicola, and the ports of Texas. Nor must the fact be omitted as to the facilities of travelling, that the advantages afforded by the conveyance of passengers and goods, as also the comparative inexpensiveness of both, are immense. A passage from New Orleans to Louisville, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, is accomplished in four days, at the cost of a few dollars.

It may not be irrelevant to add, that those States have progressed most rapidly in which improvements in the accommodation afforded for traffic and locomotion have been most vigorously carried out. The only States, indeed, which show a decline in population are Missouri and one or two of the slave States, in which the formation of railroads and other public works and facilities of intercommunication have been neglected. The plantations of these States (as may be said of the Southern States generally), which once attested the operations of human skill and industry, will soon be nothing but a luxuriant wilderness, inhabited by the brutalised descendants of a race of slaves.

The varied character of the inhabitants of New Orleans, both in personal appearance and dress, adds greatly to the picturesque effect which the city presents to a stranger. The southern planter, with his broad-brimmed panama, or neatly plaited grass hat; the clean and neatly apparelled American native tradesman; the long-haired French creole, with his black tresses waving over his shoulders; the tall, dark Spaniard; the unpollished Irishman; the gaily clothed people of colour; with here and there Solaves, Chinamen, and Polynesians; and lastly the slave population—white, black, yellow, together with indigenous red men—exhibiting almost every variety of shade of colour, from the jet black through all conceivable

transitions to white almost as pure as that of Europeans. These are peculiarities culminated to create an interest in ethnological facts and disquisitions unknown in Europe; while probably no city in the world, in an equal number of human beings, presents greater contrasts of national manners and language.

In the two last respects, what assimilation exists is principally with the French. Many of the Creole ladies are really beautiful, both as to person and figure—light and graceful—with fine teeth, and eyes large, dark, and lustrous. The native ladies generally, however, are without energy, animation, or vivacity. Few of these can speak English, and still fewer of the slaves. The latter are said to speak the French language, but it is a kind of *patois*, unlike anything ever heard in France.

The proportion between the whites and men of mixed cast and blacks is nearly equal. As a nation the French, among the whites, are considered the most numerous and wealthy; next, the Anglo-American; and thirdly, the natives of the British islands. There are but few Spaniards and Portuguese in New Orleans; but Italians, with individuals of all the civilised nations of Europe, are scattered among the population.

The principal agricultural products are sugar-cane, maize, rice, cotton, indigo, and tobacco, with various textile and oleaginous plants, wines, and tropical fruits. Taking into consideration the amazing variety of the produce, together with the great diversity of the character and dress of the populace as here exhibited on a market day, a more curious spectacle can hardly be conceived. Domestic animals, many of them of novel descriptions to a stranger, together with both European and tropical fruits and vegetables of great variety and of almost all kinds, are seen here in the greatest profusion. Parrots of diverse size and plumage; various beautifully coloured birds in cages; gigantic herons; wild ducks and geese, of all sizes and colours; pigeons, owls; with squirrels, white and gray; fish of indescribable varieties and colours, such as are never seen in European waters; together with cray, and other varieties of shell-fish, equally new and indescribable, are here found *ad infinitum*.

The Levee outside the market is crowded with itinerant vendors of many races—English, Irish, Germans, Spanish, Negroes, and Indians—exhibiting all their characteristic phases of manners, customs, and language, and surrounded by symbols of the products of their own labour.

The market here, as always within the tropics, is opened with the earliest dawn of day, and may be considered as over by seven or eight o'clock in the morning. The meat is killed during the preceding night, and brought to the stalls in a state that may be properly termed yet warm with life. Even with this necessary, though disagreeable haste, unless it be cooked almost immediately, it will, during the hottest weather, turn green and putrify in the course of a few hours. At any time, as in the West Indies, to purchase more than is needful for the day's consumption is useless, as all beyond what is necessary for the day is wasted. It will be easily conceived, therefore, that economical housewives, as in some places in England, though for other reasons, have often to test their ingenuity to devise the most ingenious dinners which will not leave any cold perishable viands for the following day.

Although there are numerous places of religious worship in New Orleans, belonging to different religious



denominations, whose pulpits are mostly occupied by pious and respectable ministers of the gospel, yet such is the influence of slavery and other related circumstances in a city so rapidly formed, and of such diverse and rude materials, that in morals and religion, as well as in the virtues and accomplishments of social life, it presents on the whole a very different picture to the cities of the North.

There are some benevolent institutions and schools in the city; but they are not numerous, and but a few are in a healthy, flourishing condition. The schools, however, are said to have recently improved, teachers, both male and female, having come hither from the North-eastern States, bringing with them that educational life, and benevolence, and energy, which so evidently distinguished the descendants of the sturdy Puritans.

Institutions for higher intellectual and moral culture appear to be in little demand. There are no ennobling artistic enjoyments here. New Orleans is beyond everything else a business and trading city. The object of all appears to be to amass wealth, and to retire with it to a more congenial atmosphere and home. They have bound the negro slave, and the negro slave has bound them—preventing them from developing education, and every good institution that gives strength and greatness to a nation; if it has not obliterated the affections that are necessary to constitute a home.

And the chief causes of the prevailing demoralisation it is as little difficult to conjecture. It is traceable to the same source; it arises, principally, there can be little doubt, from the existence and operation of slavery, as the state of society is in some respects similar in almost all the Southern States where this enormity exists.

Such a result is perfectly natural; as slavery, by presenting human nature in a state of moral debasement, and affording constant opportunities for the exercise of uncontrolled dominion, must lead insensibly to impatience of contradiction and irritability of temper—to a frequent display, indeed, of all the worst passions of the depraved heart.

Neither their sickly climate, nor their familiarity with sudden death, nor their mild landscapes, have softened the spirits of the slave-holders, or lulled their nervous irritability. "The whole commerce between master and slave," says Mr. Jefferson, himself a slaveholder, "is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism, on one part, and of degrading submission on the other. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of the smaller slaves, gives a loose to his worst of passions; and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances."

Duelling is awfully prevalent in New Orleans. Only a few years since, several persons called "gentlemen" arrived at Natchez, from Alexandria, in Louisiana, to settle some personal differences long standing by personal combat. Two of them had a duel, and were about leaving the ground unharmed when others arrived and insisted on a renewal of the fight. A desperate contest ensued, during which two of the number were killed, and two dangerously wounded. And such occurrences are common along the whole shores of the

Mississippi, and in all the States where the influence of slavery is felt, as well as at New Orleans. Bowie knives and pistols constitute a part of the equipment of those who frequent the gambling hells with which the city of New Orleans abounds. The state of society in regard to the last-named atrocities may be in some degree conceived by the following announcement in a late American paper:—"For the first time in the annals of Louisiana a duellist has been convicted of manslaughter. The case was a very horrible one, the combatants having fought with knives; but the jury recommended the culprit to mercy."

That sacred day which is set apart in other States of the Union for the rest of the body and the refreshment of the soul, is here shamefully dishonoured and profaned. With multitudes, especially the Catholics, Sunday is the great day for amusements of all kinds. Shops are open,—the markets display unusual attractions,—and the sounds of merriment and music are heard in every street. In the morning, a very considerable part of the population are seen at mass, and the cathedral is crowded with people of all colours in their best and gayest attire; but in the after parts of the day and in the evening, their time and attention are transferred to the occupations of worldly pleasure, or they are found in the pandemoniums of profligacy and dissipation. It is, however, but just to say, that a stranger may learn something from the great difference exhibited between the Catholics and Protestants in their treatment of slaves and poor in their places of public worship.

Vice, in every form which a diabolical invention can devise, is become habitual to a large portion of the community, especially in the dregs of the French and American population which here find a refuge. Every degree of profligacy is exhibited that is degrading to the individual and injurious to society.

Unwholesome as are the material elements by which the atmosphere is tempered, New Orleans contains a malaria yet more dreadful than its swamps, tainting and poisoning the whole social state and inner life.

The feelings prevalent among what are termed the higher or more aristocratic portion of the community, in points of violated morality, resemble those formerly current in the fashionable world in Europe, only being less fastidious. The stigma attached to profligacy and licentiousness is so slight, that often people do not hesitate to accuse one another of laxity of conduct on the most fallacious grounds; and the utmost purity of life and correctness of manners sometimes prove insufficient to secure even a female from being suspected of errors and levities which are alike repugnant to her principles and to her inclinations.

Although situated so near the glowing line, the seasons in Louisiana admit of spring and summer as in Europe; but the winter seasons are much milder. The nights are uniformly temperate. Droughts are common, and thunder-storms and rains are frequent and excessive. The advantages of New Orleans, as to climate, are great. At some seasons of the year it is delicious, but its disadvantages are proportionate to its benefits, for the district is awfully subject to yellow fever and other infectious diseases. Sometimes the whole city appears under the influence of the former dreadful epidemic. At no season of the year is it healthy. The exhalations from the Mississippi, as well as from the vast swamp by which it is surrounded, taint the atmosphere continually. The various

different seasons is only in degree, while on every inundation, when the river runs to a higher level than the town, the putrid swamp is ever ready to ooze through the thin layer of rank soil above it, and thus spread infection on every hand.

The rainy seasons, it may be supposed, as is the case generally within the tropics, are the most sickly of the year, from the abundance of the exhalations, which then form a kind of faint vaporous bath, from which only those who live in apartments the highest from the ground are least in danger, the atmosphere growing gradually clearer and purer in proportion to the ascent.

This awful scourge, the yellow fever, however, though partially caused by the malaria of the swampy ground on which the city stands, and the frequent inundations occasioned by the bursting of the Levee, or embankments, is not so much attributable to these causes as to the intemperance that prevails, to the quality of the food that is consumed, and to the want of cleanliness, on the part of the lower classes, both as to houses and persons. "An effectual remedy of these evils," says an eminent medical practitioner of the city, "is cleanliness, which would contribute more to secure cities and countries in general from pestilence than all the quarantine regulations that were ever framed."

From what has thus been said, it must not be supposed that New Orleans, morally and physically, is without any redeeming features. It is neither without its natural attractions, as a place of residence, nor destitute of the charms of social life. Amidst much that is forbidding and corrupt in general society, there is much that may be pronounced refined and unexceptionable. There are many elements of good in real, powerful, practical operation in the public mind; and evil influences decrease in proportion to the wealth and numerical strength possessed by the resident north-eastern Anglo-American.

One of the most interesting objects to be seen in New Orleans by an European stranger is the public cemetery, situated about two miles and a half from the city, where the dead are buried in water, or in tombs above the ground, the tombs and graves consisting of whole streets and squares. It appears like what it really is, "a place to bury strangers in," strongly contrasting with the cemeteries of the other States—"no trees, no grass-plots, no fountains, nothing green, no flowers, nothing which testifies of life, of memory, of love. All is dead, stony, desolate, and no background, except the clear blue heaven."

The most revolting spectacles beheld in New Orleans are the slave auctions. They occur every day in the City Exchange, and the man who wants an excuse for his misanthropy will nowhere discover better reason for hating and despising his species than at this spectacle of fiends in the shape of humanity.

"God of Goodness! God of Justice!" exclaimed a spectator of some recent tragedy perpetrated in the heart of this city, "there must be a future state to redress the wrongs of this, or I am almost tempted to say there must be no future state and no God."

"Mothers of New England!"—I will add, mothers of England! of Jamaica!—"Christians and philanthropists of every sex and name, teach your children to hate slavery, to pity its victims! Never cease your prayers nor your efforts until the blighting curse is driven from the world!"

"While almost every country in the civilized world

can respond to the proud boast of the English common law, 'that the moment a slave sets his foot on her soil he is free,'" says an enlightened, right-hearted American traveller in Europe, "I do not hesitate to say that slavery stands as a dark blot on our nation-character. That it will not admit of any palliation; it stands in glaring contrast with the spirit of free institutions; it belies our words and our hearts; and the American who would be most prompt to refute any calumny upon his country withers under this reproach, and writes with mortification when the taunt is hurled at the otherwise stainless flag of the free republic."

Even some planters speak of it as a noxious exhalation, with which the whole atmosphere is poisoned, and that the fear is that it will only be eradicated by some terrible convulsion—that the sword is already suspended. By the perpetuity of this unnatural and revolting system Americans lay under the imputation of being petty despots and tyrants, who "call that freedom when themselves are free." In their conduct with regard to slavery they deny the first principles of republicanism, and descend to the morals of common filibusterers, pirates, or buccanners. Slavery involves the slave trade, and the slave trade, under the laws of civilised nations, involves piracy.

As if in mockery of the unhappy victims of this accursed system, and really in condemnation of the hypocrisy of the perpetrators of the atrocities that system produces, often in the very purlieus of the inhuman auction-mart, where floats the "star-spangled banner," as well as from the shipping in the harbour—wafted to every part of the city by the evening breeze—is heard the loud chorus of the national song, "The land of the Brave and the land of the Free!"

But let us turn from these depressing features of the scene before us, and consider the brightest parts of the picture. And foremost amongst these is that parent of commerce and wealth to New Orleans—the magnificent Mississippi.

The flow of a noble stream is at all times an interesting object; but when its banks are occupied by long ranges of imposing and handsome buildings, shaded by palm-groves, and enlivened by boats and vessels of all descriptions, with all the other signs of a vast and prosperous traffic, the *coup d'œil* formed by such a combination can hardly fail of producing a very animated picture: and such is the view of the Mississippi from anyone of the many points upon its banks from whence a spectator can command the whole space occupied by the city. A more vivid scene, indeed, can hardly be conceived than that presented by the forest of masts and steamboats that crowd the crescent outline of New Orleans.

Below the city, towards the Gulf of Mexico, a vast forest extends on either side as far as the eye can reach, opened here and there by the axe of the settler, where the scene is enlivened by the happy-looking rustic homesteads, and the more village-like establishments of the planter. Still farther on, the river disembogues itself into the Gulf of Mexico, through three mouths, or "passes," as they are called by sailors, which throw a wide and deep volume of fresh water far into the ocean, wholly untainted by the saline matter of the heavier fluid through which it flows. The whole extent between these passes is occupied with islands and shoals, on which countless pelicans assemble, and monstrous alligators disport themselves.

The river at New Orleans is about eight or nine

hundred yards, or three quarters of a mile broad, increasing rather than diminishing towards Louisville. Its greatest depth is twenty-three fathoms; the general velocity of the current has been estimated at about two nautical miles per hour. The navigation of the river is difficult and dangerous, owing to the perpetual shifting of the sands, and the vast and ever-increasing accumulation of islands formed by trees and earthy deposits brought down by the stream. Sometimes large islands entirely disappear; at other times they attach themselves to the main land; or, rather, the intervals are filled up by myriads of logs and masses of coral cemented together with mud and rubbish.

About eighteen miles from St. Louis, and four miles below the city, the Missouri and Mississippi rivers blend their giant currents, forming a mighty confluence; and for several miles down the stream of the latter, can be seen on one side the dark, pulpy, yellowish, muddy, angry waves of the Missouri, and on the other, the pure crystal waters of the Upper Mississippi, both having swept alternately through beautiful meadows, ancient hoary lime-stone bluffs, marshes, and deep forests, swelled in their advancing march by the beautiful waters of the Ohio, and the tributaries of a hundred minor streams.

These gigantic rivers flow side by side for a considerable distance without entirely commingling, until, at last, the earth-laden tide from the far-west gains the mastery, and thence united in one wide, dark, turbid, and perpetual torrent, the "Father of Waters" rolls his accumulated floods in lonely majesty through the deltas formed by the diluvium of his own waters to the Gulf of Mexico, and thence far onward into the Atlantic Ocean.

No thinking mind can contemplate this mighty and restless swollen current, as if bearing away the superfluous waters of the world, sweeping, in proud course from point to point, curving round its bends of leagues in extent, rolling in silence through the dark forests, watering a tract of country containing millions of square miles, extending from the cold climate of Canada to the sunny regions of the tropics,—no one,

I repeat, can contemplate this vast phenomenon of nature, without feeling that he has before him one of the most striking instances of the sublime that the whole world affords.

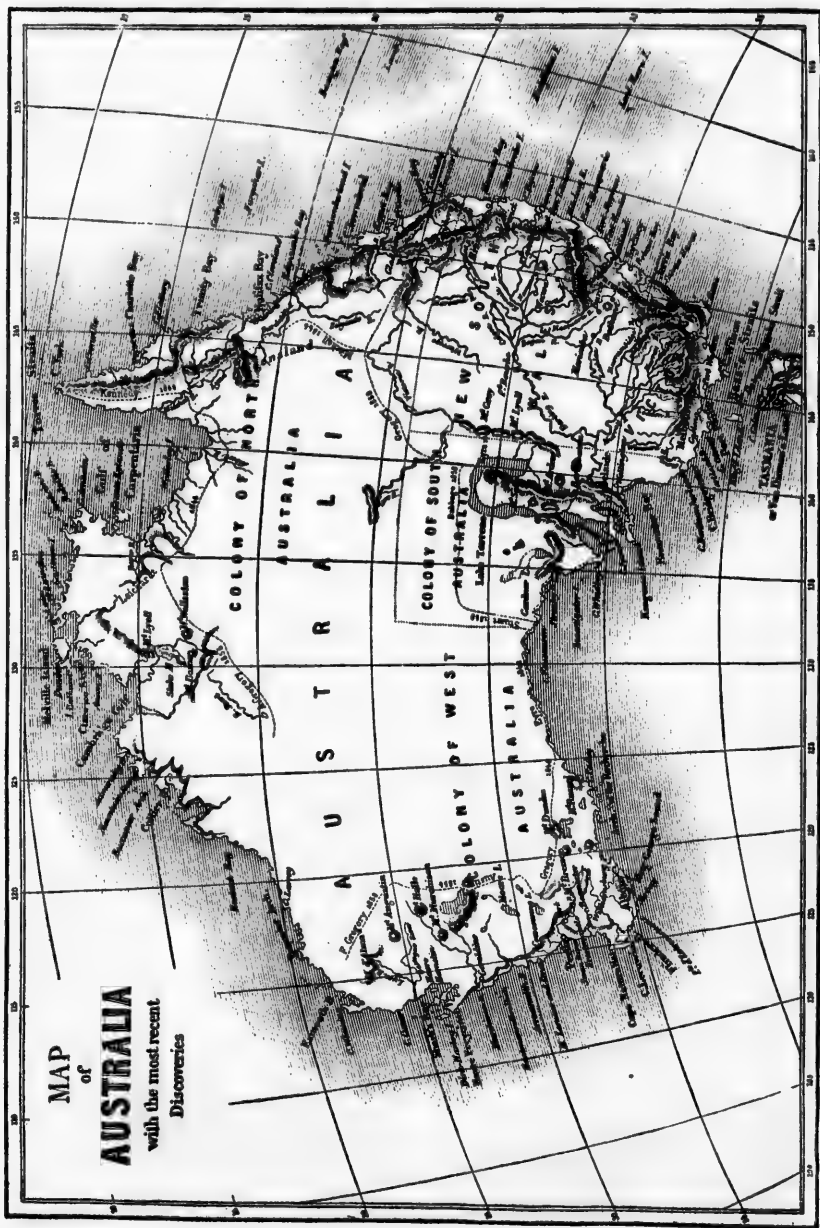
This vast river, which in its greatest extent for navigation, is eleven hundred miles in length—a traveller from its primal source of more than three thousand one hundred and sixty miles—that is, more than two-thirds of the diameter of the globe—nine hundred yards in medial breadth, and draining a far larger tract of country than any other river on our globe, is estimated at one million square miles in surface, and, in one feature, resembles the Nile of the Old World, as it rises periodically, and then suddenly inundates the whole vast magnificent valley through which it flows. It further opens a maritime communication with all the fertile countries through which it passes, and even, as already intimated, with Lake Erie and the Hudson—reaching Lake Erie by the Ohio, and the Hudson by canals.

"It has been the fashion of travellers," says Captain Hamilton, "to talk of the scenery of the Mississippi as wanting in grandeur and sublimity. Most certainly it has neither; but there is no scenery on earth more striking. The dreary and pestilential solitudes, untrodden save by the foot of the Indian; the absence of all living objects, save the huge alligators which float past, apparently asleep on the drift-wood, and an occasional vulture, attracted by its impure prey on the surface of the waters; the trees with a long and hideous drapery of pendent moss floating on the wind, and the giant river rolling onward the vast volume of its dark and turbid waters through the wilderness, forming the features of the most dismal and impressive landscape on which the eye of man ever rested. Rocks and mountains are fine things, undoubtedly, but they could add nothing to the sublimity of the Mississippi.

"Pelion might be piled on Ossa, Alps on Andes, and still, to the perceptions and heart of the spectator, the Mississippi would be alone. It could brook no rival, and it could find none."



ISLAND OF MONTERRAT, WEST INDIES.



# AUSTRALIA.

## I.

**FIRST SETTLEMENTS IN AUSTRALIA—SYDNEY IN OLDEN TIMES—A CONVICT ESTABLISHMENT—BOTANY BAY—PARAMATTA—VINEYARDS—EARLY ATTEMPTS AND FAILURES TO CROSS THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.**

THE first English establishment in Australia dates from the year 1788. In less than seventy-four years the European population alone has increased to upwards of a million. Although it has now been satisfactorily determined that the Portuguese discovered lands in the sixteenth century, which, from their position in old M.S. maps, must have been Australia, and that previous to the discoveries of the Dutch circum-navigators, our great navigator, Cook, was really the first to discover, examine, and describe large portions of the coast of this vast continent, and notoriously the sea-board of New South Wales.

After remaining for a long time among the "*terre reculée*" of the world, this vast region, the interior of which was at first believed to be a great inland sea or marsh, and is now supposed by some to be a worthless desert, notwithstanding that Providence seems, with a few exceptional cases, to abhor such things, as much as it does a vacuum, now offers to the world the glorious spectacle of five great British colonies or separate governments on its eastern, southern, western and northern shores; and whilst it pours forth on the old countries of Europe a shower of mineral wealth, far exceeding in amount anything hitherto recorded in the history of mankind, from the south it holds out promises of supplying a large proportion of, with iron, the chief materials of our manufacturing industry—wool and cotton—the latter more especially from the new colony of Queensland.

In 1787, the British government had determined to form an establishment in Australia, in order "to empty the gaols and houses of correction; to transplant the criminals to a place where, by labour, with moral and religious instruction, their conduct may be reformed; to afford, at the same time, an asylum for free emigrants; and to provide a present relief and future benefit to the mother country."

With these objects in view, Captain Arthur Philip, of the Royal Navy, sailed from Portsmouth, May 13th, 1787, with eleven ships, intending to settle the colony at Botany Bay, where he arrived January 20th, 1788. Botany Bay, however, was found to be by no means an eligible harbour, being open to the easterly winds, which, whenever they blow violently, roll in a heavy sea from the Pacific; besides that, the land which Sir Joseph Banks had represented as a series of beautiful meadows, was found to be nothing but swamps and sand.

Captain Philip sailed immediately in search of a more suitable place of settlement, and fixed, in a few days, on the locality of the shores of Sydney Cove, in the Bay of Port Jackson. This harbour is said to have derived its name from a sailor of the name of

Jackson, who first discovered the entrance between the two headlands; and the name of Sydney was given to the new town in honour of Lord Sydney, who was a Lord of the Admiralty at the time when Captain Philip settled the colony on its present site. Such is the origin, only seventy-three years ago, of what is now one of the great cities of the earth!

It will be not uninteresting, in connection with the rapid progress of the colony, as also with the history of the progress of discovery in the interior, to introduce here a picture of New South Wales, as presented to us by the French Naturalist, Peron, in 1802, that is to say, only fourteen years after its settlement. The expedition of which Peron was a member had been several days abreast of Port Jackson, decimated by scurvy, and without being able, owing to the extreme weakness of the crew, to navigate the vessel into the harbour. How great then, says Peron, was the general joy when, on the 20th, we distinguished a large English boat making towards us! We learnt, from the officer by whom it was commanded, that we had been seen from different parts of the coast by persons on the look-out for three days before; and that the governor, rightly imagining by our manoeuvres that we were in the most pressing need of succour, had expedited this boat, with a pilot and the men necessary to conduct us into port. There, thanks to this powerful assistance, we speedily found ourselves at anchor.

Our arrival at Port Jackson, M. Peron goes on to say, could then be no subject of wonder; but how much reason had we for astonishment on beholding the flourishing state of this singular and distant colony. The beauty of the port was the admiration of every one. "From an entrance," says Commodore Phillips, nor is there any exaggeration in this description, "from an entrance not more than two miles broad, Port Jackson widens gradually into a great basin, with sufficient depth of water for the largest ships, and spacious enough to contain, in perfect safety, all that could ever be collected here, nay, a thousand sail of the line could manoeuvre in it with the greatest ease. It stretches inland about thirteen miles in a western direction, and contains at least a hundred small creeks, formed by very narrow tongues of land, which furnish excellent shelter from all winds. For spaciousness and safety, Port Jackson is incontestably one of the finest ports in the world."

About the middle of this magnificent harbour, and on the shore of one of its principal coves on the southern side, rises the town of Sydney, the capital of the county of Cumberland, and all the English colonies in Australasia. Built on the slope of two neighbouring hills, and traversed lengthwise by a small rivulet, this rising town has a pleasing and picturesque appearance. To the right, and on the northern point of Sydney Cove, is seen the Signal Battery, built on a rock of difficult access; six pieces of cannon, protected by a trench of turf, cross the fire of another battery, and thus defend, in a most efficacious manner, the approach

to the town and its peculiar port. Beyond, the large buildings of the hospital present themselves, capable of containing two or three hundred sick: among these buildings, that especially is worthy of notice, of which all the pieces, fashioned in Europe, were brought in the vessels of Commodore Phillips, and which, a few days after his arrival, was in a state to receive all the sick he had on board. On this same side of the town, on the sea shore, is a very handsome warehouse, close to which the largest vessels come to discharge their cargoes. In different private dock-yards, small craft, and brigs of various tonnage, are on the stocks, intended for the internal or exterior commerce of the colony: these vessels, of from 30 to 300 tons burthen, are exclusively constructed of country timber, their masts even being the produce of the Austral forests. The discovery of the strait which separates New Holland from Diemen's Land, was effected by a simple whale-boat, commanded by M. Bass, surgeon of the ship *Reliance*. Consecrated, as I may say, by this grand discovery, this bold navigation, M. Bass's boat is preserved in this port with a kind of religious respect. Snuff-boxes made of its keel are relics, of which the possessors are as proud as they are careful, and the governor himself imagined he could not make a more respectful present to our chief than a piece of wood from this boat set in a large silver etui, round which were engraven the particulars of the discovery of Bass's Strait.

Vessels belonging to individuals unload at the dock, called the hospital: beyond the hospital, and on a line with it, is the prison, in which are several cells capable of containing from 150 to 200 prisoners; it is surrounded by a lofty and strong wall, and protected night and day by a strong guard. At a little distance thence is the warehouse for wines, spirits, salt provisions, and other similar articles; fronting is the parade, where the garrison every morning muster to the sound of a numerous and well appointed band belonging to the regiment of New South Wales. The whole of the western side of the square is occupied by the house of the lieutenant-governor, behind which is a vast garden, equally interesting to the philosopher and the naturalist, on account of the great number of useful vegetables transported thither from all quarters of the globe by its present respectable proprietor, M. Paterson, member of the Royal Society of London, and a distinguished traveller. Between the house and the magazine of which I am speaking, is the public school: there are instructed in the principles of religion, morality and virtue, those young girls, the hopes of the growing colony, whose parents, of nature too corrupt or too poor, could not themselves educate with sufficient care; there, under respectable tutoresses, they have at an early age inculcated into them to know, respect, and cherish the duties of a good mother.

At the rear of the house of the lieutenant-governor, in a very large warehouse, are deposited all the dry provisions and flour belonging to the government: this is a sort of public granary, especially designed for the maintenance of the troops, and those who receive their subsistence from the state. Along the whole extent of the principal square, called Sydney-square, are the barracks, in front of which are several pieces of field artillery: the buildings containing the apartments of the officers, form the lateral parts of this square, and the powder-magazine is in the middle. Near this spot, in a small house belonging to an individual, the

chief civil and military officers are accustomed to assemble; it is a kind of coffee-house maintained by general subscription, in which different games are played, especially billiards.

Behind the parade rises a large square tower which serves as an observatory for such of the English officers as study astronomy: at the foot of this tower are laid the foundations of the church, of which it is intended for the belfry; but a structure of this description, exacting a large expense, many hands, and much time, the governors have hitherto neglected to prosecute it, preferring the formation of those establishments more immediately indispensable for the existence and prosperity of the colony. Till the church shall be completed, divine service is performed in one of the halls of the large wheat magazine belonging to government. Two handsome wind-mills on the summit of the western hill terminate on this side the series of the principal public buildings.

On the small rivulet that runs through the town, at the time we were there, was a wooden bridge, which, by means of a substantial causeway occupied as I may say, the bottom of the valley, through which the stream flows.<sup>1</sup> We shall cross this bridge, in order to take a cursory view of the eastern portion of Sydney town.

At the eastern point of the cove is a second battery, the fire of which, as we have before observed, crosses that of the signal battery. On the shore, proceeding towards the town, small salt-ponds are seen, at which some Americans, settled for this purpose at Port Jackson ever since 1795, manufacture by evaporation part of the salt employed in the colony. Beyond, and towards the bottom of the port, is the dock called Government Dock, on account of its being exclusively appropriated for the vessels of government. Between this dock and the salt-ponds, is the careening place for shipping. The wharf naturally slopes in such a manner that, without any labour or expense on the part of the English, the largest vessels can be laid up without danger.

Near the Government Dock are three public magazines: in one are stowed all articles requisite for domestic use, such as potter's-ware, furniture, utensils of all kinds, the kitchen, &c. farming instruments, &c., &c. The number of articles is truly immense, and the mode of delivery is marked by wisdom and liberality. On these distant shores, in fact, European merchandize bears such an extravagant price, that it would have been next to impossible for the populace here to procure those articles indispensable for obtaining the first wants of life; the English government, to remedy this, delivers from its plentiful stock whatever is required, at stated prices, some even inferior to those given for the same articles in Europe. But, in order to prevent the speculations of greedy men, and dilapidation, no one can receive any thing from these stores without an order specifying what is to be delivered to him. In a neighbouring store-house are kept different clothing, as well for the troops as convicts; here also is store of sail-cloth and cordage for the government

<sup>1</sup> This wooden bridge has been removed since our leaving Sydney town to make room for a new stone bridge; at the same time a water-mill has been constructed at this spot by government, and strong sluices have been made, as well to keep back the fresh water, as to restrain the incursion of the tide which used to flow a considerable distance up the valley.



ships. The last of the three edifices is a public work-house, where the female convicts and prisoners are kept at labour.

Behind these warehouses stands the governor's house, built in the Italian style, surrounded by a colonnade equally simple and elegant, and having in front a very beautiful plantation which slopes down to the sea-shore; already in this plantation are combined a great variety of trees; the pine of Norfolk Island, and the superb columbia, rise by the side of the bamboo of Asia; farther on, the orange of Portugal and the fig of the Canaries ripen beneath the shade of the apple-tree from the banks of the River; the cherry, peach, pear, and apricot are confounded with the banksia, metrosideros, cornus, melastomus, casuarinas, eucalypti, and a number

of other indigenous trees. Beyond the government garden, and on the back of a neighbouring hill, is the windmill, slaughter-house, and ovens belonging to Government; the last especially designed for baking of sea-biscuit, and capable of furnishing daily from 1,500 to 1,800 lbs. Not far from a neighbouring cove, at a spot called by the natives Wallamoola (now a suburb of Sydney), is the charming dwelling of the commissary-general of Government, Mr. Palmer: the grounds are watered by a rivulet of fresh water, which falls into the extremity of a cove that forms a very safe and commodious port. Here it is that Mr. Palmer causes those small vessels to be built he employs in the whale and seal fishery off New Zealand, and in Bass's Strait. The neighbouring brick-ground, like-



SOUTH AUSTRALIAN NATIVES.

wise, furnishes a considerable number of tiles, bricks, and square tiles for the public and private buildings of the colony.

At a little distance to the south of Sydney Town, on the left of the high road to Paramatta, are the remains of the first gallows raised in New Holland. Driven from its site, as I may say, by the spreading of the house, this gallows has been replaced by another in the same direction, contiguous to the village of Brick Field. This village, composed of about two score houses, has several manufactories of tiles, pottery, Fuenza ware, &c.; its position is pleasing, and the neighbouring lands, less sterile than the vicinage of Sydney Cove, repay with greater interest the various culture introduced into these distant climates. The great road to Paramatta passes through the middle of

Brick Field, which also is crossed by a small rivulet before its fall into the extremity of a neighbouring cove. Between this village and Sydney Town is the public burial-ground, already remarkable for some very large tombs, executed in a style much superior to what could be expected from the state of the arts in the colony, and the recency of its foundation.

A variety of objects equally interesting at the same time presented themselves before us. In the port we saw several vessels recently arrived from different quarters of the world, the majority of them destined for new and hazardous voyages. Here, from the banks of the Thames or the Shannon, some about to proceed to the foggy shores of New Zealand, and others, after landing the freight consigned by the government of England for the colony, about to sail for the Yellow

River of China; some laden with coal intended for the Cape of Good Hope and India; many of smaller build ready to depart for Bass's Strait, to collect the furs and skins obtained there by men left on the different islands to take the amphibii who make them their resort. Other vessels again of greater burthen and strength, and well armed, were intended for the western shores of America, deeply laden with merchandize, for a contraband trade with the inhabitants of Peru. Here again one was equipping for the rich traffic in furs on the north-west coast of America; there all was bustle to fit out store-ships for the Navigators, Friendly, and Society Islands, to bring back to the colony the exquisite salt pork of those islands. At the same instant

the intrepid Flinders, after effecting a junction with his consort, the Lady Nelson, was preparing to resume his grand voyage round New Holland, a voyage afterwards terminated by the greatest disasters. Already the road to Port Jackson had become familiar to the Americans, and their flag was incessantly flying in this port throughout the whole course of our stay.

This assemblage of grand operations, this constant movement of the shipping, impressed on these shores a character of importance and activity which we were far from expecting in a country so lately known to Europe, and the interest it excited increased our admiration.

Nor less was the population of the colony a subject



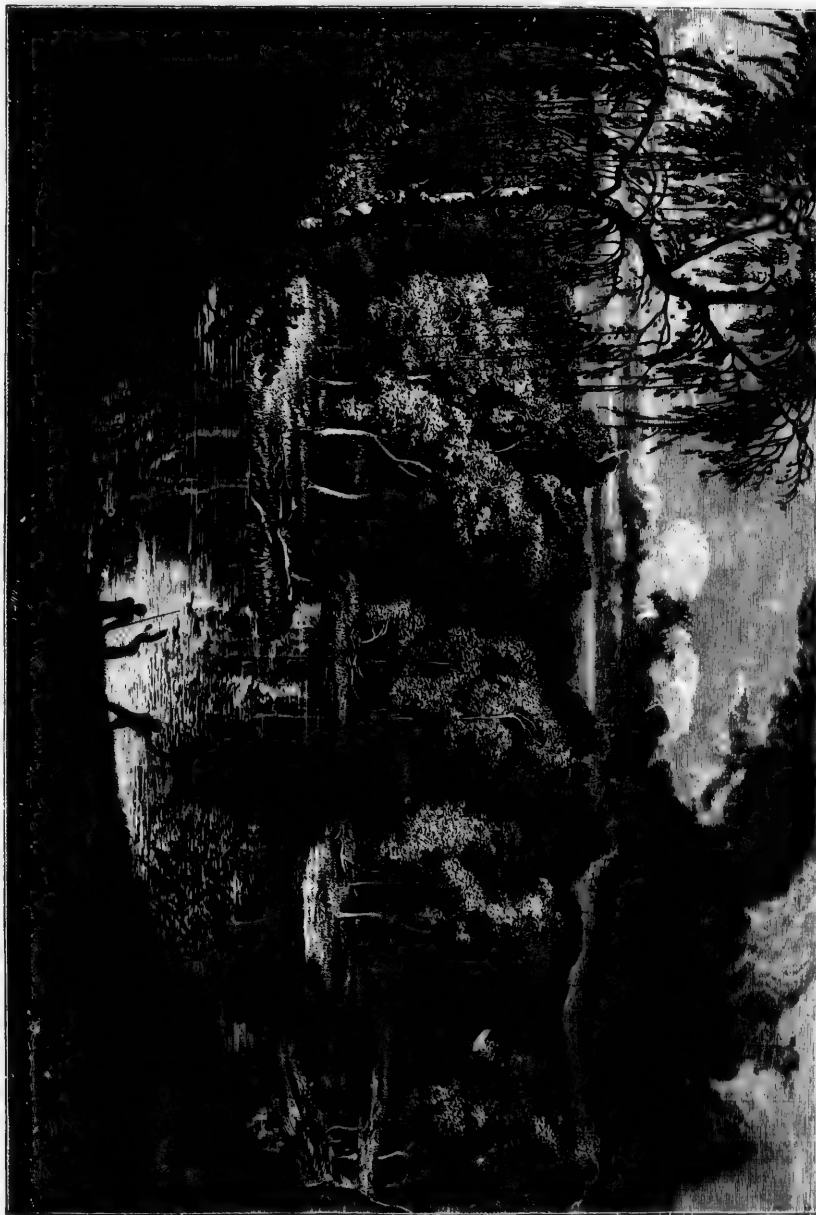
REMAINS OF AN AUSTRALIAN EXPLORER.

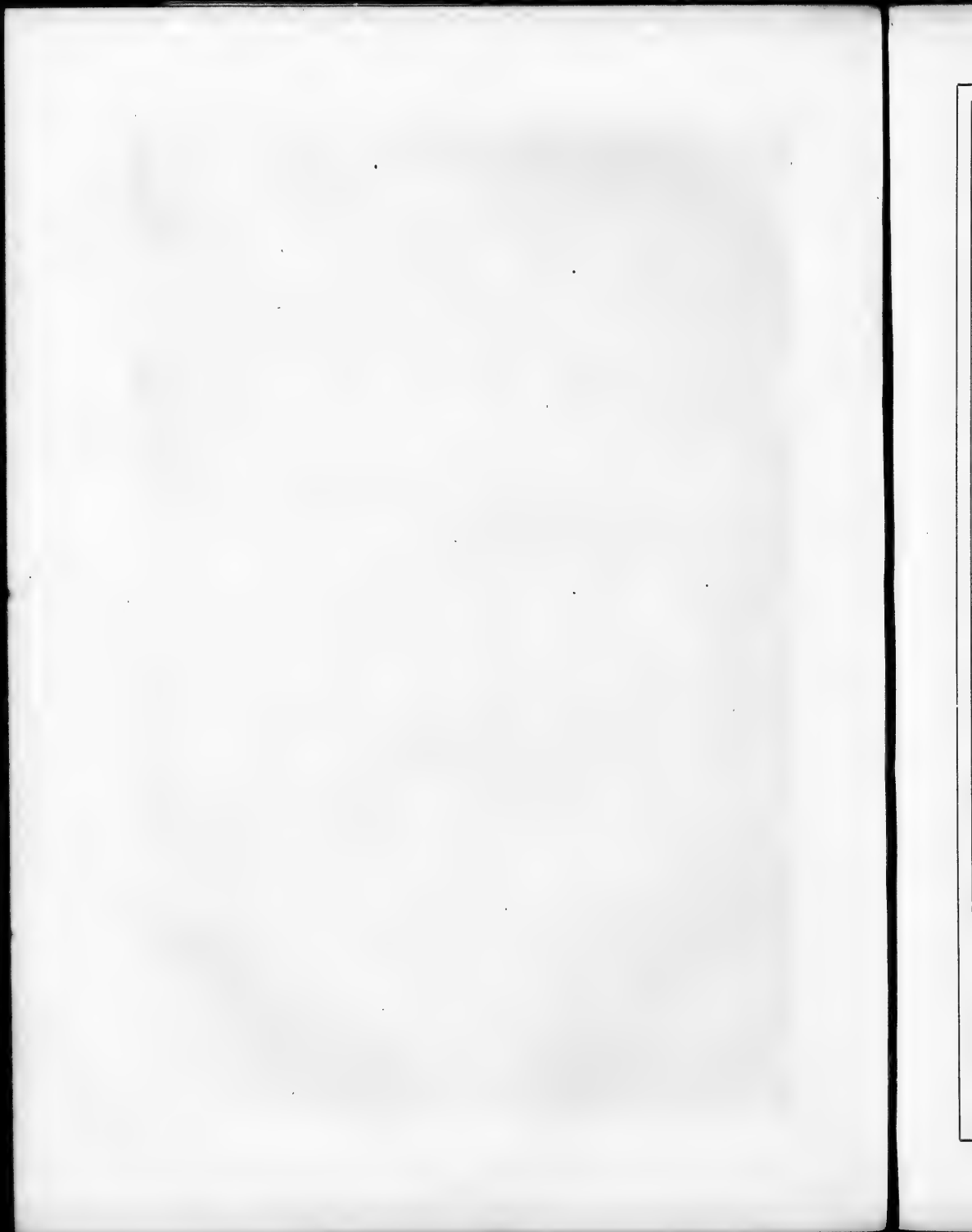
with us for wonder and meditation. Never, perhaps, was a more worthy subject presented for the study of the statesman or philosopher; never, perhaps, has the happy influence of social institutions been evinced in a more striking or honourable manner, than in these distant shores. Here those formidable pests, so long the terror of their country, are found collected together: outcasts from European society, banished to the extremity of the globe, and from the first instant of their exile placed between the certainty of punishment and the hope of a happier fate, constantly under a vigilance as inflexible as active, they have been fain to renounce their anti-social habits. The majority, after having expiated their crimes by a rigorous slavery, have entered again into the rank of citizens.

Forced to become interested in the maintenance of order and justice, to maintain the property they have acquired; and become almost at the same instant husbands and fathers, they are bound to their present condition by the most powerful as by the dearest of ties.

A broad and commodious road runs from Sydney road to Botany Bay; all the intermediate country is arid, sandy, apparently unadapted to any species of culture, and consequently is destitute of any European dwellings. The ground, after rising into the lofty hill, at the foot of which is Mr. Palmer's seat, slopes into a sandy plain extending to the marshy banks of Cook's River. Different species of hakea, styphelia, eucalyptus, banksia, embrothrum, and casuarina, spring up

SCENE ON THE RIVER MORNAU.





among the sands; and large plots are exclusively covered with the xanthorrea, whose gigantic ears sprout at the height of seven to nine feet from the ground. In the distance rises the smoke of different fires; they are those of the unfortunate hordes who dwell on these gloomy shores.

On approaching Botany Bay the ground gradually declines, and sinks at length into dangerous marshes, formed by the salt water of Cook River northward, and that of the river St. George towards the south. These marshes are of such vast extent, and sometimes so deep, as in different parts to be impassable towards the sea. On the margin of them, and along the banks of both the rivers mentioned, vegetation is exceedingly flourishing; thousands of trees of different kinds, and numerous shrubs crowded together, have an enchanting appearance, and present such a show of fertility, that Captain Cook and his illustrious companions themselves were deceived by it. Much, indeed, is wanting in this celebrated bay to justify those hopes conceived of it from their brilliant description. Choked by large sand-banks, and open to the east and south winds, it is not itself safe on all occasions; while the marshy quality of the neighbourhood renders it at once insalubrious and unfit for general cultivation. Hence Commodore Phillips, after surveying Port Jackson, speedily abandoned Botany Bay; and from that time no other establishment has been preserved there than a kiln for burning lime, which is supplied by shells found on this coast in great abundance.

About twenty-five miles west of Sydney Cove is the town of Rose Hill, or Paramatta; this I early visited. A high road leads from Sydney Town to Paramatta: without being paved it is handsome, and well kept, and in almost every part is wide enough to admit three carriages abreast: bridges have been thrown over those spots necessary, and the progress of the traveller meets with no impediment. Cut through the middle of those vast forests so long respected by the axe, this high road presents to view an immense avenue of trees and verdure. Beneath these tufted shades a grateful coolness reigns perpetually; and their silent quietude is alone disturbed by the cries and frolics of shining parroquets, and the other airy inhabitants of the forest.

The country of Rose Hill is almost generally flat, being chequered only by a few gentle risings. Proportionally to the distance from the sea it becomes less sterile, and the vegetable reign presents more varied produce. In some places there are larger intervals between the trees; here a very slender and odoriferous herbage carpets the surface with verdure. Amid these pastures it is those numerous flocks of sheep are reared. The mild temperature of these climates, and the peculiar and pleasing fragrance of the chief part of their food have proved so congenial to these valuable animals, that the finest races of Spain and England alike succeed; nor have they to dread the ravage of the wolf, for neither wolves nor any obnoxious animal whatever exist in the country to molest them. Already, it is said, does the wool of these antarctic flocks exceed the rich fleece of the Asturias, and the English manufacturers pay for it a higher price than for Spanish wool.

On the way, at intervals, the forest opens, and lands of various extent, redeemed from shades, are seen brought into culture; the traveller distinguishes comfortable dwellings, shielded by umbrageous and elegant trees: he contemplates with much emotion these new

fields, on which the slender gramina of the north rise on the wreck of the mighty eucalyptus; and sees delighted so far from their native plains the most useful animals of his cherished home. Here the large dew-lapped bull bounds with a vigour exceeding even that of its famous Irish sire; the cow, more fecund in these less chilly climes, yields milk in larger portions than what she does in ours; the English horse here shows an equal strength and equal spirit with that on the banks of the Thames; while the hog of Europe is improved by numerous crosses with that of the South Seas, which surpasses it in shape, in lard, and flesh. Neither have all kinds of poultry succeeded less than larger animals, the farm-yards swarming with numerous varieties of turkeys, geese, fowl, ducks, pheasants, &c., many of which are preferable to the finest in Europe.

Still more is the traveller interested on visiting the interior of the houses. Beneath these rural sheds, in the midst of deepest forests, dwell now in peace those men whose lawless life was formerly the dread of Europe, men familiarized with and living but by crimes, to whose atrocities there seemed to be no end but that which punishment and death should put: here dwelt swindlers, thieves, and knaves of all descriptions, worthless vermin which seem to multiply the more, the more society improves: all these wretches, the refuse and dishonour of their country, by the most inconceivable of metamorphoses become laborious husbandmen and peaceful and happy subjects. In fact, murder or robbery are things unheard of in the colony, where in these respects the most perfect safety reigns. Happy effect of the laws, equally rigid and beneficent, by which it is governed.

The more at our ease to enjoy this interesting scene, M. Bellefin and myself frequently entered their rural abodes. Everywhere we met with the most obliging welcome; and as we noticed the tender care of the mothers for their children, and considered that, but a few years before these same women, void of every tender and delicate feeling, were nothing but abandoned prostitutes, this unusual revolution in their moral conduct gave origin to reflections of the most gentle and philanthropic nature.

At length we came within sight of Paramatta, situated in the middle of a pleasant plain, on a cognominal river, which admits the navigation of boats thus high. This town, of less extent than Sydney Town, consists of 180 houses, which form a very large street parallel with the river, and cut at right angles by an inferior one, terminated at one end by a stone bridge and at the other end by the church. This last edifice, the structure of which is mean and heavy, was not yet completed when we visited the town; and the progress towards its completion is slow, as the governors of the colony, with reason, consider other necessary works of greater importance; hospitals for example, prisons, workhouses, clearing of land, the saltery, ship-building, &c., on which, in preference, the convicts and funds of the colony are chiefly employed.

At one of the extremities of the great street of Paramatta are barracks, capable of receiving from 250 to 300 infantry; they are built of brick in shape of a horse-shoe, and embrace a large space, kept in excellent order, and well covered with sand, where the troops parade. The force at this time at Paramatta consisted of 120 men of the regiment of New South Wales, under the command of Captain Piper.

The entire population of Paramatta, comprehending the garrison and inhabitants of the neighbouring farms, almost the whole of whom are addicted to agriculture, tending cattle, and a few mechanical employments, may be computed at from 1400 to 1500. Here is a well-appointed hospital, of which Mr. D'Arcy Wentworth is chief physician, a tolerably strong prison, a workhouse for female convicts, a public school for girls, &c. This town is moreover the residence of a justice of the peace for the county of Cumberland, and is intended to be the principal seat of the civil administration of the colony, Sydney continuing to be that for what may relate to navigation, commerce, and war.

Towards the western extremity of the main street of Paramatta is Rose-hill, whence the town first received its name; but that of Paramatta, given by the natives to this part of the country, generally prevails, even among the English themselves. The whole eastern part of Rose-hill presents an extremely gentle slope towards the town, on which is the garden of government. There interesting experiments for the naturalisation of exotics are pursued with ardour; and there are collected the most remarkable indigenous plants, intended to enrich the royal gardens at Kew; thence also have been imported into England those which it has latterly acquired, and which have proved such valuable acquisitions to the botanical works of that country. A well-informed botanist, Mr. Cayley, sent from Europe, has the superintendence of the garden; and the learned Colonel Paterson, to whom New South Wales is indebted for this establishment, has constantly taken great interest in its improvement.

The side of Rose-hill opposite to Paramatta is steep, and forms a large crescent, which at first sight might be taken for the effect of human labour. At the foot of this singular hill runs a stream, of little consequence in general, but which, at the period of inundations, so frequent and so terrible in these climates, is swollen so as greatly to damage the neighbouring plantations.

On the summit of Rose-hill stands the government house of Paramatta; it is simple, elegant, and well planned, but receives its chief recommendation from its site, which commands the town, its meadows, the neighbouring woods, and the river. This house is commonly uninhabited; but its apartments and furniture are so contrived that as often as the governor and lieutenant-governor come to Paramatta they can be commodiously accommodated, as well as their families and suite.

To add an additional charm to such a beautiful site, the English governors planted here the first vineyards formed in the colony: if the vine had succeeded on the back of the crescent which I have noticed, the government house would then have been surrounded on this point by a rich amphitheatre of clusters of grape and verdure; but experience unfortunately has proved that the site was the least adapted of any that could have been chosen for this species of culture, for a portion of the hill is exposed to the north-west winds, the most dreaded of any in this part of New Holland.

Taught by experience and the remonstrance of the vine-dressers, Governor King at length resolved to transport the vines to a part of the country selected by these men, which seemed likely to answer the most sanguine expectations.

The apparently slight elevation of the Blue Moun-

tains, and their uniformity, not allowing the English at first to suspect the difficulty of exploring them, they were satisfied, in the infancy of the colony, with sending a few men to scale their summits. At the same epoch several convicts, seeking to free themselves from slavery, endeavoured to pass this formidable barrier: some of these died in the undertaking, and the others were constrained to abandon the scheme of enfranchisement.

It was not until the month of December, 1789, that the government itself resolved on attempting their exploration. With this view, Lieutenant Dawes was dispatched with a considerable detachment of troops, and a stock of provisions for ten days; but after much fatigue and many hazards he returned to Port Jackson without having been able to penetrate more than nine miles into the interior of the mountains. According to his account his progress was stopped by impassable ravines and chains of very lofty rocks, exceedingly steep and precipitous.

Eight months after the expedition of Lieutenant Dawes, that is to say, in the month of August, 1790, Captain Tench himself set out with a very strong escort of soldiers, and all the articles requisite for renewing the attempt of passing these mountains; but Captain Tench was not more fortunate than his predecessor.

Discouraged by the want of success, the English government suffered three years to elapse without making any new attempt; and if some few expeditions, equally fruitless, made for the purpose by individuals, be excepted, nothing was effected in the interval towards the exploration of the Western country. The celebrated Mr. Paterson at length projected an expedition to the Blue Mountains, and in 1793, he set out, with every appliance necessary for the success of the enterprise. A strong escort of hardy Scotch Highlanders accompanied him, as also a party of natives to serve as guides. Still the obstacles and difficulties met with rendered null all the preparations made, and Mr. Paterson was not more fortunate than the previous adventurers. After discovering the River Grose, which falls into the Hawkesbury above Richmond-hill, he advanced farther into the country the space of about ten miles, ascending several cataracts, one of which ran at the rate of from ten to twelve miles in the hour. Shortly after, navigation became impracticable; one of the two boats sunk, and the other grounded on some trunks of trees which obstructed the course of the river. In vain did the party continue to advance; the number of cataracts increased, one of them falling from a perpendicular height of 400 feet; frightful precipices surrounded them on all sides; one ridge of mountains surmounted served but to show others, still increasing in aridity, and in difficulty to scale: at length it became necessary to return. In front of the spot which the party reached was a very large peak, denominated Harrington Peak by Colonel Paterson. On this excursion it was that the colonists had their first communication with the Ba-dia-Gal, a singular people, who live in the vicinage of the Hawkesbury River, and who differ from the natives of Port Jackson and those of Botany Bay in manners, language, mode of life, and, above all, in a singularly remarkable characteristic of their physical conformation: all the individuals of this race have their arms and thighs disproportionately long with respect to the body.

A year had not yet elapsed before other adventurers scaled these mountains. The individual who attempted



the desperate undertaking of passing them, was the quartermaster of the *Sirius*, one Hacking, an intrepid and spirited man, who was accompanied by others of equally determined character. Ten days were employed by this party in seeking a pass: their efforts were not altogether misspent; they penetrated about twenty miles farther than those by whom they had been preceded, but ultimately were forced to return. Beyond the different peaks discovered by Hacking, the mountains presented still additional tiers, which he deemed even more difficult to surmount than those he had passed; from north to south they formed an immense bulwark, and were frightfully arid. The interior peaks consisted of a reddish freestone of ferruginous nature. Among these mountains but one savage was distinguished, who, at the sight of the English, fled with precipitation; the only species of quadruped seen was a sort of red kangaroo, hitherto unknown to naturalists, and which will doubtless form one of the most curious species of this genus of animals so remarkable in its form and habits.

Among the most interesting characters of this Austral colony must be placed Mr. Bass, surgeon of the *Reliance*, who, in a slight whale-boat, dared to venture on an unknown sea, and discovered the famous strait to which his name was affixed by public gratitude. This extraordinary personage was also solicitous of attempting to pass the Blue Mountains, and in the month of June, 1796, set off for the purpose, accompanied by a small number of men, on whose courage and skill he could depend. Never in an attempt of this kind was greater hardihood displayed. With his feet and hands armed with iron hooks, Mr. Bass several times climbed the most steep and horrible mountains. Repeatedly stopped by precipices, he caused himself to be let down them with cords. Great as this zeal, it was unproductive of any beneficial result; and after fifteen days of fatigue and danger, Mr. Bass returned to Sydney, confirming further by his failure the impracticability of penetrating beyond these singular mountains. From the summit of a very elevated peak, which he ascended, Mr. Bass discovered before him, at the distance of forty or fifty miles, another chain of mountains of a superior elevation to any of those he had hitherto passed, and the intermediate space presented obstacles and dangers equally with those in his rear. In this perilous excursion the party suffered exceedingly from thirst, their provision of water being expended, and no means of recruiting it being found in these wild mountains. "When," said Mr. Bass to me, "we by chance discovered any moist earth or mud in the crevices of rocks, we applied our handkerchiefs to the surface, and sucked as forcibly as possible in order to imbibe the remaining moisture."

Such, to the period of our arrival at Port Jackson, had been the result of the different efforts to pass the Blue Mountains. Tired of the expense and fruitlessness of the enterprise, the English government for some years ceased to regard it as a matter of any consequence. My companions and myself, however, succeeded in persuading Governor King, towards the close of our stay, that it is to say, in October, 1802, to issue orders for a renewal of the undertaking. The direction of the expedition was confided to M. Borellier, a French emigrant, an engineer belonging to the colony, and aide-de-camp to the governor. I was myself anxious to accompany this party, but Mr. King did not conceive himself justified in extending his com-

plaisance so far as to grant me permission. To the different precautions used on anterior expeditions, was superadded the ingenious plan of stationing small posts at various intervals, increasing in number in proportion to the advance into the interior of the mountains, and thus forming an active chain of communication between the advancing party and the nearest English establishment. The same fate which attended the others awaited the attempt of M. Borellier; it does not even appear that he was able to penetrate so far as some of his predecessors. From this wearisome excursion he brought back only a small number of specimens of freestone, similar to that of the sea-shore, and of the intervening space between it and the mountains.

What is more singular in the history of these mountains, the natives of this country know as little of them as the Europeans. All agree in the impossibility of clearing this western barrier; and what they relate of the country beyond proves it to be utterly unknown to them. There, say they, is an immense lake, on the banks of which are inhabitants fair as the English, dressed like them, and like them building stone houses and large towns.

## II.

A ROAD CARRIED ACROSS THE BLUE MOUNTAINS—DISCOVERY OF BATHURST DOWNS AND OF THE MACQUARIE AND LACHLAN RIVERS—OXLEY'S EXPLORATION OF THE LACHLAN—AUSTRALIAN STEPPES—OXLEY'S EXPLORATION OF THE MACQUARIE—BRISBANE DOWNS AND THE MOREMBIDIDGE—MESSRS. HOVELL AND HUME'S JOURNEY FROM SYDNEY TO PORT PHILLIP—MR. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM'S EXPLORATION OF DARLING DOWNS AND PEARL'S PLAINS—MORETON BAY AND BRISBANE RIVER—CAPTAIN STURT'S EXPLORATION OF THE MACQUARIE AND DARLING RIVERS—SECOND EXPEDITION TO THE MOREMBIDIDGE—DISCOVERY OF THE MURRAY.

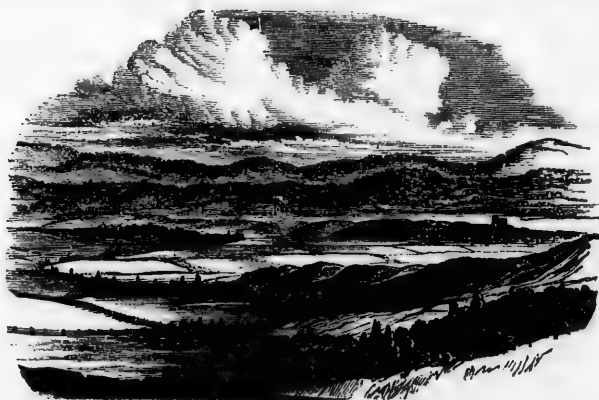
A PERIOD of twenty-five years passed away without any information being gained as to the breadth of the Blue Mountain ranges westerly, or the aspect of the country beyond them. At length, in 1813, the colonists were visited by a most distressing season of drought, in which the country, from the sea-coast to the base of the hills, was burnt up—the secondary water-courses entirely failed, and the cattle of the colonists, hemmed in on all sides, died in great numbers for want of pasturage. Out of evil how often does good arise!—for these most distressing circumstances were the means of opening the country, and saving the colonists. Three enterprising individuals, Messrs. Blaxland, Wentworth, and Lawson, were induced, at this period, to unite and employ their best exertions and experience in making one other attempt to penetrate through that chain of mountains, which had been considered, for so many years, an impregnable barrier. With this determination they ascended the mountains near the Grose River (a tributary to the Hawkesbury), and by keeping steadily in view, that, which no preceding explorer had ever once thought of, namely, the fall of the waters into the Warragumba on the one side, and into the Grose on the other, they maintained their position on a main range, which although, from its intricate windings, it oftentimes obliged them to follow a course opposite to that which they had intended to pursue, nevertheless enabled them, by adhering to it closely, eventually to penetrate to a distance of twenty-five geographical miles, due west, from the Nepean River, to a terminating point in those mountains. After having traversed a bleak and dreary waste, by a route exceeding fifty miles in length,

it may be readily conceived with what joy these laborious travellers beheld, from the rugged brow of this precipice, a grassy, well-watered vale, which appeared to extend some miles to the westward,—a failure of provisions, however, obliged the party to retrace their steps back to the colony. On this occasion, their example being followed up by Mr. W. Evans, Assistant Surveyor, by order of the Government, that fine pastoral country, the Downs of Bathurst, and the Rivers Macquarie and Lachlan, were shortly afterwards discovered. (See below.) During the following year (1814) a practicable line of road was constructed, by convict-labour, over mountain-ridges, which in some parts have been since ascertained to be three thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea; and thus was thrown open that extensive range of sheep and cattle pasturage, which has since been of such immense value to the colony.

The encouraging results which attended this enterprise, naturally suggested the propriety of sending an

expedition to explore the newly-discovered streams, which, although they were nearly eighty miles asunder at the points where they were first met, it was nevertheless expected would be found to unite in the interior, and become a river of considerable magnitude, running to the sea. The late Surveyor-General, Mr. Oxley, was accordingly dispatched, in the winter of 1817, to trace, in the first place, the course of the Lachlan; and, Mr. Allan Cunningham having just arrived in the colony, he most gladly accepted an invitation to join, under so able and intelligent an officer, the first expedition which was undertaken for the purpose of exploring the interior of the Australian continent.

The River Lachlan, as will be remembered, was followed by the party through a flat inhospitable country, and so far from its forming a junction with the Macquarie, it was found not to receive even a single tributary stream in any part of its long and tortuous course, which, with great patience and perseverance, Mr. Oxley explored beyond the westernmost range of



BATHURST PLAINS IN 1852.

hills to an interior, a dead level, forming a chain of plains, which appeared alone bounded by the horizon—their ample surface bearing the very evident proofs of being, in seasons of continued rains, extensively inundated. This termination of the labours of the expedition, westerly, occurred in longitude  $144^{\circ}$  E.; and during the stay of the party at that remote station, besides the many astronomical observations which were taken to determine its position, the rising amplitude was observed, as at sea, which gave  $7^{\circ} 25'$  easterly variation. Of the extent of those vast levels the party could form no just idea.

With a reduced stock of provisions, and at a distance of more than four hundred miles inland from the colony, Mr. Oxley commenced his journey homeward, little thinking, that could he have penetrated but twenty miles further to the south-west, he would have arrived at the Murrumbidgee River, at that time not known in any part of its course, and only recently ascertained (though long supposed) to receive the drainings of the Lachlan Marshes. It may here be worthy of remark, that, in retracing their steps over

those wet unhealthy levels to the hills which skirted them on their eastern side, Mr. Oxley and his party repeatedly witnessed, in the morning before the sun had risen many degrees above the horizon, the singular appearance of the *mirage*, or the extraordinary effect of refraction upon those unbounded plains. After a march of six days, the travellers regained the rising grounds, and crossing the Lachlan with some difficulty, by means of a raft, they quitted that turbid stream altogether, which had become suddenly swollen by floods from the eastward. The party now shaped a more northern course homewards than they otherwise would have done, in hopes of meeting with the long-lost Macquarie River, which they had not seen since they quitted Bathurst, the downs of which it waters. All travellers, in exploring new tracts of country, are subjected more or less to sudden vicissitudes: in this expedition to trace the source of the Lachlan, these were numerous, and oftentimes of a distressing character. The simple mention of one of these changes, arising out of the circumstance of the country, may here suffice. Five weeks were employed in traversing those

steppes over which the waters of the Lachlan are dispersed, and on no one occasion during that period did the party meet with a dry spot on which to encamp at the close of the day. On the contrary, comfortable as it really was, still, having been for some time accustomed to accommodate themselves to circumstances, they cheerfully sought repose from the fatigues of the day upon any part of those wet plains where exhaustion, and the approaching night, had obliged them to halt.

On leaving the right bank of the Lachlan, however, Mr. Oxley entered on a country in point of character the very reverse of that which he had recently quitted. For nearly a hundred miles the expedition had to encounter those privations which are inevitable in a tract of country, where, from extreme sterility, neither water nor pas'urage for the horses could occasionally be found; and where the surface, although somewhat elevated above the low plains which the travellers had just left, being, for a considerable extent, of a light, red, sandy soil, was only capable of producing a scrubby vegetation, alone interesting to the botanist. At length, however, upon passing to the eastward of those arid regions, they reached a better country, and one that improved daily as they advanced. Hills lightly wooded, and grassy to their very summits appeared before them: these were found to furnish springs, which formed small rivulets in the adjoining valleys, in one of which, of considerable extent and romantic appearance, to which the name of Wellington was given, they found with no small satisfaction, a river flowing silently to the north-west. This was the Macquarie, so long the object of their search. The discovery of this river, at a distance of one hundred miles to the north-west of Bathurst, in a measure recompensed the travellers for all their toils on the Lachlan; and Mr. Oxley's report of it to the local government, inducing the hope that it would, when increased by other tributary streams, find its way to the sea, a new expedition was directed, in the winter of the following year, to explore it downwards from Wellington Valley.

Great expectations were entertained from this second expedition, and the disappointment, therefore, was severe, when the Macquarie was traced to a low marshy interior, in a north-westerly direction; where the hills again disappeared, and the country becoming perfectly level, the flooded river eluded further pursuit, by spreading its waters far and wide, between the compass-points of north-west and north-east. This expanse of shoal-water our indefatigable Surveyor-General explored in a boat, amidst reeds of such height, that having at last totally lost sight of land and trees, he was obliged to return to the party which he had left encamped on Mount Harris—a detached hill on the river's bank, elevated about two hundred feet above the plane of the neighbouring flats. Having thus followed the Macquarie also to a reedy morass, of apparently unbounded extent, beyond which (in a westerly direction) it was, at that period, perfectly impossible to penetrate, Mr. Oxley determined, with such means as he had at command, to prosecute his discoveries easterly, in the parallel  $31^{\circ} 18'$ , in which latitude his examination of the river had terminated. In that most arduous portion of his journey, he encountered numerous difficulties, before he was fully enabled to emerge from the marshes, to firmer and more elevated grounds. In his progress easterly, Liverpool Plains, and a hilly, picturesque, and well-watered country were discovered, and he reached the

coast at Port Macquarie, in  $31\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  south latitude; from which the expedition returned southerly along shore to Port Jackson. Highly important to the colony as were these acquisitions to its geographical knowledge, still the result of the last researches, respecting the termination of the Macquarie, seem, for a time, to have damped the ardour of the colonial government for further discoveries in the interior.

This open country, which was named, upon its discovery, Brisbane Downs, the travellers learnt from a tribe of natives was called in aboriginal language Monaroo; and its extent was described by the Indians as very considerable.

The elevation of Brisbane Downs, above the seashore (distant from them to the eastward about seventy miles), although it has never been measured, cannot be less than two thousand feet; and as they are in higher latitude than other portions of land, within the present boundaries of the colony, the climate may probably be found more congenial to the growth of wool and the constitution of sheep than that of those extensive tracts of pastoral country from which the colonists are annually obtaining so many thousand fleeces for the English market. The mean height of any one point of the great Warragong Chain, which appears to extend without interruption to Wilson's Promontory (the southernmost extremity of the Australian continent), has not yet been determined. That portion, however, of what may be called the backbone of the country, is, probably, of greater elevation above the level of the ocean than any other range of mountains along the eastern coast, either within or beyond the tropic, since its summit is not simply covered with snow during the winter months, but has been seen perfectly white at other seasons of the year.

At the same time that these important geographical researches were carrying on in the southern parts of the colony, Mr. Allan Cunningham was occupied with a party in the elevated country on the north of Bathurst, in which direction, at a distance of fifty miles from that settlement, the Cudgegong, a tributary to the Macquarie, had been previously discovered, and stock stations erected on its banks.

In his excursion through that mountainous country, Mr. Cunningham succeeded not only in effecting a clear well-defined route for the grazier to Liverpool Plains from Bathurst, but also in bringing the settlers of the latter district in direct communication with those farmers who had taken their lands on Hunter's River.

The year 1824 had nearly passed away without the smallest addition being made to the knowledge already acquired of the interior country to the south of Port Jackson. Towards its close, however, Messrs. Hovell and Hume, two enterprising agriculturists (and the latter a native of the colony, possessing a considerable local knowledge), undertook a journey in a south-westerly direction from Argyle, with the design of

The principal summit of that range, which was named at the time Mount Lindsey, was ascertained to be four thousand seven hundred and fifty feet above the plane of the country on which it stood, and the spot encamped on; and this latter was found, by the means of several barometrical observations, to be nine hundred and fifty-three feet above the shores of Moreton Bay: thus making the mean height of Mount Lindsey five thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea,—an elevation by far the most considerable that has been measured and ascended by Europeans in that country.

reaching the sea-coast near Bass' Straît, and of ascertaining the nature of the intermediate country, of which the colonists, at that time, knew absolutely nothing. In their outfit for such an arduous excursion, the colonial government afforded but a partial assistance. Their more perfect equipment was derived from their own farms; and the results therefore of their tour claimed for them, very justly, the greater share of merit. Our travellers took their departure from a stock-station near Lake George, with the intention of pursuing a direct course to the south-west. This line of route, however, led them into great and insurmountable difficulties, for they soon found themselves entangled in a range of mountains connected with those of the Morumbidgee, through which they could not possibly penetrate. They, however, soon perceived that the only way by which they could extricate themselves and cattle from their difficulties, without being absolutely obliged to retrace their steps to the point whence they had originally set out, was to proceed, in the first instance, more to the westward, before they attempted to make any southing. This they effected without material injury to the burdened cattle, and having passed to the westward of the meridian of 148°, they found no further impediments in their route to the south-west, having broadly on their left hand, or a little to the eastward of them, the great Warragong Chain. In latitude 36°, the party crossed a river, which derived its source from those snow-clad mountains, and was flowing with considerable rapidity among the hills towards the north-west. To that stream, which, in consequence of its depth and width (exceeding one hundred yards), they had some difficulty in passing, they gave the name of Hume. Their journey was now conducted through a fine, open, thinly-timbered country; its surface was, for the most part, hilly, or moderately undulated, and occasionally, to diversify the scene, there broke upon the view a patch of plain, without a tree, but abundantly clothed with a grassy vegetation. This pastoral country was found, even in the summer months, well watered by streamlets from the hills around, the waters of which, collecting, had formed a second river, to which our travellers gave the name of the Owens, upon fording it in latitude 36° 40'. This was described as being of less magnitude than the Hume, but its stream was of equal velocity, and the direction given it by a break in the hills, and the apparent inclination of the country, was also to the north-west; in which bearing, wherever a commanding position on the hills afforded the party a view, a declining wooded country was observed, with scarcely a single elevation.

Southerly, the land continued equally good, but rising in altitude, presented a more broken, irregular surface to our travellers, who, however, patiently surmounting the difficulties which lay in their way, at length came to a third stream, to which they gave the name of Goulburn. This river, which was formed by a junction of several streamlets, which came from the hills to the eastward, ran southerly in the direction of the course pursued by the expedition as far as latitude 37°, when it also took a decided bend towards the north-west.

The exploring party now passed the meridian of 146°, and beheld before them the coast range of hills. This proved to them a source of no small encouragement to continue their journey, for they had begun to despair of reaching the sea-coast, in consequence of the ex-

hausted condition of their burdened beasts, and of the loss which they had sustained in their stock of provisions, by accidents and the great heat of the weather. A beautiful country, however, appeared before them, and as it exhibited an alternation of plain and woodland of like interest, as affording an unlimited range of sheep and cattle pasture, they had the more inducement to pursue their route to the southward cheerfully; and this they did until at length they reached salt water and a sandy shore.

On the 16th of December of the above year, Messrs. Hovell and Hume arrived at the northern shore of what they considered Western Port, notwithstanding they looked in vain for the large island which the charts show us lying within it. This was, however, their mistake; for, without being aware of it, they had actually effected more than had been originally expected of them, for they had made the north-eastern side of Port Philip—a large bay on the south coast, half a degree to the westward of the point at which they had supposed themselves at the time to have arrived. Of this fact the late Mr. Oxley was assured, when it was seen that their report of the extent of the Port they had made on the coast, and the country to the northward of it, agreed so fully with what was known of both from the year 1803, when Port Philip was visited by Mr. Charles Grimes, at that time surveyor-general, who was sent to survey the harbour more minutely than either Captain Flinders or the discoverer of it, Lieut. John Murray, R.N., were enabled in the preceding year to effect.

In their journey back to the colony, which they immediately commenced, Messrs. Hovell and Hume pursued a line of route altogether to the westward of their outward-bound track; and thus, by travelling on a much lower level, avoided entirely that broken hilly country which had proved so harassing to their cattle in their former journey.

To that valuable tract of country first laid open to our view by the above-mentioned indefatigable persons, the attention of future emigrants will, doubtless, be directed; since, from the fact of its being bounded immediately on the east by the Warragong Chain, no doubts can be entertained of its being found, when occupied, far better watered than the country already located, and less liable to the effects of those droughts which have so frequently distressed the northern parts of the colony,—its higher southern latitude giving it, as a further recommendation, a cooler climate and one which more resembles that of England.

With the exception of my examination, says Mr. Cunningham, of the western and northern sides of Liverpool Plains in the month of May, 1825, which enabled me to furnish something more than what had been previously known of those extensive levels, our stock of geographical knowledge received no accession during either that or the following year. The year 1827, however, a new scene opened to the colonists; for a journey which the late Mr. Oxley had himself at one period contemplated, was determined on, viz., to explore the entirely unknown country lying on the western side of the dividing range, between Hunter's River in latitude 32° and Moreton Bay in latitude 27° S. For this purpose a well appointed expedition, equipped fully for an absence of five months, Mr. Cunningham relates, was placed by the Colonial Government under his direction.

On the 30th of April of that year (1827), having

provided myself with the necessary instruments,<sup>1</sup> and with an escort of six servants and eleven horses, I took my departure from a station on an upper branch of Hunter's River, and upon crossing the dividing range to the westward, at a mean elevation above the level of the sea of three thousand and eighty feet, I pursued my journey northerly, through an uninteresting forest country, skirting Liverpool Plains on the eastern side.

On the 11th of May, we crossed (in latitude  $31^{\circ} 2'$ ) Mr. Oxley's track easterly towards Port Macquarie in 1818, and from that point the labours of the expedition commenced on ground previously untrodden by civilised man. It was my original design to have taken a fresh departure to the northward, from the point at which the late Surveyor-General had passed

the river named by him the "Peel," upon our reaching the above-mentioned parallel, and which bore, from a spot on which we had encamped, due east about twelve miles: however, the intermediate country, although Mr. Oxley had passed it, proved too elevated and rocky for my heavily-burdened horses; and I was, therefore, obliged to continue the course of the expedition to the north under the meridian of our tents (*viz.*  $150\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ), being well aware that as the final course of that river was towards the interior, we should cross its channel whenever the chain of lofty hills which bounded us on the east, and which appeared to stretch far to the north, should either terminate or become so broken as to allow of its escape through them to a lower level. Thus we continued



TRUNK OF AN EUCALYPTUS.

our journey to the north through a barren, but densely-timbered country, of frequently brushy character, and altogether very indifferently watered. Each day as we advanced, our barometer showed us that these poor forest-grounds, which, to add to the difficulty of penetration, were occasionally traversed by low arid ridges of argillaceous iron-stone and clay-slate, rose in elevation from the low level of the northern margin of Liverpool Plains, which I found to be only eight hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea. This rise of surface was, however, most gradual; for,

after a march of forty miles directly to the north, we found on reaching the bank of a small stream, a branch evidently of the Peel, that we had obtained but a mean height of one thousand nine hundred feet above the sea-coast—an elevation which was too inconsiderable to produce any obvious change for the better, either in the growth of the timber, the nature of the soil, or of the scanty herbage. Through those gloomy woods, with scarcely a trace of either native or kangaroo, we patiently pursued our way until the 19th of May, when, upon passing the parallel of  $30^{\circ}$ , we descended from some stony hills to the head of a beautiful well-watered valley, affording abundance of the richest pasture, and bounded, on either side, by

<sup>1</sup> Among these instruments was an excellent portable mountain-barometer, by Jones, which, by care, I succeeded in carrying throughout the journey uninjured.

a bold and elevated rocky range. This grassy vale we followed northerly about sixteen miles to its termination at the left bank of a large river, which, in seasons less unfavourable to vegetation, appeared evidently a stream of considerable magnitude. This was the Peel of Mr. Oxley; which, after pursuing its course to the north for upwards of a degree of latitude from the point at which that officer had passed it in 1818, had at length forced its passage through a break in the eastern ranges, and, passing the lower extremity of the valley in latitude  $29^{\circ} 51'$ , flowed on towards an open country observed beyond it at north-west. So considerable was the dip of the vale, along which our route had extended, that we found ourselves in the channel of this river, again nearly on the level of the northern or lower sides of Liverpool Plains—the mean of the results of our morning and evening observations of the barometer giving us only nine hundred and eleven feet. The channel of the Peel, which at this period exhibited a bed of gravel two hundred and fifty yards in breadth, is, in seasons of long rains, entirely filled by floods to the depth of twelve and fifteen feet, as was obvious from the marks of those freshes on the upper banks. The long continuance of dry weather, which had alike distressed the colony and these distant parts of the interior, had, however, reduced its stream to a mere rill, which we forded without difficulty. Passing the channel of this river, by which a considerable tract of broken mountainous country to the south-east is drained, we resumed our journey to the north, between the meridian of  $150^{\circ}$  and  $151^{\circ}$ . Our course led us through a variety of country; for, on quitting the river, we traversed a barren, brushy tract, which extended more or less for fourteen miles; beyond, however, the land materially improved, and as it was less encumbered with small timber and more open to the action of the atmosphere, a considerable growth of grass was produced. A succession of open forest hills of moderate elevation, and narrow intermediate valleys, with an occasional patch of plain, of a good soil, characterised the line of country which the expedition afterwards crossed; and although the land (the mean elevation of which did not exceed eleven hundred feet) was, generally speaking, rich, and productive of much grass, it was, nevertheless, distressing to meet with tracts, many miles in extent, entirely destitute of water. Traces of the natives were frequent, although not of recent date. We met, however, with neither the wandering aboriginal nor any description of animal, for the parched state of vegetation and the distressed condition of the country generally, had evidently driven both to other parts of the interior, where the means of sustaining life were less precarious, or, at least, where a permanent supply of water, although it might be in a stagnant state, was to be obtained. Hitherto our view towards the west had been circumscribed by a continued chain of thinly wooded ridges, which had extended northerly, parallel to the course we were daily pursuing. On reaching the latitude of  $29^{\circ} 10'$ , which we did on the 25th of the month, all the hills to the westward of our line of route terminated, and a level, open interior, of vast expanse, bounded on the north and north-west by a distant horizon, broke suddenly on our view! At north-west, more particularly, it was evident to all of us that the country had a most decided dip, and on that bearing, the line of sight extended over a great extent of densely wooded, or brushed land, the

monotonous aspect of which was here and there relieved by a brown patch of plain: of these some were so remote as to appear a mere speck on the ocean of land before us, on which the eye sought anxiously for a rising smoke, as indicative of the presence of the wandering aborigines; but in vain: for, excepting in the immediate neighbourhood of a river of the larger magnitude, these vast solitudes may be fairly said to be almost entirely without inhabitants. We had now all the high grounds on our right hand, or to the east of us, and before us, at north, a level, wooded country. With an anxious curiosity to explore so extraordinary a region, we continued our route on the 26th of May, from a rocky creek, where we had rested upon some tolerable pasture. Our elevation above the sea-shore we found by our barometer to be one thousand two hundred and twenty-eight feet, and we soon discovered that we had entered a barren waste, over which was spread a loose sand (&c.) debris of the prevalent rock formation of the eastern hills), which gave it a desert-like aspect. A blighted kind of the iron-bark tree (apparently *Eucalyptus resinifera*), scarcely twenty-five feet high, clothed its surface, on which were here and there interspersed dense patches of underwood, composed of plants formerly observed on the western skirts of Liverpool Plains. In this stage of our journey we crossed the parallel of  $29^{\circ}$ , in about the meridian of  $150^{\circ} 40'$ ; and having very little expectation of meeting with water, in any state, in so arid a region, we were most agreeably surprised to find the channel of a river from eighty to one hundred yards in width, winding its course to the westward. This stream, which received the name of Dumarag's River, although greatly reduced by drought, presented, nevertheless, a handsome piece of water, half a mile in length, about thirty yards in width, and evidently very deep. My barometer, which I set up on the gravelly bed of the river, gave me only eight hundred and forty feet of elevation above the sea-coast, from which we were distant to the westward about one hundred and seventy English miles.

It was my full intention to have continued my course in the direction of the meridian, at least to the parallel of  $27^{\circ}$ , before I made the least casting towards the coast-line; this design, however, the existing circumstances of the country we had penetrated compelled me to abandon; for the great debility to which the whole of my horses were reduced, by the labours of the journey through a line of country parched up by the drought, at once obliged me to pursue a more eastern course; in which direction, upon gaining the higher lands, I could alone expect to meet with a better pasture, than that on which they had for some time subsisted.

On our new course to the northward and eastward, we had to struggle through a desert waste for many miles, before we gained a more undulated surface to the eastward of  $151^{\circ}$ , when the country through which we journeyed for about thirty miles, presented a succession of thinly wooded stony hills, or low ridges of sandstone rock, separated from each other by narrow valleys, in which my half-famished horses met with but scanty subsistence. At length, on the 5th of June, having gained an elevation of about nine hundred feet above the bed of Dumarag's River, we reached the confines of a superior country. It was exceedingly cheering to my people, after they had traversed a waste



oftentimes of the most forbiddingly arid character, for a space, more or less, of eighty miles, and had borne, with no ordinary patience, a degree of privation to which I had well nigh sacrificed the weaker of my horses—to observe from a ridge which lay in our course, that they were within a day's march of open downs of unknown extent, which stretched easterly to the base of a lofty range of mountains, distant apparently about twenty-five miles. On the 6th and following day, we travelled throughout the whole extent of these plains, to the foot of the mountains extending along their eastern side, and the following is the substance of my observations on their extent, soil, and capability.

These extensive tracts of clear pastoral country, which were subsequently named Darling Downs, in honour of his Excellency the Governor, are situated in or about the mean parallel of  $28^{\circ}$  south, along which they stretch east, eighteen statute miles to the meridian of  $152^{\circ}$ . Deep ponds, supported by streams from the highlands, immediately to the eastward, extend along their central lower flats; and these, when united in a wet season, become an auxiliary to Condamine's River—a stream which winds its course along their south-western margin. The downs, we remarked, varied in breadth in different parts of their lengthened surface: at their western extremity they appeared not to exceed a mile and a half, whilst towards their eastern limits, their width might be estimated at three miles. The lower grounds, thus permanently watered, present flats which furnish an almost inexhaustible range of cattle pasture at all seasons of the year—the grasses and herbage generally exhibiting, in the depth of winter, an extraordinary luxuriance of growth. From these central grounds, rise downs of a rich, black, and dry soil, and very ample surface; and as they furnish an abundance of grass, and are conveniently watered, yet perfectly beyond the reach of those floods, which take place on the flats in a season of rains, they constitute a valuable and sound sheep pasture. We soon reached the base of some hills, connected laterally with that stupendous chain of mountains, the bold outline of which we had beheld with so much interest during the three preceding days. These hills we found clothed, from their foot upwards, with an underwood of the densest description, in the midst of which, and especially on the ridges, appeared a pine, which I immediately discovered to be the same species as that observed in 1824, on the Brisbane River. Encamping, I ascended a remarkable square-topped mount, which formed the western termination of one of these ridges; and from its summit had a very extensive view of the country lying between north and south, towards the west. At north and north-north-west we observed a succession of heavily-timbered ridges, extending laterally from the more elevated chain of mountains immediately to the east, which evidently forms the main dividing range in this part of the country; whilst from north-west to west, and thence to south, within a range of twenty miles, a most beautifully diversified landscape, made up of hill and dale, woodland and plain, appeared before us.

Large patches of land, perfectly clear of trees, lying to the north of Darling Downs, were named Peel's Plains, whilst others, bearing to the south and south-east, and which presented an undulated surface with a few scattered trees, were called after the late Mr. Canning. Directing our view beyond Peel's Plains to the north-west, an expanse of flat wooded country met

the eye, being evidently a continuation of those vast levels, which we had frequently observed in the progress of our journey, extending to the westward of our line of route, and which, it was now perceived, were continued northerly at least to the parallel of  $27^{\circ}$ .

In a valley which led to the immediate base of the mountain barrier, I fixed my northernmost encampment, determining, as I had not the means of advancing farther, in consequence of the state of my provisions, and the low condition of my horses, to employ a short period in a partial examination of the principal range, to the western base of which we had penetrated from the southward, through a considerable portion of barren interior. In exploring the mountains immediately above our tents, with a view more especially of ascertaining how far a passage could be effected over them to the shores of Moreton Bay, a remarkably excavated part of the main range was discovered, which appeared likely to prove a very practicable pass through these mountains from the eastward. Its more particular examination, however, I left to the period of a visit, by sea, to Moreton Bay, which I had already contemplated, and which I was enabled to effect in the course of the year 1829.

The situation of my tents in the valley was determined to be as follows. Latitude, by meridional altitudes of the sun, being the mean of five observations,  $28^{\circ} 10' 45''$  south. Longitude, by account corrected by bearings taken to fixed points on or near the coast-line, and compared with the mean results of several sets of distances of the sun and star Antares from the moon,  $152^{\circ} 7' 45''$  east. The variation of the compass was found by azimuths to be  $8^{\circ} 18'$  east. The mean height of the spot above the level of the sea, by the mercurial column, noted morning and evening, was one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven feet; and its distance from the penal settlement on the Brisbane River, which bore by compass about north-east from us, was estimated at about seventy-five statute miles. Circumstances now urged me to commence my journey homewards, and this I determined to prosecute with as much despatch as the condition of my horses and the nature of the country would admit of. I had also resolved to pursue my course to the southward, under the meridian of our encampment, as that would lead us through a tract of perfectly unknown country, lying nearly equidistant between our outward-bound track and the coast-line.

On the 18th of June, therefore, I again put my people in motion, and quitting the vale in which we had rested, and which I had named after the late Captain Logan, at that period commandant of Moreton Bay, I shaped my course to the southward; and after passing through a fine, open, forest track, abounding in excellent pasturage, in nine miles gained the north-eastern skirts of Canning Downs, of which I had had a view from a station on the hills which we had left.

At the close of the 18th, after penetrating an uninteresting forest, chiefly of red gum (*Eucalyptus robusta*), we reached the borders of a broken mountainous country, which exhibited a geological structure that had not been previously met with in any part of our journey. The rock was a very hard granite, in which the quartz, greatly preponderating, was unusually large; and at this stage of our homeward-bound journey our difficulties commenced. During the succeeding week our daily journeys were attended with great fatigue, both to my people and horses; for being surrounded by

high lands, we had no alternative but to pursue our way southerly, from one rocky range to another of greater elevation, until at length we found ourselves upon an open heath, totally devoid of trees, but covered with a low, scrubby vegetation, and interspersed with small patches of spongy swamp, in aspect similar to parts of the Blue Mountain to the westward of Port Jackson. And although the base continued of granite, and the difference of latitude was nearly five degrees, yet the same species of plants as are to be observed upon those elevated ranges of the colony were, for the most part, to be found. At noon of the 25th, our latitude, observed on a very bleak sterile spot on those mountains (two thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine feet above the sea-shore), was  $28^{\circ} 45'$  south, and our longitude, reduced from the meridian of our encampment in Logan Vale, was about  $151^{\circ} 59'$  east. From that point, notwithstanding our elevation, our view towards the east was altogether circumscribed by lofty ranges, whose summits towered far above the height we had attained. In the course of the succeeding day, the progress of the expedition to the south was arrested by a most wild and frightful region, which obliged me at once to seek a more practicable country, by directing the course of my party to the westward, in which direction we, with difficulty, gained a lower level, and thence prosecuted our journey to the south-west, by such stages as the reduced strength of my horses was able to accomplish. On passing to the southward of the parallel of  $29^{\circ}$ , which we did in longitude  $151^{\circ} 32'$  east, we again forded Dumaresq's River, about fifty miles nearer its source, or to the eastward of the point at which we had discovered it on our outward-bound journey. Here our barometer gave us an elevation of one thousand and forty feet above the level of the sea, which showed a mean fall of four feet per mile between the two fords.

On the 9th of July, after having traversed in a south-western direction a great diversity of country, in general of broken, rocky surface, we fell in with our former track, and on the following day crossed the channel of what I had considered the Peel, but which I subsequently named the Gwydir, upon finding it formed by a junction of Mr. Oxley's River with another as large, to which I gave the title of Horton's River. This latter has a course parallel to the Peel, through a valley lying to the westward of it, along which I was again enabled to direct my party to the south many miles, before a series of elevated forest ridges, retching laterally from Hardwicke's range of Mr. Oxley, once more obliged us to climb the hills. Thence we ascended from the head of the vale, by a steep ascent, and, at an elevation of one thousand three hundred feet above its level, resumed our course to the north. Among these hills we again observed granite, but of a reddish appearance, in consequence of the quantity and colour of the felspar which might be seen disseminated through the rock, of which Hardwicke's range is evidently formed; the elevation, above the level of the sea, of those curiously formed cubical and chimney-shaped summits cannot be less than three thousand five hundred feet. The vegetation of this group of hills exhibited nothing remarkable; the ridges were generally grassy, but the *gramineae*, as well as the timbers, which were of *Eucalyptus*, were of species frequent in the colony. At the close of our second day's journey, we had traversed these lateral ranges to their southern side, which overlooked an apparently

level, wooded country, extending to Liverpool Plains, the greater body of which at length appeared before us to the south-west, at a distance of forty miles. Repeatedly, in our attempts to descend to the lower country, we were stopped by rocky ravines several hundred feet in depth; and it was not without considerable difficulty and danger to the horses that we gained the levels beneath us, having actually descended a wooded ridge, from which there was an abrupt declivity of one thousand five hundred and forty feet. After a severe march of thirty miles through a barren forest, for the most part of blighted iron-bark, furnishing but little pasturage and still less water, we at length arrived at Barrow's Valley of Mr. Oxley, which, in seasons of long rains, is evidently laid under water by the overflow of Field's River, which, in its course inland, we met meandering north-west, through the adjacent forest. On the bank of this river, where I gave my horses a day's rest upon the richest meadowland that we had seen in the whole tour, it was with pleasure that I hailed the colonial blue-gum (*Eucalyptus piperata*) of stupendous size, the alluvial grounds on each bank producing also the herbage of the flooded flats of the Hawkesbury River in the colony. On the 20th of July, we resumed our route to the southward, and after pursuing a steady course for about twenty-seven miles through a barren, brushy country, not nine hundred feet above the level of the sea, we passed the northern margin of Liverpool Plains, throughout which, such had been the effect of drought, that we crossed their extensive surface almost to the foot of the dividing range (a space of twenty-five miles) before we found water for the horses or ourselves. On the 28th my party repossessed the Mountain range, and after an absence of thirteen weeks, we returned to the station from which we had departed, on the Hunter, having in that period traversed upwards of eight hundred miles of every description of country.

My report to the colonial government of this journey—of the spacious downs we had discovered in latitude  $28^{\circ}$ —and the considerable tract of very indifferent country, in part actual desert, that lay between the colony and those extensive pastoral lands, immediately suggested the importance of examining the space between those downs and the sea-coast at Moreton Bay; since, should the gap, which had been discovered in the main dividing range in the above parallel, prove, on actual survey, to admit of a passage through that chain of mountains, the readiest point of access to the very desirable country on their western side would be from the shores of Moreton Bay and Brisbane River,—on the banks of the latter of which a penal settlement had already been established for several years. This inquiry became one of the objects of my voyage from Port Jackson the following year; and its results proved every way most satisfactory to the colonial government, and the colonists generally.

I will here simply remark, that in exploring the intermediate tract between the Brisbane River and the point where my overland journey of the preceding year had terminated, I ascertained that a line of road could be easily constructed from the western downs, easterly through the mountain pass, and thence in a north-eastern direction to the head of the navigation of a branch of the Brisbane River, named the Bremer; to which point evidently the future produce of the interior beyond those mountains will be conveyed, since from it the means of water-carriage to shipping

in the bay will be found practicable at all seasons of the year, whatever may be the effect of drought on the land; the tide which daily sets into the Brisbane for fifty miles above its mouth, flowing also up the channel of the Bremer, the depth of water in which it augments eight or more feet.

I was happy on this occasion of my visit to the Brisbane River, with in part other objects in view, to be enabled to carry on my survey from Darling Downs to the very shores of Moreton Bay; and in effecting it, I derived an additional pleasure, in closing my sketch of an extent of intricate country, comprehending from Hunter's River to Brisbane Town, 5° of latitude, to find but a very small error in my longitude. In the winter of the following year (1829), I again made a voyage to Moreton Bay, where I was engaged more particularly in a botanical research. From that most interesting occupation, in so novel and ample a field as the banks of the Brisbane River afforded me, I found a short period of leisure to devote to geographical inquiry; and, accordingly, in an excursion to the north-west, I explored that stream far towards its source, through an irregular country, which presented much diversity of surface to interest the geographer. During that short journey, in which I employed a small party about six weeks, I traced the principal branch of the river as far north as latitude 26° 52', until its channel assumed merely the character of a chain of very shallow stagnant pools. In this excursion I made such observations as fully established two facts viz.: That the Brisbane River, at one period supposed to be the outlet of the marshes of the Macquarie, &c., originates on the eastern side of the dividing range, its chief sources being in elevated lands, lying almost on the coast line, between the parallels of 26° and 27°; and that the main ranges, which separate the coastwaters from those that flow inland, continue to the north in one unbroken chain, as far as the eye could discern from a commanding station near my most distant encampment up the river, and present no opening or hollow part in their elevated ridge, through which to admit of a road being made to the interior beyond them. My pass, therefore, through those lofty mountains (the mean elevation of which above the shores of Moreton Bay cannot be less than four thousand feet) seems thus the only opening to the interior country from the coast, between the parallels of 26° and 29° south.

Whilst I was engaged at Moreton Bay, the long droughts to which our distant colony has been repeatedly subjected since its foundation, and which again visiting that country in 1826, had continued with most distressing severity for upwards of three years, led the colonial government to inquire into the state of the interior, to the westward of the termination of the Macquarie River, with the view of attempting to make some discoveries in that quarter. Whilst the drought continued, an expedition was despatched under the direction of Captain Sturt, an officer of his Majesty's 39th regiment, to Mount Harris, a detached hill upon the Macquarie River, where Mr. Oxley had left his boats upon proceeding easterly towards the coast. Upon reaching that remarkable eminence, which Captain Sturt and the party forming his expedition were enabled to do on the 20th of December, he ascended the summit to survey the country below. But how much had the evaporation of the sun, which in its operation had

continued during a period of three years, changed the face of those regions! The plains which Mr. Oxley had left entirely under water in 1818, now presented an expanse of dried-up surface, which to all appearance extended northerly, without the slightest semblance of rising ground, to a distant clear unbroken horizon. Encouraged by these appearances, the expedition traced the Macquarie, through the last stage of its existence, to the woodlands below Mount Harris, where its channel, becoming broken, and in parts having altogether disappeared on the common level, ceased to exist in any shape as a river. In exploring the country beyond this point, the party traversed the bed of that extensive morass, into which the late surveyor-general had ten years previously descended in his boat; this they now found a large and blasted plain, on which the sun's rays fell with intense heat; the ground itself parched to an extreme, exhibiting in many places deep and dangerous clefts, which clearly demonstrated the long existence of those droughts, to which every known part of New South Wales was at that period exposed. On these inhospitable levels, Captain Sturt passed a week; and in that period he skirted three distinct patches of marsh, in which were found broken channels of the river, forming so many stagnant lagoons or canals, surrounded by reeds.

In whatever direction they advanced to satisfy themselves as to the fate of the Macquarie, whether on the plains or wooded grounds, reeds of gigantic stature (the clearest indication of what such a country is in a regularly wet season) encompassed them, and greatly obstructed their progress. Mr. Hume, whose enterprising disposition was abundantly manifested in his journey to the south coast, was associated with Captain Sturt on this occasion. With such aid, the latter proposed to divide the party, in order to undertake at the same time two distinct excursions, to ascertain more fully the nature and extent of those marshy flats, and set at rest any doubts which might be entertained as to the mode in which that river terminated—that is, of its non-existence in that low country, after the devastating operation of a drought of three years. Accordingly, one party, conducted by Mr. Hume, proceeded in a north-easterly direction, towards Castle-reagh, whilst Captain Sturt himself pursued a course to the north-west.

It would indeed have been most interesting, at this stage of the expedition, had Captain Sturt been provided with good barometers, to have ascertained the mean height above the level of the sea, not only of the lowlands over which the party had so patiently borne the burden and heat of the day, but also of the country which Captain Sturt traversed in his excursion to the north-west, and which he found, after travelling between twenty and thirty miles, began to rise; also his level at the end of his journey, which was extended to an estimated distance of one hundred miles, where he made a hill of considerable elevation, from the summit of which he had a view of other high lands; one in particular to the south-west, which he describes as being a very fine mountain; and which he afterwards visited and found of sand-stone formation, elevated above the desert waste on which it stands, one thousand three hundred feet. Captain Sturt, however, had no barometer on which he could in the least depend; the instrument with which he had been provided on his quitting Sydney, having sustained an injury on the

Macquarie, four days before the expedition reached Mount Harris.

The observations made during these short excursions satisfied the party that the river had no existence in any shape beyond the third marsh previously explored. Mr. Hume passed from east to west, along the northern skirts of those extensive reedy flats, without either meeting with a further trace of a channel northerly, or finding water enough to supply his daily wants. And the character and direction of those vast flats, as well as the points to which the waters discharged upon them by the Macquarie in seasons of prolonged rains, tend, were now fully determined.

From the report of Captain Sturt's examination of those lowlands, then, affected as they were at the time by drought, these facts may be gathered. At a distance of about twenty-eight miles below Mount Harris, the flat-lands commence, and there the Macquarie itself ceases to be a river, having no banks, or continued channel, by which to prevent the dispersion of its waters when they rise in rainy seasons. The surface of those flats, however, has not one continued dip, but presents a succession of levels and inclinations, with each a detached lagoon-like channel, hemmed in on all sides by high reeds which catch the waters as they spread; and it is only when these are overflowed that the floods spread over the level, until, as Captain Sturt observes, a slight declivity giving them fresh impulse, they arrive at a second channel, and so spread to a third, until a considerable extent of surrounding country is laid under water. When such a general inundation takes place as that witnessed in 1818, there is a current through the body of these marshes, setting, agreeably to the configuration of the ground (as at length shown to us by Captain Sturt) to the north and north-north-east, where, uniting with the waters of Morissett's ponds, the whole is thrown into the channel of the Castlereagh River.

To the north-west of those marshy grounds, Captain Sturt describes the country as rising, and therefore preventing any flow of the waters of the morass to that point of the compass. This rise of the surface, which I observe is elsewhere described as a table-land, with scarcely water to support its inhabitants, may be clearly understood as meaning a series of low terraces of dry forest-land, which present a level tract of ground, or one but slightly undulated, extending, probably, a considerable distance, until a second rise of the ground takes place. And the extreme perpendicular elevation of such tract above the plane of the marshes is far too inconsiderable to justify its being considered a rising hilly country; nor is its actual mean height above the level of the sea raised in the least, because it has been ascertained that there are upon its desert-like surface a few rocky hills, which, standing far detached from each other, appear, when viewed with the country surrounding the base of each, like so many islands in the ocean. This view of the face of the country bounding the marshes of the Macquarie on the north-west will assuredly be verified, whenever a barometer is carried to that part of the interior.

Finally, before I quit the subject of these low marshy grounds, which have excited so much interest and speculation among geographers since the report of them given by Mr. Oxley, I would briefly remark, that although a drought of unparalleled duration had disposed of their waters, so as to enable Captain Sturt and his party to traverse their bed in a dried-up,

hardened state, still, whenever a wet season sets in, and rain falls upon the mountainous districts of that colony, in the same quantity that it did in the years 1817 and 1818, it can scarcely be doubted that a like considerable inundation will again take place in that part of the interior; and when it is considered (as Captain Sturt informs us) that a space, twenty miles in breadth, and more than fifty in length, is subject to be thus deluged, can it be a subject of surprise that the late indefatigable surveyor-general, when he descended in his boat to such an expanse of water, to which he could perceive neither boundary nor shore, should, with no previous knowledge of such water, or of the features of the surrounding country, have conceived himself in the vicinity of an inland sea or lake, of the temporary or more permanent existence of which he did not, nor could he have offered an opinion.

Captain Sturt now directed his expedition to the north-west, with a view to further discoveries, aware as he was, from the observations he had previously made during his own short excursion, that a clear open country was before him in that direction. In their route his party traversed plains "covered with a black scrub," yet furnishing in parts some good grass. The detached hills already spoken of, as relieving the otherwise monotonous aspect of that part of the interior, and in the neighbourhood of which Captain Sturt had directed his course, he describes "as gentle picturesque elevations, for the most part covered with verdure." Of two of these isolated spots, the one "Oxley's Table Land," the other "New Year's Range," it appears our indefatigable officer determined the positions.

In continuing their journey westerly over this level country, its total want of water, excepting in creeks, where the supply was both bad and uncertain, became a source of considerable annoyance to the party; who ultimately were obliged to follow one of the water-courses, which, when tracing it to the north-west, brought them (on the 2nd of February) to the left bank of a large river, the appearance of which "raised their most sanguine expectations." To the utter disappointment of the travellers, however, its waters were found perfectly salt; and this circumstance was the more severely felt, as the horses of the expedition had travelled long in an excessively heated atmosphere, and had been without water a considerable time. After making some arrangement in favour of his exhausted animals, Captain Sturt, accompanied by Mr. Hume, proceeded to explore this river, to which he gave the name of Darling. They followed it in the direction of its course (south-westerly), about forty miles, and throughout found its waters not only not drinkable, but rather becoming, as they advanced, more considerably impregnated with salt. In one part they observed "brine springs," and the banks throughout were encrusted with "salt," or, probably, with aluminous particles. The breadth of the river, at the point they first made it, was estimated at sixty yards, and its boundary banks were from thirty to forty feet in height—dimensions which they maintained as far as it was possible to explore the river.

At length the want of "drinkable water" along its bank, and the appearance of a loose red sandy soil, at the point to which the patience and perseverance of the travellers had induced them to trace the river, at once destroying all hope of meeting with the most scanty supply in the back country, obliged them to

give up its further examination. The extreme point to which the Darling was traced, and from which it continued its course through a level country to the south-west, Captain Sturt marks on his map, in latitude  $30^{\circ} 16'$  south, and longitude  $144^{\circ} 50'$  east.

Thus was a portion of the interior of New South Wales, comprehending two degrees of longitude to the westward of the part to which Mr. Oxley had penetrated in the marshes, explored; and although the country is little better than a desert waste, and, therefore, can hold out no prospect of an advantageous "extension of the colony in that direction," its character, nevertheless, was ascertained, and so much of the map of the country, previously a blank, was at length filled up.

The expedition had daily intercourse with the natives who inhabit the river and adjacent country, which it would seem is, comparatively speaking, well peopled; for Captain Sturt estimates that he could not have seen fewer than two hundred and fifty of these Indians, among whom his party passed on the most friendly terms, and, indeed, were frequently indebted to them for kindly acts.

Captain Sturt, however, draws a most melancholy picture of these distant regions, which, notwithstanding the population found on their surface, were rendered, by the distress of the season, scarcely habitable. "The natives," he observed, "were remarked wandering in the desert, and, from the badness of the water which they were obliged to drink, had contracted a cutaneous disease, which was fast carrying them off. Birds, which were noticed sitting on the trees, appeared to be gasping for existence, amidst the glare of torrid heat. The wild dog, or dingo, was seen prowling about in the day-time, being unable from debility to avoid the party; and whilst minor vegetation was altogether burnt up, the very trees were absolutely drooping from the depth to which the drought had penetrated the soil. Several of the party were affected by ophthalmia, produced by the reverberated heat from the plains which they had traversed, where the thermometer stood in the shade at three P.M. at  $122^{\circ}$ , or from  $98^{\circ}$  to  $102^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, at sunset."

The Darling may be justly considered the largest river which has been discovered in New South Wales, since it is formed by a junction of all the streams which were discovered by Mr. Oxley in 1818 (and these were five in number, each of considerable magnitude), as well as of those I met with in my journey of 1827; and thus it constitutes the great drain of a tract of mountainous country lying between the parallels of  $27^{\circ}$  and  $33\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . But what ultimately becomes of this river so sustained, to what other channels it becomes united, what course it eventually pursues, beyond the spot where Captain Sturt and his comrade left it flowing through a desert country to the south-west, or on what coast it is discharged, if it really does make the sea at any point, remains wholly unknown, and is therefore still to be discovered.

The party were now glad to direct their steps towards Bathurst; but before they finally quitted these parched levels, they shaped a course to the eastward, with the view of meeting with the Castlereagh, the channel of which (one hundred and eighty yards in width) Mr. Oxley experienced no small difficulty in crossing, as the rains which had fallen on the mountains to the south-east, whence it derives its principal sources, had swollen its waters to the level of its upper

banks. On making this river they traced it down full one hundred miles to its junction with another part of the Darling, the water of which they found even saltier than it was at the point at which the expedition had originally fallen in with it; nor did they find a sufficiency in the Castlereagh to meet their daily demands, for its bed was laid bare "for a distance of thirty miles at a stretch," which obliged our travellers to "search the country round" for the little water which it had to yield them.

Surrounded as the party were by difficulties in a region "deserted by the native tribes," scarcely capable of sustaining animal life, and in which all the dogs of the expedition fell a sacrifice, still Captain Sturt appears to have been unwilling to quit his ground; for although the briny waters of the Darling were in themselves quite enough to have induced him to make a hasty retreat southerly, to higher ground; and a better country, we, nevertheless, find him crossing the Salt River, to see what the country was in a north-westerly direction; nor does it appear that the curiosity of our travellers was at all satisfied, until they had penetrated a considerable distance on that course, where they found the ground uniformly level, and the surface in no part broken by either creek or minor water-course, the entire country around being, as far as could be seen from the highest tree, "a boundless flat," the elevation of which above the level of the sea was, probably, not more than five hundred feet. Captain Sturt had at length done his utmost; he, therefore, very wisely directed his party to the southward, and soon reached Bathurst.

Thus, much of our knowledge of the internal parts of New South Wales, in the parallel of  $30^{\circ}$ , was derived from the labours of this indefatigable officer; to whom was entrusted, at the close of 1829, the execution of a second expedition, destined to trace the course of the Murrumbidgee, another western stream, rising in a range of mountains situated to the southward of the parallel of  $35^{\circ}$ , and under the meridian of  $149^{\circ}$ , at a distance of about eighty miles inland from the eastern coast line, and within what is now denominated the county of Murray. Of the character of this river it may be here briefly remarked, that its bed forms a succession of planes, of which some are of great inclination; along these its waters flow with considerable velocity in nearly a west direction.

After receiving the Yarrumbidgee and some other minor streams, all which fall into it at an early stage of its progress, namely in longitude  $148\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , the Murrumbidgee pursues a long and tortuous course for upwards of three hundred statute miles, without deriving the slightest increase from the country it waters; and thus in this respect it resembles the Lachlan, which maintains a parallel course through the low interior to the northward. From this fact may be inferred the generally sterile character of a considerable portion of the country lying between the channels of these two rivers, and which was in part ascertained by Mr. Oxley in 1817. As its course extends to the westward of the meridian  $147^{\circ}$ , the Murrumbidgee falls on a low level; the hills of sandstone rock, which give a picturesque appearance to the lands on its banks, higher up the stream, disappear; and flats of alluvial deposit occupy their place.

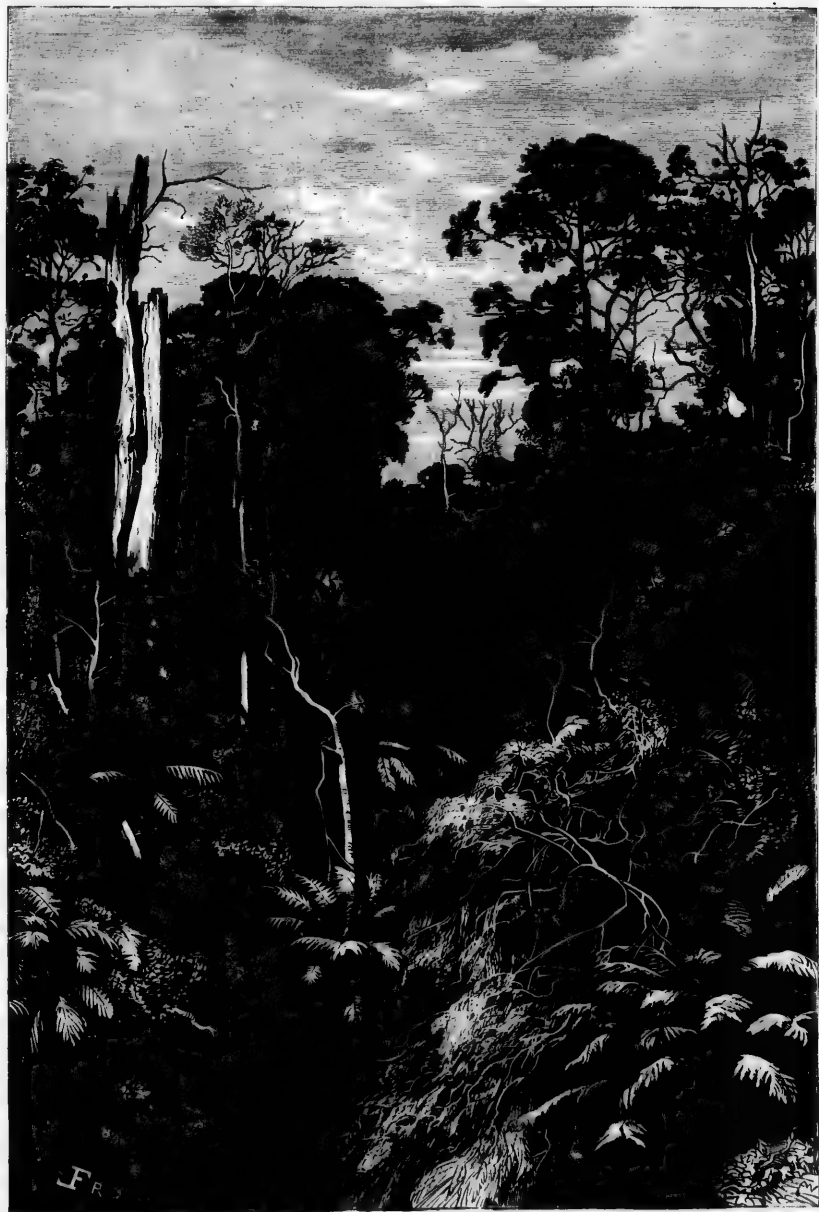
Thus far the river had been followed down some years ago, by stock-keepers in pursuit of strayed cattle, who also ascertained, in their long rides along its

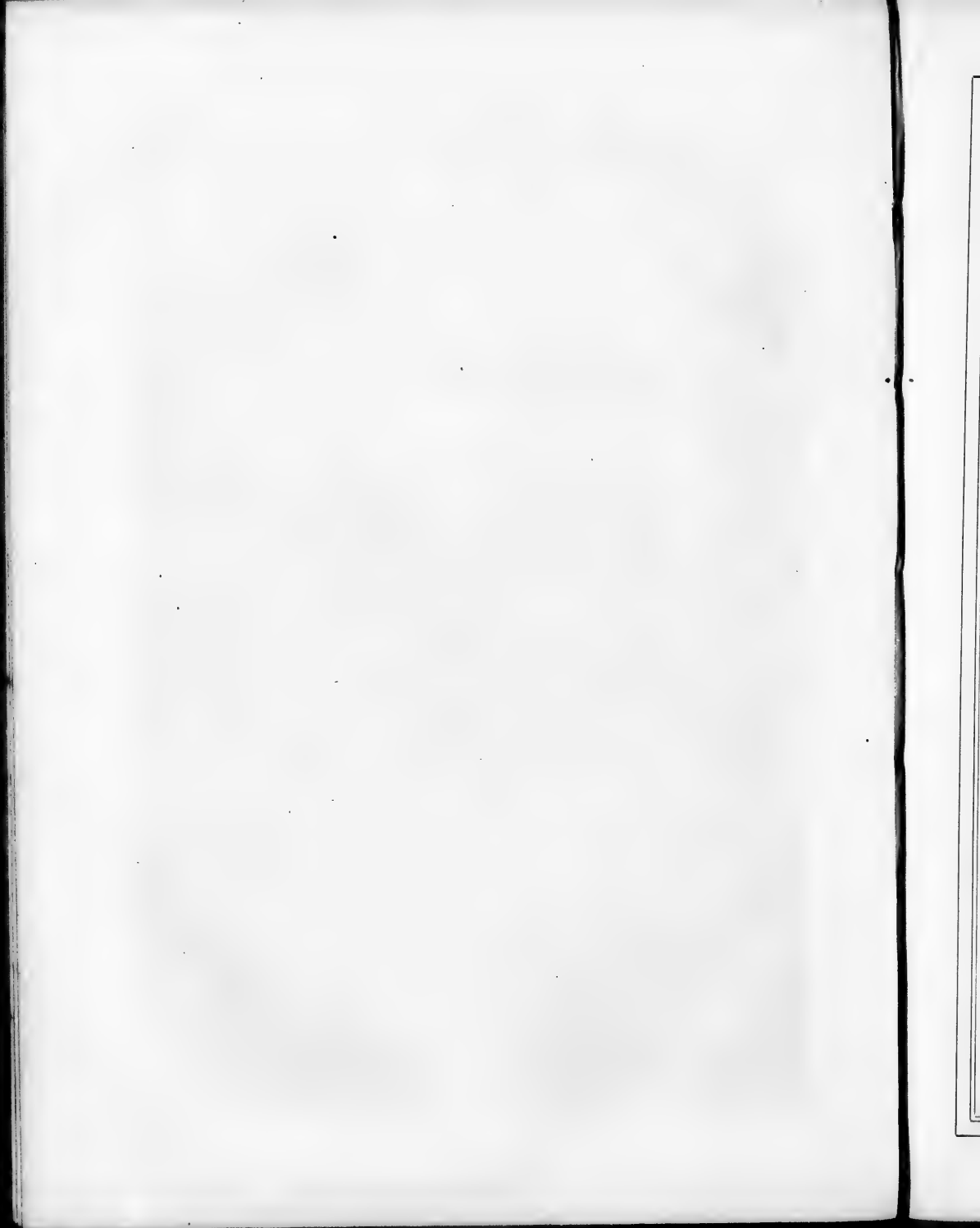
banks, the extent to which the country westerly, from its elevation above inundation, might be safely occupied | as grazing stations. The direction which this river was also at that period known to take towards the



NATIVE AUSTRALIAN BURIAL-PLACE IN THE WOODS.







marshes of the Lachlan, led to the conclusion that both streams were united in those morasses; and on so low a level (as was ascertained by Mr. Oxley in 1817), as to favour the opinion that their confluent waters were rather dissipated over an extensively flat surface, than carried on in one body to the ocean, distant at least three hundred miles. And this opinion, gratuitous as it was, would nevertheless have proved to have been correct, had the Morrumbidgee not pursued its course so far to the westward as to reach the channel of a much larger river; since, as will presently be seen, it has neither magnitude nor velocity sufficient to force its way two hundred and sixty miles to the sea-coast; but which the principal stream, by its volume and strength, has the power to effect.

The second expedition, conducted by Captain Sturt, proceeded from Sydney to explore the Morrumbidgee, in December, 1829. Tracing it down on its right bank, until he had passed every rapid or fall that might impede its navigation, he established a depôt—

launched a boat, which he had conveyed overland from Sydney, and having, by dint of great exertion, built another on the spot, he lost no time in commencing his examination of the river to the westward. Before we follow the enterprising party on their voyage, it may be interesting to give the height of the river at the depôt, above the sea-coast, as derived from the observations of the late surveyor-general many years ago, on the adjacent country, which results would have been very satisfactory had Captain Sturt possessed the means of verification. This will show how slight is the inclination of its bed to give an impetus to its stream westerly towards the ocean, and also how perfectly unavailable to the colony are those vast flats of low country, which were observed to extend along its banks. The situation of his depôt Captain Sturt found to be in latitude  $34\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  south, and longitude  $143^{\circ} 57'$  east, or about twenty-seven geographic miles south-west from Mr. Oxley's extreme point of penetration on the steppes of the Lachlan, in July, 1817, the mean elevation of which above the level of the sea that accurate traveller had determined, by barometrical admeasurement, to be not more than two hundred and fifty feet. Now, as Captain Sturt informs us that the dispersed waters of those morasses again unite, and drain into the Morrumbidgee by a "large creek," which he passed about twelve miles west from his depôt, it is evident that the bed of this river, and the country adjacent, are at a lower level than Mr. Oxley's westernmost encampment.



GRASS TREES.

On the 7th January the expedition moved forward down the river, and on the fourth day, having passed extensive alluvial flats, on which were patches of reeds, the navigation became much interrupted by "fallen timber," and as the current was frequently very rapid, particularly in those parts of the river where its channel had become contracted, the boats were oftentimes in great danger from sunken logs. After advancing on their voyage about ninety miles to the westward, through a country of level, monotonous aspect, the party were relieved from the state of anxiety which a week's most difficult and dangerous navigation had caused, by their arrival at (to use Captain Sturt's words), "the termination of the Morrumbidgee," for its channel, much narrowed and partially choked by driftwood, delivered its waters "into a broad and noble river," the current of which was setting to the westward at the rate of two miles and a half per hour, with a medium width from bank to bank of from three to four hundred feet. This "new river," which was

called the Murray, and into which the diminished waters of the Morrumbidgee fall, is evidently formed by a junction of the "Hume" and "Ovens," which streams, taking their rise in the great Wanongong Chain, were first made known to us by the travellers Messieurs Hovell and Hume, who crossed them, two hundred and fifty statute miles nearer their sources, in their excursion to Port Philip in 1824. Pursuing the course of the Murray, on the 14th January, the voyagers made

"rapid progress to the W.N.W.," noticing, as they passed on, a low "unbroken and uninteresting country, of equal sameness of features of vegetation" to that observed whilst descending the intricate Morrumbidgee on quitting their depôt.

After nine days' voyage down the Murray, in which period they made about one hundred miles of westing, without observing the slightest change of country for the better, or the least rise in its surface, the expedition passed the mouth of a stream flowing from the north by east, with a strong current, and in point of magnitude but "little inferior" to the Murray itself. Ascending it, Captain Sturt found it preserved a breadth of one hundred yards, and its banks, on which were many natives, "were overhung with trees of finer and larger growth" than those of the Murray. Its waters were, moreover, ascertained to be two fathoms in depth, of turbid appearance, but "perfectly sweet to the taste." The confluence of these two rivers takes place, it appears (by Captain Sturt's

reckoning) in exactly longitude  $141^{\circ}$  east, and immediately to the south of the parallel of  $34^{\circ}$ . It was at this stage of the expedition that the face of the country began to assume (comparatively speaking) an interesting appearance; and the first rise of ground which had been seen in the advance of the party to the westward in a direct line of more than two hundred miles, was observed at a moderate distance from the river to the north-west. Previous to his reaching the point of confluence of the two rivers, Captain Sturt, it would appear, had entertained a doubt as to the "decline of the vast plain through which the Murray flows," as well as of "the probable fall of the waters of the interior" to the north of it; but on observing a new stream flowing into the Murray, the circumstance of the "parallel" (meridian doubtless) in which he had struck it, "and the direction from which it came," combined to satisfy him "that it could be no other than the Darling." It was therefore concluded that the whole of the internally formed streams, at present known in that country, from Dumaresq's River (discovered in 1827 in lat.  $29^{\circ}$ ) to the Murray in  $34^{\circ}$ , are discharged into the ocean on the south coast—the dip of the continent within the parallels of  $28^{\circ}$  and  $36\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , being of course to that point.

That river, after it receives the supposed Darling, continues its course upwards of a degree further to the westward, and in that space receives a second stream, which falls in on its left bank from the south-east. This tributary stream, which is described as a river of "considerable importance," and was named the *Lindesay*, is most probably the *Goulburn* of the same indefatigable explorers, whose journey overland to the south coast, in 1824, I have already adverted to, and who, in fording their river at a part where its channel presented a breadth of eighty yards, left it winding its course to the north-west. From this point, the Murray assumes a new feature, and along its northern bank extended a range of cliffs, which appeared to the party, as they passed beneath them, to be of "partial volcanic origin." The navigation at length became rather intricate, for those cliffs being immediately succeeded by others on each bank, of limestone, the river was found to force its way through a glen of that rock, in its passage frequently striking bases of precipices of the same formation, which rose to a perpendicular elevation of two hundred feet, and in which "coral and fossil remains" were remarked to be plentifully imbedded. At this stage of their passage, those long ranges of forest hills, which extend along the eastern shore of the Gulf of St. Vincent became discernible, indicating to the exploring party their approach to the coast. On the 3rd of February, the river having reached the meridian of  $139^{\circ}$ , the disposition of the bounding cliffs gave its course a decided bend to the southward, through a continuation of the glen, which at length opened into a valley.

Here the river was observed to have lost the sandy bottom which it had exhibited throughout its long course from the eastward, for its bed having now dipped to almost the level of the sea, its waters had become "deep, still, and turbid." Its course to the south was followed by the voyagers along reaches of from two to four miles in length; and upon their passing the parallel of  $35^{\circ}$ , a more open country appeared before them, for the cliffs having partially ceased, had given place to picturesque hills and lower undulations, beneath which extended "thousands of

acres of the richest flats;" but, as Captain Sturt adds that these were covered with reeds, and were evidently liable to inundation from the river, the value to the agriculturist of such marshy grounds, scarcely at all elevated above the sea-shore, may be easily estimated.

On the 8th of February (the thirty-second day of the voyage from the depot) the hills "wore a black appearance," and the few trees, which had at one period fringed their ridges, were for the most part broken off, "as if by the prevalent winds." At noon, upon entering the river's last reach, no land could be discerned at its extremity; some low hills continued, however, along its left bank, whilst its right was hid by high reeds. Immediately afterwards, these enterprising voyagers entered an extensive lake, the body of which stretched away far to the south-west, in which direction "the line of water met the horizon." This lake, which received the name of *Alexandrina*, was estimated at from fifty to sixty miles in length, and from thirty to forty in breadth. A large bight was observed in it to the south-east, and an extensive bay at the opposite point; still, notwithstanding these dimensions, this very considerable sheet of water appears to be but a mere shoal throughout, since Captain Sturt states "its medium depth is but four feet."

Upon this vast but shallow lake he pursued his voyage to the southward, remarking that its waters, which at seven miles from the point of discharge of the Murray into it were brackish, were at twenty-one miles across perfectly salt, and there the force of the tide was perceived. As the party approached the southern shore, the navigation of the boats was interrupted by mud flats, and soon their farther progress was effectually stopped by banks of sand. Captain Sturt therefore landed, and walked over some sandy hummocks, beyond which he had, from his morning's position, seen the sea, almost immediately came out upon the coast at *Encounter Bay* of the charts, whence he took bearings to *Cape Jarvis* (rather *Jervis* of Captain Flinders), and the south-east point of *Kangaroo Island*. At the lower part of the lake seals were observed, and near the spot on the southern shore, where the party had effected a landing, some natives were seen grouped together, but as they bore arms and had their bodies painted, it was obvious that their intentions were far from being friendly; nor did they, although they saw the party were peaceably disposed, attempt to visit the encampment of the travellers during their stay on the margin of the lake.

Having thus seen the termination of the Murray and the outlet of the lake into which it falls upon the south coast, Captain Sturt lost as little time as possible in conducting his party back by water to his depot—circumstances not permitting of a more perfect examination of that extensive piece of water, from the north-western extremity of which some hopes had been entertained of there being a clear and open communication with the Gulf of St. Vincent.

### III.

**MURDER OF CAPTAIN BARKER BY THE NATIVES—A BURN-RANGER—MELANCHOLY FATE OF THE BOTANIST AND EXPLORER CUNNINGHAM—BASIN OF THE MURRAY—GENERAL CHARACTER OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA—SWAN RIVER SETTLEMENT—NATURAL HISTORY AND PRODUCE.**

As the whole question of the foundation of Adelaide and of the colony of South Australia is connected with the discovery of the embouchure of the River Murray,

we shall go on with some observations made by Captain Sturt in the account afterwards published of his explorations, and entitled *Two Expeditions into the Interior of Southern Australia during the years 1828-29-30-31, &c.*, and then give some account of the disastrous journey of Captain Barker, made to clear up this, at that time, undecided point, as to whether Lake Alexandrina had only one outlet to the sea in Encounter Bay, or whether the waters of the Murray were also poured into the St. Vincent's Gulf.

The foregoing narrative, says Captain Sturt, will have given the reader some idea of the state in which the expedition reached the bottom of that extensive and magnificent basin which receives the waters of the Murray. The men were, indeed, so exhausted in strength, and their provisions so much reduced, by the time they gained the coast, that I doubted much whether either would hold out to such place as we might hope for relief. Yet, reduced as the whole of us were from previous exertion, beset as our homeward path was by difficulty and danger, and involved as our eventual safety was in obscurity and doubt, I could not but deplore the necessity that obliged me to re-cross the Lake Alexandrina (as I had named it in honour of the heir-apparent to the British crown), and to relinquish the examination of its western shores. We were borne over its rough and agitated surface with such rapidity, that I had scarcely time to view it as we passed; but, cursory as my glance was, I could not but think I was leaving behind me the fullest reward of our toil, in a country that would ultimately render our discoveries valuable, and benefit the colony for whose interests we were engaged. Hurried, I would repeat, as my view of it was, my eye never fell on a country of more promising aspect, or of more favourable position, than that which occupies the space between the lake and the ranges of St. Vincent's Gulf, and, continuing northerly from Mount Barker, stretches away without any visible boundary. It appeared to me, that, unless nature had deviated from her usual laws, this tract of country could not but be fertile, situated as it was to receive the mountain deposits on the one hand, and those of the lake upon the other.

In my report to the Colonial Government, however, I did not feel myself justified in stating, to their full extent, opinions that were founded on probability and conjecture alone. But, although I was guarded in this particular, I strongly recommended a further examination of the coast, from the most eastern point of Encounter Bay to the head of St. Vincent's Gulf, to ascertain if any other than the known channel existed among the sand-hills of the former; or if, as I had every reason to hope from the great extent of water to the north-west, there was a practicable communication with the lake from the other; and I venture to predict, that a closer survey of the interjacent country would be attended with the most beneficial results; nor have I a doubt that the promontory of Cape Jervis would ere this have been settled, had Captain Barker lived to complete his official reports.

This zealous and excellent officer sailed from King George's Sound on the 10th of April, 1831, and arrived off Cape Jervis on the 13th. He was attended by Dr. Davies, one of the assistant-surgeons of his regiment, and by Mr. Kent of the commissariat. It is to the latter gentleman that the public are indebted for the greater part of the following details; he having attended Captain Barker closely during the whole of this short

but disastrous excursion, and made notes as copious as they are interesting. At the time the *Isabella* arrived off Cape Jervis, the weather was clear and favourable. Captain Barker consequently stood into St. Vincent's Gulf, keeping as near as practicable to the eastern shore, in soundings that varied from six to ten fathoms, upon sand and mud. His immediate object was to ascertain if there was any communication with the Lake Alexandrina from the gulf. He ascended to latitude  $34^{\circ} 40'$ , where he fully satisfied himself that no channel did exist between them. He found, however, that the ranges behind Cape Jervis terminated abruptly at Mount Lofty, in lat.  $34^{\circ} 56'$ , and that a flat and wooded country succeeded to the N. and N.E. The shore of the gulf tended more to the N.N.W., and mud-flats and mangrove swamps prevailed along it.

Mr. Kent informs me, that they landed for the first time on the 15th, but they returned almost immediately to the vessel. On the 17th, Captain Barker again landed, with the intention of remaining on shore for two or three days. He was accompanied by Mr. Kent, his servant Milla, and two soldiers. The boat went to the place at which they had before landed, as they thought they had discovered a small river with a bar entrance. They crossed the bar, and ascertained that it was a narrow inlet, of four miles in length, that terminated at the base of the ranges. The party were quite delighted with the aspect of the country on either side of the inlet, and with the bold and romantic scenery behind them. The former bore the appearance of natural meadows, lightly timbered, and covered with a variety of grasses. The soil was observed to be a rich, fat, chocolate-coloured earth, probably the decomposition of the deep-blue limestone, that showed itself along the coast hereabouts. On the other hand, a rocky glen made a cleft in the ranges at the head of the inlet; and they were supplied with abundance of fresh water, which remained in the deeper pools that had been filled by the torrents during late rains. The whole neighbourhood was so inviting, that the party slept at the head of the inlet.

In the morning, Captain Barker proceeded to ascend Mount Lofty, accompanied by Mr. Kent and his servant, leaving the two soldiers at the bivouac, at which he directed them to remain until his return. Mr. Kent says they kept the ridge all the way, and rose above the sea by a gradual ascent. The rock-formation of the lower ranges appeared to be an argillaceous schist; the sides and summit of the ranges were covered with verdure, and the trees upon them were of more than ordinary size. The view to the eastward was shut out by other ranges, parallel to those on which they were; below them, to the westward, the same pleasing kind of country that flanked the inlet still continued.

In the course of the day, they passed round the head of a deep ravine, whose smooth and grassy sides presented a beautiful appearance. The party stood six hundred feet above the bed of a small rivulet that occupied the bottom of the ravine. In some places huge blocks of granite interrupted its course; in others, the waters had worn the rock smooth. The polish of these rocks was quite beautiful, and the veins of red and white quartz which traversed them looked like mosaic work. They did not gain the top of Mount Lofty, but slept a few miles beyond the ravine. In the morning they continued their journey, and crossing Mount Lofty, descended northerly to a point from

which the range bent away a little to N.N.E., and then terminated. The view from this point was much more extensive than that from Mount Lofty itself. They overlooked a great part of the gulf, and could distinctly see the mountains at the head of it, to the N.N.W. To the N.W. there was a considerable indentation in the coast, which had escaped Captain Barker's notice when examining it. A mountain, very similar to Mount Lofty, bore due east of them, and appeared to be the termination of its range. They were separated by a valley of about ten miles in width, the appearance of which was not favourable. Mr. Kent states to me, that Captain Barker observed at the time, that he thought it probable I had mistaken this hill for Mount Lofty, since it shut out the view of the lake from him, and therefore he naturally concluded I could not have seen Mount Lofty. I can readily imagine such an error to have been made by me, more especially as I remember, that at the time I was taking bearings in the lake, I thought Captain Flinders had not given Mount Lofty, as I then conceived it to be, its proper position in longitude. Both hills are in the same parallel of latitude. The mistake on my part is obvious. I have corrected it in the charts; and have availed myself of the opportunity thus afforded me of perpetuating, as far as I can, the name of an inestimable companion in Captain Barker himself.

Immediately below the point on which they stood, Mr. Kent says, a low undulating country extended to the northward, as far as he could see. It was partly open, and partly wooded; and was everywhere covered with verdure. It continued round to the eastward, and apparently ran round southerly, at the opposite base of the Mount Barker range. I thin: there can be but little doubt that my view from the S.E., that is, from the lake, extended over the same or a part of the same country. Captain Barker again slept on the summit of the range, near a large basin that looked like the mouth of a crater, in which huge fragments of rocks made a scene of the utmost confusion. These rocks were a coarse gray granite, of which the higher parts and northern termination of the Mount Lofty range are evidently formed; for Mr. Kent remarks, that it superseded the schistose formation at the ravine we have noticed—and that, subsequently, the sides of the hills became more broken, and valleys, or gullies, more properly speaking, very numerous. Captain Barker estimated the height of Mount Lofty, above the sea, at 2,400 feet, and the distance of its summit from the coast at eleven miles. Mr. Kent says, they were surprised at the size of the trees on the immediate brow of it; they measured one, and found it to be forty-three feet in girth. Indeed, he adds, vegetation did not appear to have suffered either from its elevated position or from any prevailing wind. Eucalypti were the general timber on the ranges; one species of which, resembling strongly the black-butted gum, was remarkable for a scent peculiar to its bark.

The party rejoined the soldiers on the 21st, and enjoyed the supply of fish which they had provided for them. The soldiers had amused themselves by fishing during Captain Barker's absence, and had been abundantly successful. Among others, they had taken a kind of salmon, which, though inferior in size, resembled in shape, in taste, and in the colour of its flesh, the salmon of Europe. I fancied that a fish which I observed, with extremely glittering scales, in

the mouth of a seal, when myself on the coast, must have been of this kind; and I have no doubt that the lake is periodically visited by salmon, and that these fish retain their habits of entering fresh water, at particular seasons, also, in the southern hemisphere.

Immediately behind Cape Jervis, there is a small bay, in which, according to the information of the sealers who frequent Kangaroo Island, there is good and safe anchorage for seven months in the year, that is to say, during the prevalence of the E. and N.E. winds.

Captain Barker landed on the 21st on this rocky point, at the northern extremity of this bay. He had, however, previously to this, examined the indentation in the coast which he had observed from Mount Lofty, and had ascertained that it was nothing more than an inlet; a spit of sand, projecting from the shore at right angles with it, concealed the mouth of the inlet. They took the boat to examine this point, and carried six fathoms soundings round the head of the spit to the mouth of the inlet when it shoaled to two fathoms; and the landing was observed to be bad, by reason of mangrove swamps on either side of it. Mr. Kent, I think, told me that this inlet was from ten to twelve miles long. Can it be, that a current setting out of it at times has thrown up the sand-bank that protects its mouth, and that trees, or any other obstacle, have hidden its further prolongation from Captain Barker's notice? I have little hope that such is the case, but the remark is not an idle one.

Between this inlet and the one formerly mentioned, a small and clear stream was discovered, to which Captain Barker kindly gave my name. On landing, the party, which consisted of the same persons as the former one, found themselves in a valley, which opened direct upon the bay. It was confined to the north from the chief range by a lateral ridge, that gradually declined towards, and terminated at, the rocky point on which they had landed. The other side of the valley was formed of a continuation of the main range, which also gradually declined to the south, and appeared to be connected with the hills at the extremity of the cape. The valley was from nine to ten miles in length, and from three to four in breadth. In crossing it, they ascertained that the lagoon from which the schooner had obtained a supply of water, was filled by a water-course that came down its centre. The soil in the valley was rich, but stony in some parts. There was an abundance of pasture over the whole, from amongst which they started numerous kangaroos. The scenery towards the ranges was beautiful and romantic; and the general appearance of the country such as to delight the whole party.

Preserving a due east course, Captain Barker passed over the opposite range of hills, and descended almost immediately into a second valley that continued to the southwards. Its soil was poor and stony, and it was covered with low scrub. Crossing it, they ascended the opposite range, from the summit of which they had a view of Encounter Bay. An extensive flat stretched from beneath them to the eastward, and was backed in the distance by sand-hummocks and low-wooded hills. The extreme right of the flat rested upon the coast, at a rocky point, near which there were two or three islands. From the left, a beautiful valley opened upon it. A strong and clear rivulet from this valley traversed the flat obliquely, and fell into the sea at the rocky point, or a little to the south-



ward of it. The hills forming the opposite side of the valley had already terminated. Captain Barker, therefore, ascended to higher ground, and at length obtained a view of the Lake Alexandrina, and the channel of its communication with the sea to the N.E. He now descended to the flat, and frequently expressed his anxious wish to Mr. Kent, that I had been one of their number, to enjoy the beauty of the scenery around them, and to participate in their labours. Had fate so ordained it, it is possible the melancholy tragedy that soon after occurred might have been averted.

At the termination of the flat they found themselves upon the banks of the channel, and close to the sand-hillock under which my tents had been pitched. From this point they proceeded along the line of sand-hills to the outlet, from which it would appear that Kangaroo Island is not visible, but that the distant point which I mistook for it was the S.E. angle of Cape Jarvis. I have remarked, in describing that part of the coast, that there is a sand-hill to the eastward of the inlet, under which the tideruns strong, and the water is deep. Captain Barker judged the breadth of the channel to be a quarter of a mile, and he expressed a desire to swim across it to the sand-hill to take bearings, and to ascertain the nature of the strand beyond it to the eastward.

It unfortunately happened that he was the only one of the party who could swim well, in consequence of which his people remonstrated with him on the danger of making the attempt unattended. Notwithstanding, however, that he was seriously indisposed, he stripped, and after Mr. Kent had fastened his compass on his head for him, he plunged into the water, and with difficulty gained the opposite side, to effect which took him nine minutes and fifty-eight seconds. His anxious comrades saw him ascend the hillock, and take several bearings; he then descended the farther side, and was never seen by them again.

It afterwards appeared, that at a very considerable distance from the first sand-hill there was another, to which Captain Barker must have walked, for the woman stated that three natives were going to the shore from their tribe, and that they crossed his track. Their quick perception immediately told them it was an unusual impression. They followed upon it, and saw Captain Barker returning. They hesitated for a long time to approach him, being fearful of the instrument he carried. At length, however, they closed upon him; Captain Barker tried to soothe them, but

finding they were determined to attack him, he made for the water, from which he could not have been very distant. One of the blacks immediately threw his spear and struck him in the hip. This, did not, however, stop him. He got among the breakers, when he received the second spear in his shoulder. On this, turning round, he received a third full in the breast; with such deadly precision do these savages cast their weapons. It would appear that the third spear was already on its flight when Captain Barker turned, and it is to be hoped that it was at once mortal. He fell on his back into the water. The natives then rushed in, and dragging him out by the legs, seized their spears and inflicted innumerable wounds upon his body; after which they threw it into deep water, and the sea tide carried it away.

From the same source from which the particulars of his death were obtained, it was reported that the natives who perpetrated the deeds were influenced by no other motive than curiosity to ascertain if they had

power to kill a white man. But we must be careful in giving credit to this, for it is much more probable that the cruelties exercised by the sealers towards the blacks along the south coast may have instigated the latter to take vengeance on the innocent as well as on the guilty. It will be seen, by a reference to the chart, that Captain Barker, by crossing the channel, threw himself into the very hands of that tribe which had evinced such determined hostility to myself and my men. He got into

the rear of their stronghold, and was sacrificed to those feelings of suspicion, and to that desire of revenge, which the savages never lose sight of until they have been gratified.

It yet remains for me to state, that when Mr. Kent returned to the schooner, after this irreparable loss, he kept to the south of the place at which he had crossed the first range with Captain Barker, and travelled through a valley right across the promontory. He thus discovered that there was a division in the ranges, through which there was a direct and level road from the little bay, on the northern extremity of which they had last landed in St. Vincent's Gulf, to the rocky part of Encounter Bay. The importance of this fact will be better estimated when it is known that good anchorage is secured to small vessels inside the island that lies off the point of Encounter Bay, which is rendered still safer by a horse-shoe reef that forms, as it were, a thick wall to break the swell of the sea. But this anchorage is not safe for more than



BLACKS UNDER GUNYAH.

five months in the year. Independently of these points, however, Mr. Kent remarks, that the spit, a little to the mouth of Mount Loft, would afford good shelter to minor vessels under its lee. When the nature of the country is taken into consideration, and the facility of entering that which lies between the ranges and the Lake Alexandrina, from the south, and of a direct communication with the lake itself, the want of an extensive harbour will, in some measure, be compensated for; more especially when it is known that within four leagues of Cape Jervis, a port, little inferior to Port Jackson, with a safe and broad entrance exists at Kangaroo Island. The sealers have given this spot the name of American Harbour. In it, I am informed, vessels are completely land-locked, and secure from every wind. Kangaroo Island is not, however, fertile by any means. It abounds in shallow lakes, filled with salt water during high tides, and which by evaporation yield a vast quantity of salt.

I gathered from the sealers, that neither the promontory separating St. Vincent from Spencer's Gulf, nor the neighbourhood of Port Lincoln, are other than barren and sandy wastes. They all agree in describing Port Lincoln itself as a magnificent roadstead, but equally agree as to the sterility of its shores. It appears, therefore, that the promontory of Cape Jervis owes its superiority to its natural features; in fact, to the mountains that occupy its centre, to the debris that has been washed from them, and to the decomposition of the better description of its rocks. Such is the case at Illawarra, where the mountains approach the sea; such indeed is the case everywhere, at a certain distance from mountain ranges.

From the above account it would appear that a spot has at length been found upon the south coast of New Holland, to which the colonist might venture with every prospect of success, and in whose valleys the exile might hope to build for himself and for his family a peaceful and prosperous home. All who have ever landed upon the eastern shore of St. Vincent's Gulf agree as to the richness of its soil and the abundance of its pasture. Indeed, if we cast our eyes upon the chart, and examine the natural features of the country behind Cape Jervis, we shall no longer wonder at its differing in soil and fertility from the low and sandy tracts that generally prevail along the shores of Australia. Without entering largely into the consideration of the more remote advantages that would, in all human probability, result from the establishment of a colony, rather than a penal settlement, at St. Vincent's Gulf, it will be expedient to glance hastily over the preceding narrative, and disengaging it from all extraneous matter, to condense, as much as possible, the information it contains respecting the country itself, for I have been unable to introduce any passing remark lest I should break the thread of an interesting detail.

The country immediately behind Cape Jervis may, strictly speaking, be termed a promontory, bounded to the west by St. Vincent's Gulf, and to the east by the Lake Alexandrina and the sandy track separating that basin from the sea. Supposing a line to be drawn from the parallel of  $34^{\circ} 40'$  to the eastward, it will strike the Murray River about twenty-five miles above the head of the lake, and will clear the ranges, of which Mount Loft and Mount Barker are the respective terminations. This line will cut off a space whose greatest breadth will be fifty-five miles, whose length from north to south will be seventy-five, and whose

surface exceeds seven millions of acres; from which, if we deduct two millions for the unavailable hills, we shall have five millions of acres of land, of rich soil, upon which no scrub exists, and whose most distant points are accessible, through a level country on the one hand, and by water on the other. The southern extremity of the ranges can be turned by that valley through which Mr. Kent returned to the schooner, after Captain Barker's death. It is certain, therefore, that this valley not only secures so grand a point, but also presents a level line of communication from the small bay immediately to the north of the Cape, to the rocky point of Encounter Bay, at both of which places there is safe anchorage at different periods of the year.

The only objection that can be raised to the occupation of this spot is the want of an available harbour. Yet it admits of great doubt whether the contiguity of Kangaroo Island to Cape Jervis (serving as it does to break the force of the prevailing winds, as also of the heavy swell that would otherwise roll direct into the bay), and the fact of its possessing a safe and commodious harbour certainly at an available distance, does not in a great measure remove the objection. Certain it is that no port, with the exception of that on the shores of which the capital of Australia is situated, offers half the convenience of this, although it be detached between three and four leagues from the main.

On the other hand it would appear that there is no place from which at any time the survey of the more central parts of the continent could be so effectually carried on; for in a country like Australia, where the chief obstacle to be apprehended in travelling is the want of water, the facilities afforded by the Murray and its tributaries are indisputable, and I have little doubt that the very centre of the continent might be gained by a judicious and enterprising expedition.

This termination of Captain Barker's discoveries occurred close to the spot where now stands the city of Adelaide, and it is not a little interesting to read in the present day the account of a visit made by Mr. Wedge to Port Philip, where are now Melbourne and Geelong, so late as in August, 1835.

Mr. Wedge landed at Port Philip on the 7th August, 1835, at the encampment of the party, left for the purpose of maintaining the friendly intercourse with the aborigines of that part of Australia. He found several families of natives residing with the white men left by Mr. Batman, together with Buckley, the Englishman who had joined the former party, after having passed thirty-three years of his life with the natives. Of this man's curious narrative we subjoin the following brief particulars:

Buckley was born in Cheshire, and having entered the army was, after two or three years' service, transported for life, having, with six others, turned out to shoot the Duke of Kent at Gibraltar. He arrived at Port Philip in 1802, with a detachment of prisoners destined to form an establishment at that place. He was employed as a stonemason (his former trade) in erecting a building for the reception of government stores. A short time previous to the abandonment of the settlement by Colonel Collins, he absconded with two other men, named Marmon and Pye: the latter left his companions before they reached the river at the northern extremity of the Port, being exhausted with want of food and other privations. Marmon

remained with Buckley till they had wandered nearly round the Port, but left him somewhere on Indented Head, with the intention of returning to the establishment; but neither he nor Pto were ever heard of afterwards. Buckley, thus alone, continued his wanderings along the beach, and completed the circuit of the Port. He afterwards proceeded a considerable distance along the coast, towards Cape Otway. He, however, at last became weary of such a lonely and precarious existence, and determined on returning. Soon after he had reached, on his way back, the neighbourhood of Indented Head, he fell in with the family of natives, with which he continued to live till the 12th July, 1835, the day on which he joined the party left by Mr. Batman.

His memory fails him as to dates; but he supposes his falling in with the natives to have occurred about twelve months after his leaving the establishment. The natives received him with great kindness: he soon attached himself to the chief, named Nullaboina, and accompanied him in all his wanderings. From the time of his being abandoned by his companions, till his final return to the establishment, a period of thirty-three years, he had not seen a white man. For the first few years, his mind and time were fully occupied in guarding against the treachery of strange Indians and in procuring food; he, however, soon acquired a perfect knowledge of the language, adopted the native habits, and became quite as one of the community. The natives gave him a wife, but discovering that she had a preference for another, he relinquished her, though the woman and her paramour forfeited their lives, having violated the customs which prevail amongst them; for, when a woman is promised as a wife, which generally happens as soon as she is born, it is considered a most binding engagement, the forfeiture of which is visited with most summary vengeance. Buckley has had no children, either legitimate or illegitimate: during the whole time of his residence, his adventures have been devoid of any remarkable interest, having passed nearly the whole of the time in the vicinity of Indented Head, excepting only on one occasion, when he travelled about 150 miles to the westward of Port Philip.

He describes the natives as cannibals, rude and barbarous in their customs, but well disposed towards the white men. He was unable to introduce amongst them any essential improvements, feeling that his safety chiefly depended on his conforming exactly to all their habits and customs. Although he was always anxious to return to civilised life, he had for many years abandoned all hope of so doing. The following circumstance, however, eventually restored him to his countrymen. Two natives residing at the establishment, left by Mr. Batman, had stolen an axe, and having, by others, been assured that the theft would be severely punished, they absconded, and accidentally fell in with Buckley, communicated to him the fact of white men being in the neighbourhood and their reason for running away; also saying that they would procure other natives and return and spear the white men. Buckley succeeded in dissuading them from this outrage, and proceeded in search of Mr. Batman's party, and in two days succeeded in joining them. The Europeans were living in a miserable hut, with several native families encamped around them. On being observed, Buckley caused great surprise, and, indeed, some alarm: his gigantic stature, his height being six

feet six inches, enveloped in a kangaroo-skin rug, his long beard, and hair of thirty-three years' growth, together with his spears, shield, and clubs, it may readily be supposed presented a most extraordinary appearance. The Europeans believed him to be some great chief, and were in no little trepidation as to his intentions being friendly or not. Buckley proceeded at once to the encampments, and seated himself amongst the natives, taking no notice of the white men, who, however, quickly detected, to their great astonishment, the features of a European: and after considerable difficulty, succeeded in learning who he was. He could not in the least express himself in English; but after the lapse of ten or twelve days he was enabled to speak with tolerable fluency, though he frequently inadvertently used the language of the natives. The family with which Buckley so long resided, were greatly attached to him, and bitterly lamented his leaving them. He resides at present at the settlement formed by the gentlemen who have associated to form a new colony, through the means of the friendly intercourse which has been here established. He expresses his intention of remaining, for the present, for the purpose of being the medium of communicating with the natives. On his receiving the conditional pardon which his Excellency the Governor most humanely and promptly forwarded to him, on his case being made known, and hearing of the meritorious assistance he had afforded the settlers, he was most deeply affected; and nothing could exceed the joy he evinced at once more feeling himself a freeman received again within the pale of civilised society.

Mr. Wedge pointed out at this epoch that it would be desirable to form townships at the head of the salt water of the two rivers, of which the most easterly was called by the natives the Yarra-Yarra, and which is now, for brevity sake, more generally designated as the Yarra. (See page 361.)

The same year (1835) was marked by the melancholy loss of Mr. Cunningham, the colonial botanist. He was in company with Sir Thomas Mitchell, on his way to explore the course of the River Darling. The expedition started from Boree on the 7th of April, and Mr. Cunningham wandered from the party on the 17th of the same month, near the head of the river Bogan. After an anxious search, continued for twelve days, during which the party halted, his horse was traced till found dead, having still the saddle on, and the bridle in its mouth. It appeared that Mr. Cunningham, after losing his horse, had directed his own steps northward; they were traced into the Bogan, and westward along the bed of that river for twenty miles, and until they disappeared near a recent encampment of natives. There a small portion of the skirt of his coat was found, as also some fragments of a map which had been seen in his possession. There were two distinct tribes of natives in the Bogan; but the party was unable to learn anything of the unfortunate botanist's fate from those with whom they had communication.

A party of police were sent from Sydney in December of the same year to endeavour to ascertain Mr. Cunningham's fate, and they learned from some natives that a white man had been murdered on the Bogan; they then proceeded to a tribe of natives who were encamped on the borders of a small lake named Budda, and they made prisoners of three men who were pointed out as the murderers. The natives stated that about

six moons since a white man came up to them on the Bogan and made signs that he was hungry—that they gave him food and lodging for the night; but that the white man getting up frequently during the night excited suspicion, and they determined to destroy him, which determination they carried into effect the following morning. The officer in command of the police, Lieutenant Zouch, then requested to be conducted to the spot on which the murder had taken place, which was at the distance of three days' journey, at a place called Currindine, where they pointed out some bones, which they asserted to be those of a white man, and near to the spot were found a piece of a coat, and also of a manilla hat. Being thus satisfied of the truth of the statement made by the natives, and of the spot where the melancholy event had occurred, Lieut. Zouch had all the remains collected and deposited in the ground, after which he raised a small mound over them, and barked some of the nearest trees, as being the only means in his power to mark the spot.

It is to be observed that Sir Thos. Mitchell explored on this occasion 300 miles of the course of the Darling, and he ascertained that the two creeks, crossed by Captain Sturt on his journey beyond the Macquarie, to be the Bogan and Duck Creek—the latter of which conveyed the surplus waters of the Macquarie to the Darling.

In March, 1836, Sir Thomas Mitchell again started on a discovery, and he succeeded in tracing the Darling into the Murray, which Captain Sturt had previously reached by the Murrumbidgee. He then crossed to the southward, and struck the coast near Portland

Bay in 141° east longitude, about 150 miles to the westward of Port Phillip, and where the party received supplies from the whalers, and whence they returned by land to Sydney, a distance in a direct line of 600 miles. By this important journey Mr. Oxley's first tracing of the Lachlan in 1817 to what he considered to be an inland sea; and of the Macquarie, at a similar epoch of inundation in 1818; the discovery of several

affluents to the Murrumbidgee, by Messrs Hovell and Hume in 1824; and the descent of the latter river in a boat to the Murray, by Captain Sturt, in 1830, were all brought into co-relation, and the existence of one of the noblest hydrographical basins in the world was determined.

Mr. Hume, previously well known as having been the first to strike out a route from Sydney to Port Phillip in 1824, effected at the same time a journey from Sydney to the south-eastern extreme of Australia at Cape Howe, and thence to Wilson's promontory at its southern point.

A colony had been already established at this epoch in Spencer's Gulf, and cheering accounts of its prospects and of the quality of the land had been sent to this country.

The same thing had also happened with regard to the west coast, and to which we shall now turn our attention. The most south-westerly point of Australia is called Cape Leeuwin, and the land, from a little to the south-east of this to near the Swan River, gets the name of Leeuwin's Land, having been first seen by the commander of a Dutch vessel named the *Lioness*, in 1622. Edcl's Land, situated beyond this, and extending northward to Cape Escarpée, and through which this river courses, was probably first seen and named by Edcl, a Dutchman, in 1619, three years after the discovery of Endracht's Land by Dirk Hartog. The *Swan River* was, however, first visited by Vlaming, in 1697, and is situated in latitude 32° 4' 31" south, and longitude 115° 46' 43" east of Greenwich.



LYNE-HINN.

<sup>1</sup> The sketch, so sadly illustrative of the dangers attendant upon Australian exploration, at page 272, represents the fate of another traveller, the unfortunate Coolbarr, who having wandered from his companions, perished by thirst and starvation with his horse and faithful dog. His remains were not discovered for some weeks after, and his skeleton hand still grasped the tin canteen on which he had inscribed his last words of agony.

A group of islands connected with one another, and with the mainland by reefs, is situated off the mouth of the river. The largest was named Rottenest by the Dutch, from the number of rats' nests which occur in it. Its greatest diameter is eight miles. The second largest island received from the French the name of Buache. There is another little isle, called Isle Polo Carnac and Isle Berthollet; and the whole group was named by the French navigators Isles Louis Napoleon.

The line of coast, as far as Geographe Bay, is a limestone ridge, varying from twenty to six hundred feet in height, and extending inland for the distance of four or five miles. The country, from the shores to the base of the mountains, is undulating and open, a thinly-wooded grazing country to the north, and fine grass plains towards Cape Geographe. The range of mountains denominated General Darling's Range attains a height of from twelve to fifteen hundred feet; the culminating points of St. Anne's and Mount William are three thousand feet high. Bailly, who visited the river in the *Naturaliste*, says that its banks were covered on both sides with the forests, which extended a great way into the interior. Mr. Frazer, however, says that the forests do not average more than from eight to ten trees an acre. "We found," says Sir J. Stirling, "the country rich and romantic, gained the summit of the first range of mountains, and had a bird's-eye view of an immense plain, which extended as far as the eye could reach to the northward, southward, and eastward. After ten days' absence we returned to the ship; we encountered no difficulty that was not easily surmounted; we were provided with abundance of fresh provisions by our guns, and met with no obstruction from the natives."

The calcareous deposits which constitute the outline of the coast in the neighbourhood of Swan River, and which, alternating with sands and sandstones, are met with forming almost perpendicular cliffs in the course of the river, appear to consist of two kinds. The first, most ancient, though with every probability belonging to the tertiary formations, is that which presents the most compactness, which alternates with sandstone, and is not very shelly. It forms the bluff headland at the mouth of the river, is the principal ingredient of the whole ridge lining the coast in the vicinity of this river, and is found near Geographe Bay, lying on brecciated conglomerates. It is everywhere pierced with caverns, sometimes crowded with stalactites. At Cape Naturaliste these attain a length of from twenty to twenty-five feet; and in one case they presented the remarkable appearance of being all bent outwards, as if a gale of wind were perpetually blowing through the cavern. This rock is a principal constituent of the Isle of Buache, where it is found alternating with sands in horizontal layers, and the hills formed by this mountain rock, instead of occurring in isolated summits, form long and continuous crests. This formation is covered by a bed of sand, mixed with the detritus of vegetables, which furnish the mould for the propagation of trees and shrubby plants. The second kind is a formation almost peculiar to the coasts of Australia, and has been minutely described by Captain King. Mr. Abel also noticed this formation at the Cape of Good Hope. "It is impossible," says Mr. Frazer (*Botanical Miscellany*, Part II.), "to pass along the beach fourteen yards without crossing a stream which

issues from caverns of limestone, and which forms banks of shells, sea-weed, stones, and whatever substance may come in their reach, incrusting them in a beautiful manner." In the immediate vicinity of the sea, there occur downs, which from this action are converted into extensive formations of mountain rocks; even far up the course of the river, the French described the limestone rock as entirely composed of incrustations of shells, roots, and even the trunks of trees.

Between the limestone rock and the Darling Mountains occurs a low tract of land of different structure. A bed of large-grained sand covers a formation of compact clay of a reddish hue. This change of structure is accompanied with other changes, which we shall notice in the hydrographical part.

At Cape Naturaliste there are immense cliffs, presenting at their base large beds of granite and schistose rock, large masses of felspar were seen traversing those beds in various directions, and of various thickness. The granite rock was succeeded by a bed of micaceous schist, in an advanced state of decomposition, over which were observed several caverns, which were found to contain rock-salt in crystallised masses, and in large quantities. The base of the mountains (which were named Darling's Range in honour of General Darling) is covered with fragments of quartz and chalcidony; the soil a red sandy loam. Farther up the soil improves to a light-brown loam; but from its rocky nature is incapable of cultivation. The highest part of the range is of ironstone, and it is remarkable that there is no underwood. The island of Berthollet, distant six miles from Buache, is a barren, inhospitable spot, producing abundance of hares, seals, and mutton birds. Its shores present many tesselated cliffs of limestone, resembling the turrets of a Gothic cathedral.

The most important features of the country are contained in the accessibility of its shores, in the distribution of its rivers, and in the abundance of its fresh waters. The entrance of Swan River was considered by the first navigators who visited this coast, as almost impossible during the prevalence of some winds, but the difficulties have been smoothed down by further acquaintance, and the rocky, abrupt entrance of this fine stream appears, on the contrary, to offer some peculiarities of a very favourable description. In alluding to the hydrography of this district, it will be necessary to premise that the seasons are not the same as in our country.

Spring occurs in September, October, and November; summer in December, January, and February; autumn in March, April, and May; and winter in June, July, and August; and as the state of the rivers and marshes are almost entirely regulated by the seasons, the time of the year must always form an important matter of consideration in the testimony we can draw from the accounts of travellers. The navigation from the Cape to the Swan River does not present any extraordinary difficulties, and it is well known that ships navigating the eastern seas, have constantly to beat down to a parallel with this river; but that the long belt of oceanic water that washes the shores of Leeuwin's, Edel's, or Endracht's Lands, is boisterous, and at certain seasons of the year with difficulty navigable, is certain from the experience of what few visits have been made to these shores. The coast in the neighbourhood of Swan River presents

also the usual difficulties met with in navigating the South Seas in coral reefs and islands, but not to a very dangerous extent.

Swan River is not a very large river, not being above a mile in width a little beyond its embouchure. It is, however, deep; and though the French navigators met with several mishaps, being twice stranded in their course, Sir J. Stirling's party found the river navigable until it almost ceases to be a stream, or where there was not room for a boat to pass. Port Cockburn was regarded as fittest for harbouring ships; it is distant eight miles from the river, and there is room for the largest fleet, with seven fathoms water, within twenty yards of the shore, and this perfectly land-locked. There is stated to be no surf, and Mr. Frazer is inclined to think that, as at the entrance of the river, there is not a perpendicular height of five feet from the line of low water to that of vegetation, there is never any very heavy weather in the Sound. On the bar at the entrance there is only one fathom of water, but that is always smooth. Between the isles of Berthollet and Buache is the entrance for ships drawing more than sixteen feet of water into Port Cockburn. Vessels drawing less than sixteen feet, can run directly across the sound from the entrance of Swan River to Port Cockburn. Vessels of any burden, then, can proceed up the sound to the entrance of the river, where there is good anchorage, with plenty of room to beat out, should the wind come to blow hard from the north-west.

After passing the rocky barrier which incloses the river at its mouth, it develops itself and becomes much wider. The soil, consisting of a retentive argillaceous substratum, is the part marked as Melville Water in the map, into which Canning River, mistaken by the French for an outlet, to which they gave the name of Moreau, falls on the one side, and there is abundance of fresh water on the other. The season the French visited the place was rather early after the wet season, and it was yet covered with little lakes and ponds, and traversed by numerous rivulets. There can be no doubt but that, during the winter season, the whole of this part of the country is one entire flood.<sup>1</sup> Further up the river are a number of small islands, called by the French, *Isles of Herisson*. These are composed of a rich deposit carried down by the floods. Captain Stirling's expedition met with the same difficulties as the French at this part of the river, and had to drag the boats over the mud, and beds of oyster shells lay a foot deep in the mire, and lacerated the feet.

There are several lagoons in the Island of Buache, which are all salt. Their shores were covered with deep beds of the only two kinds of shells met with; one a bi-valve, the other a rose-coloured species of *Melania*. On the coast near Swan River, Mr. Frazer met with an extensive mineral spring, issuing from beneath a mass of cavernous limestone rocks, in width about seven feet, and running at the rate of three feet in a second. There is no water on Berthollet Island.

On the south head of the entrance to Swan River, Mr. Frazer observed a considerable variety of interesting plants, amongst which were *A. nigroanthus rufus*,

*Anthoceri littorea*, two species of *Metrosideros*, and a *Prostanthera*—on the downs, a species of *Gnaphalium*, with white flowers, as on the downs bordering the Bay of Biscay, gives a snowy appearance to many parts of the cliffs—on the margin of a salt lake he found a species of *Brunonia*. At the distance of one mile from the mouth of the river, the genus *Eucalyptus* makes its appearance, although in a stunted state; the French naturalists stated the most abundant shrub in the country to be the *E. resinifera*.

The vegetation of the beach consists principally of syngenesious plants, and a species of *Hibiscus* with peltate leaves. Here Mr. F. observed a beautiful pendulous *Leptospermum*, resembling the weeping willow, and associated with an arborescent *Acacia*. The few trees and shrubs seen on the hills of limestone, consisted of stunted *Eucalypti* and *Leptosperma*, and a beautiful species of *Calytris* or *cypris*, of the finest green colour: a *Rhagodia* grows on the beach to a height of twenty feet. The genus *Banksia* appears in all its grandeur near Canning River. The shores are covered with rushes of great height and thickness, concealing many beautiful syngenesious plants. The botany of Point Heathcote is splendid, consisting of magnificent *Banksias* and *Dryandras*. The beach at Garden Point is of the same character; and Mr. F. thinks that every beach within the heads will be found of the same description. The margins of the islands are covered with *Metrosideros* and *Casuarinas*, and their interior with sea-side succulent plants. On the flats the *Banksia grandis* attains a height of fifty feet, and a *Zamia* thirty. Up the river are thickets of *Casuarina*. The brome grass of New South Wales makes its appearance. Bastard and real blue gum is seen in considerable quantities. At the base of the mountains, Mr. F. observed a species of *Hakea* with holly-shaped leaves. The summit was studded with noble *Angophorum*. At the source of the river were thickets of an arborescent species of *Acacia*, and gigantic thistles eleven feet in height.

The Island of Buache, composed of low ridges of light sandy loam, has its loftiest parts covered with cypress, *Calytris*, and thickets of *Solanum*, and a species of *Brunonia*; towards the north were thickets of *Metrosideros*. The appearance of the country about Cape Geographe is particularly pleasing. The shore seemed well clothed with timber, and the foliage of the richest green. The principal part of the timber consisted of *Eucalyptus*.

At Rottenest the French met with a little kangaroo, about two feet in height, probably *Petaurus Peronii*, Desm., and what they called a large rat (*Peromyscus nasuta*). Seals were very numerous, and there were a great number of reptiles: tortoises abounded in Geographe Bay. At the source of Swan River Mr. Frazer met with a number of deep pits, made by the natives for the purpose of catching land tortoises, with which the ridges abound. The animals met with were kangaroos, native dogs, emus, &c., &c. The quantity of black swans, ducks, pelicans, and aquatic birds seen on the river was truly astonishing. Fish were abundant, and the sound swarmed with tiger sharks. A species of *Pallidus* (cockatoo) was seen in large flocks; it fed on the roots of orchideous plants. One of the most remarkable animals frequenting the tall rushes of the river's banks, was the sea-lion of Anson, elephant-marlin of the French (*Macrorhinus proboscideus*, F. Cuv.), which roars loudly, and fight among themselves.

<sup>1</sup> "The flats or levels," says Mr. Frazer, "are very fertile, composed of a rich alluvial deposit, but evidently occasionally flooded, drift timber having been seen five feet above the surface."



The French met with them in the interior of the woods. Partridges and crows were said to be met with on Isle Bunche by the French. They also saw, on Swan River, parrots and large and small crows. Fishing in the river was very successful. Mr. Frazer only saw one snake during the survey.

The French had no direct communication with the natives. They did not appear navigators; no traces of boats were found, though the natives were met with in pretty great numbers on the banks of the river. The few natives Captain Stirling's party met with were not disposed to behave ill; on the contrary, they seemed much alarmed at first, but soon gained confidence. Black swans were given to them, and eagerly accepted. They had no means of navigation, and rather showed a horror of the water. The language spoken by the different tribes of Australians differs in each, but there seems to be no other variations amongst them. The arms of the natives of the Swan River were the same as those of the natives of New South Wales, and their clothing and appearance are equally loathsome.

In an agricultural point of view, the new establishment at Swan River presents four different positions.

1. The limestone ridge bounding the east; 2. The flats and swamps between that and the range of hills; 3. The high lands and forests at the sources of the Rivers Swan and Canning, with the bases and part of the acclivity of the hills constituting Darling Range; and 4. The pasture lands to the east of this range. The limestone tract will probably in future times be one of the most marked and fruitful tracts at Swan River; the climate and the land is at the present moment ready for the cultivation of the vine. The orange-tree, the olive, the fig, and the pomegranate, with numerous other plants, would thrive on the light sandy soil which covers this ridge. The headlands and Isle Bunche have been thought favourable for the growth of bananas, and most of our culinary vegetables. The soil of Isle Bunche appeared capable of producing any description of light garden crops. The extensive salt-marshes, Mr. Frazer states, are admirably adapted to the growth of cotton, probably also of rice. The seeds of British Graminae should be sown on the fresh water marshes; the maize and forest timber should be grown at the base and on the acclivities of the hills, where the arts of agriculture should be put in force to further the growth of the Eucalyptus and timber trees of the country.

On November 4th, 1828, Thomas Peel, Esq., Sir Francis Vincent, and others, addressed a memorial to Government for the colonisation of Swan River, previously visited by Sir J. Stirling, in his Majesty's ship *Rainbow*. These gentlemen proposed to provide shipping for the purpose of taking out ten thousand of his then Majesty's subjects, and to bring to the settlement one thousand head of bulls, cows, bullocks, and calves, and have three small vessels running from Sydney to the settlement. His Majesty's Government, desirous that the experiment should not be made, in the first instance, upon a very large scale, on account of the extensive distress which would be occasioned by a failure in any of the objects expected from the undertaking, limited the grant to a maximum of one million of acres, half a million to be allotted after the arrival of the first vessel containing not less than four hundred persons of both sexes, and if this grant was covered by investments before the year 1840, the remaining

half million to be allotted by degrees. A convenient allotment of land to be reserved for the town and harbour, for public buildings, and for the accommodation of future settlers, and a priority of choice, to the extent of a hundred thousand acres, to be allowed to Sir J. Stirling, whose surveys and report of the coast led to the formation of the settlement. The proportion of male to female settlers was to be not less than five of the former to six of the latter. The passage of labouring persons to be considered as an investment of capital, entitling the parties to an allowance of land, at the rate of £15, that is, of two hundred acres. Forty acres were also granted for every £3 sterling invested upon public or private objects in the colony. Forty acres were allowed for every child under six years, and one hundred and twenty for ditto under ten, when the allowance of two hundred commenced. The government to be administered by Sir J. Stirling, as civil superintendent of the settlement.

After the arrival of the first vessel at the colony, intelligence was received in England by various hands, and many gloomy reports disseminated, with an exaggeration of the disappointment felt by those who had founded their hopes in injudicious statements of the great luxuriance of soil. It appears that the first settlers remained in Garden Island for two months after their arrival in huts built from the timber of the country, of which there is great abundance, and closed in by brushwood. Shortly afterwards a town was established at the entrance of Swan River, to which they gave the name of Freemantle, and eleven or twelve miles up above Melville Water another was established on the left bank, to be called Perth, the foundation-stone being laid by the lady of Captain Dance.

Captain Irwin reported of the new colony in 1835 ("State and Position of Western Australia," &c.), that stock of all kinds, but especially sheep, were found to thrive well, the returns in grain were not great, but all description of garden crops yielded abundantly. The light sandy districts near the coast, the view of which at first gave the settlers so much dissatisfaction, had in this respect most agreeably deceived them; turnips and mangel wurzel having in particular yielded heavy crops on them. In general, it appeared that the country would yield good returns to skill and labour, but gave little of its own accord. No serious loss had been occasioned by drought, though much feared by the early settlers. The most valuable native forest trees had turned out to be the mahogany and blue gum, both of which furnished excellent timber for ship building. English oak had been planted and found to thrive.

New townships had arisen, Guildford in the line of the Swan River, and Augusta at the mouth of the Black Wood. Freemantle already contained several good hotels. The settlement had also been distinguished by a special institution for the benefit of the native tribes, which reflects the highest honour on the memory of its founder, Sir James Stirling. Its object was to instruct them gradually, and without compulsion, in the arts of civilized life. The essential evil against which the colony had then, and has ever since had to struggle, has been a deficient supply of labour. To this are owing a yet imperfect cultivation of the soil, and a want of good practicable roads for bringing its produce to market.

## IV.

**NORTH COAST—FIRST SETTLEMENTS—MELVILLE ISLAND—SOIL AND PRODUCTIONS—NATURAL HISTORY—CLIMATE AND DISEASES—NATIVES—PORT ESSINGTON—MALAY FISHERY OF TRIPANG—NATIVES OF THE MAINLAND—RAFFLES BAY—COMMERCIAL AND POLITICAL ADVANTAGES OF PORT ESSINGTON.**

THE settlements hitherto formed on the north coast of Australia have not hitherto been fortunate. Two were founded between 1824 and 1828, and subsequently abandoned. One of them was placed in Apsley Strait, in 1824, the other in Raffles Bay, in 1827; and the intention of their formation, with causes which led to their being ultimately abandoned, being either little known or misunderstood, we shall give a brief account of them.

Previous to 1824 some masters of small trading vessels, who had been carrying on a traffic with the islands in the Indian Archipelago, found the trade they had thus embarked in of a description that promised a profitable market for European goods; and they also observed that several articles of traffic amongst these islands were obtained on the northern coast of New Holland, "such as *bêche de mer* or tripang, and pearl and tortoise-shell." They therefore naturally concluded that a British settlement on that coast might materially facilitate a commercial intercourse, not only with the inhabitants of the numerous islands in the Indian Archipelago, but also with the Chinese; and these observations, on being represented, meeting with a favourable consideration in the Colonial Department at home, and Government evincing an anxious desire to extend our trade in the Indian Seas, arrangements were soon afterwards entered into for carrying the views founded on them into effect.

Captain Bremer, C.B. (then commanding H. M. S. *Tamar*, and about to proceed from England to New South Wales on his way to India), received instructions to take charge of an expedition which would be fitted out at Sydney, to proceed with it to the north coast of New Holland, and to establish a settlement on such part of that coast as he found would be most likely to answer the intentions of Government.

The materials being prepared at Sydney, Captain Bremer sailed from Port Jackson on the 24th August, 1824, having under his command (besides his own ship) two vessels, in which were embarked two officers and fifty soldiers of the third regiment, a surgeon, two gentlemen of the Commissariat Department, and forty-five convicts, with cattle and various stores. The expedition proceeded by the inner passage, through Torres Strait, and, crossing the Gulf of Carpentaria on the 20th September, reached Port Essington, where they came to anchor. They remained three days, but after searching in several directions for water, and being unable to discover any, except by digging holes in the sand at Point Record, this circumstance induced Captain Bremer to look for a more convenient place more to the westward. On the morning of the 24th September, accordingly, Melville Island was seen from the mast-head, bearing south-west, and at seven P.M. the expedition anchored outside of the reef or shoal called Mermaid Shoal, which extends westward from Cape Van Diemen. The 25th was occupied by the expedition in threading its way through this intricate and extensive reef, and by half-past six in the evening, having cleared it, they anchored in seven fathoms water, off Bathurst Island. At daylight on the 26th

they weighed and stood for the entrance between Melville and Bathurst Islands into Apsley Strait, and in the afternoon they anchored off Luxmoore Head, in fifteen fathoms. (Luxmoore Head is a promontory of Melville Island, within the entrance of Apsley Strait.) The remainder of the 26th, the 27th, the 28th and 29th, were occupied in searching for water, but none but what was brackish was found until late on the 29th, when a small stream was met with by Captain Bremer: this decided him to establish the new settlement in Apsley Strait, on the Melville Island side. The most eligible spot that presented itself was six miles higher up than Luxmoore Head; and on the 30th September the soldiers and convicts were landed, and the operation of clearing away ground on which to erect buildings was immediately commenced.

The spot fixed upon by Captain Bremer for the settlement was named by him Point Barlow, in compliment to Captain Barlow, 3rd Regiment, who was appointed Commandant; a low point of land to the north-west of it was called Garden Point; and these two points formed the extremities of a small bay which became the anchorage, and was named King's Cove. The beach around it, as well as the south-east of the intended settlement, was low, muddy, and lined with mangroves, and the higher grounds were covered with a dense forest.

By the 21st October, through the united efforts of the sailors, soldiers, and convicts, the settlement was in a great state of forwardness: and this being the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar, Captain Bremer landed some guns and mounted them on the fort, which was now nearly completed: a royal salute was fired; and besides the names already mentioned, others were given. That part of Apsley Strait between Harris Island and Luxmoore Head was named Port Cockburn, and the work was called Fort Dundas. On the 13th November, the fort, wharf, soldiers' huts, officers' houses, and commissariat store, being completed, also an excellent well, thirty feet deep and six in diameter, and the provisions all landed, Captain Bremer took his departure for India, leaving an officer and thirty marines to assist in the protection of the settlement.

The first object—viz., clearing away a small space of ground to enable the settlers to erect huts for shelter, stores, and an hospital, in a country thickly wooded, surrounded by mangrove swamps, and under a burning sun—required no ordinary exertion; but by the perseverance of the military and prisoners, aided by the crew of the *Tamar* frigate, the fort was finished, a temporary wharf formed, and huts sufficient for shelter were constructed in seventy-four days; subsequent to which and the departure of the *Tamar*, the convicts (forty-five in number), were the only labourers that could be employed in clearing away and bringing the ground into a state of cultivation, every other individual having abundant occupation to make himself by any means comfortable and secure. As the huts were unavoidably erected close to the standing timber, the natives, who constantly hovered through the forest, were extremely troublesome, frequently throwing their spears into the huts and hospital; scurvy and ague also soon appeared, and diminishing the number of workmen, retarded exceedingly the operation of clearing; and the difficulties experienced in communicating with Sydney occasioned other drawbacks, as will in the sequel appear.

From the great distance between Melville Island and Sydney, and the total want of any direct intercourse, very little was known about the settlement even in July, 1826. Towards the end of 1825 one set of despatches reached Sydney, which had been sent *via* Batavia or India; and these did not convey a very favourable report of the new settlement, the Commandant having experienced many unexpected difficulties, the principal of which were, want of fresh provisions and vegetables; inadequate materials for carrying on field labour; scurvy, and a great deal of sickness; several deaths which had taken place; the loss of the *Lady Nelson*, which was sent for supplies to the island of Timor, in February, 1825, and never afterwards heard of; and also of a schooner called the *Stedcomb*, which the Commandant had engaged, in place of the *Lady Nelson*, to procure buffaloes from Coëpang Timor, and which sailed from Melville Island in February, 1826, and never returned, having been taken by pirates off the east end of Timor. The settlement was thus left without fresh meat or vegetables, which latter could not be produced in sufficient quantity; and scurvy thus broke out, and raged for many months in a very alarming degree. Supplies of flour, pickles, and preserved meats were afterwards sent from Sydney, in the ship *Sir Philip Dundas*, which reached Melville Island in the beginning of 1826; and another vessel (the *Mermaid* cutter), despatched from Sydney in March, 1826, arrived at the settlement on the 5th August. These delays and losses occasioned not only great impediments to the improvement of the settlement, but left the Government of New South Wales in much anxiety respecting it.

At the beginning of August, 1826, his Excellency Lieutenant-General Darling, then Governor of New South Wales, was pleased to appoint Major Campbell Commandant of Melville Island, and directed him to embark on board the colonial schooner *Isabella*, with a detachment of troops, some convicts, and various stores, as well as live stock, and to proceed with all despatch through Torres Straits to relieve Captain Barlow and his detachment. On the 19th August they left Port Jackson, and reached Melville Island on the 19th September. The officers and men who had formed the settlement, and had been there about two years, were rejoiced to find that a relief had arrived for them; they gave them a discouraging account of the oppressiveness of the climate, the scarcity of vegetables, the deficiency of fresh meat, the almost impossibility of procuring fish, the dreariness of the situation—(never having been visited by any other than the two small colonial vessels already mentioned as sent from Sydney with supplies, by a man-of-war's boat, which came in for a few hours, whilst the man-of-war, the *Slaney*, remained outside the reefs, about eighteen miles off; and by H. M. S. *Larne*, which had touched there)—the hostility of the natives, and many other mortifications which conveyed but a gloomy picture of the settlement.

The interior of Melville Island is described by Major Campbell as very difficult of access, in consequence of almost impenetrable mangrove swamps and close forest; and in my several excursions into its interior, for the purpose of surveying and penetrating in direct lines from the coast, I found, says the Major, the features of the country always similar. From the closeness of the trees and want of elevated spots, I could seldom see beyond three or four hundred

yards, and my movements were always guided by compass.

When seen from the sea the island has a pleasing appearance in consequence of its gently undulating surface and being thickly wooded; but when on shore its beauty vanishes, a monotonous succession of salt-water creeks, mangrove-swamps, and forest (the trees of which are generally of the same appearance, having long bare trunks and very scanty foliage), speedily surfeiting the most ardent admirer of the beauties of nature.

The elevated ground sometimes runs in narrow strips and at others extends widely; the slopes generally terminate in a swamp, but yet sometimes they leave open spaces of arid flat ground at their base, of from fifty to a hundred acres in extent, covered only with low shrubs and thin coarse grass. Here and there are also plains of dry mud without any vegetation. The surface of the elevated ground is very stony, being covered with small shining masses of ironstone, having a metallic lustre, as if they had been ejected from a furnace. The sloping sides are less stony, and the flat ground is generally quite free from stone. Streams of water are scarce throughout the island, but the swamp water is generally drinkable; and by sinking wells a constant supply of excellent water is obtained. The swamps are generally full of long grass and reeds, intermixed with small trees; and leading into these swamps are narrow gullies choked up with a kind of cane or rattan (*Flagellaria indica*). Excursions into the interior are attended with excessive fatigue and much risk, the leading causes of which are the oppressive heat experienced in the close forest, where the air is seldom in motion; the myriads of sand-flies which infest and torment the traveller whenever he stands still or rests for an instant, and the constant alertness demanded to guard against the hostile natives.

After four year's experience, we found the soil of Melville Island in general to be of an inferior quality, partaking of the character of the ironstone which is so generally diffused over it. The subsoil, after digging two feet and a-half, is much better, being a brown mould of a saponaceous texture. This is the character of the soil on the cultivated ground at a little distance from the shore; close to the shore it is very rocky, and the rocks are generally of a ferruginous nature, heavy, brittle, and splintery in the fracture; the soil is light and shallow, intermixed with much sand and gravel. Bordering on the swamps, it is richer and more productive, but sometimes so dark in colour (almost black) that, by attracting the heat of the sun, it burns up the vegetables which it had quickly produced. After digging a few feet below the surface, the ground is frequently found to be of a whitish clayey nature. There are many flat pieces of ground near the swamps which I think capable of producing rice; but we had neither the means nor the opportunity of trying experiments with that grain; and the results of our trials of the productive qualities of the soil, generally, will be found afterwards.

The vegetable productions indigenous to Melville Island are various and abundant, vegetation being certainly altogether very luxuriant, and during the whole year there was plenty of grass for the subsistence of our cattle. The timber is in general of a useful quality; and although trees that are small in the stem predominate, yet there are many of considerable dimensions and applicable to house-building, furniture,

ship and boat building, and to agricultural purposes. The largest timber measured sixty feet of stem, and three feet in diameter; and the average number of trees to an acre is about one hundred and twenty, but sometimes they are more numerous, amounting to one hundred and eighty. At a distance from the swamps there is but little underwood; but in their neighbourhood, and generally on all the low ground, the sago palm (*Cycas media*, of Brown), the fan palm (*Livistona inermis*—Brown), the grass palm (*Pandanus spiralis*—Brown), and the cabbage palm (*Seaforthia elegans*—Brown), are thickly intermingled with the more lofty timber. Amongst the forest trees, several species of eucalyptus are most abundant.

Although the timber, as I have already stated, is both abundant and good, yet one third or fourth of the trees are frequently rendered useless from the depredations of the white ants; which excavate the interior of a tree from one end to the other, forming a tube from three to five inches in diameter; and even the hardest wood, such as lignum, does not escape them.

The only trees we met with, producing an edible fruit, were two species of apple and a plum; one of the apples was very acid and astringent, and only palatable in tarts or puddings; the other two fruits, though pleasant to the taste, were not much indulged in for fear they might prove pernicious.

Grasses are abundant, and grow very rank, some of them being very injurious to the cattle; but the greater proportion are wholesome and nutritive, and the cattle, when once acclimatised, thrive well upon them. Cattle, sheep, and goats, when first landed upon Melville Island, suffer very much, either from the grass, water, or climate; I cannot decide which—probably a combination of all three. During the first three years of the settlement, two-thirds of the cattle died in ten or fourteen days after being landed. The cows which survived this trial afterwards did very well; but sheep never fattened; they, however, produced fine lambs, and these, as well as the produce of the cows and goats which escaped the mortality on first introduction to the island, continued afterwards to thrive well. In 1827, we adopted a new plan of managing the cattle when first landed, and the deaths were in consequence much decreased.

The grass preferred by the cattle was that which grew on the borders of the swamps and the young grass around fallen timber; but the fine looking grass on the forest land they avoided; of this we, however, made tolerable hay. We tried several exotic grasses, which succeeded very well; particularly the Capeen and Caffee grass.

Besides the forest trees already enumerated (and which are for the most part evergreens), there is a great variety of ornamental trees, shrubs, and flowers, which give some liveliness throughout the year to the otherwise sombre appearance of the island; amongst them, the abacus, casuarina, convolvulus, the bead vine (*Abrus precatorius*—Linn.), and other runner and parasitical plants, are very conspicuous. The loranthus, with scarlet flowers, abounds; as also the beautiful calythrax (*C. mycrophylla*—Cun.), bearing a pink-coloured flower.

Some of the mangroves grow to a considerable height, and the mangrove holly (*Acrostichum filicifolium*—Br.) is very frequent in their neighbourhood. In the forest land, trees producing a gum or resin are numerous;

this gum, exuding from the bark, forms lumps upon the stem, and is much used by the natives in the formation of their spears. I can say but little of the esculent roots indigenous to Melville Island: there is a root of a small yam-like appearance, and another resembling a parsnip, both of which were scarce; and as they were only met with when better-known vegetables became tolerably plentiful in the gardens, I do not know that any trial was ever made of them, and we had never any opportunity of ascertaining whether they were used by the natives or not. The only vegetable production we observed them to eat was the young flower-branch or leaves within the spathe of the cabbage-palm, with the seed of the sago palm. The former was frequently made use of at the settlement, and a most acceptable vegetable it was when either boiled or stewed. The cabbage-palm grows to a great height (sometimes thirty feet), and latterly we obtained the germ, or rather the flower-branch, by ascending the tree and cutting it out with a strong knife or tomahawk; but, at the commencement of the settlement, many palms were altogether cut down near the root, and they consequently became scarce in the neighbourhood of Fort Dundas, though we frequently found clumps of them seven or eight miles from us. A large bean is also met with in sandy places, and particularly near the shore; but when cooked and made use of, it was apt to occasion pain and a looseness of the bowels.

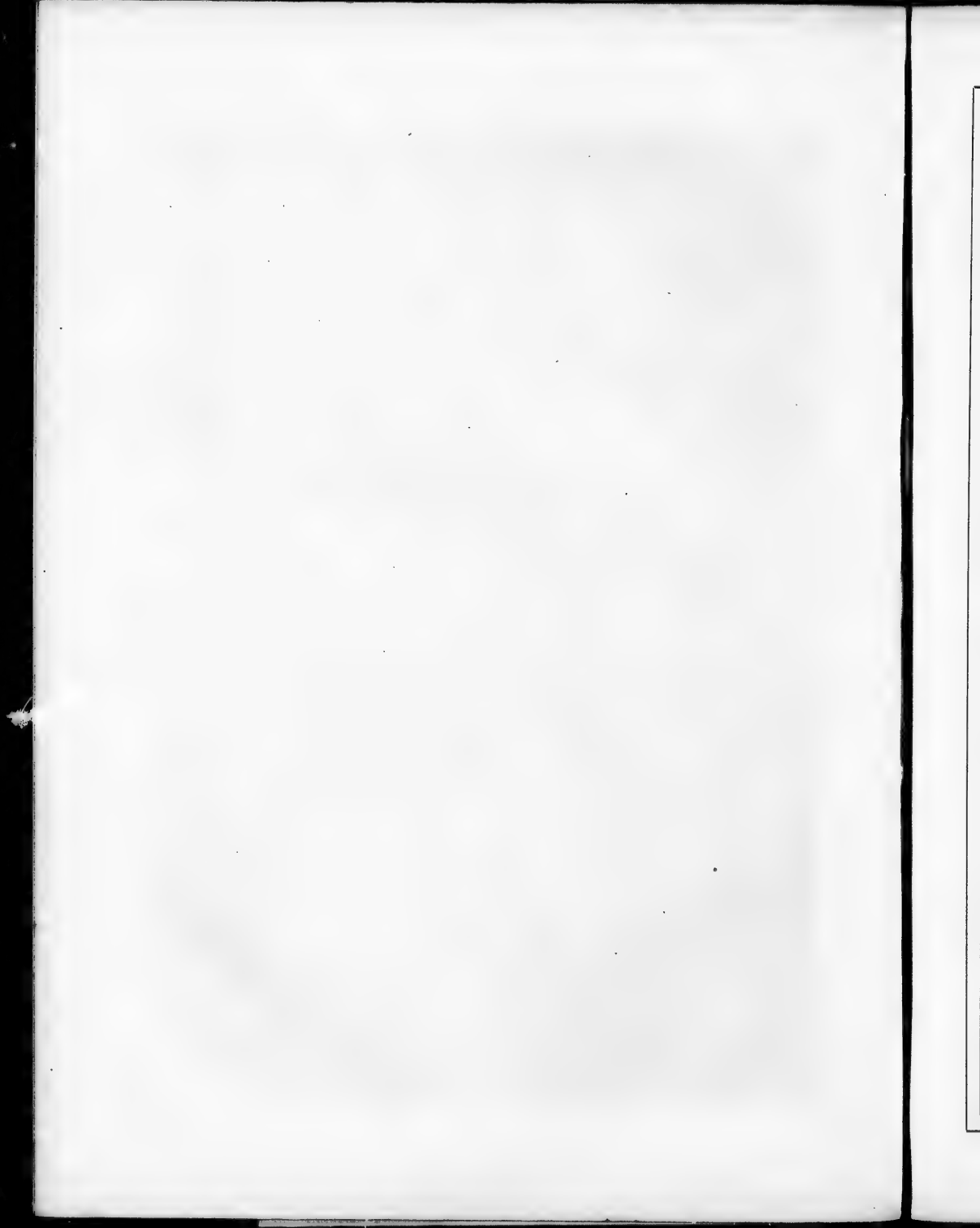
The first settlers reported that cloves and nutmeg were indigenous in the island, but this was altogether a mistake; and the nutmeg-tree (*Myristica insipida*—Br.) which I observed growing both close to and in the swamps, produced a small nut very slightly pungent, scarcely three-quarters of an inch long, but egg-shaped, and the mace, or net-work inclosing it, devoid of flavour. Some people have also been led to believe that sandal-wood was indigenous in Melville Island; but this is also an error, as the wood mistaken for it was the cypress-pine, a species of *Callitris*, which resembled the sandal-wood in colour, and had somewhat of its pleasing smell. Wild ginger is, however, indigenous in Melville Island.

Having stated all that I at present recollect under the head of indigenous vegetable productions, I shall now mention those of the animal kingdom. Of four-footed animals, we had the kangaroo, opossum, bandicoot, native dog, a small brown rat, a species of squirrel, and an animal very destructive to poultry, with a sharp nose, and the body covered with dark brown hair: the tail is fourteen inches long, and bare, like that of a rat, excepting within three inches of the tip, which is covered with long white hair; it measures twenty-seven inches from the extremity of the nose to the tip of the tail. The Ternate bat, or flying fox, is very numerous in the vicinity of the creeks, and flies about or suspends itself to trees in flocks of several hundreds together; those which I procured measured ten inches in length of body, and three feet between the extremities of the outstretched membrane. Of all the animals I have mentioned, only two of them were used by us as food, viz. the kangaroo and bandicoot; the former we seldom got, as they resorted to situations at too remote and inconvenient a distance to admit of our hunting them. The bandicoot afforded good eating, and were found generally on moonlight nights concealed in the hollow trunks of decayed trees.

Of the feathered tribe there is a great variety, and



NATIVES WITH SHIELD OF BANK OF EGYPTIAN.





of the most beautiful plumage; amongst them I may enumerate the following: white cockatoo, with yellow crest; black cockatoo, with red crest and red at the extremity of the tail-feathers; seven varieties of paroquets; six varieties of pigeons; four kinds of king-fisher, and amongst them the gigantic king-fisher (*Dacelo gigantea*—Leach); swamp pheasants (*Centropus phasianus*—Ill.); quail; curlew; wild ducks; sand-larks (seen in flocks in November); wild geese (rare); and a wild black fowl of the gallinaceous order, weighing from three to four pounds, and found in packs amongst the long grass near swamps, the flesh hard and insipid; blue and white cranes, and several more of the genus *Ardea*. There are magpies, ravens, hawks, owls, and wattle-birds; and many beautiful small birds are also abundant.

Amongst the class reptiles, we found a great variety of the snake tribe, measuring from one foot to twelve in length; they were met with everywhere—in the forest, swampy ground, and houses. Although several of the soldiers and convicts were bitten by them, none of the wounds were very serious, excepting in the case of one man (the overseer), who was bitten by a snake whilst in bed. The reptile took a piece of the flesh clean out of his thigh; and as there was no medical man on the island at the time, Lieutenant Bate, who was superintending the sick and was immediately informed of the accident, burnt the wound all around with caustic instead of cutting any part away. The man suffered considerable pain for some days, and experienced many of the sensations felt by those who have been bitten by venomous reptiles. He was confined for ten days from the effect of the bite. The snake was found on the following morning in the overseer's hut, coiled up under a box. It was immediately killed, and burnt upon a fire before I had an opportunity of examining it. It was described to me as being six feet long, with a broad head and small neck. Another snake was brought to me which had bitten a dog and drawn blood. It measured ten feet in length, had a broad, flat head, and small neck. It was furnished with a double row of very sharp teeth: the fangs were curved, and measured three-quarters of an inch in length, and a small bladder was attached to the root of each. The back was of a dark mottled brown colour, with a white belly. Although this appeared to be a venomous snake, yet the dog never suffered from the bite. This I attributed to his long hair preventing the poison entering the wound.

The Saurian order are very numerous, the most remarkable being the frilled iguana, or *Clamydosaurus Kingii* of Gray. The common iguana (*Iguana delicatissima*), from two to four feet in length, also abounds.<sup>1</sup> The skink-form lizard (*Talepus tuberculata*, Gray) is met with in stony places; and an endless variety of the smaller lacerate, of beautiful colours, are seen wherever the eye is directed sporting in the sun, and cunningly waiting to entrap any unsuspecting insect that ventures near. Frogs of an immense size (four and five inches in length of body, and prettily spotted) swarm in damp places.

Apsley Strait, and all the creeks around Melville Island, abound with alligators (*crocodiles*). They measure from fourteen to seventeen feet in length; and in

the clear water around the island, are frequently seen water-snakes, two and three feet in length, and spotted black and yellow. Turtles are common on the sea-coast of Melville Island, but they were never seen in Apsley Strait, and we of consequence were never able to obtain any for the use of the settlement. Our limited number, and necessary occupations at the settlement, deprived us of the power of sending parties to any such distance as would detain them beyond twenty-four hours. Even to procure a few fish, we were obliged to send ten miles from the settlement, to the nearest fishing-ground; and owing to the strong tides and currents, and the fishing time being that of half flood, a party, after drawing the seine as often as it was attended with success, could seldom return under twenty-four hours; and, in so warm a climate, the few fish they caught were by that time scarcely fresh enough to be eaten. I have been on these excursions all night exposed to heavy rain, for the purpose of obtaining a change of food for those intrusted to my care, and have returned with probably only about eighty or one hundred pounds weight of fish, for the supply of one hundred and thirty individuals. Although, as I have already stated, we were never able to take turtle, yet I have seen them swimming about in considerable numbers off Brenton Bay, near Point Jahleel.

To the entomologist Melville Island offers an ample field for observation. The species are both numerous and beautiful; and the vicinity of the swamps would afford the insect collector an abundant harvest. The orders hemiptera and lepidoptera are particularly beautiful, and in great numbers, and that of coleoptera is also found abundant in species. Of the order neuroptera, the libellula, or dragon-fly is in great variety and beauty; and I have seen five kinds of ant, chiefly of the genus termites: viz., the white ant, which rears its pyramidal dwelling to the height of seven or eight feet; the green ant; red and black ant; large black ant; and a very minute ant, that can scarcely be discerned with the naked eye. The white ant infests the houses, and destroys everything that comes in its way. These insects make their approach by forming an earthen gallery, under cover of which they advance in myriads, and commit terrible depredations. They cut through all bale goods in our stores, such as canvass, blankets, shirts, trowsers, and even shoes. They are so rapid in their operations, that I know instances where bales, containing two dozen of shirts each, each shirt packed one above the other, and placed on shelves four feet from the floor, and six inches from the wall, have been perforated through and through in twenty-four hours, notwithstanding that the storekeeper examined the bales every day, and that on the day previous to those discoveries not an ant was to be seen in the store. But these insects do not confine their attacks to bale goods. They entered my cellar, and in a few days' time destroyed two dozen of claret; and during a period of four days, while one of the soldiers was in the hospital, they completely gutted his knapsack, which was hanging on a peg in his barnack-room, and contained all his necessities. They spread through it in all directions, and destroyed his shirts, trowsers, stockings, jacket, shoes, and even razors. Of the latter, the blades were encased in rust, from the moisture, or viscus, which these insects carry along with them, and the horn handles were eaten through. In the course of three

<sup>1</sup> These iguanes burrow like rabbits underground, and their holes are so numerous in the light sandy soil of the forest, that it required considerable caution to avoid falling into them.

or four weeks, they also destroyed thirty pounds' worth of clothes belonging to Mr. Radford, one government tent twenty feet long, three hundred feet of timber in the timber-house, three ammunition boxes in the magazine, sixty-five pairs of trousers, and twenty-three smock-frocks in the engineer's store-house.

There are several species of bee, and amongst them a very small one about the eighth of an inch in length, that produces fine honey, which they deposit in trees. Mosquitoes and sand-flies are the pest of the island: they kept us in a perpetual fever, and no seasoning by climate secured us against their attack.

From sunrise until sunset, the sand-flies issue forth in millions, and keep one in a constant state of irritation by fixing upon the face, neck, and hands—where, inserting their proboscis, they inflict most severe pain, and cause the blood to flow most profusely. When they take their departure at sunset, the mosquitoes remind you that the torments of the day are not yet passed; and from six o'clock until ten they exercise their tormenting powers, which are too well known to require description.

The next annoying and destructive insect is the cockroach: these became very numerous, swarmed in the houses, and destroyed clothes, paper, bread, and books indiscriminately. These insects generally made their appearance at night, and, as if by a concerted signal, issued from their hiding places all at once, and made a noise by scampering along the walls, as if heavy showers of hail were falling. Besides the insects mentioned, I may add the scorpion, centipede, and tarantula, each of which were in great numbers.

In regard to the sea productions, my observations are very limited. The following are all I met with: the common shark, porpoise, sting ray, rock cod, mullet in abundance, cat-fish, pipe fish, sole, flounder, bream, flying-fish, ground shark, and a very good eating fish, called by the sailors "skip-jack." We never procured any shell-fish, and on my walks along the beaches I met with very few shells of any kind. It is probable that the natives are always on the look out for any shell-fish that may be driven on shore, and carry them off for food, as I have found at their encampments the shells of the tiger nautilus, cockles, and oysters. The *bêche de mer*, or sea-slug, was found in small quantities, but by no means so plentiful as to induce any of the Malay fishers to approach Melville Island in search of it.

In personal appearance the natives of Melville Island resemble those of the continent (if I may so call it) of New Holland, and are evidently from the same stock; but they are more athletic, active, and enterprising than those I saw on the southern coast of Australia, at Port Jackson, Newcastle, or Hunter's River. They are not generally tall in stature, nor are they, when numbers are seen together, remarkable for small men. In groups of thirty, I have seen five or six strong powerful men of six feet in height, and some as low as five feet four and five. They are well formed about the body and thighs, but their legs are small in proportion, and their feet very large; their heads are flat and broad, with low foreheads, and the back of the head projects very much; their hair is strong, like horse-hair, thick, curly, or frizzled, and jet black; their eyebrows and cheek-bones are extremely prominent—eyes small, sunk, and very bright and keen; nose flat and short, the upper lip thick and projecting;

mouth remarkably large, with regular fine white teeth; chin small, and face much contracted at bottom. They have the septum of the nose perforated, wear long bushy beards, and have their shoulders and breasts scarified; the skin is not tattooed, as with the New Zealander, but is scarified, and raised in a very tasteful manner;<sup>1</sup> and their countenance expresses good humour and cunning. All those who have reached the age of puberty are deficient of an upper front tooth—a custom common in New Holland. The colour of their skin is a rusty black, and they go about perfectly naked; their hair is sometimes tied in a knot, with a feather fixed in it, and they frequently daub it with a yellow earth. On particular occasions, when in grief, or intending mischief or open hostilities, they paint their bodies, faces, and limbs with white or red pigments, so as to give themselves a most fantastic, and even hideous appearance.<sup>2</sup> In disposition they are revengeful, prone to stealing, and in their attempts to commit depredations show excessive cunning, dexterity, arrangement, enterprise, and courage. They are affectionate towards their children, and display strong feelings of tenderness when separated from their families; they are also very sensitive to anything like ridicule. They are good mimics, have a facility in catching up words, and are gifted<sup>3</sup> with considerable observation.

Port Essington is situated on the north side of the Cobourg Peninsula, which projects N.N.W. from the main land of Australia, and extends in that direction about fifty geographical miles. The greatest breadth is fifteen miles, and its narrowest part, where it is joined to the main by a neck of land five miles in length, is two miles and a half across, from Mount Norris Bay, on the north-east, to Van Diemen's Gulf, on the south side of the peninsula. This gulf was discovered and so named by the Dutch navigators, in 1705.

The port is in 11° 6' south latitude, and in 133° 12' east longitude. It was examined by Captain King in 1818, and named by him after Vice-Admiral Sir William Essington. Vashon-Head, Point Smith, Knockers Bay, Middle-Head, Table-Head, and Saddle Hill, were names also given by Captain King; such other names as appear in the chart of my survey were given by me, generally from local circumstances.

The approach to Port Essington is perfectly open and unobstructed by any danger whatever; at its entrance it is seven miles wide, between Point Smith on the east side, and Vashon-Head on the west; the general direction of the port, which extends between seventeen and eighteen miles, is S.S.E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E., having a depth of water throughout of nine, twelve, and five fathoms; its average breadth is five miles, and at the southern end it forms three spacious harbours, each of them extending inwards three miles, with a width of about two; the depth of water being five fathoms, with a bottom of stiff mud and sand. These harbours are sheltered from every wind, and would afford excellent and secure anchorage for vessels of any description, being perfectly free from hidden danger; indeed the

<sup>1</sup> The breast of one taken prisoner was scarified, and formed into ridges, much resembling the lace-work on a hussar's jacket.

<sup>2</sup> They cover their bodies with grease, it is supposed to secure them from the piercing sting of the sand-flies and mosquitoes; and their bodies smell so strong that even the cattle used to detect them at half-a-mile distance, and gallop off, bellowing in great apparent alarm.

whole port is a secure place of anchorage for vessels of any size, and forms altogether one of the finest harbours in the world. There is no harbour yet known (Port Jackson excepted) to be compared to it in the whole extent of Australia, and it may be entered in safety as well during the night as by day. It may be also approached at all seasons; would be a convenient place of call for vessels proceeding from Sydney, through Torres Strait, to Java, Singapore, and India; and from its contiguity to Timor, New Guinea, Celebes, and the other islands of the Indian Archipelago, it is accessible to the Malay and Bugis' trading proas, as also the junks from China, in consequence of the regular monsoons, which extend many degrees to the southward of Port Essington.

Port Essington is indeed, as the friendly hand of Australia, stretched out towards the north, openly inviting the scattered islanders of the Javanese, Malayan, Celebean, and Chinese seas, to take shelter and rest in its secure, extensive, and placid harbour; where they may deposit the productions of their native intertropical isles, and receive in exchange the more improved manufactures of the natives of the temperate zone. If settled by some civilised nation, and well provided with such European goods as are known to be in great demand by the inhabitants of the eastern seas, it would soon attract their attention. The Bugis from Celebes, and the traders of other islands in those seas, at present resort to Sourabaya, Penang, Singapore, Delhi, and Coipang Timor, for such articles of supply as are required throughout the Archipelago. They make a trading voyage both going to and returning from these places, touching at the different islands on their way in the central and eastern part of the Archipelago—such as Mulladar, Kaili, Macassar, Boniati, New Guinea, Timor, Ceram, Sandalwood, Flores, Balé, Borneo, and many others. They pick up the produce of those islands, as also the produce of the fisheries on the coast of New Holland, and exchange them at the Dutch, English, and Portuguese colonies, for European goods. The exports of trepang, from Macassar, for the China market, according to Mr. Crawford's calculation, amount annually to seven thousand peculs; and sell at from twenty to one hundred and twenty dollars a pecul. Of pearl shell, according to the same author, there is exported annually to China, via Singapore, five thousand peculs, at fourteen dollars a pecul. Tortoise-shell, cowries, and shark-fins also sell well in China; the latter selling at thirty-two dollars a hundred weight. The tortoise-shell alone which was brought to Singapore by the Bugis in one year (1826), and sent from thence to England, amounted to sixteen thousand pounds weight; the bark of two species of mangrove also sells well in China.

Having thus shown the advantageous position of Port Essington, with respect to the Indian Archipelago, in a commercial point of view, and stated that a great many ships go from Port Jackson to look for cargoes at Manila, Singapore, and the ports of Java, on their way to the two latter places, frequently passing through Torres' Strait and within a very short distance of Port Essington—probably thirty or forty miles—may it not be presumed, that if the scattered productions of the Archipelago and China were concentrated and deposited in Port Essington, as they are now at Singapore, that it would be a great advantage for our ships to proceed there for cargoes, and thereby save much time in their

return to Europe, avoiding the lengthened voyage, and shortening their return home by 1700 or 3000 miles!

A second advantage which would arise from the occupation of Port Essington would be the facility it would afford, from its central situation, to any future minute survey of the coast to the westward and eastward, as also for exploring the interior of this extraordinary country, from the north; thereby adding to our geographical knowledge, and probably opening a new field in the science of natural history.

From its contiguity to New Guinea (which island is only five hundred and forty miles distant), it might possibly, at no very distant period, carry on a lucrative trade with it also. As its barbarous people become civilised, they will require clothing, utensils, and every manufactured article in use by their more cultivated neighbours of the islands to the west of them; and the satisfaction of introducing the arts and comforts of civilised nations amongst these unenlightened people, as also amongst the islands to the south-east of New Guinea—as New Ireland, New Britain, Solomon's Isles, New Hebrides, and New Caledonia—will devolve upon whatever nation establishes a well-appointed settlement on the northern coasts of Australia. There are some fine islands also in Torres' Strait, where some small establishments for fishing and taking turtle might be detached from the principal dépôt; and they might contribute materially towards facilitating the safer passage of ships through those straits, the approach to which is attended with much danger, and demands great caution.

In a military point of view, Port Essington also possesses advantages: it commands the passage from the South Seas, through Torres' Strait, to the Indian Ocean; it would be a rendezvous in time of war for all vessels trading in the Indian Archipelago; it would be a place of refreshment for our ships of war, on their way from Port Jackson to India between May and October, and a place of call for vessels conveying troops to India from Sydney during the same season. It would also be a rendezvous for our whalers in the Timor Seas and amongst the Polynesian Isles; and would ultimately become the capital of Northern Australia. Its locality is well adapted for the construction of defensive works, and a few would suffice for the protection of the entrance.

If Port Essington should ever be settled, it must eventually carry on a commercial intercourse with Asia, China, and the intermediate islands; and if agriculture is carried on in the Cobourg Peninsula, as it would be, provided the Chinese and Malays were encouraged to settle there, its productions, being different from those of Europe, would afford other exchangeable media for its manufactures and productions.

In conclusion, I shall introduce an extract from Mr. Crawford's excellent work on the Indian Archipelago; and this gentleman was most intimately acquainted with the resources and habits of those islanders, as well as with the productions and the manner of trading in the islands.

In order to carry on an extensive intercourse with the Indian islands, a colonial establishment becomes the only means of effecting this object. Such a

<sup>1</sup> Singapore is fourteen degrees more to the northward than Port Essington; and the north part of Luconia, round which ships generally go to Manila from Port Jackson, is thirty degrees more to the northward; which will account for the difference of distance alluded to.

colony should be situated in the direct route between the most civilised tribes of the archipelago, and in the track of the navigation between the great nations of the East and West. The harbour should be good, and the land fertile: a free trade, liberal administration, and such a degree of regular government as would ensure security of persons and property, will inevitably ensure a large share of success.

There ought to exist the most unbounded freedom of commerce and settlement to persons of all nations and religions; and a pure and impartial administration of a code of laws, suited to the state of such a colony, and adapted to the peculiar character of its varied population, should form the most important branches of the administration. A moderate impost on external commerce, which that commerce well protected should certainly afford, with the sale of public lands, and an excise on vicious luxury, would afford a sufficient revenue to defray the expenses of government and the charge of public works.

Such an establishment would become a great emporium; the native trader would find it the best and safest market to repair to; and the scattered productions of the archipelago would be accumulated and

stored in it for the convenience of the distant and inexperienced trader of Europe. The European voyager would find it the best market for his goods, and the sacrifice of a great nominal profit would be compensated by the expedition with which his business would be despatched, and an immunity from those dangers and risks to which inexperience must necessarily commit him, in a direct intercourse with the natives.

## V.

ABORIGINES OR NATIVES OF AUSTRALIA—AUSTRAL OR ORIENTAL NEGROES, OR A DISTINCT RACE?—DIFFERENCE FROM AFRICAN NEGROES—PHYSICAL FEATURES—MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER—HABITATIONS—DRESS—PAINTING AND CUTTING GASHES IN THE BODY—WEAPONS—HUNTS—FOOD—SUPERSTITIONS—THIEVES—VISITS—FIGHTS—SONGS—FUNERALS—SEPULCHRES.

THE Australians, with the exception of some Malay admixture in the extreme north-west, have been supposed to belong to one of the most degenerate varieties of Austral or Oriental Negroes. Blumenbach has no



A NUGGET OF GOLD.

distinct place for this marked variety of the human species, as if they had no existence. Prichard makes them and the Hottentots two distinct varieties, which he adds to those of Blumenbach and Cuvier. These authors have a Malayan variety, but Prichard none. The latter, however, has a variety of his own, which he denominates the Alforian, but as Mr. Crawford remarks, this turns out to be an invention, for no such people as Alfoers exist. Alfoers (sometimes written Aarafora) is the corruption of the Portuguese Alfara, applied by the Portuguese of the Indian Archipelago to any wild insular tribe whatsoever. The word is derived to all appearance, from the Arabic article *al* and the preposition *fora*, without, and literally signifies the people beyond the pale of Portuguese jurisdiction.

Mr. Crawford, in the essay before alluded to (*Transactions of the Ethnological Society of London*, vol. I., part II., p. 377), considers the Australians as a distinct race, and this is probably the correct view of the matter. Cuvier got no further than to consider the Austral negroes as a branch of the African negroes. Dr. Williamson has, also, lately advocated the same view of the subject, simply on account of the pro-

minence of the jaws, and yet he thus describes their skulls: "They are large oval skulls, with an oval face, and, with the exception of the projecting alveolar processes, they have not one point of resemblance to the negro." The Australian skull, remarks the uncompromising Crawford upon this, according to his (Dr. Williamson's) account, is, in fact, European, and ought to have contained European brains, which it assuredly did not.

The Australians, in fact, resemble the African negroes only in the colour of the skin and their woolly hair, yet even their skin is not quite black, like that of the Africans, but of a sooty-brown. They differ widely from one another in the form of the head and face, and of the whole frame. Their forehead rises higher, and the hinder part of the head projects more than in the African negro. The nose projects more from the face, and the lips are not so thick. The upper lip is larger and more prominent, and the lower projects forward from the lower jaws to such an extent as to divide the face into two parts. Their limbs and the whole frame of their body are lean, and display nothing of the muscular strength by which the African negroes are distinguished. The great difference in the

formation of the human body is found to exist between the Caucasian race and the Australians. The portraits of an Australian man and woman, given at p. 271, give good specimens of the physiognomy of the Austral negroes, and their lean and half-starved forms, and the disproportionate size of their limbs and head are strongly exemplified in the illustration at page 306.

The Australians may be considered as living in the lowest state of civilisation. Cannibalism, when dwelling far away from European settlements, is common among them, and they do not deny it: they have generally, and in a state of nature, neither habitations, nor do they wear raiment, at least not the men; the women commonly wrap themselves up in a species of cloak made of opossum skin, or in a blanket. Wherever they intend to pass the night they kindle a fire, and place a slip of bark or a trough to windward for shelter. When a number are together they raise a common fence to the windward, and this is commonly called a native camp, as seen in the illustration at page 296. This want of habitations is mainly to be attributed to their being continually on the move in search of food; for in some places along the coast, where fish and oysters are so abundant as to afford them a constant supply of food for the greater part of the year, they have erected convenient huts of tea-tree bark, which they clean daily.

It is a remarkable fact that the Australians, although supposed to have one common origin, use a different language, or, at all events, a dialect so distinct, that the natives of remote parts of the continent cannot understand one another. They have, with some exceptions, no chiefs, either elected or hereditary, and the authority of a man depends on his personal strength and his cunning. They believe in a good spirit, Koyau, and a bad one, Potoyau. The former is thought to watch over and protect them from the operations of the latter, and to assist them in recovering strayed children, which the other is supposed to decoy, for the purpose of devouring them.

They are not delicate in food. When pressed by hunger they devour grubs, snakes, stinking whales, and even vermin, with eagerness. They are said to be naturally lively, good-humoured, inquisitive, and intelligent, and they have been found to acquire the knowledge of reading and writing almost as speedily as Europeans. Their senses are extremely acute, and they possess great powers of mimicry.

Sir Thomas Mitchell met with the natives in considerable numbers on his first exploration of the valley of the Rivers Darling and Murray, and so hostile were they to his party, that he describes their movements on the first-named river as requiring as much care as those of a *corps d'armée*. This mischievous disposition of the natives was, indeed, one of the great difficulties that thwarted his progress, and his estimate of their character was proportionately discouraging. To approach suddenly a single strange native, he says, was at all times dangerous, for he will, at all hazards, attack the stranger. Several instances of this occurred in Mr. Oxley's journeys; and strangers of the aboriginal race are equally liable to such danger, and are particularly cautious in their approach, especially wherever water is to be found. Besides the above-mentioned danger, Sir Thomas adds, *apparently the consequence of desperate fear*, a lurking desire to take the lives of intruders, and by the most treacherous

means, seems to be but too generally characteristic of these aborigines, especially when they have never before seen white men. The murder of two on Sir Thomas's first expedition, and of Mr. Cunningham on the second, are instances of this; and the same unfortunate propensity had been made manifest by the dreadful fate of Captain Frazer and his shipwrecked people. No demonstrations of kindness, adds Sir Thomas Mitchell, nor gifts presented, will deter these savages from making attempts to approach a camp at night for such bloody purposes, if they see they can do so without danger. Good watch-dogs afford some security. Others, as Captain Sturt's party, have been unfortunately obliged to fire upon them in the dark, but Sir Thomas Mitchell describes his party as avoiding the painful necessity for doing this, by anticipating such night attacks by a sudden display of rockets and blue lights, which had the effect of dispersing any parties known to be so approaching under cover of night; while the sudden and ridiculous bustle of men dressed in masks of animals' faces glaring with liquid phosphorus, firing in the air and shouting, to the no small consternation of the savages, afforded considerable amusement during dreary winter nights, in such solitudes, to the men of the party.

With the progress of time, these first impressions underwent much modification, the more especially as increased intercourse with those poor timid, persecuted, uneducated, but naturally fierce and revengeful, people made their peculiarities better understood.

Many of the aborigines are now educated at some of the settlements, and employed under the colonists, but owing to the maltreatment they receive from sailors they are not to be trusted along the coast as has been recently seen in Queensland, nor even inland when in a state of independence, as McDouall Stuart's explorations would show.

The mode of burial varies in different parts of the continent. The natives of King George's Sound, we have seen, bury their dead in a crescent shape, cover the grave with boughs, and carve circles in the bark of the trees that grow near the grave. Major Campbell says, he remarked one native burial-place at Port Essington—it was near Native Companion Plain. The grave was very simple, and placed under a widely-spreading tree. The space occupied was six feet long by three wide, over which was formed an open framework of twigs, the ends being inserted in the ground on each side. Upon the grave lay a skull, evidently of an aborigine, with a thigh or arm-bone; the skull was coloured red, as if with some dye, and the teeth appeared as if they had been burnt. The same authority writing elsewhere of the habits of the natives, says: It appears to be the custom of the natives to bury their dead, their burial-places being in retired spots near their most-frequented encamping ground. The burial-place is circular, probably ten or twelve feet in diameter; it is surrounded by upright poles, many of which are formed at top like lances and halberds, fourteen or fifteen feet high; and between these the spear and waddies (probably of the deceased) are stuck upright in the ground. It is certain, however, that all the tribes do not bury their dead, but expose them on a rude platform raised upon four or five posts, poles, or barked trees, and covered with a kangaroo skin.

The sepulchral groves of the dead, "*bocages de la mort*," as a French traveller designates them, charming in their graceful vegetation, and attractive in their

silent solemnity, so picturesquely described by Mitchell, and lightly and pleasantly portrayed in our illustration p. 288, are now rarely to be met with. The tribes of hundreds, met with by that traveller on the Murray, and whose persevering hostility naturally induced an otherwise kind-hearted man to depict them in the worst colours, are now no longer to be met with. They are now represented by a few scattered groups of some seven or eight famishing individuals. It will be well, indeed, to preserve these reminiscences of the native Australians—of their wigwags, their dances, and their graves—ere they have departed for ever. The sepulchral grove that of yore marked the centre of the tribe's patrimony is indeed already gone: the poetic necropolises have disappeared—the few remaining individuals can no longer keep the turf green, bank up the tumuli, and entertain the narrow sanded pathways which wound beneath the shade of eucalypti and melaleuca, around the ancestral graves. The rains of a few autumns, and the vegetation of a few springs, suffice to erase all traces even of these pretty cemeteries. If in the present day an indigenous sepulchre is sought for, the traveller must wend his way to the far interior, or to the naked deserts of the central districts, where, in far-off places, he will stumble upon the four peeled uprights and the cross branches, which support the mortal remains of an Australian, having a kangaroo skin for a shroud, and lifted up thus aloft, as if in sad and melancholy emblem of his no longer having a foot on the soil which gave him birth—even if it did not engender his race.

We are indebted to Count Strzelecki for the most philosophical account of the aborigines of Australia. Throughout Australasia, wrote that distinguished traveller, there once existed, and, in a few instances, there still exists, an indigenous race, which, like the rest of the animal creation belonging to and characteristic of the zone, lived long unknown, and is now rapidly passing away.

Their history has no records, no monuments; but consists mostly of traditions, which, in common with their language, customs, moral, social, and political condition, seem, ever since their discovery, to have been regarded as a subject unworthy of European study. Hence, all the observations contained in the narratives, whether of the early navigators, or of modern travellers, bear more upon what this race is in relation to the colonist than to mankind.

Their origin, like that of most things in creation, is involved in impenetrable obscurity; and such authors as have attempted to trace their migrations, or to detect the links which connect them with any of the predominant and primitive races of mankind, have not succeeded more satisfactorily than a naturalist would, who might attempt to account for the existence of the *Marrupia* and the *Ornithorhynchus* in Terra Australis; thus affording another argument, that, on such subjects as the origin of a human race, we must be satisfied with the simple declaration of Scripture.<sup>1</sup>

Throughout New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, the external organisation of the aborigines bears

the stamp of different families; with, again, such variations as the nature of the climate, combined with other conditions of life, would naturally impress upon the human frame.

Thus, in New South Wales, where the heat promotes perspiration, and renders bathing a luxury, the hair of the natives is fine and glossy, the skin of an uniform colour, smooth and agreeable to the touch; whereas in Van Diemen's Land, which is cold, wet, and liable to sudden changes of temperature, where bathing ceases to be a pleasure, and the body is subject to checked perspiration, the skin appears scaly, spotted by cutaneous disease, and weather-beaten; and the hair, a prey to filthiness, is subject to still more filthy customs, in order to avert its consequences.

Generally speaking, the colour of all the races is an earthy black: the stature of the male ranges between four and a half and five and a half feet; the head is small; the trunk slender; the breast is commonly arched and well developed; the arms and legs of a rounded and muscular form; the knee rather large, the calf small; the foot flat, and the heel somewhat protruding. The hair is generally black, rough, lank, and coarse: with some, however, it is soft and curling, while with others, again, it is of a woolly texture, similar to that of the Africans. On the eyebrows it is thick; on the chin, the upper lip, the breast, and the scalp, it is bushy; in some instances it slightly covers the whole body.

The face, that characteristic feature of the race presents a facial angle of between 75° and 85°. It is marked by a low forehead, eyes large, far apart, a half covered by the upper lid, with a conjunctive of the purest white, spotted with yellow; the iris invariably a dark brown, the pupil large and of a jet black; a nose broad and flat, the frontal sinuses being remarkably prominent, the nostrils extending and wide-spread; cheeks generally hollow, with prominent malar bones; a wide mouth, with large white teeth, and thick lips; the lower jaw unusually short, and widely expanded anteriorly.

The stature of the women is low, the head short, and the features masculine: the mammae, instead of being hemispherical, are, in marriageable persons, pyriform, and soon after marriage become flaccid and elongated. The arms are slender; the hands small; the pelvis unusually narrow; the lower extremities slight, straight and lean; the foot large, flat, and invariably turned inward.

The osteology of this race does not offer any anatomical distinction which can be looked upon as characteristic; and though it has been said that in some of their skulls the structure of the individual bones of the face and cranium discloses a peculiarity, closer examination and comparison have shown that, instead of peculiarities, strong analogies were found to the skulls of white men: in many instances, it was even remarked that the facial angle of the white was more acute, the superciliary ridge, the centres of ossification of the frontal bone, and the ridge of the occipital one were more developed, and the inferior maxillary more widely expanded than in the skulls of the aborigines.

Yet, notwithstanding a partial inferiority of shape in some of the details, the native of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land possesses, on the whole, a well-proportioned frame. His limbs, less fleshy or massive than those of a well-formed African,

<sup>1</sup> The author would appear to agree with Mr. Crawford in believing the Australians, if not as a distinct species, at all events as a distinct race, and this is further corroborated by what we shall see afterwards concerning the phenomena of inter-propagation of races.



exhibit all the symmetry and peculiarly well-defined muscular development and well-knit articulations and roundness which characterise the negro; hence, compared with the latter, he is swifter in his movements, and in his gait more graceful. His agility, adroitness, and flexibility, when running, climbing, or stalking his prey, are more fully displayed; and when beheld in the posture of striking, or throwing his spear, his attitude leaves nothing to be desired in point of manly grace. In his physical appearance, nevertheless, he does not exhibit any features by which his race could be classed or identified with any of the generally known families of mankind.

The speech of this people possesses, in the composition of its words, all those felicitous combinations of syllables which constitute a highly sonorous and euphonious language. Their enunciation of words, however, is not clear, being somewhat marked by that "twang" which is heard also in all the European lan-

guages when transplanted to the New Worlds. From a partial knowledge of it, I should be rather disposed to class the Australian language (i. e., that of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land) among those called Transpositive—those which are independent of articles and pronouns, the case and person being determined by the difference in the inflexion.

The study, however, of this language has been so little regarded, that any opinion respecting its syntax must be received with extreme caution.

Its dictionary, so far as it has been compiled, is scanty; and, owing to the English mode of spelling the words, this dictionary, or, more properly speaking, vocabulary, is very far indeed from giving a just idea of the sound or accentuation.

The circumstance of the three natives who accompanied Captain Flinders and Captain P. P. King in the survey of New Holland, and of those who accompanied me amongst the different tribes of New South



BUNYHONG HILL NEAR BALLARAT.

Wales, being unable to understand one word spoken by tribes of other districts, would lead to the belief, that the dialects spoken in New Holland are far from possessing those affinities, still less those identities of language, from which a common root might be inferred.

Those European visitors or explorers who adduce, in support of a common root, some hundred words analogous in sound, construction and meaning, as being spoken all over New Holland, have jumped to the conclusion with, I fear, too much haste and eagerness. Besides many other insuperable difficulties which an investigation of such a nature presents, there was one quite sufficient to defeat all attempts to fathom the subject, namely, the syntactic ignorance of the language to which the inquiry related. Indeed, to any man who knows and speaks four European languages, it will be at once apparent, that to seize upon, and note from the sound, a word belonging to

one country, so as to compare its sound and accentuation with a word belonging to another country, needs a thorough knowledge of the genius of the two languages, and of their alphabet, through which alone the pronunciation can be discriminated. Thus, only those who know syntactically the Polish language can express the sound of *szczaw* (sorrel), and seize upon the Russian word signifying and sounding the same, in order to prove the identity of the two words: thus, again, for a Pole unacquainted with the English and Spanish, it would be impossible to record the sound of *th*, in order to find its equivalent in the *c* or *z*, as pronounced in *Andalus*.

The limited state of our knowledge respecting the language of Australasia, presents also a barrier to inquiry into the force, activity, tendency, and advancement of the mental faculties of its natives. The incidents which are accessible to observation would lead to the belief that, of the faculties alluded to, an

instinctive good sense, accompanied by quick perception, and a retentive memory, here and there blended with the errors or excesses of an ardent imagination, is all that is thoroughly developed in the mental endowment of that race, and serves as its sole guide through life.

The nature of the religion and government of the Australian natives is as mysterious as the genius of their language. One fact appears certain—they recognise a God, though they never name him in their vernacular language, but call him, in English, "Great Master," and consider themselves his slaves. Hence, perhaps, it is, that neither the gift and privilege of life, nor the means provided to maintain it, excite in them the least feeling of obligation or gratitude. All those things which are pointed out to them as the free gifts of Providence, and therefore as deserving of acknowledgment, they consider that it is no more than the duty of the "Great Master" to supply them with. They believe in an immortality, or after-existence, of everlasting enjoyment; and place its locality in the stars, or other collations of which they have a perfect knowledge. They do not dread the Deity; all their fears are reserved for the evil spirit, who counteracts the doings of the "Great Master," and consequently it is to the evil spirit that their religious worship is directed.

There are three distinct classes, or social gradations, observed amongst them. These are attained through age and fidelity to the tribe; but it is only the last, or third class, consisting commonly of the aged few, which is initiated into the details of the religious mysteries, and which possesses the occult power of regulating the affairs of the tribe. Great secrecy is usually maintained in the ceremonies of admitting the youth to the first class, and in raising those of the first to the second; but the secrecy is most rigidly observed whenever an initiation into the third class takes place.

One or two tribes usually attend the meetings of the first and second class; but when those of the third are called, the tribes within seventy miles assemble; and on these occasions I was warned off, and could not, without personal danger, approach nearer than ten miles to the spot.

The foundation of their social edifice may, like that of civilised nations, be said to rest on an inherent sense of the rights of property. As strongly attached to that property, and to the rights which it involves, as any European political body, the tribes of Australia resort to precisely similar measures for protecting it, and seek redress and revenge for its violated laws through the same means as an European nation would, if similarly situated. Thus, if his territory has been trespassed upon, in hurrying, by a neighbouring tribe, compensation or a reparation of the insult is asked for. If such be refused, war ensues; and when both tribes display equal force and courage, in most cases ends in a feud which is bequeathed to future generations.

Every tribe is subdivided into families, and each, in its family affairs, is regulated by the authority of the elders. The customs and ceremonies observed on the occasion of births, marriages, sickness, funerals, and festive meetings are independent of that authority: they are traditional, and, particularly in point of etiquette, are as rigorously adhered to as amongst civilised nations. A great many of the superstitious practices

connected with the rights of hospitality are closely allied to those which the writer noticed in the prairies of North America, amongst the Indians of South America, and in some of the South Sea islands.

This identity or analogy seems to prove, that either the social age, which the Australians have attained in the course of human progress, is the same as that of the nations alluded to; or that these similar customs and superstitions have resulted from similar interests, passions, propensities, or exigencies.

Their superstitious spirit watches eagerly the coming and passing of every event, and not less eagerly seeks to draw, from the present, intimations of the future. The mysterious belief in good or evil omen, links the present and future of the Australian in one unbroken chain of anxieties, fears, hopes, and anticipations. His life, then, like that of the Arabs, possesses, amidst the monotony of existence, elements of excitement in infinite variety, both painful and pleasurable.

His poetry evinces the same activity and exuberance of imagination as his superstition: it is lyrical, wild, and primitive; but love, that most beautiful object and element of all poetry, is excluded from it. Mysticism, and sometimes valour in combat, but more frequently licentiousness and the praise of sensual gratification, are his favourite themes. This poetry is never recited: it is sung; and, when once composed, passes through all the tribes that speak the same language with surprising rapidity.

Migration, the chase, fishing, and occasional war, alternated by feasting, and lounging in the spots best adapted to repose, fill up the time of an Australian. The pangs and gnawings of ambition, avarice, discontent, or weariness of life, the distress caused by oppression or persecution, the maladies arising from the corrupt or artificial state of society, are unknown to him: as are also the cares and anxieties of arts, sciences, and industry; from all of which, the physical condition of the country, and the manifold provisions of a beneficent Providence, have preserved him; whilst that share of health and content which falls to his lot, rewards him amply for his faithful adherence to the dictates of nature.

Few spectacles can be more gratifying to the philosopher than to behold him and his in their own, as yet, uninvaded haunts; and few can exhibit a more striking proof of the most bountiful dispensation of the Creator, than the existence of one whose destiny the singular presumption of the whites, in their attachment to conventional customs and worldly riches, has stigmatised and denounced as "savage, debased, unfortunate, miserable." To any one, however, who shakes off the trammels of a conventional, local, and therefore narrow mode of thinking—to any one who studies and surveys mankind in personal travels, and by personal observation—it will appear evident that Providence has left as many roads to the threshold of contentment and happiness as there are races of mankind; and when he beholds the serene, calm, mild, yet lively countenances of the Australasian natives—their dance and song, those uncontrollable manifestations of attained felicity—he finds really in the scene a corroboration of what otherwise a mere inference, from the goodness and omniscience of the Creator, might have taught him to believe.

Placed by that Creator, in perfect harmony with the whole economy of nature, in his allotted dwelling and destiny, the Australian is seen procuring for himself all that he wants, regulating all his social affairs, and

securing all the worldly happiness and enjoyment of which his condition is capable.

The arrival of Europeans disturbed this happy economy; and the hearths of the natives, like the wigwams of the American Indians, retreated or disappeared before the torrent of immigration.

The manifold calamities,—but more particularly the decrease and final annihilation of the great majority of indigenous races which has followed, and always does follow, the approach of the whites—is a fact of such historical notoriety, that the melancholy instance of the Australian natives affords but a further corroboration of the fearfully destructive influence which the one race exercises upon the other.

Those in whose eyes the question of decrease and extinction has assumed all the mournful solemnity and interest which it merits, have inquired into the nature of that invisible but desolating influence, which, like a malignant ally of the white man, carries destruction wherever he advances; and the inquiry, like an inquest of the one race upon the corpse of the other, has ended, for the most part, with the verdict of, "Died by the visitation of God."

Some authors, indeed, animated by the idea that the detection of a specific cause, more within the reach of human power, might lead to the discovery of a remedy, still pursued their laudable investigations; and believing the decrease to be owing to the want of evangelical instruction, to oppressive governments, to intemperance, to European diseases, to wars with firearms, &c., have sought a remedy in attempts to Christianise, and to introduce civilisation; but such attempts have appeared to increase, rather than diminish, the evils complained of.

To the writer of this work, who, in his peregrinations out of Europe, has lived much amongst different races of aborigines—the natives of Canada, of the United States, of California, Mexico, the South American republics, the Marquesas, Sandwich and Society Islands, and, finally, those of New Zealand and Australia, have furnished observations of a different tendency, which are here submitted to the reader, not as evidences for the deduction of an ultimate conclusion, but as mere facts, fitted to lead physiologists to further inquiry into this grave and interesting subject; an inquiry more within their sphere than within that of a moralist or economist.

The fact being generally admitted, that the decrease of the aborigines, in the countries enumerated, has always begun soon after their discovery and subjection to foreign influence; the next question must be, whether this arises from the increased rate of mortality, or from the decrease of births.

Examinations among the oldest aborigines of every

country—as, for instance, among those who remember the first American war in the United States, the government of the Jesuits in Brazil, St. Borje—Paranna, and Lower California—the arrival of Cook and the early navigators in the South Sea Islands, New Zealand, New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land—render it evident that their longevity has not been abridged, that the rate of mortality has not increased, but that the power of continuing the species appears to have been curtailed.

Be the cause of the decrease and extinction of the aborigines in the New World what it may, it is certain that human interference to avert its melancholy consequence has been hitherto of no avail, and that a charter for colonisation granted to one race, becomes virtually the decree for the extinction of the other.

Thus, in New South Wales, since the time that the fate of the Australasian awoke the sympathies of the public, neither the efforts of the missionary, nor the enactments of the Government, and still less the protectorate of the "Protectors," have effected any good. The attempts to civilise and christianise the aborigines, from which the preservation and elevation of their race is expected to result, have utterly failed, though it is consolatory, even while painful, to confess that neither the one nor the other attempt has been carried into execution with the spirit which accords with its principles. The whole eastern country, once thickly peopled, may now be said to be entirely abandoned to the whites, with the exception of some scattered families in one part, and of a few straggling individuals in another; and these, once so high-spirited, so jealous of their independence and liberty, now treated with contempt and ridicule, even by the lowest of the Europeans—degraded, subdued, confused, awkward, and distrustful—all concealing emotions of anger, scorn, and revenge—emaciated and covered with filthy rags—these native lords of the soil, more like spectres of the past than living men, are dragging on a melancholy existence to a yet more melancholy doom.

In Van Diemen's Land, the drama of the destruction of the aborigines took another turn. In the course of colonisation, the outcasts of society, occupying the more advanced or interior stations in the country, and accustomed to treat with contempt any rights which their brutal strength could bear down, invaded the natives' hunting-grounds, seized on their women, and gave rise to that frightful system of bloody attacks and reprisals which provoked a general rise on the side of both whites and blacks, and ended finally in the capture and transportation of the latter, in 1835, to Flinders Island (Bass's Straits); a measure severe and sanguinary, but necessary, and incumbent upon the Government, in order to put an end to those solitary murders which began to belie the existence of civilisation in the country.

At the epoch of their deportation, 1835, the number of the natives amounted to 2101. Visited by me in 1842, that is, after the interval of seven years, they mustered only fifty-four individuals! and while each family of the interior of New South Wales, uncontaminated by contact with the whites, swarms with children, those of Flinders Island had, during eight years, an accession of only fourteen in number!

Amidst the wrecks of schemes, efforts, and attempts to Christianise, civilise, utilise, and preserve the aboriginal race, there remains yet to be adopted one measure, worthy of the liberality of the English Government;—

<sup>1</sup> The slave trade, that stigma which the sordid thirst of gain has fixed on European civilisation, is not one of the least frightful of those evils which result from our intercourse with indigenous tribes. England has nobly avenged the cause of outraged humanity, by placing herself at the head of that most noble of crusades engaged in the abolition of this infamous traffic. Ignorance of the evils which this traffic entails can alone have been able to calumniate a christian policy, and to represent it as a series of tortuous and unworthy intrigues, of which the ruin of Brazil and of the Antilles, and the further aggrandisement of the East Indies, were to be the only result. Let those who in the abstract principle of slavery see nothing disgraceful to the legislation of our age, reflect on the individual misery it produces, and the feelings of horror they must then experience will suffice to refute all the arguments of a false and worn-out logic.

via, to listen and attend to the last wishes of the departed, and to the voice of the remaining few:—"Leave us to our habits and customs; do not embitter the days which are in store for us, by constraining us to obey yours; nor reproach us with apathy to that civilisation which is not destined for us; and if you can still be generous to the conquered, relieve the hunger which drives us in despair to slaughter your flocks and the men who guard them. Our fields and forests, which once furnished us with abundance of vegetable and animal food, now yield us no more; they and their produce are yours. You prosper on our native soil, and we are famishing!"

Our illustrations that have reference to the natives of Australia include a small sketch of natives under their bark huts, two half-length typical portraits of male and female Australians, two large-sized figures of Australians of Victoria, with shield of bark of *Eucalyptus* or *Banksia*, and a native Australian burial-place in the woods.

## VI.

PARADOXICAL CHARACTER OF ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE IN AUSTRALIA—THE TYPE MARSUPIAL, OR WITH POUCHES—WILD DOGS—KANGAROOS—OPOSSUMS AND FLYING SQUIRRELS—DUCK-BILLED ANIMALS—LYRE BIRD.

THERE is something, said a writer of olden times, so strangely different in the physical constitution of Australia from that of every other part of the world, we meet with so many whimsical deviations, on the two islands of New Holland and Van Diemen's Land, from the ordinary rules and operations of nature in the animal and vegetable parts of the creation, that he must be a dull traveller, indeed, who does not glean something new and amusing from these regions, which are yet so imperfectly known to us. We might produce a host of instances in illustration of this anomalous character. Thus, we have in one or other, or both these colonies, birds without wings as large as deer, their bodies covered with hair instead of feathers; beasts with the beaks of birds; swans that are black, and eagles white. Here, too, we find the ferns, nettles, and even grasses, growing to the size and shape of trees (See p. 291); rivers running from the sea, and lost in interior swamps; trees that are ever green in spite of frost or snow; extensive plains, in which, as one writer tells us, one tree, one soil, one water, and one description of bird, fish, or animal, prevails alike for ten miles or one hundred.

This is New Holland, says Field, where it is summer with us when it is winter in Europe, and *vices veres*; where the barometer rises before bad weather, and falls before good; where the north is the hot wind, and the south the cold; where the humblest house is fitted up with cedar; where the fields are fenced with mahogany, and myrtle-trees are burnt for fire-wood; where the kangaroo, an animal between the squirrel and the deer, has five claws on its fore paws and three talons on its hind legs, like a bird, and yet hops on its tail; where the mole lays eggs, and has a duck's bill; where there is a bird with a broom in its mouth instead of a tongue; where there is a fish, one half belonging to the genus *raia*, or ray, and the other to the *equulus*, or shark; where the pears are made of wood, with the stalk at the broader end; and where the cherry grows with the stone outside.

The first thing that strikes is the very small num-

ber of species, sixty-two in all, which inhabit this continent, when compared with the actual extent of the country, and the whole number of species (1170) spread over other parts of the world. If we deduct the seals there are, in reality, only fifty-three different species.

Of the order *carnivora*, ten species are inhabitants of Australia—five peculiar to that continent, and five common to it and other countries. Of these ten, however, nine are marine mammals, belonging to the seal genus (*phoca*), and comprehending the sea-lion, sea-bear, and other large species. The only land-animal of this order is the dog or dingo, a variety of intermediate size, with prick ears and a wolfish appearance, which is found both wild and in a semi-domestic state among the native tribes.

The next order, or *Marsupialia*, is that which, as before observed, comprehends the great majority of Australian mammals, and forms the principal character of the zoology of this part of the world. The forty-three known species of this belong to eight natural genera, agreeing in the general structure and characters which relate to the premature production and subsequent nutrition of the young in a pouch or bag with which nature has provided the female parents, and from which the order derives its name of marsupialia, but differing widely in all the other details of their conformation and economy. The first and perhaps the most remarkable genus of this anomalous tribe of beings comprehends those singular and now well-known animals which we call kangaroos (*macropus*), and of which there exists a great variety of different species, through their peculiar distinctions have not been very clearly determined even by zoologists. Among the larger species, the common kangaroo, called the "Forester" and the "Old Man" in New South Wales (*M. labialis*) the red and woolly kangaroos (*M. rufus* and *M. fuliginosus*), and the species called by zoologists *M. rufogriseus*, attain a very considerable size, and often weigh as much as a large sheep. They associate together in herds of greater or less extent, on the open downs and forests devoid of underwood, feed exclusively upon grass and vegetables, and, though never fat, are held in high estimation by colonial epicures. Of the smaller species, the most remarkable are the rock kangaroo (*M. rupestris*), remarkable for its bushy foxlike tail, and for inhabiting the naked and most precipitous rocks among the mountains; the brush kangaroos, called *wallabi* and *pacturalis* by the natives, which live among the bushes and thick underwood; and the faciated kangaroo (*M. elegans*), remarkable for its uniform light blue colour, and the regular and deep black bands which pass transversely over its back and loins. We have given a sketch illustrative of kangaroo hunting at page 337. The pottoros, or kangaroo rats (*hyposiprymnus*), are very similar in most respects to the real kangaroo, from which, indeed, they only differ in their smaller size, and in some slight modifications of dentition. They seldom exceed the size of a rabbit, live single or in pairs, concealing themselves in crevices, or under fallen timber, and moving abroad only at night, when they are hunted by moonlight as food for dogs, their flesh not being considered fit for human food.

Of the phalangians (*phalangista*), so called originally by Buffon, from the union of the two interior toes of the hind feet, as far as the last phalange or joint, five or six species are known to inhabit Australia, whilst

about the same number are spread throughout the long chain of islands which almost connect its northern coast with the peninsula of Malacca. These animals, called ring-tailed opossums by the colonists, from their habit of hanging suspended by the tail, which is strongly prehensile, from the branches of the trees in which they exclusively reside, are distinguished from their congeners of the Indian isle by having the tail generally bushy, but always covered with hair, except a narrow slip on the under side towards the extremity, which is directly applied to the branches in the act of grasping.

Nearly related to the phalangers, in many respects, are the petaurists (*petaurus*), or flying opossums and flying squirrels, as they are commonly called, a genus exclusively Australian, and distinguished by the lax unprehensile tail, and by the skin of the sides and flanks being distended into a kind of wing or flying membrane, which acts like a parachute in supporting the body, and enables these animals to make the most astonishing leaps among the thinly-scattered trees of an Australian forest.

The bandicoots (*perameles*) compose a very remarkable genus, which does not admit of a ready comparison with any other group of animals likely to be more familiar to the generality of readers. With a dental system, and even an outward form, which very much assimilate them to the larger species of shrews and other insectivorous mammals, they unite the ordinary characters of marsupial animals, and feed exclusively upon roots and other vegetable substances.

The two *edentata* belong equally if not more properly to the marsupial order, partaking, indeed, of the characters of both of these tribes, and forming the connecting link by which they are united. These animals are, without any question, the most singular and anomalous; are certainly quadrupeds in the great majority of their characters, yet their organs of mastication more nearly resemble the bills of birds than the corresponding parts of other quadrupeds, and though it is now finally settled that they are true mammals, and nourish their young by a milky secretion like all other animals of the same class, yet it is still a matter of keen dispute among naturalists and physiologists whether they produce their young or lay eggs and hatch them like birds, or rather perhaps like reptiles, for the whole detail of their organisation seems to point them out as intermediate between this class and ordinary mammals rather than between mammals and

birds. Of these extraordinary beings there are two genera, *ornithorhynchus* and *echidna*.

The coasts of Australia have been long known as the occasional resort of immense shoals of whales, dolphins, and other cetaceous mammals, and the enterprise of the rising colonies established in that quarter of the globe has found a favourable and successful outlet in the fishery for these animals. Many vessels are now annually fitted out from Sydney and Hobart's Town for this valuable branch of commerce, and the success which has hitherto attended the speculation has been a most important accession to the general resources and prosperity of the colonies. The seal fishery has also been attended with considerable success, and the oil and skin of these animals form very important items in the annual colonial exports.

The ornithology of Australia, though far from being so peculiar and anomalous as its mammalogy, contains, nevertheless, many new and singular forms, and wants many of those which are most familiar in other quarters of the globe.

Among rapacious birds, eagles, falcons, and various species of hawks, are found everywhere, as well as owls of different kinds. But the most remarkable fact in the ornithology of Australia is the total absence of any species of gallinaceous birds. This is the tribe which, among birds, corresponds with the ruminating animals among quadrupeds, and which contains those species which are best adapted for human food and the domestic economy of life.



A SHEPHERD'S HUT.

Among the most remarkable of the birds of Australia is the *Manura superba*, or lyre-bird, of which we have given an illustration at p. 298. Cuvier says that the size of the bird (a little less than that of a common pheasant) has caused it to be referred to the gallinaceous birds, but it evidently belongs to the passerine order. *Manura*, he adds, is to be distinguished by the great tail of the male, which is very remarkable for the three sorts of feathers that compose it. The twelve ordinary feathers are very long, with loose and very distant barbs; two more, in the middle, are furnished, on one side only, with close-set barbs; and two external ones are curved in the form of an S, or like the branches of a lyre, whose internal barbs, which are large and close-set, represent a broad ribbon, while the external ones are very short, and do not become enlarged till towards the end of the feathers. The female has only twelve feathers of the ordinary structure. Notwithstanding the sombre hues of this extraordinary bird, the magnificence and peculiar

structure of the beautiful tail of the male, which imitates the form of an ancient Grecian lyre, give it a superb appearance. It is met with principally in the forests of eucalyptus and casuarina, and arborescent ferns, which cover the Blue Mountains, and in their rocky and retired avenues (See p. 329). Lieutenant Collins says: "The following particulars relating to the birds were observed by persons resident in the country, and who were eye-witnesses of what is here told. They frequent retired and inaccessible parts of the interior, have been seen to run remarkably fast, but their tails are so cumbersome that they cannot fly in a direct line. They sing for two hours in the morning, beginning from the time when they quit the valley, until they attain the summit of the hill, where they scrape together a small hillock, with their tails spread over them, imitating, successively, the note of every bird known in the country: they then return to the valley."

Mr. Bennett, in his *Wanderings in New South Wales*, &c., remarks that this native wood-pheasant, or lyre-bird, of the colonists, the beleek-beleck and balangura of the aboriginal tribes, is abundant about the mountain-ranges in all parts of the colony. The tail-feathers are detached entire from the bird, and are sold in the shops at Sydney in pairs. Mr. Bennett observes that the price was formerly low, but now that the bird, from continued destruction, has become rare, their tails fetch from twenty to thirty shillings the pair. About the ranges, however, of the Tunsat country, where they have been seldom destroyed, they are more frequently seen. The same author states that it has its young in December, the season when all the wild animals in the colony are produced, and can be then procured with facility. It is, says Mr. Bennett in continuation, a bird of heavy flight, but swift of foot. On catching a glimpse of the sportsman it runs with rapidity, aided by the wings in getting over logs of wood, rocks, or any obstruction to its progress; it seldom flies into trees, except to roost, and then rises only from branch to branch; they build in old hollow trunks of trees which are lying upon the ground, or in the sides of rocks, the nest is formed merely of dried grass or dried leaves scraped together; the female lays from twelve to sixteen eggs of a white colour, with a few scattered blue spots; the young are difficult to catch, as they run with rapidity, concealing themselves among the rocks and bushes.

The tribe of birds most important in human economy after the gallinaceous or raptorial, are the natatores, or water-fowl, and of these New Holland and the neighbouring isles contain a rather better supply. It will be sufficient, in this place, to mention the *cereopsis* goose and the black swan, the "*rara avis*" so little dreamt of by the Roman poet, and so often quoted as a proverb in common life, which now breeds spontaneously in England, and is becoming sufficiently common upon the ponds of the curious.

Our illustrations of the Natural History of Australia comprise a scene illustrative of the manner of hunting the kangaroo; the lyre-bird and the sportsman in pursuit of the same, in the native woods of eucalyptus and arborescent ferns; the native grass-trees, with kangaroos; the virgin forest, or a sketch of native vegetation in its most primeval state at the foot of the mountains, and a fallen eucalyptus doing duty as a bridge; a feature of Australian scenery which is often to be observed in the native forests.

## CHAPTER VII.

FOUNDATION OF MELBOURNE AND ADELAIDE—SIR GEORGE GREY'S DISCOVERY OF RIVER GLENELG—FITZROY RIVER—SETTLEMENT AT VICTORIA, PORT SMITHSON, IN 1838—EYRE AND GREY'S FURTHER EXPLORATIONS—DISCOVERY OF LAKE TORRENS—COUNT STRZELECKI'S EXPLORATION OF GIEFF'S LAND—EYRE'S SUFFERINGS ON THE SOUTH COAST, AND MURDER OF ONE OF THE PARTY—SIR R. I. MURCHISON'S INTIMATION OF GOLD PRODUCTION (1844)—TWO BUSHRANGERS, OR HIGHWAY CONVICTS—CANNIBALISM OF THE NATIVES—REMARKABLE EXPLORATIONS OF LEICHHARDT AND STURT.

It was not until the year 1838 that positive intelligence was obtained that the River Murray had an open navigable mouth, with four fathoms water at its entrance, flowing into Encounter Bay, and joining the east side of Lake Alexandrina. The same year "a town named Melbourne" was founded at the north-east angle of the bay of Port Philip, and with the news of its foundation came also accounts of its rapidly increasing in population, and in flocks and herds, the country having been found to be admirably adapted for pasturage.

The colony established on the east side of St. Vincent's Gulf also laid the foundation, the same year, or rather in 1837, of the town of Adelaide, and cheering accounts of its prospects, and of the nature of the surrounding country, were received; an exploring party had made their way a short distance to the northward, and also across to the eastward, through the Mount Lofty range, as far as Lake Alexandrina.

In the meantime another exploratory expedition had left this country in 1837, consisting of H. M. S. *Beagle*, Captain Wickham, with whom were associated Lieutenants Grey (since the distinguished Governor of Adelaide, of New Zealand and the Cape of Good Hope) and Lushington, with a party for a land expedition for the survey of the north-western and other parts of the coast of Australia.

The expedition left England on the 14th of July, and, touching at Teneriffe and Bahia in the Brazils, reached the Cape of Good Hope on the 21st of September, 1837. Here the parties separated, as the *Beagle's* orders directed her to Swan River, while the leaders of the land-expedition adopted the spirited but hazardous determination of proceeding direct to their destination on the north-west coast of Australia.

Having freighted the *Lynher*, a schooner of 160 tons, taken on board fifty sheep and goats, and made all the requisite arrangements for the thorough equipment of their party, Messrs. (now Sir) George Grey and Lushington quitted the Cape on the 20th of October, and on the 3rd of December reached Hanover Bay, at the outlet of Prince Regent's River, in lat. 16° 30' south, long. 124° 40' east.

Here, having landed and pitched their tents in a beautiful valley now for the first time trodden by European feet, and having formally taken possession of this part of the country in the name of her Majesty, the schooner, under charge of Captain Lushington, was despatched to Coepang, in the Island of Timor, distant about 300 miles to the north, to purchase ponies, of which six-and-twenty were obtained, at the rate of about two pounds each, chiefly in exchange of muskets and powder.

On the return of Captain Lushington from Timor with the ponies and other necessities on the 30th of January, 1838, the party commenced their preparations for their immediate departure; and on the 1st of February quitted their encampment at Hanover



Bay for the interior. They proceeded first about fifteen miles in a nearly due south direction until they had reached the parallel of  $15^{\circ} 29' S.$  lat. The whole of the country lying between this point and Hanover Bay was composed of ridges of sandstone, of no great elevation, but intersected by deep ravines; their progress was consequently slow and toilsome, for they had to construct paths for the horses to travel upon before they were able to move from one encampment to the next spot where they intended to halt. In this first part of the journey they also lost many horses; indeed, all of them suffered more or less from it.

After passing the parallel of  $15^{\circ} 29' S.$  they entered upon a very rich tract of country, that even surpassed in fertility the small portion of the Brazils which they had had an opportunity of seeing. A large expanse of water having been seen a little to the west of south, they were induced to pursue that direction, and still found the country to be of the same rich and luxuriant character. Upon attaining the parallel  $15^{\circ} 43' S.$  lat., and  $124^{\circ} 44' E.$  long., they found themselves upon the banks of a very considerable river, which Sir G. Grey named Glenelg River, in testimony of the obligations which he and the whole expedition were under to the principal Secretary of State for the Colonies.

On the return of the party at Hanover Bay on the 15th of March they had the unexpected pleasure of meeting with Captain Wickham, R.N., in command of H.M.S. *Beagle*, who had, after a careful examination of the coast, arrived at the same conclusion, viz., that no large river could exist between the one that they had discovered, and Fitzroy River, which he had discovered at the south part of the great opening behind Dampier's Land.

These rivers, although of considerable magnitude, are still utterly insufficient to account for the drainage of this vast continent, and this interesting question, instead of being at all placed in a clear point of view by the united exertions of these two expeditions, is, if possible, at this moment involved in deeper obscurity and mystery than ever.

In the course of the journey Sir George Grey and Captain Lushington found a great many curious native paintings in caves, executed in a surprising way for a savage race. In these caves were some drawings of the human hand which showed great knowledge of the art of producing effect. They selected a rock in the most gloomy part of the cave, and the hand must have been placed upon this rock and some white powder dashed against it. When the hand was removed, a sort of stamp was left upon the rock; the hand was then painted black and the rock about it quite white, so that, on entering that part of the cave, it appeared as if a human hand and arm were projecting through a crevice admitting light. Many of the figures in these drawings were clothed, though the natives themselves were in a perfect state of nature. These and other circumstances would countenance the belief that they are of Asiatic origin.

These caves and paintings are all far inland, and nothing of the kind was near the coast. Copies were also obtained of some of the drawings by the natives living on the coast, but these are said to be the productions of a quite distinct race.

Before quitting Hanover Bay, the party had the gratification of seeing the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees which they had brought from Timor and planted in the valley, as well as numerous seeds from the

Brazils and the Cape of Good Hope, in a most flourishing state. They had also introduced and left there several animals, as ponies, goats, and sheep, and in short done everything in their power to make their visit a blessing to the natives and to the country.

Sir George Grey passed three months of the winter of 1838 at Swan River, on his return from the discovery of the Glenelg, and the discovery of a river in a country circumstanced as is Australia is almost equivalent to founding a future colony, and he made, on that occasion, several excursions into the interior, as far as any colonist had then penetrated.

The town of Melbourne had already, in 1839, 3,000 inhabitants, and an accurate survey of Port Phillip was completed by Lieutenants Symonds and Henry, R.N. Some 10,000 persons were stated to have accumulated at Adelaide, several overland expeditions, driving large herds of cattle, having reached the place from Sydney. Amongst others, that of Captain Sturt himself, the original explorer of the River Murray, and another by Mr. Hawdon. The settlement at Port Eslington was justly looked upon at this epoch as bidding fair to become a second Singapore.

Farther to the west the nautical survey by Captain Wickham completed some of the portions left unfinished during the more extended examination of these coasts in the years 1820-3 by Captain King, R.N., and the account of which is still the chief authority for this portion of its shores, as the excellent work of Flinders is for the rest of this vast island. The survey of the *Beagle* has proved Dampier's Land not to be an island, as was before surmised, by tracing Roebuck Bay and King's Sound to their termination; the latter affording an outlet to the largest river yet discovered on that part of the coast, and which, in honour of the commander of the *Beagle* during her survey of the coast of South America, was named Fitzroy River. Sir James Stirling had also had a survey made of Warnborough Sound, lying immediately south of Cape Peron, and which affords one of the finest harbours on the western coast of Australia.

By 1839 a chain of posts had been established between Sydney and Melbourne, a direct distance of 400 miles, and the road was already considered so secure that it had been travelled by a lady, and the track from Sydney to Adelaide had become almost a beaten road for enterprising drovers, with their flocks of thousands of sheep. Another town had been founded at Port Lincoln, and Mr. Eyre completed a journey from that port to the north-west, in order to examine Streaky and Fowler Bays, where it was thought probable an outlet of a river might be found, instead of which, however, Mr. Eyre states that the little water he met with in crossing the Port Lincoln Peninsula all drained to the north.

Sir George Grey, nothing daunted by the fatigue and privations of the previous year, again set out in February, 1836, on an exploratory journey to Shark's Bay; unfortunately his boats were wrecked there in a gale of wind, and he and his party were compelled to make their way overland to Perth, a direct distance of 350 miles, through a country utterly unknown, during which they suffered extremely from hunger, and Mr. Fred. C. Smith, a young man of much promise, succumbed under the great fatigue to which his youthful frame was exposed. Sir George Grey reported very favourably of portions of land in this interesting part of Western Australia. No hostility was en-

countered on the part of the natives, and the same language was found to be understood all along this western coast of Australia.

Mr. Eyre, who left Adelaide on the 18th of June, 1840, in the hope of being able to plant the British standard on the tropic of Capricorn, in longitude  $135^{\circ}$  or  $136^{\circ}$ , met with an unexpected obstacle to his progress, in which was at that time described as being a crescent-shaped lake, called Torrens. The length of this piece of water or waters was described as exceeding 400 miles, its breadth was inconsiderable, but the shores, composed of soft mud and sand, could not be approached.

Sir George Gipps, governor of Australia, issued a

series of important reports the same year, comprising an account of the Clarence River, a survey of Moreton Bay, in what is now Queensland; a report on the dividing range of New South Wales, and a region recently explored by Count Strzelecki, at the extreme south-east corner of Australia, and named by him Gipps' Land; and a report of Mr. Tyers' survey of the prescribed boundary between New South Wales and South Australia.

Count Strzelecki (whose name now comes forward as an Australian explorer) gave a very animated description of Gipps' Land. It has an extent of 5,000 square miles, and upwards of 250 miles of sea-coast, and eight rivers; a navigable lake and lagoons bisecting



STOCK-KEEPER COLLECTING HIS HERDS.

one hundred miles of its length; and it only required the construction of bridges, and the occasional clearing of bog and brush, to establish communication over the whole district. The richness of the soil and pasturage could, it was said, scarcely be surpassed, and the ranges of hill were easy of ascent. According to the count's descriptions, this region presented a most inviting prospect to settlers, more especially cattle-breeders, the natives being inoffensive and gentle. It is marked in the map which accompanies Count Strzelecki's work on New South Wales as an alluvial tract, and yet, strange to say, colonisation has made little or no progress there. Governor Latrobe sent Mr. John Orr to explore the same region in 1841 and that gentleman

ascertained that the course of the Latrobe was not south-west, as laid down at first by Count Strzelecki, but due east, and that in its progress it received the Rivers Maconochie, Barney, and Dunlop, which rivers were at first supposed to empty themselves directly into the sea. The Latrobe, increased by these tributaries, falls into a large lake, described as being twenty miles long from east to west, and six miles broad, and which also receives the Perry. This lake was named Wellington.

Mr. Eyre, having found his intended progress northward from the head of Spencer's Gulf intercepted by that extraordinary geographical feature of the country, the great Horse-shoe Lake (Torrens), he directed his

steps towards Streaky Bay, in the hope of finding to the west of the lake the means of resuming his journey.

Mr. Eyre left Fowler's Bay on the 25th of February, 1841, accompanied by an overseer and three native boys, and provided with horses and provisions for nine weeks, and he reached King George's Sound on the 7th of July, having traversed over upwards of 1,040 miles; for the last half of his journey, the whole of which was attended by the most distressing circumstances, he was only accompanied by a native of King George's Sound, of the name of Wylie. In passing from behind Lucky Bay to the lagoons west of Esperance Bay, a considerable extent of grassy land was passed, with many patches of rich soil in the flats and valleys, and abundance of water. There was, however, no timber but the tea-tree. About sixteen miles north-east from Cape Reche, the travellers fell

in with a considerable salt-water river, from the west-north-west, which appeared to join the sea at a gap left by Flinders in the coast-line. On the banks of this river were some casuarina tea-trees, eucalypti, and a little grass. Inland from where the river was crossed, the country seemed to improve, and good runs for sheep and cattle might perhaps be found in that direction. Farther westward, the mahogany, red-gum, and other trees, commence, and continue to King George's Sound, the whole way to which settlement they form a tolerably dense forest. Very few natives were met with by Mr. Eyre on this route, and those were for the most part timid or well disposed.

We have alluded to the distressing circumstances under which this trying journey was performed, and we shall now proceed to give some idea of these from Mr. Eyre's own recital.



A WOOL STORE AT GEELONG.

Having left Fowler's Bay, he relates, on the 26th February, 1841, I arrived at the head of the Great Australian Bight on the 3rd March. Here we halted four days to rest our horses, as they had been three days without water, previous to our arrival at the head of the Bight. From this point we had one hundred and thirty-five miles to travel without water, until we had passed the first of the remarkable line of cliffs mentioned by Captain Flinders. In effecting this passage our horses were five days without water, and were consequently much reduced in strength and condition. The line of cliffs now receded some miles from the coast, but still continued running nearly parallel to it inland, and forming a perfectly level bank, visible beyond the low and barren country intervening between it and the sea; until, as we advanced, the whole merged in a succession of high sandy or stony ridges, covered by a dense and impenetrable scrub, and reaching to the

very borders of the sea. To attempt a passage through such a tract of country was quite out of the question, and we were consequently obliged to keep very near the coast, and frequently to trace round its shores for many days, thus considerably increasing the distance we should otherwise have had to traverse. For four days we continued to travel steadily, without finding water; on the fifth, our horses were much exhausted, and, one by one, three or four of the best dropped behind, and we were compelled to leave them to their miserable fate. The other poor animals still continued to advance with us, although suffering much from the almost total want of food as well as water. This dreadful state of suspense and anxiety continued until the afternoon of the seventh day, when, by God's blessing, we were once more enabled to procure water by digging among the sand-drifts of the coast, after having accomplished a distance of fully one hundred and sixty miles, through-

out which not a drop of water could be procured even by digging.

We had now seven horses left, but they were barely alive. For eight months previous to our leaving Fowler's Bay, they had almost incessantly been occupied in the labours of the expedition to the northward, and in that space of time had travelled over a distance almost incredible, and it required far more than the short month we were able to afford them at Fowler's Bay to recruit their exhausted strength, or renew a spirit that was almost broken by incessant toil. It may readily, therefore, be imagined that the severe privations they had endured in rounding the Great Bight had reduced them to perfect skeletons, without either strength or spirit. To me it was only a matter of surprise that a single horse should have survived such extremity of suffering. We were now at a place we could procure abundance of water, but there was scarcely any grass for our poor horses, and the little they could find was coarse, sapless, and withered. To add to our difficulties, we were almost without provisions. In the early part of this journey, we were obliged to abandon the heavy part of our baggage: water-kegs, ropes, buckets, horse-shoes, tools, medicines, pack-saddles, cloths, great coats, and part of the ammunition, were all left behind. As we advanced, and our horses became weaker, it was necessary to leave even the provisions, instruments, and the remainder of our ammunition, light though they were, while we hurried on with the wretched animals, scarcely daring to hope that it might yet be possible to save their lives. Having arrived at the water, and rested there during six days, I sent my overseer and one of the native boys (with the three strongest of the horses, driven loose) to try and recover the things we had last left, and which were about fifty miles from the water; those abandoned earlier on the journey were too far distant for us to attempt their recovery. On the fifth day they returned, after a most painful journey; one of the horses had perished, the other two almost dead, and the party had only succeeded in bringing a portion of the baggage they were sent for. As there were many things amongst those they had not brought which we could ill afford to spare, I left the overseer in charge of the party, and the day following his return I proceeded myself, accompanied by one of the elder boys, but without horses, to make a second attempt for their recovery; this I effected, and on the fourth day rejoined my party at the water. Our horses were now reduced in number to five, and the whole were so thoroughly jaded and worn out, that it was evident we could not attempt to move from our present position for some time to come, especially as we had the gloomy prospect of a vast extent of country before us, in which there was not the least hope of water being found. In the meantime our provisions were rapidly disappearing. From the very commencement of the journey, our weekly allowance had been very limited—gradually it had been further reduced—and now that a long delay was unavoidable, I found it necessary to kill one of the horses, to enable us to husband the little flour we had remaining.

Hitherto my labours had been comparatively light, for in the midst of all the cares and anxieties by which I was surrounded, my overseer had placed the most implicit confidence in my guidance, and had cheerfully gone through the duties that fell to his share. This support I no longer experienced, and it was with

the greatest pain I discovered that my fellow-traveller had become disheartened and dispirited, foreboding evils that might not occur; and though he still exerted himself readily and strenuously on every occasion, I could readily perceive that (although the greatest difficulties of the undertaking were over) he was disinclined to continue the expedition, and would rather have attempted to recross the fearful country behind us, in the vain hope of being able to return to Fowler's Bay, where we had left a considerable depot of provisions. This dispiriting impression became, unfortunately, conveyed to all the native boys, and eventually became the cause of an occurrence as frightful as it was fatal to the poor fellow with whom it had originated. In the earlier stages of the expedition the three native boys had behaved well, and been very serviceable, but, as we advanced, this good conduct gradually disappeared; and, added to our other annoyances, not long after leaving Fowler's Bay, it became necessary for the whole party to walk, and though the native boys were allowed to ride long after myself and the overseer had given it up, it at last became imperative, from the state of the horses, they should be dismounted. This, added to the insufficient quantity of food which our low state of provisions allowed to each individual, made the three boys gloomy and surly, and we had frequently much trouble in getting them to assist in any way; and then the little they performed was rarely done with cheerfulness and good humour. It was impossible to make them understand the necessity of the case. As long as ever a horse could walk, they considered it a hardship not to ride, and as long as there was an ounce of provisions left they considered themselves ill-used if not allowed to eat to excess. It was of no avail telling them that if the horses were ridden they could never get through the journey, and that we should have to carry everything ourselves; or that, if we consumed the little stock of provisions we had all at once, we must starve afterwards. The fact of myself and overseer walking and living on the same allowance of food as themselves was no argument to them; and we could not dissipate a sullen discontented humour. This sullenness of disposition became much augmented, when they perceived that the overseer himself was doubtful and disheartened at our future prospects, and I really think their impression was that we could never accomplish the journey we had undertaken. In this frame of mind it was they deserted from the party (April 22nd), after being detected stealing the provisions during the night—a practice they had continued some days before they were found out. After an absence of four days they returned, and begged to be forgiven, stating that they were unable to procure food of any kind for themselves. As they were freely received again, I had strong hopes that their future conduct would be better, but it would appear from the sequel that they were still unwilling to continue to prosecute the journey, that they still looked back with longing to the provisions left at Fowler's Bay, and that they had only rejoined the party again with a view of plundering the camp of provisions at the first favourable opportunity, and then endeavouring to retrace their steps to a place where they knew plenty had been left, and from thence (should they succeed in arriving there) they might eventually make their way to Port Lincoln, or get away in some of the vessels whaling along the coast. This scheme was, unhappily, but too successfully executed during the night of the 29th

April, whilst I was absent from the camp, engaged in watching the horses to prevent them straying. After plundering the stores of provisions and fire-arms, it would appear they were preparing to depart, when the unfortunate overseer awoke, and in his attempt to prevent their purpose fell a victim to these ruthless murderers.

A copy of the depositions of myself and the boy Wylie (who did not accompany the other two) relative to this melancholy occurrence, is herewith inclosed for the information of his excellency.

I was now deprived of my only aid, and felt bitterly the loss of a man whose fidelity and good conduct had retained him in my service for many years, and whose unwillingness to leave me, when I commenced this perilous journey, has been the unconscious means of his own destruction. At a distance of fully 450 miles from Fowler's Bay, and nearly 600 from King George's Sound, I was now in a position but little to be envied. Left alone with a single native, whose fidelity I could place no dependence upon, with but little provisions, and almost without arms, whilst my jaded horses had already been three days without water, I had no time for deliberation. To attempt to retrace my steps to Fowler's Bay I knew would be certain destruction—it would have been impossible for us to recross that fearful country; and I had, therefore, no alternative but to push on for King George's Sound, humbly trusting in the merciful protection of that Almighty Being who alone may guide the wanderer on his way in safety.

Hurrying away from the fatal scene, I advanced with the native boy four days longer without finding water, during which we travelled with but little intermission almost night and day. On the fourth day we again procured water by digging, but as this made the seventh day that the horses had been (for the second time) without water, and during which they could not have travelled less than 150 miles, they were much exhausted by fatigue and privation; and it again became necessary to make a long delay to afford them a temporary rest.

Our stock of flour was now reduced to sixteen pounds, and we had still nearly 500 miles to travel before we could hope to obtain relief, so I was again under the necessity of killing one of our remaining horses, to enable us to halt and afford to the other four that rest which they so much required. This supply, together with a couple of kangaroos and a few fish we were lucky enough to procure, lasted us nearly a month, and we were steadily advancing on our journey towards the promontory of Cape le Grand, where my intention was to have killed another horse, and halted again for a few days' rest. Fortunately we were spared the necessity of doing this, for on approaching the Cape on the east side, we were overjoyed to discover, on the 2nd of June, a large vessel lying at anchor in a bay, immediately east of Lucky Bay, and which I have named Rossiter Bay. She proved to be a French whaler, the *Mississippi*, of Havre, commanded by Captain Rossiter. Having made known our situation to the captain, both myself and the native boy were most hospitably treated on board his vessel, and received every attention and kindness during the twelve days we remained. Upon our leaving to proceed on our route, we were most liberally furnished with everything we could wish for; and I am happy to have it in my power to record publicly the great obligations I am under to Captain Rossiter for his kindness and atten-

tion. After leaving Rossiter Bay, on the 15th June, we advanced steadily towards King George's Sound, arriving there, with four horses still left, on the 7th July; and thus, by God's blessing, terminating a journey that from circumstances had been peculiarly harassing, and, which, from unforeseen difficulties, had been protracted to a period far beyond what had been at first anticipated.

The same year Captain Stokes, R.N., discovered two rivers falling into the Gulf of Carpentaria, to which he gave the name of Albert and Flinders Rivers. They are said to be small, but there is evidence of their being greatly swollen at certain times of the year, as rushes and grass were found adhering to the branches of the trees twenty feet above the level of the water.<sup>1</sup>

Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, so celebrated in connection with Australia, from his having first suggested, from the identity of structure and position of the Australian Alps with the Ural, the existence of gold in those regions, took up, in a clear, energetic, and decisive tone, the claims of Port Essington, on his being appointed President of the Royal Geographical Society in 1844, and it is but doing justice to that eminent man's consistency, that in face of all obstacles, and of an obstinate opposition on the part of Government, he has never failed in his advocacy of claims which time and the progress of events will one day place far beyond the petty controversies of a home Government and a Royal Geographical Society.

Another settlement, called Victoria, was attempted in 1838, under Captain Sir J. Gordon Bremer, R.N., and Sir John Barrow, at that time secretary to the Admiralty, forwarding a letter from the Governor to the Royal Geographical Society, expressed himself in the most hopeful terms in respect to the prospects of this North Australian colony.

Captain H. Hamilton explored the country lying between Liverpool Plains and Moreton Bay the previous year (1843), and furnished some remarkable details on the geography of a district at that time imperfectly known, but which, from its natural advantages, was foreseen would become a very important addition to the Australian colonies. On the other hand, Captain Sturt had, by a correct survey of the course of the Hume river, and of the hilly districts extending to the junction with the Murrumbidgee, distinctly made known the valueless character of many large tracts to be avoided by all those who were searching for appropriate sites of new settlements.

In this year (1844) Sir George Grey, at that time governor of South Australia, made an exploratory journey along the south-eastern sea-board of South Australia. The most interesting features of this journey, besides the addition made to our knowledge of an unknown region, were the discovery of petrified shrubs of a trellis-work, erected by the natives to capture birds, of the calcareous tufa, termed "biscuit," which is also met with near Port Philip; of natural wells, one of which was called "The Devil's Punch Bowl," when it might, from its value, have had a name of quite an opposite significance, and of an old native who, according to the custom of the country, being incapacitated from obtaining his own food, had been left to perish under a little bush.

<sup>1</sup> The discoveries of Leichhardt, and still more recently of Messrs. Stuart and Burke, will soon determine the settlement of the well-watered country round the Gulf of Carpentaria, and which it is now proposed to call Burke's Land.

At the time when extreme severity prevailed in the penal settlements of New South Wales, many convicts ran away into the bush, to chance their lives amongst the natives rather than suffer a living death whilst undergoing the punishment of their crimes. Many had been immediately speared, it was said, from going among the natives with their clothes on; they being ignorant of what clothes are, supposed a clothed man to be some strange creature. On the occasion of Mr. Russell and Mr. Petrie, superintendents of government works at Brisbane, going from that town to explore Wide Bay, they fell in with, and brought back with them, two of these bushrangers. The first they came in contact with was at Harvey's Bay. Having heard that there was a white man among the natives there, Mr. Petrie, considering that he might become useful as an interpreter, and also be able to give some information of the country and of the native tribes, wrote a note and persuaded some of the natives to take it to him at their encampment, about twenty miles distant.

We waited anxiously, Mr. Russell relates, for a time, and in the afternoon saw two or three men coming along the beach towards the bay. By the telescope we could distinguish the runaway, looking as much a savage as any of them, with his spear in his hand. Petrie and Wrottesley took their guns and went to meet him. Jolliffe and I stayed to guard our camp. The scene at the meeting was curious; the man could not recollect his own language for some time, but he afterwards told us that when he saw the note, although unable to read it, he knew that his countrymen were near, and felt overjoyed at the chance of returning once more among civilised men. When pressed to join us, and return to Moreton Bay, the cruelties he had suffered filled him with dread, and it was long before we could persuade him that it was no longer as when he had left; and being at last convinced by what we told him, he expressed his willingness to work his best if they would not flog him, and to make himself useful as interpreter between us and the natives. His name was Bracefelt, but he was called by the natives Wandl, from a fancied likeness to a man who had died some years before, the son of one of their fighting men, upon whom he was thus fathered, and his life saved. He could speak four different languages of the natives, and had been in the habit of taking his part in the fights between them, but never could be persuaded by them to turn cannibal. He was soon washed and clothed, and in a few days became perfectly satisfied, and seemed glad to have been rescued from his black life.

Having arrived at the River Monobocola, they became very anxious to see some of the natives, among whom Bracefelt said there was another white man, named Davis, but called by the natives Darumboi (Kangaroo-rat). He had absconded from the penal settlement fourteen years before, and had not since been heard of. With this view they proceeded up the river as high as a boat could go, say fifty miles from the mouth, and having reached this point they encamped on the left bank, both banks being covered by a thick scrub, behind which were sandy ridges.

Petrie sent Bracefelt with the black to look for natives. He once returned and said he could see nothing of them; he went out again and came back frightened, stating he had found an encampment of natives, but had never expected to find them collected

in such great numbers;<sup>1</sup> if, however, two men would accompany him to within a short distance, and wait to see if any attack were made, he would enter their camp and speak to them. Jolliffe and I (says Mr. Russell) offered to go; but he said he would rather take two of the crew armed; I thought this rather strange, as he could have depended more upon us than upon convicts, but it turned out afterwards that he had fears of our being speared, and he valued our lives more than theirs. The natives were at this time only one mile and a quarter distant. Bracefelt, who had met this tribe ten years before at the bunya bunya, but could not answer for their recollecting him, now stripped, took his spear as he was wont among his own tribe, and, accompanied by the two men, and by our native man, Wallupe, who went very unwillingly, approached cautiously, and saw that the natives thought themselves in perfect security, little dreaming who were their neighbours. Bracefelt halted the two men, and then, with Wallupe, went over the creek between them and the camp, and walked straight into the midst of them, calling out his name, "Wandi." They were completely taken by surprise, and seizing their spears hundreds rushed out from every corner of the scrub, yelling like madmen. Darumboi at the moment was at the other end of the camp with his adopted father, skinning a kangaroo they had just killed. As soon as he saw Wandl he rose, and, perceiving the two other white men at a distance, he rushed by him and ran at full speed to them; he was unable to do more than say a few words in English. Bracefelt's surprise was great on seeing Davis, as he had no idea that he was still living. He went to him and told him in the native language how we had come, and also that, if he chose, he might join us. Davis, who only remembered the penal settlement in its days of tyranny, accused Bracefelt of having brought the whites to take him, that he might get off his own flogging on his return.

All this time they had been walking towards our camps, and this was said just as they came in sight. Bracefelt stepped back, and raised his spear, Davis did the same; all the black devil seemed to rise in them both, when Bracefelt sang a war-challenge at the top of his voice, which we could plainly hear. It was truly a curious scene—two white savages challenging each other to fight, their spears raised on high, and, with all the air, attitude, and ferocity of natives; their bodies all *coché*, or painted and tattooed across the chest, besides large scars of former wounds on their backs and legs. Davis, or Darumboi, was the finer man of the two, and about twenty-seven years of age; he had been transported when only eleven; on seeing us they paused, and, after a little, both came towards us. When Davis came to the top of the sand-bank overhanging our camp, he took a long frowning look at us, as in defiance. On calling him he rushed down, and addressed himself to Petrie, whom Bracefelt pointed out as being a government officer. The first words he uttered were, "My name's Jem Davis, from Glasgow."

<sup>1</sup> We afterwards found that this was the season when the natives resort thither to feed on the fruit of the bunya bunya, and that no less than sixteen tribes had already assembled. This tree is a noble pine, growing as straight as an arrow to the height of from one hundred to three hundred feet. It bears a large cone full of nuts, which are excellent when roasted, but taste, when raw, like the horse chestnut. The natives of the district have desperate frays to maintain their own against intruders.



and unable to say another word in English, he ran off into a most rapid *black speech*. Bracefelt afterwards told us, "that he had escaped from the settlement because the prisoners were used so cruelly, that they cut each other's throats that they might be sent to Sydney to be hanged." This was a fact; he ran away at thirteen years of age, through fear of being murdered by his messmates, who thought death preferable to the cruelty with which they were treated. Davis was wearing the necklaces and armlets of the natives. As he went on, and saw we did not understand him, and he was unable to express himself in English, he worked himself into a violent passion, tearing and clawing the ground with his hands, and shrinking his voice from the shrillest tone to a mere whisper, the very picture of a Bedlamite. He has since told me his feelings were so excited on once more meeting with his fellow-

countrymen, that he cannot recollect what passed. After much talking, Bracefelt, who was standing by, got him to be silent, and said that Davis wished to explain to us that we should be in great danger if we went up the mountains, from which we were now only three miles distant, thus dividing our party. He told us the cause of the mortal enmity of the natives to the white men arose from a fearful crime committed by the latter some time back. The natives having a strong predilection for mutton, stole the sheep; many came from a distance to feast on the white man's flocks. The shepherds, seeing such numbers of fierce men, resorted, it is said, to poison; at all events, from some cause about thirty were reported to have died. They believed that those unfortunate men were poisoned, and it created among them, far and wide, a direful feeling of revenge, which to this day has not subsided. Only



ADELAIDE.

two months ago, two men of Mackenzie's were murdered; the watch of one of these murdered shepherds was now in the possession of Darumboi's father, and he promised to get it if we would allow him to return for that night; he also said that he would frighten them about our strength, and do all he could to prevent an attack; he went, and we got all ready, keeping sharp watch all night. Darumboi told us that the way they would come upon us would be by creeping through the long grass, and if any white should fire a gun, they knew that it would require reloading, and twenty or thirty would immediately rush upon and spear him. This was all very fine; however, after a few hours we lost the anxiety we at first felt, and betook ourselves to the boat, which we anchored for the night under the dark side of the bank, fell asleep, and never woke till sunrise. Had the natives attacked us in this position we should have fallen an easy prey, as

the banks were high and scrubby all round, and they might have speared us without our getting a shot at them in return.

15th.—Next morning we fired two guns as a signal for Davis to come, and he soon made his appearance with his father and the watch. The father was an ill-looking fellow, but said nothing, and backed out of the water from us. Davis told us that he frightened them with the account of our strength, which kept them quiet. On his getting into the boat, he tore off his bracelets and threw them into the water, but I caught them, and have kept them as curiosities. In the evening we had Davis shaved, well washed, and dressed; he was cut in every direction, either in tattooing, or with the stone knives in fighting; he had the wound of a spear through his thigh, and a boom-rang had smashed his right knee. He was evidently well acquainted with the northern country, and what

we had previously heard from Bracefelt perfectly coincided with his statements; he knew of three other rivers running into Wide Bay, and told us their names; but what pleased me most was, to hear him say there was a large river running into the sea, many miles north of Wide Bay. This river, the natives said, came from the back of the Bunya Bunya Mountains, which is our Downs, but they could not say where the source was. Davis became gradually civilised, caught up his own language quickly, and by the time we got back to Moreton Bay no one could have believed he was the same independent-looking savage that startled us on the night of the 14th.

The natives followed us a long way on the banks of the river, keeping up a conversation with Darumbol, whom they were evidently very sorry to lose; he told us they hung about his neck and kissed him at parting, and cut their own heads as a sign of grief. The various intonations of voice, according to the degree of grief, were quite affecting at times; we could see but little of them, however, as they would not even show, but kept peering from behind the trees at a distance, and moving as the boat moved.

On the 17th, ran down to our former station on Fraser's Island; and on the 18th, getting a good north-west breeze, we ran under "Russell's Lap," but we had baffling winds and a head-sea till the 24th, when the wind changed, luckily for us, for our provisions were out when we arrived at Moreton Bay.

The following singular account of the cannibalism of the natives of this part of the country, was received from Bracefelt and Davis, who had lived so many years with them.

The natives supposed all their own men who had died or been killed in battle to become white men; because, before eating them (for they are cannibals), they draw the skin off, and roast the flesh before cutting it up. When flayed in this way the flesh of a black man is perfectly white. They believe he becomes a white ghost in another country beyond the sea. Accordingly, when they first heard of whites, they supposed them to be the ghosts of their own dead come back; and if any one could fancy he traced a resemblance in a white man to any deceased relation or friend, he took the white man under his protection, in the full persuasion that it was his son, brother, or whoever it might be, returned to him. In such a case, a white man has nothing to fear from the tribe to which the patron belongs. They will kill a fat white man sometimes to eat, if he is not owned by any of the tribe as some ghost of a returned relation, but they will not skin him, as they suppose him to have been already skinned when eaten as a black. In cutting a man up, they open his back, and having extracted the bones from the legs and arms, these are eaten by the men as being titbits. They then cut the head open, and pick it, viscera and heart are given to the gins, whom they use worse than dogs.

If the interior of Australia presents one of the most interesting geographical problems, a knowledge of the coasts of that immense island was always felt to be of primary importance; and accordingly the Government, anxious that they should be accurately surveyed, despatched the *Beagle*, under the command of Captain Wickham, as we have before seen, and from that time to May 1843, a period of nearly six years, the *Beagle*, first under command of Captain Wickham, and subsequently under that of Captain Stokes, twice made the

circuit of the Australian continent, affording ample opportunity to her gallant commander and crew for displaying that skill and perseverance for which the navy of our country is so conspicuous. The full value of the *Beagle's* surveys is more and more appreciated as our colonial settlements in Australia acquire extension.

At the same time it was felt that if a practicable route could be discovered between Sydney in the south and that part of the north of the great Australian continent in which Port Essington is situated, the importance of that settlement would be greatly enhanced. At the very time when this desideratum began to be most generally felt, the man made his appearance who appears to have been, of all others, the best qualified to carry it into execution.

Dr. Leichhardt, a visitor in New South Wales, a man of science and enterprise, is said, indeed, to have himself originally conceived, without any pressure from without, the idea of making an overland journey from Moreton Bay—at that time the most northern British settlement on the coast of New South Wales, but now in Queensland—to the Gulf of Carpentaria.

The first journey of this enterprising and unfortunate traveller was one of the most extraordinary and successful explorations effected up to that time. The Doctor, following the course of the Burdekin, in North Queensland, and then the River Lynd, beyond what he designated as the Valley of Lagoons and Separation Creek, touched the Gulf of Carpentaria at its south-east extremity, one of the party, Mr. Gilbert, having been assassinated by the natives at the very moment of success; and, passing thence round the southern shores of this vast bay, he proved the whole region to be most abundantly provided with running streams, and, arrived at Limmen Bight, he crossed over the peninsula to Victoria and Port Essington. The whole narrative is so interesting that we regret we have not space to give some details in respect to it.

Next in interest and importance to Leichhardt's first successful journey, came Captain Charles Sturt's bold inland into the interior of Australia in 1844 and 1845. The details of this journey, like those of Leichhardt's travels, and of MacDonnell Stuart's still more recent remarkable peregrinations are, however interesting, too long for our purposes. Suffice it, that after the most terrific sufferings from heat, thirst, fatigue, exposure, and privations of all kinds, and which involved the death of Mr. Poole, one of the party, Captain Sturt, returned to Adelaide, his starting point, after having reached the parallel of 24° 30' south, and where he was driven back, at the head of Eyre's Creek, by the high ridges without either water or grass. In the course of this long journey, carried at first up the Murray and Darling Rivers, Captain Sturt first determined, as has been still more satisfactorily shown of late, that the interior of Australia, instead of being a saline desert, or a great inland watery basin, is diversified by hilly ranges, with pleasant watered valleys, and occasionally good pastoral country; but there was also much that was sandy, saline, barren, scrub, or otherwise unavailable land. Worst of all, many of the water streams only flow at certain seasons of the year. With these exceptions, we find an extent of grassy plains, sometimes subject to inundations, and of grassy valleys, marked in the map, which seem to equal that of the hilly, stony, sandy, barren forest and scrub, or otherwise unavailable lands.

## VIII.

**MITCHELL'S ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE CONTINENT FROM SOUTH TO NORTH—DISCOVERED A GREAT INLAND RIVER—LEIGH-HARDT'S FIRST ATTEMPT TO CROSS FROM EAST TO WEST—HIS SECOND ATTEMPT—HAS NEVER SINCE BEEN HEARD OF—A NEW ERA OPENED FOR AUSTRALIA IN 1861—DISCOVERY OF GOLD—MESSRS. GREGORY'S EXPLORATION OF VICTORIA RIVER AND SEARCH FOR LEIGH-HARDT—MR. HABBAGH TRAVELS WITH A MACHINE FOR CONVERTING SALT INTO FRESH WATER—MR. STUART'S IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES—NAVIGATION OF THE MURRAY.**

SIR T. MITCHELL started, in the year 1846, from the junction of the River Macquarie with the Darling, with the same ambitious views as had actuated Captain Sturt to cross the continent to the Gulf of Carpentaria. Proceeding to the north, he crossed the Narran Swamp, and thence ascended the River Balonne, to a hilly range, which he named Fitzroy Downs. Beyond this range a river was discovered, flowing to the south-west, fully as large as the Darling; it was called by the natives Maranoon, and was afterwards found, as well as the Balonne, to join the Darling. From hence Sir T. Mitchell traced the Maranoon upwards to a chain of mountains with volcanic summits. Passing between these and a higher range towards the coast, he at length reached another chain of mountains, extending westward, about the 25th parallel of latitude. A difficult sandstone country succeeded; and, on emerging from its ravines, a river, the Belyardo, was struck. After following its course some distance to the north, it turned north-east, and was recognised as the River "Cape" of Leichhardt. This was in latitude  $21^{\circ} 30'$ .

Hence the party retraced their steps to the camp, in latitude  $24^{\circ} 30'$ , whence, starting afresh, Sir T. Mitchell reached a gap in the westerly range, whence he saw open downs and plains, with a line of river in the midst, extending to the north-north-west, as far as the horizon. He pursued the course of this river during ten successive days, the furthest point which he reached being in latitude  $24^{\circ} 14'$ , and longitude  $144^{\circ} 34'$ . Here, from a rise of ground, he could trace its downward course far to the northward. This river has been marked in most maps as the Victoria, from the supposition that it flowed into the river of that name, the embouchure of which is in Cambridge Gulf, but Sir Thomas Mitchell's own impression was that the estuary of the river is in the Gulf of Carpentaria. Sir Thomas Mitchell described the whole of this country as the best watered portion of Australia he had seen, and new birds and new plants marked this out as a region different from any previously explored. Mr. Kennedy was despatched the ensuing year (1847) from Sydney, to trace the further course of Mitchell River, and he found that the river in question did not go far northward from where Sir Thomas Mitchell left it, but that it turned to the west, afterwards for 120 miles to the south-west, and finally to the south, where it is lost in a sandy barren country, which Mr. Kennedy conjectures to be the north-eastern limit of Sturt's Desert. Mr. Kennedy advanced as far as latitude  $26^{\circ} 28'$ , when he was compelled, by want of food and water, to return. He thought that this river would turn out to be Captain Sturt's Cooper's Creek. The country through which it flowed was found to be barren and grassless.

Dr. Leichhardt, the successful traveller from Sydney to Port Essington, started the same year on an adventurous journey in the interior, proposing to himself

to traverse the whole centre of the Australian Continent, from Sydney to Swan River. Knowing that it would be useless to attempt this in the line of Sturt's Desert, he resolved to proceed at once to latitude  $23^{\circ}$ , where, in his last journey, he found the Mackenzie and Peak range; and as the Mackenzie was well supplied with water, to follow it up to its sources. He thought that he would then be able to ascertain whether the western branches of the supposed watershed go down to the southward to join the system of the Darling, or whether they turn to the northward and form the sources of the largest rivers. Should the latter have proved the case, and should the country have been sufficiently well watered, it was his intention to have proceeded to the westward, keeping the same latitude, and endeavour to reach the waters of the north-west coast. But should want of water not permit him to continue his journey to the westward, or even to the northward, it was then his intention to retrace his steps down the Mackenzie and follow the track of his last journey up the Burdekin. Unfortunately, after reaching the downs of the Upper Mackenzie and Peak Range, Dr. Leichhardt had been compelled, by events over which he had no control, to retrace his steps to Sydney. Nothing daunted, however, by his failure, this intrepid traveller determined to again attempt the solution of the problem, and to penetrate through the centre of the Australian Continent. In the meantime, and while waiting for the proper season to make the necessary arrangements, he made an excursion to Fitzroy Downs, for the purpose of exploring the country between Sir Thomas Mitchell's track and his former route. He started on this expedition on the 9th of August, 1847, and returned to Sydney about the beginning of October, having examined a considerable tract of country on the banks of Dogwood Creek, the Balonne, the Colgoon, and the Condamine.

Dr. Leichhardt started on his last great undertaking about the beginning of 1848, and information of his progress was received as far as the Oogoon, from Captain Philip King. He proceeded along the Condamine River to the Fitzroy Downs, which he described as a splendid region, but feared that want of water would render it to a great degree unavailable. He crossed the downs for twenty-two miles from east to west, and came on Mount Abundance, passing over a gap in it with his whole train. He described his cattle as in excellent order, and his companions in high spirits. The date of his letter was April 3, 1848. A report of later date, which appeared in the *Mail and Mercury*, stated that Dr. Leichhardt had subsequently discovered a rich tract of country with grass and water, which he considered of such importance, that, viewing the uncertainty of his further proceedings, he had himself returned 300 miles to give information of his discovery to the colonial authorities, leaving his party all well, and that he had subsequently returned to them.

Since that epoch nothing has been heard of the enterprising traveller! Captain King, writing home from Paramatta, on the 2nd of March, 1850, said: "Not a word yet of Leichhardt, whose time is up. A Spanish frigate, *La Ferrolana*, has just arrived here from Swan River, where they had not heard of him. I am sure he will have pressed on to cross the desert, and there he must have starved for water. The colonists have been making a stir about going in search; but I fear that he has fallen a sacrifice to his zeal

and perseverance in trying to cross the wretched country which exists in the western part of these regions. Had anything happened to him in the early part of his journey, the mules would have returned to the settled districts." The Admiralty at this time directed a ship to look into the then deserted Port Essington now and then, under the chance of learning something of the traveller's fate.

The last letter from Leichhardt was dated "Mount Abundance, April 4th, 1848." Since then two expeditions have found traces which are considered to have referred to him. The one expedition was that of Mr. Hely in 1852, and the other that of Mr. Gregory in 1858.

Mr. Hely found two camps 150 miles from Mount Abundance, each of them marked with the cypher XV. A., inclosed within a rude border of bent lines

that bore some resemblance to a letter L, and which he interprets as indicating "Leichhardt, April 15." He also heard from the natives of the neighbourhood that Leichhardt was murdered at that very place.

Mr. Gregory, we have further seen, found remains that he concluded to be those of Leichhardt 80 to 100 miles farther towards the interior than Hely's camps, and, as such, to refute the report of his previous death at the latter place. The remains consisted of an L cut upon a tree by a camp; of the marks of sharp axes; of some saplings that had been cut with them; and of two horses running wild.

The Rev. W. B. Clarke, of Sydney, however, doubts if either of these discoveries had any reference to the camps or fate of Leichhardt. He argues that the unfortunate explorer could not have reached Hely Camp on the 15th of August. The letters had been



BRANDING CATTLE.

cut, he thought, by persons on the look-out for cattle-runs, and the loose horses found by Gregory in Cooper Creek he ascribed to Captain Sturt's expedition.

A new era opened for Australia in 1851. We have seen that as far back as 1844 Sir R. I. Murchison called attention to the remarkable coincidence between the structure of the great eastern chains: Australia and that of the auriferous Ural Mountains, as also that both were upon a meridional axis, which will also apply to the great chain of Eastern Africa, which corresponds to Ptolemy's Mountains of the Moon, and which are in all likelihood equally metalliferous if not auriferous. That comparison produced some fruits, for in the year 1846 small specimens of gold in quartz rock were sent to Sir Hoderick from New South Wales, and that eminent geologist upon this urged the unemployed Cornish miners, who were about to emigrate, to prefer that colony, and there seek for gold in the *débris* of the

older rocks of that region. This exhortation caused a sensation in Sydney. The Rev. W. B. Clarke claimed to have suggested the same thing as early as 1841, but if so the suggestion appears to have been confined to the colony. As far as the practicable part of the question is concerned, it appears to have been Mr. Hargraves who first opened profitable works in 1851. The golden flood appeared from the very onset to be distributed at intervals, on the flanks of the main watershed, or back-bone of the continent, which, trending from north to south, bends off the west to pass to the north of Melbourne, where one of the richest accumulations was early detected at Mount Alexander. As auriferous veins and masses usually deteriorate downwards in the parent rock, and the richest parts have been superficial, it was found here as elsewhere that the most prolific gold-fields are necessarily composed in that *débris* or drift which had been abstracted by former great



SHOOTING THE LYRE-BIRD—EUCALYPTI AND ARBORESCENT YEMMA.





operations of nature from the surfaces of the mountains, and distributed in heaps of gravel, mud, and sand, upon their sides or in adjacent valleys.

It also became apparent from the onset of this remarkable movement, which followed so closely upon one of a similar character upon the meridional axis of California, that as gold has never been found in a notable quantity, except along the slopes of the more ancient back-bones or axes of continents, and has never been derived in any quantity from secondary or tertiary strata, so the gold fields of nature are restricted to comparatively narrow zones, and that all such supplies would prove exhaustible because superficial. Looking at the same time to the vast length of the Australian Alps and of other ridges which may be found to be similarly constituted in that continent, and reflecting that no other large region of the earth (excepting, perhaps, Eastern Africa) had been so long unoccupied by human beings acquainted with the value of the metal, it was felt that a considerable (though temporary) augmentation of precious metal would ensue, which was judged indeed to be of sufficient importance to necessitate the emission of the elaborate formula, that it takes a long time, and a great disproportion in the amount of supply, to affect the relative value, throughout the world, of two such articles as gold and silver. No such result has indeed occurred, the many years' produce of the South American, Urlian, Californian, and Australian mines being apparently even approximated to.

All human enterprise and intellectual energies were not, however, luckily absorbed in gold-digging. The names of those who realised their tens of thousands by washing mud for auriferous particles will have vanished with the particles themselves; the names of those who, stimulated by higher motives, conduced to a further acquaintance with a country which, according to Captain Vetch, may one day have a population of 193,000,000, will be embalmed for ever in the history of future settlements. The progress of geographical discovery, and that of colonial extension, have hitherto gone hand in hand in this vast continent.

The Messrs. Gregory, who had previously distinguished themselves by an enterprising journey of exploration in Western Australia, accompanied this time by Messrs. Baines and Wilson, Dr. Müller and others, left Moreton Island on the 13th of September, 1855, in the ship *Monarch*, and the *Tom Tough* schooner, and, after nearly encountering shipwreck at the entrance of Port Patterson, were landed at Point Pearce. The object of the expedition was more particularly the exploration of the River Victoria, and the result was, that Dr. Müller, whose testimony as a naturalist and botanist we should prefer to that of any other person of the expedition, estimated that there were tracts of not less than five millions of acres in extent, which, being covered by the richest grasses, and well watered, are specially fitted for pasture, and therefore suitable for the permanent settlement of a civilised community. He also points out that no other part of Australia possesses so many navigable rivers as the northern seaboard, the Victoria having been ascended by the schooner *Tom Tough* to 100 miles above its mouth. Though necessarily hot, the climate is by no means injurious to European life, as proved by the fact that, although living there for nine months, the party did not lose a man, and scarcely any sickness prevailed. The thermometric tables, kept from November to July, indicate a range from 47° as a mini-

mum to 106° as a maximum, with 84 days of rain. The grasses are described as so luxuriant as to grow from six to ten or twelve feet in height; large timber is scarce, though smaller and other trees bearing fruit are not rare. Rice was found indigenous in one spot by Dr. Müller, and in another by Mr. Wilson, who ascertained that it was eaten by the natives. Fish are plentiful, but kangaroos are scarce.

Not now adverting, says Sir R. I. Murchison, in his consistent advocacy of the claims of North Australia, to which we have before adverted, to the descriptions of various other animals, including the curious walking fish, and noting that the dingo or native dog is larger than in other parts of Australia, I revert with satisfaction to the ascertained healthiness of the country, as well as to the fruitfulness of the soil, to support the suggestion which I made many years ago, and again brought to your notice at the last anniversary—that, whether by the establishment of a penal settlement or a free colony, North Australia ought, unquestionably, to be occupied without further delay.

On my own part, I adhere to the opinion that, craving as we do any site to which we may transport felons, there is no region on the globe which combines more advantages, with the gain of a high political object, than the north coast of Australia with its bays and streams. The convicts who might be first planted there, as I have previously shown, will be so completely cut off from all other parts of the seaboard of Australia which are occupied or can be occupied for a long time to come, as to prevent the escape of criminals. Now, as few persons will deny that it is of great importance that our maritime power in the Indian Archipelago should be sustained by having a port on the coast of North Australia, as a refuge for our ships, and as a *point d'appui* for naval operations in case of war, so, I trust, that after colonising the other sides of this continent, England will no longer abstain from unfurling her flag on its northern shores, whether by forced or free labour.

In a subsequent report or anniversary address, the same high authority was led to modify his views somewhat in respect to the gold produce of Australia, more especially that of gold *in situ*, as also with regard to the new penal settlements—the advisability of removing which further off (to Cambridge Bay, for example) was by that time fully understood. MacDonall Stuart's explorations, and indeed the whole progress of discovery, seem also to attest that the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society went to as great an extreme when he denounced almost all the interior of Australia to be a sterile desert, as were the early explorers when they fancied it was all saline watery expanse or marsh. There is no doubt that there is a great extent of arid, unfertile land and worthless scrub, but we are inclined to think that the greater part of the continent will yet be found more or less available.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held on the 14th of January, 1861, when the journal of Mr. J. MacDonall Stuart's expedition across the centre of Australia, from Spencer Gulf on the south to latitude 18° 47' on the north, was read before the society, Sir R. I. Murchison said he had to make an apology for a theoretical opinion he had formed as to the difficulty of traversing this continent, and Count Strzelecki, who said that he was himself at one time of opinion that the interior was a vast desert, was also, he said, ready now to recant that view.

If New South Wales, said the worthy president of the society, in connection with another topic which must for the moment take precedence of Stuart's discoveries, has exhibited a diminished supply from most of those tracts which first gave forth their golden abundance, and has only recently been enriched by a small additional quantity derived from a part of Bathurst county, the great coast-chain, bending to the west, and passing to the high level of the Mount Kosciusko of Strzelecki to Victoria, has proved to be charged in certain spots with an amount of gold quite unheard of in any other part of the world.<sup>1</sup>

The extraordinary rise of the flourishing colony of Victoria is the necessary result of such a vast auriferous produce, and the simple fact, that upwards of 125 tons of gold were sent to Britain in the preceding year, exclusive of local use and exportation to other countries, is so astounding, that a few years ago the mind would have been incapable of measuring the effects which such an enormous addition to the symbol of material wealth might produce upon the destinies of the human race.

Without pretending to statistical acquirements, I formerly ventured to contend that, as the scarcity of the precious metals throughout vast portions of the civilised world had long been a growing evil, and that the hoarding of a substance so easily hidden as gold would continue, and even increase, in countries having unsettled governments, so it seemed to me that, great as the supply might be, it would not be more than sufficient to meet the demand. The dry river-beds of the old world had, in fact, to be filled up with the golden stream; and experience has now shown us how long it has taken to fill them, and how inadequately they are yet supplied.

But then comes this question. If the present annual amount of supply from Victoria and California should continue, must not a great depreciation of the precious metal follow? Now the answer must be shaped in accordance with unquestionable geological and statistical evidence. Judging from experience all gold veins in the solid crust of the earth diminish and deteriorate downwards, and can rarely be followed to any great depth except at a loss in working them. Again, as the richest portions of gold ore have been aggregated near the upper part of the original vein-stones, so the heaps of gravel or detritus resulting either from former powerful abrasion or from the diurnal wear and tear of ages, and derived from the surface of such gold-bearing rocks, are, with rare exceptions, the only materials from which gold has been or can be extracted to great profit. These postulates, on which I have long insisted, in spite of the opposition of theorists and schemers, have every year received further confirmation, and seem, on the whole, to be so well sustained as matters of fact, that the real problem we have now to solve is, How much time will elapse before the gold of Australia is finally riddled

out of these heaps or basins, or extracted from a few superficial veinstones?

It would indeed be presumptuous in anyone who had not closely surveyed the rich auriferous tract of Victoria to pretend to answer this question; but there is a wide distinction between the measurable capacity of the contents of these broken heaps, or rare thin veinstones, *in situ*, and those imaginary mountains with bowls of gold to the theorist, the very thought of which has shaken the nerves of so many fundholders. For, it must be remembered, that all the accumulations of broken golden materials, or the great source of supply, have well-defined bottoms. They are, in fact, troughs filled in with gravel or shingle, the cubical contents of which, when the country has been thoroughly surveyed, can be computed; and though it may never be possible to predicate the amount of ore contained in all parts of such slopes or hollows, yet, judging from the rate of excavation now going on, a good geologist like Mr. Selwyn, who is conducting the survey in Victoria, may well be able to give us approximate data as to the probable number of years required to empty out the metalliferous fragments from all those troughs or basins in which they have been detected.<sup>2</sup>

The other sources to which I have alluded, I learn from Mr. Westgarth, an intelligent resident of the colony, have, however, of late been worked to some profit. These are the narrow veinstones of quartz rock, two or three feet thick, which, at the surface, are rich in gold, and which have also been partially worked in California; and so long as the miner is near the surface, these veinstones will unquestionably well repay the cost of working them. When, however, they are followed downwards into the body of the rock, they have usually been found impoverished, either thinning out into slender filaments, or graduating into silver or other ores; so that these insulated thin courses of auriferous quartz—mere threads in the mountain masses—will soon be exhausted for all profitable purposes, when the upper portions shall have been quarried out.

But whatever may be the duration of the gold produce, Victoria has already become a wealthy colony, whose agriculture and commerce have risen to a pitch which will ensure her future greatness, even should the period arrive when her rich golden harvests are no longer to be gathered.

Nowhere in the annals of mankind has there been known so wonderfully rapid a rise as that which has taken place in and around a spot which, surveyed only a few years ago, was first formed into a separate colony in 1837. In each file of the well-written periodicals of Melbourne, we see pregnant proofs that this spot is already one of the great centres of the world's commerce, and is inhabited by an intelligent and advancing people, well worthy of the parent stock.

The latest accounts from Western Australia, given in the detailed explorations of it, as published in the *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*,

<sup>1</sup> The total produce of New South Wales in 1856 was 138,823 ounces, whilst the returns from Melbourne for the same year gave the enormous amount of 125 tons 6 cwt. 6 lbs., or a money value of upwards of 12 millions. My distinguished friend Sir Charles Nicholson, formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives at Sydney, informs me that there can be no doubt that gold is surreptitiously disposed of to a considerable extent (by the Chinese especially); so that the actual quantity of the precious metal produced is probably in great excess of that specified in the official tables.

<sup>2</sup> A certain amount of the gold of Melbourne, whether occurring in drift or finely ligated clay, is reached by sinking shafts through basaltic conules, which have evidently dowed in recent times, since they cover woody substances, including cones which, though in a charred or brown-ool condition, have been recognised by Mr. Robert Brown, as belonging to the remarkable Australian living genus, the Banksia, which that great botanist was the first to find and describe.

afford little hope that our colonists are there to be enriched by mineral wealth; the great saline desert which Sturt tracked from south to north, and Eyre travelled upon coastwise on the south-west, having been met with at several points by Gregory and Austin. Again, rich as is South Australia in her Burra-Burra copper-mines, no material quantity of gold has yet been detected in that colony, notwithstanding some vigorous searches, among which those of Mr. Herschel Babbage have recently been brought to your notice.

Turning, then, from that knot of elevations which, forming the background of Victoria, are so prolific in gold, and exploring that long eastern cordillera which leads from New South Wales to the Gulf of Carpentaria, though we may meet at intervals with an auriferous patch or two to entice the explorer northwards, the real incitement to new settlers is found in the rich soil and the good herbage they fall in with as they extend civilisation northwards. Thus, from the clear and accurate survey of the vast Peel River settlements by that sound mining geologist, M. Odenheimer, we now know that no valuable amount of gold is to be found there, either in the loose *débris* or in the solid rocks. Independently, however, of gold, the northern progress of civilisation, as far as skill and energy can aid it, will assuredly be secured upon a solid basis by the present enlightened Governor-General Sir W. Denison.

The exploration of that eastern cordillera, so long ago undertaken by Count Strzelecki, and which has since been carried further out by Leichhardt, Kennedy, and Mitchell, has recently had its northern and north-western offsets brought more definitely into notice by Gregory and his associates.<sup>1</sup> The advanced guard of the colonists has now even crept on so far beyond Moreton Bay, as to be already within about 560 miles of the head of the Gulf of Carpentaria; and judging from the fertile nature of most of the unoccupied lands, the period doubtless is not very distant when our countrymen will reach that great haven, which, penetrating for 500 miles into the continent, will surely, in future ages, be crowded with ships carrying on a great commercial intercourse between Australia and the Eastern Archipelago, Hindostan, and China.

Looking to that future, and even to our present interests, it was a subject of regret that it should have been thought expedient to discontinue the occupation of Port Essington, and to abandon all intention of holding any other station along the northern coast of this vast continent. Unable now to enter upon a consideration of what bay of the eastern side of the Gulf of Carpentaria may be selected as an "entrepôt," there is little doubt that the time will soon come when all minor difficulties will disappear before the energy of British colonists, in their endeavours to connect their Australian possessions with the rich marts of the eastern hemisphere.

In treating this subject there is, however, another point which seems of incalculable national importance. If the idea of forming settlements through convict labour is to be discarded as respects the Gulf of Carpentaria, because the free population of New South Wales is advancing towards that great haven, then let

<sup>1</sup> No auriferous tract appears to have been discovered by Mr. Gregory's party.

us turn to that noble bay upon the north coast, of which Cambridge Gulf forms the western side, and whose eastern side receives the waters of the Victoria River. First explored by Philip King in 1819, and by Wickham and Stokes in 1839, the basin of the Victoria was recently the scene of the encampment of Gregory, whence he extended his researches southwards to the saline desert, and eastwards to the Gulf of Carpentaria. The real opinion of such an experienced colonist and geographer is of infinitely greater value than those speculations which would describe the whole of that region, on account of its latitude, as unfit for the settlement of the Anglo-Saxon race! The plain answer to this view is, that on the banks of the navigable river Victoria, the party of Wickham and Stokes were perfectly healthy in 1839; and recently our countrymen were stationed there for nine months without the loss of a man. Mr. Gregory, after a residence of many years in Western Australia, has thus written to his friend, the former governor of that province: "This portion of Australia far surpasses the western coast both in its fertility and extent, and its capabilities for settlement. Good harbours are numerous along the coast, and there is abundance of fine country for stock and cultivation." Again, he says: "The valley of the Victoria far exceeds the best parts of Western Australia both in fertility and extent."

Let us also hear what Dr. Ferdinand Müller, the botanist of the last expedition, says. This gentleman, who, by his Australian researches, has, according to Sir W. Hooker, placed himself in the front rank of botanists, having collected in tropical Australia about 1,500 species of plants, of which 500 are new, thus writes to his friend Mr. C. Latrobe, the former Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria: "North Australia, with the exception of the east coast, possesses essentially a dry Australian, and not a moist Indian climate. Fevers do not therefore exist, and we escaped such jungles and swamps as those in which Kennedy's party exhausted their strength. There is abundance of good country in North Australia, and with access for vessels to the lower part of the Victoria, full scope for the formation of a new colony. But as a new settlement can scarcely be formed in such a remote and certainly hot part of the globe without prison labour, against which the public mind is turned with such decision, and as, without great inducements, the squatters will find it for a long time unprofitable to migrate in this direction, I fear that the pastures of North Australia will yet be left flockless for a long time."

With such facts before them, it is possible that our government may see that this prolific and healthy region, so remote and so entirely cut off by the great interior saline desert from all our established colonies, that no intercommunication can possibly take place, is, notwithstanding its summer heats, a perfectly fit and proper receptacle for our convicts, whose labour there would completely repay their cost of maintenance. When our prisons are crowded, and crime is rapidly augmenting with our increasing population, it does, indeed, seem desirable to seize upon such a zone of exile as is here offered, and, by removing worthless characters from our land, render them really useful in occupying the only coast of that continent on which the British flag does not now fly, though it has been there twice unfurled. But I forbear to press this feature of a topic which can be better handled by politicians; and all I venture to urge is, that, whether

by forced<sup>1</sup> or free labour, North Australia should be colonised.

When, says Sir R. I. Murchison, in 1844, I expressed an opinion from the best authority that, if our Government would render Port Essington a permanent and independent colony, rich mercantile houses would at once set up establishments there, and freight large vessels to trade with the Eastern Archipelago and China, I wrote in the full conviction that, even if that particular station should be abandoned, because it was exposed to tornadoes, other sites could be selected in a region, which so many experienced naval officers and other authorities have eulogised as offering capacious harbours, and a climate not unsuited to Europeans—lands in which the pastures are magnificent, whilst the sea swarms with the finest fishes.

In the face, then, of these evidences, is the state of indifference of our country to North Australia to continue? Is Britain not to commence the formation of a settlement, whether by penal servitude or free labour, in the fertile basin of the northern Victoria, or elsewhere, and thus secure future entrepôts for her commerce? What better guarantees can be had that success would follow, than the fact, that in the worst and most exposed part of this region (Port Essington) a British garrison was in a healthy state for several years, and that in its more southern portion the explorers in two expeditions have equally preserved good health?

Lastly, looking to the future destinies of our country, is it to be forgotten that France has recently taken possession, not only of that New Caledonia which our own Cook discovered and named, but also of the Isle of Pines, where our colonists from Sydney carried on a trade in sandal wood, and has thus acquired a point *d'appui* on the eastern flank of our largest Australian colony?

Or ought we to close our eyes to the vast importance not only of securing good harbours of refuge in Northern Australia, but also of there establishing naval stations, which would prove invaluable for steam navigation, and where, in the event of war, our fleets may rendezvous, and thence move directly upon the flank of any enemy, who might be operating against our eastern trade and possessions?

In short, it is scarcely possible to point to any region of the globe where British occupation is so imperatively called for, whether as a precaution, or with a view to future commercial interests.

In 1858 Mr. Augustus Gregory performed an important inland journey, from Moreton Bay, in which, though unsuccessful in discovering any relics of Leichhardt and his party (the first object of the expedition), he was enabled to define the nature of the interior of the continent from north-east to south-west, and to

reach Adelaide in South Australia. Taking a north-westerly course to the west-north-west, and north-west, he at first found abundance of green grass, though he fears that in seasons of drought few of the water-holes, even at a moderate distance from the colony of Moreton Bay, recently named Queensland, are permanent. Tabular sandstone ridges, basaltic peaks, or finely-timbered valleys succeed; but on passing from the River Nare to the north north-west, it was found that the drought had been of such long continuance, that the whole of the vegetable surface had been swept away by the wind, leaving the country an absolute desert; a few widely-scattered tufts of grass being the only food discoverable for the support of the horses. When on the route to the north-west, which it is known that Leichhardt had intended to follow, Gregory found that high floods had obliterated all tracks of previous explorers, and that the very districts described by Mitchell as covered by a rich vegetation, were parched and barren clays. In latitude  $24^{\circ} 55'$ , longitude  $146^{\circ} 8'$ , a tree was, however, discovered, on which the letter L was cut, indicating very, probably, that Leichhardt had encamped there.

Continuing the search towards the north-west, Gregory then encountered tremendously heavy rains, and was entangled among numerous and deep channels and boggy gullies, from which the party was only extricated by extraordinary exertions. Such are the frightful vicissitudes abounding in this low region of alternate flood and drought which separates the fertile hilly country of the east coast from the great interior saline desert. In this region they met with occasional small parties of natives, who, as usual, were shy and treacherous, but easily intimidated. Despite of all impediments, and much privation, the adventurers pushed on up Thomson River, through a desolate and arid, red-coloured, sandy country, until they reached latitude  $23^{\circ} 47'$ , when the total cessation of water and grass put an end to all efforts to penetrate farther to the north-west. Compelled most unwillingly to abandon the principal object of their travels, by continuing to follow the route probably taken by Leichhardt, Gregory and his companions then turned to the south-west, and ascertained the nature of the country between his remote position and Kennedy's farthest explorations, proceeding through more southern latitudes to reach the settled country of South Australia. The vicissitudes and privations experienced in this route to the south-east are succinctly related, and the outlines of ground, whether stony desert, plains with low ridges of red drift-sand, or sandstone table-lands, are well defined. Advancing by Cooper Creek, and that branch of it named, by Sturt, Strzelecki Creek, the travellers finally reached Adelaide.

Respecting the fate of Leichhardt, Mr. A. Gregory thinks it probable that the adventurous traveller, advancing from the Victoria, was lured on to the north-west by favouring thunder showers, until, on the cessation of the rains, he was arrested in the parched and waterless tract, and, unable to advance or retreat, he perished in the wilderness. Gregory also informs us, that west of the meridian of  $147^{\circ}$  east longitude most of the country is unfit for occupation, until the boundary of the colony of South Australia, or  $141^{\circ}$  east longitude, is reached in more southern parallels.

The feeling in this country was at this epoch the reverse of what it had been in the days of Oxley and

<sup>1</sup> It has indeed been stated, that the inhabitants of the free colonies of Australia protest against any further transportation to that continent. Now, a resident of Victoria, in South Australia, might with as much consistency declare that there should be no penal settlement in any part of the world, as that the Victoria of North Australia should not be so first settled through convict labour; for the great interior saline desert more completely separates the northern from the southern region of Australia than any sea.

That desert is utterly impassable by human efforts, and any convict who should escape from Victoria River or Cambridge Gulf would have to find his way by upwards of four thousand miles of sea voyage before he could reach Melbourne! It is, indeed, extraordinary that, in the debates upon this subject, no allusion has been yet made to Cambridge Gulf and the rich basin of the Victoria River.

Cunningham, that the interior of Australia was a watery plain; it took the opposite extreme, and the explorations of Mr. Gregory were said to combine with the researches of Sturt to demonstrate that, whether as examined from the north-east or south, a very large portion of the interior was a worthless saline desert.

Mr. Herschel Babbage, however, who had previously distinguished himself by a survey of Southern Australia, did not lend himself to this discouraging hypothesis. Aided by Mr. C. Gregory, armed with an apparatus for the conversion of salt water into fresh, the transport of which, however, proved to be a great encumbrance; and substituting riding and pack-horses for heavy teams and drays, this explorer showed how capable he was of reaching and defining a new country in which fresh water was found to exist. Fixing with accuracy the latitude and longitude of several points, he proved the existence of dry land between the masses of water which had been previously united upon our maps under the name of Lake Torrens, while he defined their outlines, distinguishing the northernmost of them by the name of Lake Gregory.

Various other documents and sketch-maps relating to South Australia, demonstrated what vigorous exertions have been made by other explorers. Thus, Major Warburton defined large tracts of country north of the Gawler Ranges, &c., between Streaky Bay on the south-west, and the saline country occupied by Lake Gardner and its adjacent lagoons. The larger part of this country seems to be incapable of supporting colonists, from the want of fresh water, and its prevalent saline character. This active officer also showed that, in many parts, the saline condition of the surface of the country was due to the existence of saliferous rocks beneath, being in this respect analogous to the saline steppes of Russia. Police-trooper Geharty, in a separate tour, proved the extension of lands equally sterile with those explored by Major Warburton, which was to be expected, as the tract lies contiguous to the sterile coast-range of Eyre. To the east of Lakes Torrens and Gregory the explorations of Mr. Samuel Parry and Corporal Burt were also worthy of notice; the former having determined several points of latitude and longitude, and having given us information respecting the nature of the rocks which occupy the region intermediate between Lake Torrens and Ang Kepena, near the settled parts of the colony.

In the meantime, whilst Mr. Babbage was occupied with his earlier difficulties, and other explorers were determining the real condition of the saline tracts lying between  $32^{\circ} 30'$  and  $31^{\circ}$  of latitude, an unaided colonist, Mr. MacDonall Stuart, a former companion of Sturt, passed rapidly beyond all these saline tracts, and discovered a large, well-watered, and more elevated region to the north-west. As soon as he ascertained the existence of a permanent supply of fresh water at Andamooka, in south latitude  $30\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , and had thus secured a retreat, he dashed on to the north and north-west, and soon fell in with numerous gum-creeks, containing streams which flowed from hills ranging from south-east to north-west, and further ascertained that large portions of this region were well grassed, and admirably adapted for settlement!

The Governor of South Australia, Sir R. G. Macdonnell, stated that the extent of this newly discovered available land amounted to from 1200 to 1800 square miles, and rightly named the principal waterparting, Stuart Range. His Excellency then added, that the

House of Assembly of South Australia had presented an address to him, requesting that the necessary steps should be taken for granting Mr. Stuart a fourteen years' lease of 1500 square miles of the new country.

When we look to the fact that this explorer had, in the first instance, to get through the southern saline desert between the sea and those interior lands—that he was accompanied by one white man, Foster, and a black man only, and that his compass and watch were his only instruments, we cannot too highly applaud his success.

Not only did Mr. MacDonall Stuart define the northern portion of this new and fertile region, but before he returned by a most daring and perilous route to the coast on a meridian far to the west of his line of advance, he also ascertained the southern limit of all the available land.

Nothing in Australian travel more strikingly displays the bold and undaunted spirit of adventure, than when Mr. Stuart had reached the southern limit of the fresh-watered country, and ascended a hill near Mount Eapy to look southward over the country between him and the sea, he desisted nothing but a vast saline desert through which (his provisions being almost exhausted) he must pass. Nothing daunted by that dismal prospect, or the great privations he would have to suffer, he regained the sea-shore, and, travelling along it, once more found himself on the threshold of colonisation. From the 7th of August, when he entered on this desert country, he and his companion Foster had to suffer from hunger and thirst during a fortnight before they reached the settlement of Mr. Gibson, in Streaky Bay. There, both the explorers nearly died, in consequence of the sudden change from a state of want to good diet. Recovering, however, they reached the regularly settled districts of the colony, and were hailed with acclamation in Adelaide.

Now, had the brave MacDonall Stuart perished like Leichhardt in this last dreadful march to the sea-board, all notion of a well-watered, rich interior country on the north-west might have been for ages unknown, and his success being ignored, his fate would have checked all further enterprise in that direction.

Whilst it is pleasing to reflect on this happy result, it is also well to know, that the newly-discovered fertile lands may be approached from the settled and central portions of the colony without touching upon any part of the sterile saline coast-tract. For, as above said, it has been ascertained that the Lake Torrens of earlier days is divided into at least two bodies of water, and that the mass of land dividing them, which has since been traversed, may serve as the line of route to Stuart Range.

Through the researches of the government surveyor, Mr. Samuel Parry and of Corporal Burt, as well as by a return journey of Major Warburton, it has also been ascertained that practicable routes exist from Ang Kepena, on the north-west of the settled country of Adelaide, to the region of Lake Torrens, by which (there being a sufficiency of water-holes) a communication may, it is hoped, be maintained between the settled districts and the new country.

Whilst such were the discoveries of travellers overland, an object of paramount importance to Australia has been accomplished by water. The opening of the River Murray to navigation was first accomplished by Captain Francis Cadell, in 1853. Steadily persevering, with augmented resources and additional steamers, the



same individual and other parties have been recently plying on this river from its mouth, near Adelaide, in South Australia, to Albury, a distance of nearly 1800 miles. The channel of the Wakool has also been tested for fifty miles, and Captain Cadell has passed up the Murrumbidgee in a steamboat for 800 miles. Thus, a region in which six years ago no internal traffic existed, has been opened out to water-carriage over a distance of 2650 miles, it being estimated that 1150 miles more may eventually be accomplished in the Rivers Wakool, Edward, and Darling. The Murray and Murrumbidgee are now ascertained to be navigable from May to the end of December in every year, and for the whole twelve months in those years when more than the average amount of snow and rain falls in the Alpine country in which they take their rise. The Darling, not having its sources in mountains of such altitude, cannot be similarly reckoned upon, though probably it might also be rendered navigable in ordinary seasons if the drift timber, which at present encumbers it, were removed. Referring to the clear and searching report of a committee on the navigation of the Murray and its affluents, printed by order of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales (29th October, 1858), we cull from that document the astounding fact, that twenty towns, some of them of considerable size, such as Albury, Deniliquin, Gundagai, Tumut, and Wagga-Wagga, have been called into existence, and that seven more are about to be proclaimed. Already 71,000 acres of land in this vicinity have been sold; and if, by artesian borings, fresh water should be obtained in the vast salt-bush countries yet unoccupied, prodigious additional quantities of sheep and cattle may be supported in the adjacent regions.

Descending from the lofty Australian Alps of Strzelecki (Mount Kosciuszko), the Murray traverses tracts, some of which, as well as portions of the basin of the Murrumbidgee, have been ascertained by the Rev. J. M. Clarke to be highly auriferous, and in other respects also metalliferous. One of these gold tracts, Adelong, has indeed already been reached within sixteen miles by one of the steamers. When we consider that this internal water-carriage is already very serviceable for a vast distance to the colony of South Australia, in which the Murray debouches; that higher up the same stream is contiguous to the rich gold-bearing and rapidly rising tracts of the northern parts of Victoria; and that, out of the 1,800 miles now proved to be navigable, 1,300 lie within the territory of New South Wales, we must rejoice in the reflection that British industry and science have brought into activity a line of intercourse and traffic which must for ever unite in mutual interest the three largest of our Australian colonies.

Under the auspices of Sir Richard Macdonnell, Mr. William Randall performed, in the year 1859, the most remarkable achievement in steam-navigation which has yet been accomplished on the Australian continent. This consisted in a voyage on the Darling, extending by the windings of the river to 2,400 miles from the sea, and to 1,800 reckoning from the junction of the Darling and Murray. The Darling in its long course has but a single fall of about eight feet in several hundred yards, an obstruction to its navigation only when its waters are at the lowest; so that we have here a great water-way into the interior of the continent, and already on the fertile banks of the Darling many runs have been established.

On the north-eastern side of the continent, and towards the southern limits of the new government of Queensland, a very important discovery was made the same year, consisting of a capacious harbour sheltered from every wind. The territory within which this harbour exists is on the eastern slopes of the Australian Alps, and is therefore probably well watered, which is equivalent to its being fertile, since it lies close to the tropic. Should this turn out to be the case, it will most likely be found well adapted to the growth of cotton, the sugar-cane, and even coffee. In this event an abundance of suitable labour only will be wanting, which can be supplied by a liberal importation of Chinese immigrants.

## IX.

J. MACDONALL STUART'S EXPLORATORY JOURNEYS IN THE INTERIOR—JOURNEY OF 1860—MACDONNELL RANGE—MOUNT STUART, CENTRE OF AUSTRALIA—MOUNT DENISON—SERIOUS ILLNESS—BONNEY AND MACLAUREN'S CHECKS—SUSPECTED TRIBUTARIES TO THE VICTORIA—MURCHISON RANGES—MACDONALL STUART IS COMPELLED TO RETURN BY THE HOSTILITY OF THE NATIVES—SECOND JOURNEY IN 1861.

We shall now proceed to give some account of Mr. J. Macdonall Stuart's exploratory journey made in 1860, and which, with Burke's, and the same traveller's (Macdonall Stuart) subsequent journeys, are among the most remarkable yet made towards determining the true character of the interior of the Australian continent. We must at the same time guard against being led away by the success of this adventurous and successful traveller to adopt the belief that there are vast internal tracts of great continuous extension where colonists can settle. The data ascertained by Stuart amount simply to this, that, at considerable distances from each other, there exist oases, refreshed by springs, in and around which good pasturage for sheep and cattle are to be obtained. On the other hand, these oases are separated from each other by broad tracts of bushy scrub, often saline, most difficultly permeable, and in which no trace of springs has been detected. Such intercalated waterless tracts present, therefore, considerable but by no means insuperable obstacles: for, if Stuart could traverse and retrace them with his appliances, how much less will be the difficulty when the scattered and well-watered oases become so many centres of occupation by the location of herdsmen and the erection of rural habitations, such, for example, as Messrs. Chambers and Finke, the spirited employers of Macdonall Stuart, propose to establish.

The *South Australian Advertiser* has, with pardonable enthusiasm, held out the same explorer's latest successes as far surpassing all that had been previously done. We need not (says the journalist) remind the reader of the various attempts that for many long years past have been made to cross the Australian mainland, or, as it has been termed, "to solve the problem of the interior." From almost every point of the coast expeditions have been despatched, equipped and provisioned with all that ingenuity could devise or money procure; the great object of ambition being to reach the centre—to reach it from any point, and having made the centre, to strike any part of the opposite shore. All these expeditions have failed. They have enjoyed the advantage of intrepid and skilful leaders; in some instances a light and in other



HUNTING KARAKORUM





instances a heavy equipment has been preferred; the conditions and circumstances of starting have been varied; the failures of former expeditions have resulted in the preparation of new and improved schemes of action, which it was fondly believed would convert a series of disasters into eventual success; scientific geographers have combined with hardy bushmen; but, alas! the same issue has awaited every renewed attempt; and the latest map of Australia is decorated—east, west, north, and south—with explorers' tracks along the coast-line, and here and there for a limited distance inland; but the centre is a blank. No hand had dared to fill up that blank. No one could say whether the centre of Australia was a salt sea or a fresh lake, or a desert of eternal sand, or a fruitful and populous country of hills, valleys, and rivers. But our old maps must now be thrown away, and a new map be prepared. Stuart has solved the problem; has penetrated to the centre; has shown us mountain

ranges and grassy valleys; has described to us the flora and fauna of that *terra incognita*; has briefly sketched for us the native races; has—in one word—filled up the map of Australia for the information of mankind, and for the special benefit of all who live on this part of the earth's surface.

The plans and charts designed by Mr. Stuart to accompany his diary are not yet out of the hands of the lithographer, but they will shortly be produced in sufficient numbers to enable all persons to preserve a perfect record of this wonderful feat of travel. Let it be remembered that Stuart, Keckwick, and Heed—three men only—have done this great deed; have visited, revisited, and again revisited the centre of Australia; have advanced from that centre in various lines of direction; have filled up the map of the country along the whole of their long track and its many divergencies; and were only prevented by hostile tribes of native warriors from accomplishing what



GOLD DIGGINGS AT OPHIR.

they looked forward to as the legitimate reward of their heroic efforts—the making of the northern or north-western coast.

MacDonall Stuart left Chamber's Creek on the 2nd day of March, 1860, for the north-west, with thirteen horses and two men. They passed, the very next day, over the spot where the natives had had a fight, and there were the remains of a tall native lying on his back—the flesh nearly devoured by crows and dingoes or native dogs. On the 16th they lost a horse in a bog. On the 17th they fetched a creek, called the Neales, and which they held by to nearly the end of the month. On the 12th of April they reached the MacDonnell range of hills, the first real range, Stuart says, since leaving Flinder's Range; and on the 22nd they camped in 111° 30'. "I am now camped," says Stuart, in his diary, "in the centre of Australia, about two and a half miles to the north-north-east, in a high mount. I wish it had been in the centre. I shall go to it to-morrow and build a cone of stones, plant the British flag, and name it

Central Mount Stuart." On the 27th they found traces of natives on the east side of Mount Denison; and again, on the 1st of May, on the north-west side of Mount Barkly. On the 17th they saw two natives armed with spears; by this time the horses were nearly exhausted, and Stuart himself was attacked with an illness under which he was nearly succumbing at the latter end of the month.

On the 1st of June they reached the Murchison ranges, and struck several large gum creeks, which Stuart believed must empty themselves at the north-west coast, or into a lake. On the 13th of June, Stuart narrates: The horses still look bad, and stayed by the water nearly all night; they had been 101 hours without a drop, and have accomplished a journey of 112 miles; they will require a week to recover; one is very lame, from a kick the little mare gave him in her madness. Thus ends at present my last attempt to make the Victoria River; three times have I tried it and been forced to retreat.

About eleven o'clock I heard the voice of a native; looked round and saw two in the scrub, about a quarter of a mile distant. I beckoned them to approach, but they kept making signs which I could not understand. I then moved towards them, but the moment they saw me move they ran off immediately. Some quarter of an hour afterwards they again made their appearance on the top of the quartz reef opposite our camp, and two others showed themselves in the same place where the two first did. Thinking this was the only water, I made signs to the two on the reef to go to the water; still they continued to talk and make signs which I could not understand; it seemed as if they wished us to go away, which I was determined not to do. They made a number of frantic gestures, shaking their spears and twirling them round their heads, I suppose bidding us defiance. The youngest was about twenty-five years

of age. He placed a very long spear into the instrument they threw them with, and after a few more gestures descended from the reef and gradually came nearer. I made signs of encouragement to him to come on, at the same time moving towards him. At last we arrived on the banks of the creek, I on one side, he on the other. He had a long spear, a wamara, two instruments like the boomerang, but more the shape of a scimitar with a very sharp edge, having a thick place at the end for the hand, roughly carved. The gestures he was making were signs of hostility. He came fully prepared for war. I then broke a bunch of green leaves and held it up before him, inviting him to come across to me. That he did not fancy, so I crossed to him and got within two yards of him. He thought I was quite near enough and would not have me any nearer, for he kept moving back as I approached



SYDNEY.

him, till at last we both stood still. I tried to make him understand by signs that all we wanted was the water for two or three days. At last he seemed to understand, nodded his head, pointed to the water, then to our camp, and held up his five fingers. I then endeavoured to learn from him if there was water to the north or north-east, but could make nothing of him. He viewed me very steadily for a long time, began talking; and seeing that I did not understand him, he made the sign that natives generally do of wanting something to eat, and pointed towards me. Whether he meant to ask if I was hungry, or that I would make a supper for him, I do not know. I bowed my head as if I understood him perfectly. We then separated, keeping a watchful eye upon him all the time I was crossing the creek. Before I left him the other one joined. The first was a tall, powerful, well

made fellow, upwards of six feet; his hair was very long; he had a net of a red colour round his head, with the ends of his hair lying on his shoulders. I observed no other thing that was peculiar about him. They had neither skins nor anything round their bodies, but were quite naked. They then took their departure. A short time afterwards I saw them joined by five others; we have seen no more of them to-day, and I hope they will not again trouble us, but let my horses rest in peace.

On the 23d they were again visited by two natives, who presented them with four opossums and a number of small parrots. They were, Stuart relates, much frightened at first, but after a short time became very bold, and wished to steal everything they could lay their fingers on. I caught one concealing the rasp used in shoeing horses, under the netting he had round

his waist, and was obliged to take it away from him by force. The cantenens they seemed determined to have, and it was with trouble we could keep them away. They wanted to put into everything, and it was with difficulty we could keep them off. In about half an hour two other young men approached the camp. Thinking they might be in want of water, and afraid to come to it on account of the horses, I sent Ben with a tin dishful, which they drank. They were very young men, and much frightened, and would not come near. About an hour before sundown the first that came returned, bringing with them three others. Two were powerful, tall, good-looking young men, and as fine ones as I have yet seen. They had a hat or helmet on their heads, which looked very neat—fitted close to the brow, rising straight up to a rounded peak, three or four inches above the head, and gradually became narrower, towards the back part. The outside is network; the inside is composed of feathers, very tightly bound with cord until it is as hard as a piece of wood. It may be used as a protection against the sun, or armour for the battle-field. One of them had a great many scars upon him and seemed to be a leading man. Two only had helmets on, the others had pieces of netting bound round their foreheads. One was an old man, and seemed to be the father of the two young men. He was very talkative, but I could make nothing of him. I endeavoured to obtain from him where the next water is, by signs, and so on. After talking some time, and he talking to his sons, turned round and astonished me by giving me a masonic sign. I looked at him steadily. He repeated it, as did also his two sons. I returned it, which seemed to please them much. The old man then patted me on the shoulder, stroked my head, and took their departure, making friendly signs till out of sight. We enjoyed a good supper from the opossums, which we have not had for many a day. I find the quantity of rations is not enough; the men are complaining of weakness, for want of sufficient rations.

On the 26th of June, when they were pursuing their way down a large gum creek, with sheets of water, they saw some natives, as also their fires. Towards evening, Stuart relates, he was moving on to the place where they had crossed the creek in the morning, and had just entered some scrub, when suddenly up started three tall powerful men, fully armed, having a number of boomerangs, waddies, and spears; their distance from us being about 200 yards; it being also near dark, and the scrub we were then in being very disadvantageous for us, I wished to pass them on, without taking any notice of them; but such was not their intention, as they continued to approach us, calling out, and making all sorts of gestures, apparently of defiance. I then faced them, making all sorts of signs of friendship I could think of. They seemed to be in a great fury, moving their boomerangs about their heads, and howling to the top of their voices, also performing some sort of dance. They were now joined by a number more, which in a few minutes increased to upwards of thirty—every bush seemed to produce a man. Putting the horses on towards the creek, and placing ourselves between them and the natives, I told the men to get their guns ready, for I could see they were determined upon mischief. They paid no regard to all the signs of friendship I kept constantly making, but were still gradually approaching nearer. I felt very unwilling to fire upon them, and continued

making signs of peace and friendship, but all to no purpose. An old man (the leader), who was in advance, made signs, with his boomerang, for us to be off, which proved to be one of defiance, for I had no sooner turned my horse's head to see if that was what they wished, than we received a shower of boomerangs, accompanied by a fearful yell; they then commenced jumping, dancing, yelling and showing their arms in all sorts of postures, like so many fiends, and setting fire to the grass. I could now see many others getting up from behind the bushes. Still I felt unwilling to fire upon them, and tried to make them understand that we wished to do them no harm; they now came within 40 yards of us, and again made a charge, throwing their boomerangs, which came whistling and whizzing past our ears. One spear struck my horse. I then gave orders to fire, which stayed their mad career for a little. Our pack-horses, which were before us, took fright when they heard the firing and fearful yelling, and made off for the creek. Seeing the blacks running from bush to bush, with the intention of cutting us off from them, while those in front were still yelling, throwing their boomerangs, and coming nearer to us, we gave them another reception, and sent Ben after the horses, to drive them to a more favourable place, while Keckwick and I remained to cover our rear. We soon got in advance of our enemies, but they still kept following, beyond the reach of our guns, the fearful yelling continuing, and fires springing in every direction; and it being now quite dark, with the country scrubby and our enemies numerous, bold, and daring, we could easily be surrounded and destroyed by such determined fellows as they have shown themselves to be. Seeing there was no chance with such fearful odds against us (ten to one), and knowing the disadvantages under which we laboured, I very unwillingly made up my mind to push on to last night's camp, which we did. I have considered the matter over, and I do not think it prudent to remain here to night; I shall therefore continue my journey until reaching the open grassy plain on Gum Creek; they still keep following us. I only wish I had four other men, my party being so small we can only fall back and act on the defensive. If I were to stand, and fight them, our horses must remain unprotected, and we in all probability cut off from them, which they seem to be aiming at, and prevent our advance up the creek; by this time they must know that we do not care for them. Arrived at Hayward's Creek at 11 o'clock.

*Wednesday, June 27.*—Hayward's Creek. Last night it was my intention to have gone this morning to Keckwick's Ponds to water the horses, give them this day to rest, and to have proceeded the next day back to the large creek, and go on to the distant hills that I was steering for on the 25th instant; but, after considering the matter over, I have most reluctantly come to the determination of abandoning the attempt to make the Gulf of Carpentaria, as being most imprudent, situated as I am, and my party being too small to cope with such wily determined natives as those we have just encountered. Their arrangements and manner of attack were as well conducted and planned as Europeans could do it. They observed us passing in the morning, examined our tracks to see which way we had gone; knew we could get no water down the creek and must return to get it, so thus must have planned their attack. Their

charge was in double column, open order, and we had to take steady aim: to make an impression. With such as these for enemies, it would be destruction to all my party for me to attempt to go on, and all the information of the interior that I have already obtained would be lost, having only half rations for six months (four of which are already gone) and my men complaining of weakness from short rations, and unable to perform what they ought to do, and my health being so bad that I am scarcely able to sit in the saddle the whole day. After considering all these obstacles, I think it would be madness and folly to attempt and risk more. If my own life would be the only sacrifice, I would willingly give it to accomplish the end I aimed at, but it seems I am not to obtain it. Man proposes, but God disposes; and His will must be obeyed. Only two showers of rain have fallen since March. I am afraid of the water drying up to the south. I fully expected rain at this time, but not a drop has come. The days now are very hot. The feed for the horses is as dry as if it had been the middle of summer. They are much reduced in condition; so much so that I am afraid of their being longer than one night without water. Seeing there are signal smokes around, and judging that our black friends at Keekwick Ponds might have been playing a double part with us, I gave them a wide berth, and steered for Bishop's Creek, where we arrived in the afternoon. No natives have been here since we left; they seem to be very numerous, judging from the number of graves (which are in trees) that we have passed between this and the large creek where they made their attack upon us. These natives have quite a different cast of features from those in the south; they have neither the broad flat nose, large mouth, nor the projecting eyebrows; but more of the Malay; they are tall, muscular, well-made men, and I think must have seen or encountered white men before.

Mr. MacDouall Stuart finally reached Chamber's Creek on his return, on Saturday, September 1st, 1860, after one of the most remarkable exploratory journeys yet performed in the attempt to cross the Continent.

Mr. MacDouall Stuart made another attempt during the past year, 1861, to cross the Australian Continent. Driven back, on his previous journey, by the hostility of the natives, he was this time accompanied by a force sufficiently powerful to resist any aggression. Nevertheless, from the greatly increased consumption of provisions, it was found that there would not be sufficient to enable him to hold out in his efforts to reach his destination; hence he was not able to reach the northern coast. The farthest point attained being in longitude 133°, latitude 17°, within some hundred miles of the Gulf of Carpentaria. On his return to Adelaide, on the 23rd of September, he describes his way as having lain across reaches of waterless and arid plains, which were, however, fortunately for him, interspersed by tracks of well-grassed and watered bits of country, suitable for the habitation of man, and eminently so for sheep and cattle.

One of the most elaborate, and yet at the same time most unfortunate, schemes of discovery was the last of all, got up originally through the offer of £1,000 by an anonymous individual and the conditional raising of £2,000 more. The arrangement and direction of the expedition was confided to a select body of learned men. Camels were procured from Arabia; and on the 20th of August, 1860, a thoroughly well-equipped and

carefully organised expedition started to explore the great mystery of Central Australia under the command of Robert O'Hara Burke, with W. J. Wills as his scientific assistant, and about a dozen others, with twenty-five camels, horses and stores. They set forth from Melbourne cheered by a vast multitude, but unfortunately Mr. Landells, who had charge of the camels, returned with the rest of the party, leaving Burke, Wills, and two men, King and Gray, to continue the enterprise with six camels, one horse and three months' provisions. This gallant little band succeeded in crossing the continent and reaching the Gulf of Carpentaria, but unfortunately on their return to Cooper's Creek, almost within the bounds of civilisation, the depot party had gone, practically abandoning them in their then condition to their fate, and they all, with the exception of King, who was rescued by Mr. Howitt's party, perished from exhaustion and starvation.

"There is not," writes the *Melbourne Herald*, "a more touching and romantic chapter than the narrative of John King, the sole survivor of the expedition. It will live in the minds of generations to come. When the wilderness which they have added to the possessions of civilisation is populous with busy towns and quiet pastoral villages, at many a fireside will the story of Burke and his companions be rehearsed. How they started from Melbourne, an imposing cavalcade, amidst the cheers and farewells of assembled thousands; how they journeyed with speed and comparative ease to Menindie, and, leaving a reserved force there, continued their route to Cooper's Creek; how, having completed all his arrangements in a most business-like way, and given his last directions, the leader, with his three trusty fellow-explorers, struck boldly and confidently into the untracked desert; how they went right across the continent, and saw the tidal influence of the Indian Ocean upon the waters of the Albert River; how they encamped there for a time, vainly looking out for help to reach them by sea; how they then returned upon their track, leaving one of their number on the route a victim to famine, and reached the Cooper's Creek depot within a few hours of the time when the relief party had abandoned it; how their scanty stock of provisions was soon consumed, and they were for a time sustained by the kindly services of the savages; but at length, all supplies failing, and after an ineffectual effort to reach the nearest point of the settled district, Wills first, and then Burke, sank under their cruel privations, and King alone remained alive to convey the sad intelligence of the fate of the explorers. It is, we say, a most moving story, and the pathetic interest of it is crowned by the calm passive heroism with which the adventurers met their melancholy doom. Wills, self-sacrificing in the last trying moment, urges his two companions to 'try their last chance,' and leave him to his fate. They part from him with bitter hearts, and he lies down and dies, in blank solitude. Then the leader himself feels the shadows of death impending over him, and giving his final instructions to the sole survivor—to leave his body unburied, with a pistol in his right hand, that the searchers after him might at once recognise Burke the explorer—he too renders up his life. Peace to the ashes of the brave, intrepid men! They died in the very execution of their duty, faithfully and orderly to the last; and they died after having fully accomplished the arduous enterprise to which they had unreservedly committed themselves."



# THE COLONIES OF AUSTRALIA.

[The following description of the Australian Colonies was written in 1863. Since that period the Colonies have rapidly increased in population and wealth. For later Statistics, see page 297.]

## I.

### NEW SOUTH WALES.

COLONIES OF AUSTRALIA—NEW SOUTH WALES—DIFFICULTIES OF EARLY PROGRESS—POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL ERAS—FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES—DESCRIPTION OF SYDNEY—COMMERCE—POPULATION—GOLD FIELDS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

NEW SOUTH WALES, as might be expected from its priority, is considerably in advance of the other Australian colonies. The little colony of convicts and others founded in 1788 by Captain Arthur Philip consisted of 1,030 individuals; it now numbers 310,000 souls. Its stock consisted of one bull, four cows, one stallion, three mares, and three colts. According to the latest official returns, the live stock of the colony then numbered: horses, 168,929; horned cattle, 2,023,418; sheep, 7,736,323; pigs, 105,998. Its chief harbour, Port Jackson, is hardly surpassed, if equalled, by any in the world; while the city of Sydney, the mistress of this noble harbour and the capital of the colony, is, with regard to its geographical position, as in every other respect, very superior to Melbourne.

By the adjoining colonies, Sydney has been designated the Queen of the South, and it is admitted on all hands that she is entitled to the favourable distinction. Many of the warehouses and shops rank with some of the best in London, and the leading banking establishments, so far as the buildings are concerned, are superior to any of the private or joint-stock banks of the English metropolis, and are not unlike some of our noble west-end club-houses.

Yet has this now prosperous colony and great city, with its noble approaches by sea and by land, had many difficulties to fight with in its upward career. Even during the first two years of its existence the progress of the colony in embryo was retarded by incredible difficulties, which nothing but extraordinary patience and perseverance on the part of the residents, and the moral and physical courage of Governor Philip, could have withstood. In 1790, however, the arrival of the second fleet changed the aspect of affairs, and the colonists began to look forward with hope.

At the latter end of 1792, Governor Philip embarked for England. The government was then successively administered by Captains Grose and Paterson until the 7th August, 1795, when Captain Hunter, R.N., arrived in Sydney, and assumed the administration of affairs. His government lasted five years; and the accession of a regiment for the colony, called the New South Wales Corps (afterwards the 102nd Regiment), and the arrival of capitalists and other free settlers from England, imparted new incentives to industry, and an improved tone to society. Captain Hunter was succeeded by Captain King, who had many vexatious difficulties and determined opponents to contend with. Captain Bligh, who had acquired an unenviable notoriety by his treatment of Christian and his comrades in H.M.S. *Bounty*, when sent to convey the bread fruit from the South Sea Islands to the West Indies, succeeded Captain King. Placed in arbitrary power, the iron

rule of this officer was resisted by the colonists, and after a short reign of eighteen months, he was deposed by the officers and men of the New South Wales Corps; and the government was successively administered by Lieutenant-Colonels Johnstone and Foveaux, and Colonel Patterson, from the 26th January, 1808, to the 28th December, 1809, when Lieutenant-Colonel, afterwards Major-General, Macquarie arrived, and assumed the reins of government, the New South Wales Corps being ordered home. The Governor's sway was exercised for twelve years, during which period great progress was made. Population, both free and bond, increased; public buildings were erected at the expense of the British Government; roads were constructed by convict labour, and government farms established. One of the most valuable labours which the annals of the colony of this period present was the exploration of the Bathurst country, and as we have before seen the passage of the Blue Mountains.

Governor Macquarie was relieved in December, 1821, and was succeeded by Major General Sir Thomas Brisbane, K.C.B., during whose administration the liberty of the press was established, the right to publish being previously prohibited except by direct licence from the governor. He remained in office until the latter end of 1825, when he was succeeded by Lieutenant-General Darling, whose administration extended to October, 1831. His successor, Sir Richard Bourke, was a far more popular governor.

Sir Richard Bourke, after six years' administration of the Government, embarked on the 5th of December, 1837, for England, and on the 23rd of February, 1838, Sir George Gipps arrived in Sydney and assumed the reins of government. The year 1838 was disastrous to the colony, whether as regarded in its commercial, agricultural, or pastoral enterprise; and in November a day of general fasting and humiliation was appointed to be held throughout the territory, severely suffering from a long protracted drought.

In July, 1841, the fifth census of the population was taken. The result was:—males, 87,298; females, 43,568; total, 130,866.

In 1842, two most important measures came into operation; the first was the incorporation of the cities of Sydney and Melbourne, in both of which the municipal elections were conducted with great spirit. The second was the Crown Land Sales Act, 5 and 6 Vict. c. 36, under which Mr. Wakefield's system of bounty emigration was brought into force. The next price of land was fixed at £1 per acre, and one-half of the proceeds of all land sales was appropriated to immigration purposes.

The year 1843 makes an important era in the political history of New South Wales. On the 1st of January, Sir George Gipps received a despatch from the colonial minister, inclosing the *Constitutional Act*, 5 and 6 Vict., c. 76, by which further provision for the government of the Australian possessions was made. By this Act a Legislative Council was constituted, partly elective, partly non-elective; *disputed* districts were constituted, and on the whole a liberal

measure of self-government was conceded to the colonists. This Act was proclaimed on the 5th, and took effect from that day; and the general election took place in June.

In July, Sir George Gipps issued a new code of Squatting Regulations, greatly modifying the unpopular code of 1844.

On the 11th of July, Sir George Gipps, after an administration of eight years, embarked for England. He quitted the scene of his long government with impaired health, and died soon after his return home. Bright passages in his career will long be gratefully remembered by the colonists.

On the 2nd of August, 1846, Sir Charles Augustus Fitz Roy arrived at Sydney, as the successor of Sir George Gipps.

The year 1847 gave promise of increasing prosperity, and in opening the session of the Legislative Council in May, Sir Charles offered his congratulations on the condition of the colony. The colonists were, on the 6th December, 1847, plunged into grief by the death of Lady Mary Fitz Roy, through an accident caused by her being thrown from her carriage.

On the 13th of January, 1851, Sir Charles Fitz Roy issued a proclamation, announcing the receipt of a copy of the Acts of the Imperial Parliament, 13th and 14th Victoria, cap. 59, by which the district of Port Phillip was separated from New South Wales, and erected into a separate colony, to be known and designated as Victoria; provision being made, otherwise, for the better government of Her Majesty's Australian possessions.

A new era in the history of New South Wales must now be dated. On the 12th of February, the existence of the extensive gold-field near the town of Bathurst was discovered; and on the 6th of May the discovery was officially announced at Bathurst. A most important point in respect to the gold discoveries, namely, the settlement of the *quæstio vexata* as to the management of the gold-fields, was raised by Mr. Wentworth on the re-assembling of the session in 1852; but by a happy coincidence, the Australian R. M. steamer arrived on the afternoon of Mr. Wentworth's motion, having on board despatches from Sir J. Pakington, announcing that Her Majesty's Government had determined to place at the disposal of the Governor and Legislature of New South Wales (and also of Victoria) the fund arising from license fees and royalty on gold, with the power of framing the necessary regulations. Thus this long-contested point was satisfactorily adjusted, and the Executive and Legislative Councils were enabled to proceed together in harmony.

To other important features in the administration of Sir Charles Fitz Roy, we will now briefly refer. It was during this period that the uniform twopenny postage rate was introduced into the colony; a system which it must be admitted conferred great benefits on the public, and it is a source of just pride to say that New South Wales was the first British colony which introduced this system, and also that which admitted books, parcels, and magazines for publication at a moderate rate of postage; and then followed the introduction of ocean steam communication with India and Europe.

We must next refer to the incorporation, endowment, and inauguration of the University of Sydney, with its affiliated Colleges and Grammar School. The turning

the first sod of the Great Southern Railway, the laying the first stone of the site of the FitzRoy Dry Dock, the first stone of the Sydney Exchange, and the establishment of the Sydney branch of the Royal Mint.

The great act of Sir Charles Fitz Roy's reign, however, was the passing of the Constitution Act of New South Wales, by which the great political principle of responsible government was conceded to the colonists. The royal assent to this measure did not arrive here until after the departure of Sir Charles, who retired amidst the approving plaudits of the people. His Excellency died in London, on the 19th of February 1858.

The political features in the administration of his successor, Sir William Denison, have as yet, been those necessarily attending the establishment and inauguration of the new form of government, which renders necessary the entire revision of the existing electoral system. The inauguration of the new Act was celebrated on the 17th July, 1856, by a national banquet, to which the Governor-General, the Judges, the former Ministers, and those of the day, the Foreign Consuls, and Mr. James Macarthur were invited to attend. The Hon. Dr. Bland, the earliest champion in the cause of Responsible Government, presided. In other departments, religious, educational, scientific, literary, and social, the administration of Sir William Denison has been one of marked progress; new churches, colleges, schools, and scientific institutions and societies have arisen and are rapidly advancing. His Excellency's lectures before the Philosophical, the Agricultural, and the Horticultural Societies of New South Wales, and the Young Men's Christian Association, together with his visit to Norfolk Island to inquire into the condition of the Pitcairn Islanders (recently transplanted from their less genial home) and confer on them a political constitution, give ample promise, that so soon as present political difficulties are adjusted, the administration of Sir William Denison will be one in every way illustrative of the "poetry of progress."

We are indebted for this succinct account of the past progress of the colony to *Fairfax's Handbook to Australia*, published in Melbourne, and except that it attaches a vast deal more importance to Victoria than to New South Wales, Queensland or any other colony, is a very admirable guide-book to the new continent.

Another writer—the anonymous author of *The Rise and Progress of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, &c.*—corroborates the statement with regard to the recent financial difficulties, against which the colonists have had to contend, in the following words:

Owing to the extensive and extravagant commercial speculations of the last two years, occasioned by the great gold discoveries in Victoria, and those of less importance in New South Wales, very heavy losses have been sustained by a large number of the Sydney merchants, and those in England by whom many of the colonial houses were constituted or supported, although the panic has neither been so general nor so serious in its character as that which has just taken place in Melbourne, where two-thirds of the speculators were composed of constitutional adventurers, and professional and unprincipled gamblers. *Id.* The commercial culture in Sydney, during 1854-5, have been greater than any that have taken place in the same space of time within the preceding ten years, prior to which

the disaster that befel the colony through the vast alterations of property was greater than that which has recently occurred.

During the three years, 1842-3-4, when the population of New South Wales was only 162,000—owing to the wild spirit of speculation and ruinous facility of credit—there were 1,638 cases of sequestration of estates, the collective debts of which amounted to three and a-half million sterling.

We have given a picture of Sydney as it was in olden times in our previous pages. Shortly after the arrival of Governor Macquarie in 1809, a survey of the locality was made and the plan formed of the present town, which stands partly on a small promontory, and partly in a narrow valley, about seven miles from the heads of Port Jackson. The formation on which it rests is a freestone rock, which passes inland in undulating and nearly parallel ridges, and affords a beautiful and durable building material. The greater part of the city is inclosed on three sides by those portions of the harbour known as the Stram on the north, Woolloomooloo Bay on the east, and Darling Harbour on the west. At the entrance to Sydney Cove, on the eastern side, is Fort Macquarie; and on the west, Dawes' Battery. There has also been a battery lately constructed on the point at the western entrance to Woolloomooloo Bay, known as Lady Macquarie's Chair; and a splendid fort and martello tower on Pinchgut Island; together with a battery on Kirribilli Point, on the north shore. The ranges from these batteries will completely command that part of the harbour by which the city is approached. The views from the higher part of the city are bold, varied and picturesque. To seaward the magnificent harbour of Port Jackson—spacious, convenient and equal to any in the world—with its numerous and romantic inlets, or coves, presents one of the grandest and most interesting features of natural beauty in Australasia. Inland, the diversity of hill and dale, of rock and woodland, of grassy slopes and brilliant parterres, with their orange groves and vineyards, interspersed with stately mansions, substantial homes, and neat cottages, combine in forming many interesting and pleasing prospects.

The harbour, which in some places is three miles broad, is completely land-locked; it possesses excellent anchorage, and is well sheltered from storms. Extensive and well-arranged docks, for repairing ships and steamers of the largest tonnage, have been constructed. The Royal Mail steamers are placed in the dry dock, Watervue Bay, on their arrival. Along the water-side are wharves, stores, ship-yards, patent slips, mills, manufactories, &c.; behind these, terrace-like, rise the numerous public and private buildings of the metropolis. The streets are mostly laid out at right angles, are long and wide, well macadamized, and are lit with gas. George and Pitt Streets have a width of sixty feet for carriage way and a pathway of twelve feet. Lofty stone or brick edifices, with handsome shops, range along the principal streets.

Sydney has several extensive public parks, the principal of which are Hyde Park (between the city and the suburb of Woolloomooloo) and the Outer Domain—the Inner Domain being the inclosed ground around Government House. In the vicinity of the latter, and bounded on one side by the picturesque inlet known as Farm Cove, are situated the Botanical Gardens, in which there are specimens of almost every tropical plant.

The public buildings of Sydney are numerous, and may fairly vie with those of a European capital. The Government House, situated in a demesne overlooking the harbour, is built of white freestone, in the Elizabethan style. The Legislative and Executive Council Chambers form an extensive range of buildings. The Australian Mint is a noble structure. The public banks are substantial and ornamental, almost unequalled for architectural beauty. The Exchange, Benevolent Asylum, hospitals, theatres, Temperance Hall, Court House, Custom House, Public Library, School of Arts, Post Office, the markets, &c., are edifices well adapted to their several purposes.

Sydney is an episcopal see, and the residence of the metropolitan of Australasia. The present boundaries of the city were defined by the first municipal act passed in 1842, and it is divided into eight wards.

The ecclesiastical edifices comprise many large and commodious churches: episcopalian, independent or congregational, presbyterian, baptist, Roman catholic, Wesleyan, unitarian, a friends' meeting house and a Jewish synagogue.

There are many educational establishments, the most important being the University of Sydney. It was founded in 1830, with a fund of £10,000, subscribed in shares of £50 each. The building is commodious, the education unsectarian, and, by the Queen's letters patent, the degrees conferred by this university are recognised in all similar institutions in the British empire. The College of St. Paul, founded by members of the church of England, under the Colleges Act of 1854, was opened in 1857, and several students of the University are resident there. An act of incorporation was passed for the College of St. John, founded by the members of the Roman church, and vigorous movements have been made by the presbyterians and Wesleyan methodists towards the establishment of colleges within the University for the members of their respective creeds. The Roman catholics subscribed about £20,000 towards their college: the subscriptions of other denominations being equally munificent. The Australian College is intended for preparatory training of youth for the higher course of instruction. A normal school, for secular education only, and many excellent seminaries for both sexes, including the national and denominational schools and Sydney grammar school, are well attended.

The Australian Museum was established in 1838, and incorporated in 1853. Specimens of various minerals and valuable collections of natural and artificial products are in abundance. A new building, equal to the demands of the accumulated treasures, is in course of erection, adapted for the purposes of this institution.

The magnificent episcopalian cathedral of St. Andrew is nearly completed. Its dimensions are as follows:—external length, east to west, 178 feet; length transept, north to south, 116 feet; internally, length of nave, from western door to entrance of choir, 106 feet; from the latter to its eastern wall, 53 feet; breadth of nave and adjoining aisles, 62 feet; and of the choir within the screens, 37 feet; height of the two western towers, 16 feet; the eastern tower, 84 feet; and the roof, 54 feet.

The new Town Hall, in the course of erection, is intended to accommodate five or six thousand persons, on occasions of public meetings, balls, concerts, &c. The offices connected with the business of the corporation

will be on the basement story, and the whole arrangements of the building are very complete. The sewerage of the city has been well provided for.

The Great Southern Railway connects Sydney with Newtown, Petersham, Ashfield, Burwood, Homebush, Paramatta, Fairfield, Liverpool, and Campbelltown—thirty-four miles. The line of the Great Northern Railway extends from Newcastle to Honey-suckle Point, Waratah, Hexham, East and West Maitland—twenty miles.

A line of electric telegraph is now nearly completed between Sydney and Albury, a border-town of New South Wales and Victoria. Albury is about 360 miles from Sydney, and when the telegraph is finished the communication will be complete between Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, the capitals of the three colonies.

The observatory is a great ornament to the town. The position is excellent, and it is situated so that a full view can be obtained of the harbour and the city. There are already ten meteorological observatories in full work, stationed severally at Cape Moreton, Armidale, Ettrick (Richmond River), Maitland, Bathurst, Paramatta, Deniliquin, Albury, and Cooma.

The Destitute Children's Asylum, at Randwick (near Coogee), is as far completed as it is intended to be at present, and occupied by 150 children, the old establishment at Paddington having been abandoned.

The great function that Sydney performs for the colony, is that of being the entrepôt of its commerce. It is also the political metropolis, and the resort of hundreds who, having made their fortunes, choose to reside where the conveniences of living are most multiplied, and who prefer the society and amusements of a city to rural pleasures. Commerce, however, is the great feature of Sydney. Extensive operations are carried on in connection with the South Sea whaling, and hither come the foreign imports and the island produce of the Pacific, for redistribution over the whole territory. Hither, too, comes the colonial produce that is ready for exportation.

Sydney has many populous suburbs, including Woolloomooloo, Surrey Hills, Paddington, the Glebe, Newtown, Redfern, Balmain, Pyrmont, St. Leonard's, North Shore, South Head Road, &c., all of which may be regarded as portions of the city, in consequence of the extensive building operations of the last few years.

There are now fifteen central counties, thirty northern counties, and seventeen southern and western counties in New South Wales, with seventy-five townships.

About 1,100 vessels entered the ports during 1857, with a gross burden of 351,413 tons, and with a marine population of 18,728 persons.

The destination of the majority of the ships was Port Jackson, the great focus of the marine trade of the colony, a pre-eminence it owes to its unrivalled facilities for shipping, both coastwise and by inland transit: nearly all the foreign trade converges to Sydney. The outports of New South Wales certainly have rather a limited foreign trade.

Port Stephens, the second best harbour in New South Wales, makes no figure as a commercial *entrepôt*; its comparative desolation is in strange contrast with its capabilities. Newcastle, though far inferior as a port, has run away with the trade of the Hunter River, as well as that of the pastoral country beyond, and the railway will tend to confirm and consolidate that supremacy.

The limited maritime business of Moreton Bay is

very remarkable, considering the quantity of pastoral produce raised in the northern districts; only twelve vessels were entered at that port in the course of the year, being at the rate of one a month: the main cause of this is, doubtless, the very inferior accommodation that exists there for vessels of a large class.

The amount of shipping, taken as a whole, represents pretty nearly the extent of the inward and outward commerce of the colony; but some of it is independent, and is the consequence of the maritime facilities offered by the port of Sydney: thus, thirty vessels from the South Sea whale fisheries during the year put into Port Jackson. Compared with the number of vessels cruising about in these seas, this cannot be considered a large number, seeing that no port in this hemisphere can offer such advantages for reitting as Port Jackson. During the past year the convenience afforded by this harbour to whalers has been illustrated in several instances, and its advantages only require to be more widely known to be more generally used. Thirty-nine vessels from various islands in the South Seas also entered the port during the year, a proof of its superiority as a commercial *entrepôt* for the scattered traffic of the South Pacific.

The number of vessels registered for the year ending 31st December, 1857, including steamers, was 500, the gross tonnage being 52,661 tons, employing about 3,757 men and boys.

The value of imports has increased from £1,182,874 in 1848 to £6,729,408 in 1857; of exports, from £1,155,009 in 1848, to £4,011,592 in 1857. The chief exports have been wool, tallow, oils, hides and leather, butter and cheese, live stock and grain. The export of gold has varied exceedingly, from £2,660,946, the highest find, in 1852, to £187,249, in 1857. Previous to the year 1845, one coal-pit and one coal-shoot, at Newcastle, were sufficient for the supply of Sydney, and the few coasting-steamers then running from Port Jackson. In 1849, 48,516½ tons, of the value of £14,647, were obtained; in 1857, 213,434 tons, of the value of £148,158. 5s. 6d., were procured. The progress in iron produce has, comparatively speaking, been almost as satisfactory. In 1858 there were 185,007 acres in crop. The produce consisted of wheat, maize, barley, oats, rye, millet, potatoes, tobacco and sown grasses. The number of acres of land planted with the vine, and of the quantity of wine and brandy made from the produce thereof, in the colony of New South Wales, during the year ended March 31st, 1858, within the settled districts, were 1,672 acres, 103,216 gallons of wine, and 1,414 gallons of brandy. To this it is estimated 35,000 gallons must be added from the vineyards beyond the settled districts. The number of sheep slaughtered annually was estimated, at last returns, at 280,000; of horned cattle, at 50,000; tallow produced 100,000 cwt.; pigs slaughtered, 1,000; lard produced 35,000 lbs.

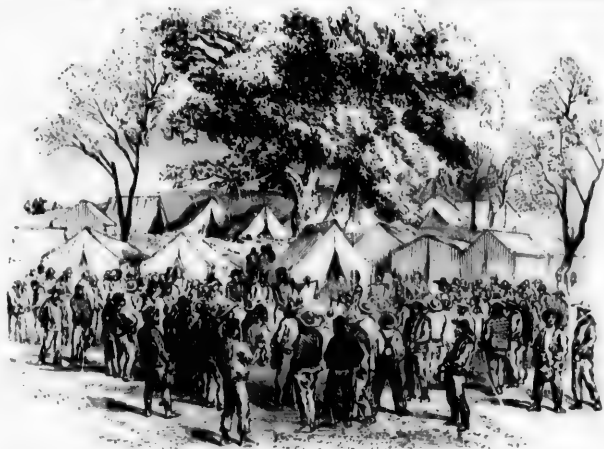
The population was at last census, 31st December, 1857:—male, 171,673; female, 133,814; total, 305,487. Sir John Young, on opening the second session of the fourth parliament of New South Wales, on the 22nd September, 1861, said that the result of a census which had just been completed showed that, notwithstanding the severance of Queensland, there had been, during the last five years, an increase of nearly 100,000 in the population, which now amounts to 350,000. It is an encouraging fact that this large increase is substantially in the suburban and country districts.

It would fill a volume to follow the history of the New South Wales Gold Fields, with all the curious attendant anecdotes.

The first locality which claims attention is Ophir, the parent diggings of the colony. Ophir may be regarded as belonging to what may be termed the Canobolas gold-field. This mountain, which is nearly a mile in height above the level of the sea, and is composed chiefly of trap rock, is the centre whence a considerable number of streams, including the Summerhill Creek, take their rise, and, flowing through a country composed chiefly of schists and quartzites, are more or less auriferous. Gold has been found throughout the length of the Summerhill Creek, from its source at the Canobolas to its junction with the Macquarie, but most abundantly at Ophir and Frederick's Valley, where the Wentworth diggings are situated. The gold is chiefly of a nuggety description, and has been found in lumps of three or four pounds in weight. At the Wentworth diggings very fine gold has been

obtained in considerable quantities. The country about Ophir is very broken and rugged, and the deposit of gold lies, for the most part, in the bed of the creek, as the banks are too steep to allow of extensive dry or bank diggings. Towards the Macquarie the banks of the creek become still more rocky and abrupt, and there is not much likelihood of any extensive deposit of gold having been formed. The bed of the Creek at Ophir has never been sufficiently dry to allow of its being profitably worked since the first rains after the opening up of the diggings on Fitzroy Bar. The whole of the region surrounding this mountain, which is situated some forty or fifty miles to the westward of Bathurst, may be regarded as a gold-field comparatively unexplored, which, when the return wave of population and enterprise shall have set in to the gold-fields of this colony, will occupy no insignificant position.

The Turon still claims the first position among the gold-fields of the colony in point of richness and extent.



ISSUING LICENSES.

Sofala, the township which has been formed at the richest locality on the Turon, is distant about twenty-five miles north from Bathurst. Fifteen miles above Sofala remunerative diggings were opened at what is called the Guli, and thence to the junction of the river with the Macquarie, a distance of nearly forty miles, digging operations having been carried on with more or less success. The geological formation of the country is of schist, intersected by quartz veins of various thickness, but there are many other rocks present at different portions of the river. The mountains are lofty, but with rounded summits and gently sloping bases, and the river flows for the greater part through a narrow valley between the ranges. The banks and slopes on the river side are seldom abrupt, and dry diggings consequently abound. The gold procured on the river itself is chiefly dust, generally of a very fine description, but coarse gold has been obtained in various places, and is abundant in the creeks and ravines opening into the river. Lumps weighing as much as seven pounds have been found. The yield of

gold on the Turon has been in many instances most extraordinary. In several cases, from eighty to a hundred ounces a day have been obtained by parties of three or four for days together; in numerous instances from twenty to fifty ounces a day have been procured, and from five to fifteen ounces were at one time a common yield. The gold has been obtained in equal quantities in the bed of the river, and on the banks and slopes in its vicinity. In the former case the greatest depth to which it is necessary to go for the gold is from four to ten or twelve feet, but the continual presence of water has rendered it generally a matter of difficulty, and often of impossibility, to get at the auriferous deposits. In the dry diggings the depth of the claims varies from the surface to forty or fifty feet, and the largest deposits of gold are got in the pockets and crevices of the bed rock. In the river diggings the useless surface soil is wholly removed, but in the dry diggings, when a shaft has been sunk, the ground on the level of the gold deposit is tunnelled. The dry diggings on the banks of the Turon are



considered by many to be comparatively exhausted, but this is by no means the case in the opinion of more competent judges. Recently rich dry diggings have been discovered on the slope of the hill leading to the township of Sofia, and not more than a pistol-shot distance from the town. This ground has been constantly traversed by eager miners for many months, and is proved to abound in deposits of precious metal, which hundreds have left its vicinity to seek for at distant localities. The mining population of the Turon numbered at one time certainly not less than 10,000, but in September, 1852, the number of persons engaged in digging on the Turon and its tributaries did not exceed 1,200. The average yield at these diggings is from 15s. to £3 or £4 a day, but the instances are numerous in which large sums are earned in a very short period. The labour required is great, whether in the bed or the dry diggings, as in the former the water has constantly to be contended with, and in the latter, the conglomerate soil which has to be wrought through is as hard as rock. Many of these tributaries, Big Oakley and Little Oakley Creek especially, have yielded a large amount of gold. On the tableland, where their source is, parties have been at work for months, making large earnings; and more extensive research would, undoubtedly, develop many rich deposits at this place. Along the Bathurst road gold has been found, and at Wyagden Hill, midway between that town and the Turon, operations on a large scale have been begun.

The Braidwood diggings next claim attention. They are confined chiefly to Major's and Bell's Creeks, which flow over the table-land, above the valley of Araluen. They are not more than ten or twelve miles distant from the town of Braidwood. What is peculiar in these diggings is the fact that they are situated to the eastwards of the dividing range of mountains. These creeks before named join the River Moruya, which flows into the sea at Short Haven, on the east coast, between Pateman's Bay and Twofold Bay. Major's Creek and its tributary Bell's Creek have amply repaid those engaged in mining operations on them. The country is not of a mountainous description as at the Turon. Slate and quartz abound in the vicinity, but the bed-rock is granite, and the gold has been found chiefly in what is regarded as decomposed granite. The prosperity of these diggings has been seriously retarded by incessant rains, and the population has almost deserted them. At one time there must have been nearly 2,000 persons on Major's and Bell's Creeks and at Araluen; but at present there are not, at most, more than 500. The average earnings at these diggings approximate to those at the Turon, and, as at the latter place, many instances of surprising good fortune have occurred. At Mungarlow, some fifteen or twenty miles from Major's Creek, remunerative diggings have been opened, and several nuggets have been found weighing up to eight or ten ounces. At the Braidwood diggings the gold is generally fine, and it is reckoned to be very pure. Dry diggings have been opened on Major's Creek, in which many parties are procuring four or five ounces of gold a day.

About thirty miles north of the Turon are the Meroo diggings. The Meroo is a river somewhat resembling the Turon in its general features, and in its banks and bars large deposits of gold have been found. The geological character of the country is similar to that

of the Turon. The diggings opened here extend several miles along the river. The yield of gold is generally large, and the gold itself coarse, with occasional large nuggets. Several points on the Meroo have turned out uncommonly rich. The golden reputation of the Meroo itself, however, is small in comparison to that of one of its tributary creeks, the Louisa, on whose banks such extraordinary masses of the precious metal have been found, and where the great nugget vein lies. The country about the Louisa is generally of a flat description, and the declivities of the creeks are mild. Mr. Green, assistant-commissioner, in a report on the Western Gold Fields, has expressed his opinion that the auriferous ground available for dry diggings at this creek extends for several miles to Campbell's Creek, and that on the table-land, of which this forms a portion, 40,000 or 50,000 miners could find profitable employment. Considering that this table-land includes the rich diggings at the Long Creek, the Dirt Holes, the Tambourra and other creeks, we do not think that it is any exaggeration of the truth. At the Louisa beautiful specimens of gold in the matrix are constantly procured, and nearly all the gold obtained here is coarse and not waterworn. Nuggets of large size have been discovered. The hundred-weight every one is familiar with. Brennan's twenty-seven pound lump was found at the Louisa, as was also the largest waterworn nugget yet obtained, weighing 157 ounces, besides numerous other nuggets of less size, which it would be tedious to enumerate. The heavy rains have greatly interfered with all the diggings from the Meroo to the Turon, putting a stop to further operations, and compelling the miners to seek other places. This has been the case at Long Creek, the Devil's Hole, Pyramid Creek, Nuggetty Gully, Married Man's Creek, the Dirt Holes, &c. The gold at these places is coarse, and the earnings are in many cases very large. Generally speaking a man may make certain of securing 20s. a day if the weather is favourable and he sticks to his work. The number of diggers on the Meroo, the Louisa, and the other places just named, may be put down at 1,500.

Between the Turon and the Pyramid, and parallel to both, lies the Tambourra Creek, which disembogues itself into the Macquarie several miles below the junction of the Turon. This place has lately taken an important position among the diggings for richness and extent, and bids fair to retain it. At Galden Gully, and at the Bald Hill also, the diggings are very prolific, and to all appearance an extensive region teeming with golden wealth lies around. The number of miners at work at the Tambourra and the vicinity is probably about 1,000.

The Hanging Rock may be regarded as among the number of those gold fields whose richness has been established. It is situated at the River Peel in New England. The Oakewille, Hurdle, and Oakley Creeks, flowing into the Peel, have been found to be rich in auriferous deposits, and a large tract of country in the vicinity presents the same indications.

These northern diggings are fifty miles from the Page River; the nearest road by Aberdeen, between Muswell Brook and Soons. From Goonoo Goonoo, the head station of the Australian Agricultural Company is about twenty-seven miles. The whole of the country is extremely hilly, and in wet weather the numerous creeks present an impassable barrier to the traveller.



The Peel River diggings are divided into two classes. The field on the western side of the river belongs to the Australian Agricultural Company, whose stations extend seventy or eighty miles along the banks of this stream. The gold-field is situated about five miles from Hanging Rock, and was discovered in March, 1853. The gold is found on the banks of the river in thick ferruginous clay; in some instances nuggets are found clinging to the roots of the grass. The greatest wealth is supposed to exist in the quartz ridges. The reporter found several lumps the size of a duck's egg, thickly speckled with gold.

The river diggings on the crown side are principally three spots:—Golden Point, Blackfellow's Gully, and Bold Ridge.

On the remaining gold-fields, which are so only by anticipation, their riches not having been developed, and but little being known of their extent, the Abercrombie is one of the longest known, and probably one of the most important. Gold has been found in considerable quantities, not only in the river itself at the Sounding Rock, or Tarshish diggings, but also on its tributary creeks, the Tuena, Mulgunnia, Copperhanna, and Mountain Run. The Abercrombie lies some forty miles to the southward of Bathurst, and forms the upper portion of the Lachlan River. Dry diggings abound on some of the creeks—the Tuena especially—and large earnings have been made here. The gold is coarse. The field may be regarded as unexplored, as there are not more than two hundred persons at work on it.

North of the Abercrombie lie the diggings at Campbell's River called Havilah, and those on the Gilmandyke and Davis Creeks, its tributaries. Gold was found at Havilah shortly after the discovery of the Turon diggings; but as the yield was small, the latter soon drew away the enterprising pioneers at Campbell's River. On the Gilmandyke and Davis Creeks coarse gold is obtained, and there are promising indications of future richness.

There is about the same number of persons engaged in digging on Winburndale Creek, which rises on the table-land a few miles to the northward of Bathurst, and, flowing in a north-west direction, falls into the Macquarie several miles above the junction of the Turon. It is far otherwise, however, with the regions adjacent to the Macquarie River. Gold has for a long time been found on this river, but the diggings hitherto opened have been isolated. Late researches, however, have brought to light auriferous deposits, where the depth of washing-soil is ten and even fifteen feet, and these extend for miles along the banks of the river. The capabilities of such a gold-field may be guessed at where the supply promises to be almost inexhaustible. Only in dry weather, however, can these be turned to account, as the river is a large and important stream during the greater part of the year, and from the prevalence of water the claims cannot be worked. The Macquarie receives the tributary waters of the Winburndale, the Turon, Summerhill, Tumbourra, Pyramul, &c., all auriferous streams.

An extensive gold-field has been discovered at the Billabong Range, which lies nearly a hundred miles to the west of Bathurst, between the waters of the Lachlan and Mogan. Schists and quartz are the constituent rocks, and specimens of gold in the matrix have been found. At the Snowy Mountains, to the

southward, where many of the great streams of the colony, the Murrumbidgee, Murray, Snowy River, &c., take their rise, the researches of the Rev. W. B. Clarke, who was specially appointed by the government to survey this district, have disclosed an extensive tract of auriferous country, and several localities which promise to be highly productive.

The last-discovered diggings in this colony, which have excited the most sanguine expectations of their future productions, are Bingara, situated on the Courangourra Creek, which joins the Gwydir, seventy miles to the north-west of Tamworth. The diggers who first discovered the treasures of this locality made extraordinary gains in a short time, and the gold appeared to lie in such abundance on all sides, as to be inexhaustible. The gold obtained has consisted chiefly of nuggets and coarse grain, very little worn. Nuggets weighing fourteen and sixteen ounces have been obtained. The country is very level, resembling the gold-fields of Victoria, and the samples of precious metal obtained resemble those of Mount Alexander in the coarseness of the grains and their rich appearance. At various places, between the Hanging Rock and Bingara, gold has been found—in some instances lying on the surface of the ground. The distance of this gold-field from Maitland is upwards of two hundred miles in a north by west direction. A considerable quantity of gold has been received from it, and at present there is a large quantity in the hands of the miners.

Hitherto a pick and shovel and a cradle, with probably the addition of a crowbar and pump, have constituted a miner's outfit. At the diggings of Victoria, indeed, thousands of the more successful miners never use a cradle, the richness of their claims in large gold preventing the necessity; but at the Turon and other places, the fineness of the gold dust, and the manner in which it is diffused throughout the soil, have necessitated the utmost skill and care in cradling. Lately, however, companies have been formed in this colony for the more effectual development of the wealth of the gold-fields. About half-a-dozen of these companies have commenced operations. The Great Nugget Vein Company are setting up expensive machinery on the banks of the Louisa for crushing the auriferous quartz of their claim at that locality. The Turon Golden Ridge Quartz Crushing Company are making active preparations for developing the richness of an auriferous quartz vein on the lower Turon, which promises the most splendid results. The Messrs Samuel are proceeding with their exertions to drain the water-hole at Ophir. The Australian Mutual and the British Australian Gold Mining Companies have combined operations, for the purpose of working the alluvial claims on the Turon. They have secured ground at Lucky Point, and have made considerable progress towards developing the golden deposits of an island in the bed of the Turon contiguous to Erskine Point.

Gold has been found throughout more than eight degrees of latitude, from Bingara at the north to the ranges near Cape Otway, in Victoria. There is good reason for believing that it exists throughout twelve degrees, as samples of the precious metal were found by the late Mr. Rudrick Mitchell, son of the surveyor-general, as far north as Mount Abundance at the Fitzroy Downs. The easternmost diggings in Australia yet discovered are those at the Hanging Rock, about

the 151° of east longitude. A gold field has been discovered in South Australia, in about the 139° longitude, twelve degrees to the westward; but whether gold will be found throughout the intervening country it is impossible to say. It has certainly been found as far westward, in Victoria, as the 143rd meridian, and at Mount Cole and Mount William.

On Thursday, 2nd Sept., says our author, I joined a gentleman of Morrund, whose business required his attention here, and travelled over the most trackless ranges to the *Isle*, one of the rivulets which runs into the Hunter. Towards evening we reached the hospitable abode of a venerable Highlander, who here, high above all other human habitations, at the foot of the Liverpool range, aided by his stalwart sons, tends his numerous and thriving flocks.

The next morning they directed our steps to a remarkable cave, the front apartment of which is adorned with stalactites, in the form of pillars and curtains. The entrance being turned upwards, is altogether hidden from most passers by; but when a descent has been accomplished over the broken rocks, the main arch of the cavern has a fine appearance. To this cave the worthy and patriotic Highlander has given the name "Uamh Garrie," Garry's Cave, from its resemblance to a cave of that name in the Highlands of Scotland.

On leaving the *Isle*, we ascended the Liverpool Range—crossing, at various elevations, on both sides of the range, table-lands of the most promising soil; where several thousands of agriculturists are likely to find a highly remunerative field for their industry and skill as soon as markets for the gold-finding population of the neighbourhood, and means of transit to distant towns, make their settlement practicable. In the afternoon, soon after crossing the Peel, we came in sight of the perpendicular facing of rock which gives a peculiar appearance and a name to this mountain. The ascent to this flat, near the summit, is a steep one of at least three miles; did we not see the tracks, we could not believe it possible for drays to be brought up it by any means. As the golden creek runs in all directions from the top, and the precious metal is found at all heights, there is no regular camp of tents here as at the Turon and other places; the people are thinly scattered over a wide space, and hidden from one another by the ridges. Never, perhaps, did men pursue their daily toil in such delightful and beautiful workshops as these ravines, where the dark foliage of the oak, the rugged and fantastic piles of rock, and the numerous cascades, combine to form pleasant pictures. Among the diggers it is easy to discover many a thorough gentleman, and many a worthy farmer, artisan, and sailor.

## II. VICTORIA.

FIRST SETTLEMENT AT PORT PHILIP—BATMAN'S STATION ON YARRA-YARRA—FOUNDATION OF MELBOURNE—POLITICAL MOVEMENTS—THE COLONY IN DIFFICULTIES—OPPOSITION TO THE CONVICT SYSTEM—RISING UP OF PARTIES—SEPARATION OF VICTORIA FROM NEW SOUTH WALES—DISCOVERY OF GOLD—BALLARAT RIOTS—CHINESE IMMIGRANTS—THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

PORT PHILIP was first discovered in February, 1802, by Lieutenant Murray, R.N., of the brig *Lady Nelson*, and after a cursory survey, he named the point at the

entrance "Nepean," and the hill seen from the Heads "Arthur's Seat," names which they still bear.

On the 27th of April, 1802, Lieutenant Flinders, having entered Port Philip Bay, and supposing he was the first to have discovered it, made an accurate survey of its waters. Visiting the hills near Geelong, he named them Station Peaks, and the peninsula, Indented Head. Early in 1803, the Lieutenant-Governor of New South Wales, Philip Giddeigh King, Captain R.N., despatched the Surveyor-General, Mr. Grimes, to examine and report on the capabilities of the bay, when he found the river at its head, now called the Yarra. Thirty-two years afterwards, in 1835, Mr. J. P. Fawcener found, near the falls, part of an iron pot, buried some eight inches in the soil, which had probably been left by the party of Flinders or Grimes. This splendid bay was first called Port Philip in honour of the Governor, Captain Philip G. King.

In 1802, Lord Hobart, Secretary of the Colonies, acting on the advice of Mr. Capper, one of the clerks in his office, projected the formation of a new settlement at Port Philip, Bass's Straits, the chief town of which colony should transmit his name to posterity. In the latter part of the same year, the *Calcutta*, a vessel of war of 50 guns, was commissioned, and commenced taking in convicts at the Nore, from Woolwich, and after proceeding to Spithead, completed her complement of about 360 male convicts from the Portsmouth hulks. The merchant ship *Ocean*, of 600 tons, Capt. Mathews, was chartered to assist in the carriage of stores, settlers, and civil officers; the two vessels were to take out provisions to last three years, including the voyage. In addition to the convicts there were between forty and fifty marines, some few free settlers, and about twenty-five women, wives of the marines, settlers, or convicts, together with about ten children. These, with a few Government officers, were the first settlers at Port Philip. The *Calcutta* arrived at Port Philip Heads on the 9th or 10th of October, 1803, the *Ocean* a few days prior. The Governor, Lieutenant Colonel Collins, R.M., commenced landing the people a few days after, having cleared a plot of ground for the camp, tents being erected to lodge all, whether free or bond. The landing was completed on the 19th of October. The site of the settlement was on Point Nepean, about five or six miles from the Heads. There was no fresh water at that spot, but it was discovered under Arthur's Seat, when the *Calcutta* took in water there and proceeded to Sydney. The River Yarra was discovered and reported to Governor Collins by a runaway convict, who returned almost starved to death. A number of the convicts took to the woods, and only one returned. On the 24th December, Wm. Buckley and three others ran from the New Settlement; one of them, Charles Short, a butcher, was shot at, wounded, and retaken; the others effected their escape. Buckley joined Batman's men on Indented Head in August, 1835, nearly thirty-two years after. He was of a stupid nature, and had not learned anything of the country except the mere coast-line of the bay.

It was provided by Lord Hobart that if the Lieutenant Governor was compelled to remove from his first landing-place to any distance, he should receive five hundred guineas. This bait, and the absconding of some twenty convicts, determined the removal of the whole population to Van Diemen's Land. The Sydney government, having previously surveyed the River Derwent, despatched, in August, 1803, Lieut. Bowen,

with some few marines, settlers, and convicts, to that port. On their recommendation, Governor Collins proceeded thither, but not approving of Risdon, the place selected by Lieut. Bowen, he fixed on Sullivan's Cove, where the landing of the people took place, February 16th, 1804. The *Ocean* transport was the vessel employed, in which the whole of the people, stores, &c., were removed in two trips, the last of which took place in June, 1804.

In June, 1824, Messrs. Hume and Hovell, squatters residing near Lake George, resolved to explore the southern part of New Holland. Pursuing their course, they kept on the western side, clear of the Australian Alps, discovered a fine river which they named Hume now called the Murray, crossed several smaller rivers and eventually reached Port Philip Bay, at the river Exe or Werribee, in December, 1824. Returning to Sydney, they reported having found a fine grazing country and an overland route to Western Port. Subsequently it was discovered to be Port Philip Bay, and not Western Port, they had touched upon. Their flattering account stimulated the Sydney government to despatch Captain Wright, with troops, convicts, &c., to form a settlement at Western Port; but as colonial governors and military men were not the best judges where to settle, or how to form a colony profitably in a new country, this also was given up, and the whole party removed to Sydney.

In 1834, the Messrs. Henty, of Launceston, sent over vessels, boats, and many able seamen, to form a whaling establishment at Portland Bay. This was clearly the first permanent settlement of British subjects in this province. The Hentys have maintained their hold continuously from 1834 to the present day, their flocks and herds having increased surprisingly.

To Mr. John Batman, a gentleman who must rank with the Hentys as a pioneer, Victoria is exceedingly indebted. He had been for a long time endeavouring to obtain assistance to pass over and colonise Port Philip, and in 1835 he succeeded in drawing the attention of persons in authority to his scheme. Governor Arthur suggested the organisation of a company to pass over and make some sort of bargain with the aborigines for the purchase of these lands, to form mighty squattages; and Mr. Joseph Tice Gellibrand, a barrister, ex-attorney-general of Van Dieman's Land, one of the copartners, drew up a deed to be signed by the aborigines. The company, consisting of fourteen persons, subscribed funds to fit out a small schooner of about 15 tons (*Rebecca*) in which to send over Mr. Henry Batman, some Sydney aborigines, and a few European servants, with looking-glasses, beads, and a few bags of flour for barter. Fawcner and his party tried to obtain a passage over before Batman started, and failed. Captain Cain disappointed them, and they missed the *Sally Ann* which was chartered for Portland Bay by the Messrs. Henty, so that eventually Mr. Batman and his party left in the *Rebecca*, Capt. Harwood, May the 12th, but were wind-bound at Port Soroll until the 26th or 28th May; then they ran over in thirty hours, and landed at Indented Head, near Queenscliff. Batman selected a spot near that for the company's settlement, and sent the *Rebecca* to Hobson's Bay; thence he travelled over land by Geelong until he made the Saltwater River, crossed it, passed over the Moonee Ponds, and finally made the Merri Creek, near where the Yan Yean waterpipes are placed. At that place Batman fell in with the brothers Jagga Jagga and some more abori-

gines, where, about the 5th or 6th June, 1835, he produced his deed prepared by the ex-attorney-general, J. T. Gellibrand, and induced the poor ignorant men to make some marks upon it as signatures. Batman stated that he had taken with him some Sydney blacks, whom he employed to read over and translate this document to the Port Philip aborigines. The deed professed that the aborigines had marked in Batman's presence the whole boundaries set out therein—viz.: "All that tract of country situate and being at Port Philip, running from the branch of the river at the top of the port, about seven miles from the mouth of the river, forty miles north-east, and from thence forty miles across Iramoo Downs or Plains, and from thence south-west across Mount Villamananta to Geelong Harbour at the head of the same, and containing 500,000 acres, more or less." This being all traversed over, the trees were marked, &c., in part of two days and one night, besides other forty miles from Geelong to the vessel at Gellibrand's Point. Mr. J. Batman was then labouring under the disease that cut short his career. He subsequently produced another deed signed by the Jagga Jagga brothers and others, selling to him and the copartners the whole of Indented Head, called 100,000 acres. This deed states that the aborigines and Batman's men marked the trees due south from the head of Geelong Bay, a distance of ten miles, omitting to account for the Barwon River, which was subsequently found to cross this track, forming a wide sheet of water. Moreover, the Jagga Jagga brothers were men of the western hill tribes, and could have no pretensions to these lands, but would, most likely, have suffered death had they presumed to intrude thereon without previous notice and permission.

In July, 1835, a project to colonise Port Philip entered the mind of Mr. J. P. Fawcner, who had been led to believe that fine grazing lands existed in the interior. He formed a party, consisting of Messrs. William and Samuel Jackson, Robert Hay Marr, George Evans, and Captain Lancy, who were willing to accompany him. He purchased the *Enterprise* from Mr. John Anderson Brown, and as soon as she could be got ready, embarked the party at Launceston. Fawcner and his party left Launceston about the middle of July. He was taken ill during the first few days of the voyage, and a foul wind driving the vessel back to George Town, he there landed with one of his horses, leaving two on board, having previously filled up a code of directions for the guidance of Capt. Lancy, as his agent, in charge of his servants and goods, with full directions how to proceed with the survey, and on no account to settle except upon a permanent running stream of good water. The party searched the whole range of Western Port, and then commenced on the eastern side of Port Phillip, until they found the Yarra, where they fixed on what is now known as Batman's Hill, marking out ten acres for each of the party, and drew lots for the plots. Having pitched their tents they proceeded to form a garden, and plant out a large quantity of fruit trees, &c., shipped by Mr. Fawcner, and within one week from the landing, August 25, 1835, a garden was formed, trees planted, seeds sown, and five acres of ground ploughed, harrowed, and sown with wheat. Subsequently, Mr. Fawcner removed his establishment, and fixed his tent at the rear of the site of the present custom-house (where he opened the first public-house), in order to be near the fresh water, and contiguous to the place where he moored his vessel,

exactly opposite the present Yarra Hotel, in William-street. Shortly after Messrs. Lancy, Marr, Evans, and William Jackson had settled, as directed, on the Yarra, Mr. J. H. Wedge came to them from Batman's station at Indented Head, the Sydney blacks having reported the arrival of the *Enterprise*. He went back to the station, and immediately, accompanied by Henry Batman, with men and stores, returned to the new settlement, and ordered Fawkner's party off his land. The Messrs. Lancy and Co. would not acknowledge his right to interfere, and treated the threat with contempt.

The first cattle and sheep were landed from the *Norval* on November 10th, 1835, consisting of fifty pure Hereford cows, belonging to Dr. Thomson, and five hundred sheep, the property of Mr. Connolly, of Belfast. Messrs. Cowie, Stead, Steiglitz, Estcourt, and Ferguson came by this trip.

About March, 1836, Major Mitchell proceeded in his exploration of the interior of the country, passing from Sydney out to Portland Bay. He named the interior Australia Felix.

When Mr. Fawkner and his family, with the Lancy party, arrived at Port Philip on October 9th, 1835, thirty-two years after his first arrival, he found the herbage so rich, and the country altogether so attractive, that he determined upon making it his home. Birds abounded on the water; ducks, teal, geese, swans, &c., were in thousands. The new colonists lived on board the *Enterprise* for a month, whilst a wooden house was being erected, with the materials brought over from Launceston. Batman's people lived in sod huts or tents. In November, Mr. John Batman came over to examine his vast squattage, and repeated his order, through his brother Henry, to Mr. Fawkner, to remove off his land, he laying claim to all the lands on the north side of the Yarra. Upon refusal, he sent one of the Sydney aborigines to inform Fawkner that if he did not leave instantly, he would drive him off by force of arms. This threat was treated very lightly. Whilst, however, Fawkner was building his house, Buckley, who had joined Batman's party at Indented Head, and now resided with them, sent out messengers and collected some two or three hundred blacks—men, women, and children; and about the same time the Goulburn, Barrabool, and Western Port blacks laid a plan to murder all the white people. One of the Melbourne aborigines, who had been kindly treated by Fawkner's party, and had received presents from them, came privately and gave information. Recourse was had to Wm. Buckley to learn the real nature of this communication, and it was found that the men were all armed and painted for war. Fawkner and Batman, in this emergency, entered into a treaty with these foes, on the condition that they should all quit the township, and cross to the south side of the Yarra. The boats of the colonists put them over the river, the rest of the men standing as guards with loaded firearms.

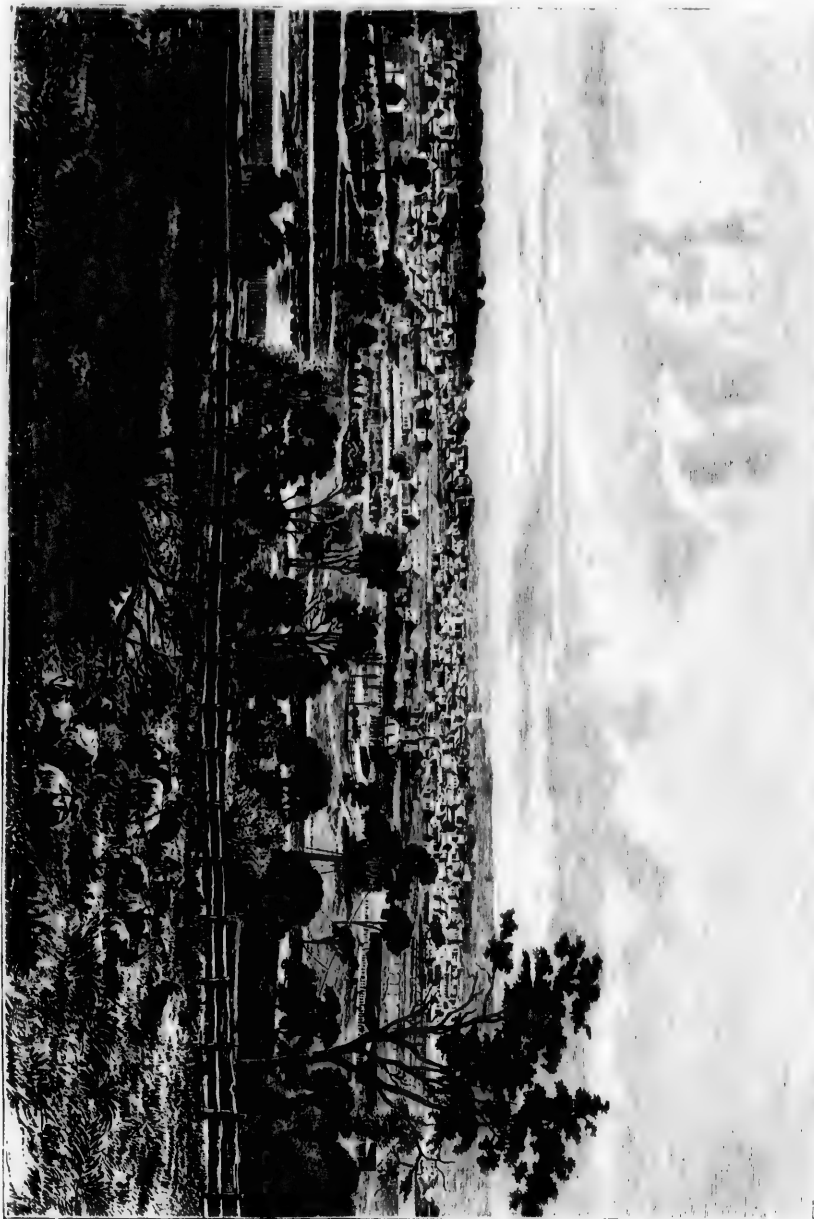
The *Enterprise* was the first vessel, larger than a whale-boat, that ever reached the basin at Melbourne, and it took the crew and passengers some days to gather and fix tea-tree stakes, as water or river marks, by which to keep clear of the shoals.

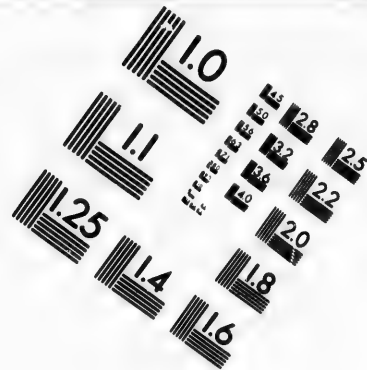
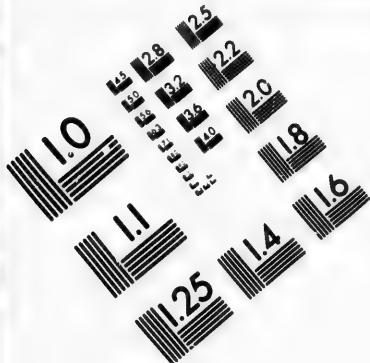
Very few settlers and not much stock came over to Port Philip during the remainder of the year 1835. In March, 1836, Dr. Thomson (now Mayor of Geelong) arrived with his family, and acted as arbitrator by general consent. His tent was, in fact, the first police office in Melbourne. On June 1st, 1840, a council of the

people was held, to frame regulations for their guidance; and the proposal of Messrs. Gellibrand and Swanston, to the Port Philipians, to submit their property and personal liberty to the control of members of the Batman co-partnership, was rejected, on the motion of Mr. Fawkner. Dr. Thomson contemplating a removal to Geelong, Mr. James Simpson was appointed general arbitrator, and was to call in two assistants if he thought proper. A Mr. Stewart, a Sydney magistrate, was present at this time, and was authorised to report upon the conduct of the colonists. Advantage was taken of his presence, and a petition forwarded through him to Governor Bourke, asking for the appointment of magistrates and police to maintain order, pointing out that the cost could be defrayed by levying duties on imported goods. Settlers and stock poured over as soon as it became known that Governor Sir Richard Bourke had disallowed the scheme of wresting the lands from the aborigines for a few looking-glances. Batman and his family came over in June, a house having been built for him at the first landing-place. Constant employment, in bringing over sheep, was found for the *Adelaide* schooner, the *Henry* brig, the *Champion*, the *Enterprise*, and others; and huts rose on all parts of the present town. The sheep were generally landed at Gellibrand's Point, and then driven to their destination. Early in that year, Mr. Franks, one of the first emigrants in 1803, and his shepherd, were killed by some of the Goulburn tribe of blacks. Their station was near Cotterill's Sugar-loaf, near the River Exe or Werribee. They were both killed at one moment by two men, who, pretending friendship, smote them down, by driving their tomahawks into the back of their heads. A party was soon sent out after them, led by four of the Melbourne blacks, who recovered part of the property stolen, and took vengeance on some of the tribe to which the murderers belonged. The Flagstaff Hill was selected for a burial ground. The child of a man of the name of Goodman was the first who was buried by the Europeans at Melbourne. Mr. Franks and his man were interred there, attended by all the residents. In September, 1836, Sir Richard Bourke sent Captain Lonsdale, as police magistrate, with a party of soldiers and convicts, and with them Messrs. Webb, customs officer; Mr. Craig, commissariat; D'Arcy, Russell, and Darke, surveyors. The settlement was thus placed under legal British rule.

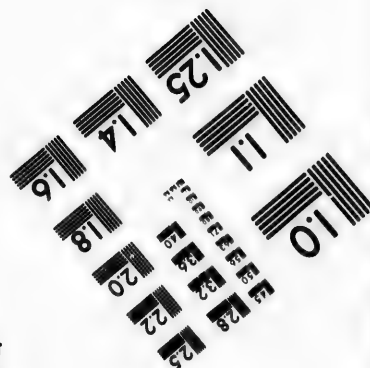
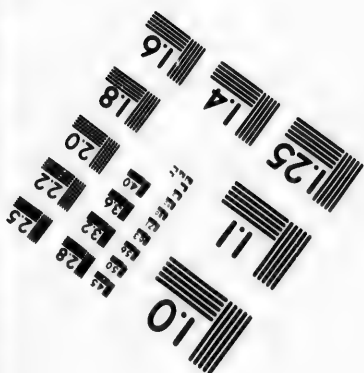
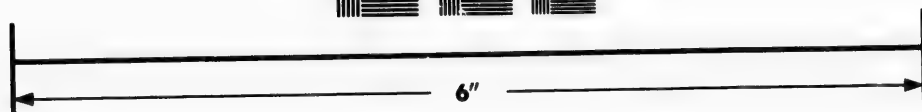
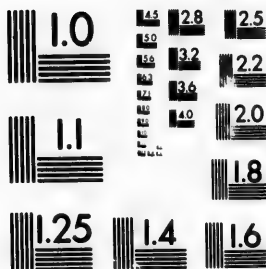
The extraordinary progress of the settlement was evidenced in 1837, when it was estimated that there was a population of 500, with 140,000 sheep, 2,500 cattle, and 150 horses. Sir Richard Bourke, therefore, resolved on a tour of inspection, and in April of that year entered the bay on board the *Rattlesnake*, commanded by Captain Hobson, whose name, as a mark of honour, was given to the inlet. His Excellency also gave the name Williamstown, in honour of the reigning sovereign, to the proposed township at Hobson's Bay. Melbourne, the proposed metropolis of the district, was named by him after Lord Melbourne; and Geelong, the proposed township at the head of Corio Bay. The settlers waited on His Excellency, and every possible mark of respect was exhibited. Arrangements were made to put up portions of the surveyed allotments to public sale; and after having seen something of the interior, the Governor returned to Sydney. The first land sale was held on June 1st, 1837, and realised from £18 to £75 per allotment.

VIEW OF MELBOURNE.





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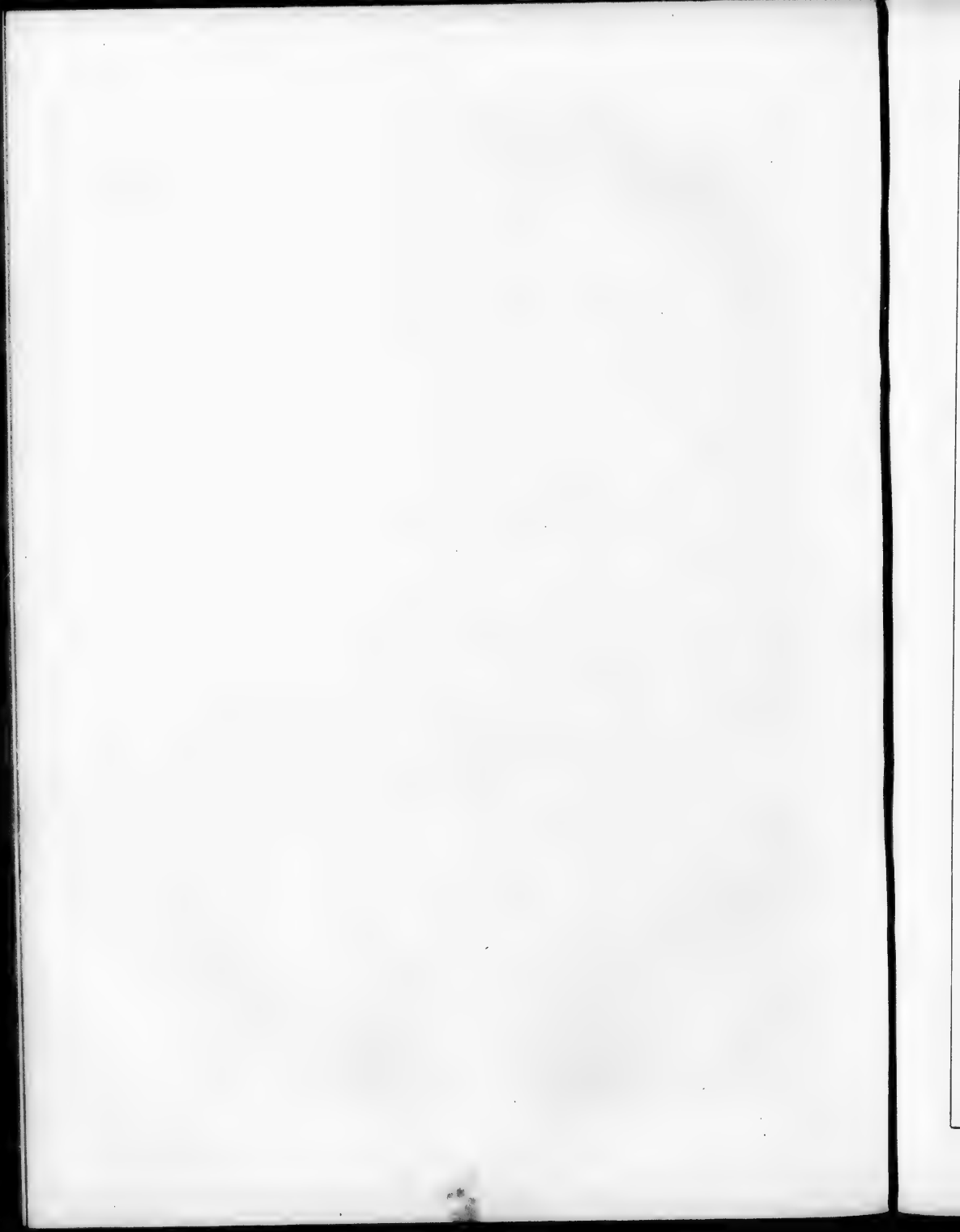


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In this year the colony had to mourn the loss of Joseph Tice Gellibrand, an able lawyer of some notoriety in Van Diemen's Land, who had been amongst the most energetic of those that promoted the colonisation of Port Philip. In company with another lawyer, Mr. Hesse, under the guidance of a shepherd, he started from Geelong for the interior. The party lost their way, and these two gentlemen, separated from their guide, and having wandered in the bush, were never more seen.

From the earliest period Port Philip became noted for the lively and bustling spirit that characterised the colonists. This tone of enterprise and go-a-headism soon made it apparent to the Sydney authorities that a mere police establishment was insufficient to the requirements of the province, and measures were taken to establish a local administration. C. J. LaTrobe was gazetted on 30th July, 1839, as superintendent, and on the 30th September he initiated, by his own arrival in Port Philip, the political history of the colony.

The first movement of importance was a public meeting held on the 30th of December, 1840, to take measures for the separation of Port Philip from the government of New South Wales, and this was followed by a second meeting, March 1st, 1841. The discovery of Gipp's Land about this time, the details of which we have previously noticed, was another fact in the progress of the colony. The wreck of the steamer *Clonmel*, at Corner Inlet, led to the commencement of a communication by water with this part of the province. The land communication was opened by the exploring efforts of Mr. MacMillan. This part of the colony, with its fertile soil, its numerous rivers and its salubrious climate, sheltered by the Australian Alps from the hot winds, and by ranges eastward of it from extremes of cold, is destined to take a leading position as the resort of colonists desirous of settling permanently with their families.

The first resident judge was appointed the same year; and among other circumstances having an influence on the progress of the colony was the sale of special surveys, in accordance with the system prevalent in South Australia. The publication of Sir Thomas Mitchell's narrative of his expedition to Port Philip had in the meantime told with remarkable effect on the aspiring minds of multitudes in Britain, who allured by the enticing prospects opened up in Australia Felix, as the distinguished explorer had denominated this rich country, commenced a tide of emigration in 1839 which continued to increase till 1842. The eager competition of the new colonists, however, brought about, with high prices, depression and difficulties, and towards the close of 1842 the condition of the colony was one of wide-spread bankruptcy.

In the crisis of these depressions, new life was poured into the civic and political status of the colony by an Imperial Act, which provided for a partially representative government and for the incorporation of towns. In accordance with the provisions of this Act, Melbourne, was erected into a corporation on the 1st of December 1842, and the town was divided into four wards. A legislative council of 36 members, of whom 12 were to be nominees of the crown, and the remaining 24 to be elected by the colonists, was also called into existence.

Throughout the whole of 1843 the aspect presented

by the city and its inhabitants was most cheerless. The appearance of the town was scattered, the thoroughfares were unformed and studded with stumps of trees, and traversed by ravines, even in Collins-street, from which bullock drays had to be dug; and in one instance two children were drowned in the waters at the end of Elizabeth-street. The faces of the citizens as they met in the streets seemed devoid of hope, a funeral gloom overspread them—no jolly, rollicking squatters now appeared among them; their sheep were worth at the most 4s. each; the stations did not pay expenses even to those who had not absolutely lost all title to them, of whom there were not a few; wool was so low that it would hardly pay the expenses of shearing. Land and houses did not realise a tenth of their former value. Public confidence was destroyed. This lowest depth reached, the tide began to turn. Wool, the previous staple of the colony was now to be supplemented by tallow as the next great article of colonial export. The corporation began to busy themselves in their municipal duties; streets were formed and macadamized, pathways were kerbed, public buildings, churches and schools, were erected, and the place first began to give notice that it intended to be a city.

New regulations affecting the tenure of squatters, published on the 2nd April, 1844, had an untoward effect, and was one of the primary causes of the movement for separation from New South Wales. Another cause of discontent arose the same year in the arrival of a first batch of men drafted from the penitentiaries of Britain, and landed as free exiles. Mr. LaTrobe, on his own responsibility, and at the request of the citizens, ordered the next vessel freighted with these objectionable emigrants to proceed to Sydney, and after some more vessels being refused, the attempt was abandoned. In the following year, when immigration of the right stamp was resumed, the wreck of the first vessel, the *Cataraqui*, involving a loss of 414 persons, checked the tide of emigration, as well as being a most serious and immediate loss to the colony.

With the progress of time, the conflicting views which result in the formation of parties in a state began to concentrate themselves into spheres of action. The Catholic interest, as a politico-religious party, first gave open manifestations of wilfulness, and it was soon opposed by an Orange institution. This element of party strife became particularly active in elections, and at times of change of ministry, and led to riots and disorder. The so called "Orders of Council" issued by the Imperial Government on 9th March, 1847, were, in the meantime, hailed with enthusiasm by the squatters. The advent of the Rev. Charles Perry, D.D., in the commencement of 1848, and his installation as first Bishop of Melbourne, converted the town henceforth into a city. The question of voluntarism became however the motto, at the same time, of a political party still at work.

Geelong had at this epoch (1848) risen to be a sort of centre of squatting interest, and hence an active spirit of rivalry had also sprung up between the governmental and squatting metropolises. The inequality of the sexes in the colony led to the sending 2,319 Irish female orphans into it during the 18 months, terminating 1st of July, 1849. But the class of emigrants was bettered by the efforts of Dr. Lang, who inaugurated a self-paying system of emigration of such capitalists, who should form a yeomanry in the land.

The German emigration, which began in 1849, served also to strengthen the framework of society, as did also the efforts of the Society for the Promotion of Emigration. Among the events of the year were, the resumption of coal mining, the incorporation of Geelong, its promotion to the rank of a free warehousing port, and the establishment in it of a circuit court of justice. Great improvements were also being effected in the city through the operation of the building societies.

In 1850 a Horticultural Society was formed, a Benevolent Asylum founded, the use of gas was introduced; and had it not been for the still open and vexed question of transportation, the year would have closed in peace.

1851 saw the Australian Colonies Bill, by which Port Philip was separated from New South Wales, and Her Majesty had been pleased to confer the high distinction of her name, Victoria, on the then youngest

of her colonies brought into operation. The rejoicings were universal, and extended over three days.

The discovery of gold at Bathurst, New South Wales, had acted as a counteractive to the Californian emigration, but operated to the prejudice of Port Philip, in drawing off a multitude to that locality. This stimulated the desire of finding a gold-field in the latter province, and in June the first reliable report of a discovery in the Plenty Ranges produced great excitement.

The success of the Ballarat diggings soon filled the minds of all with astonishment and expectation. Geelong and Melbourne were deserted of their male population—all handicraft had ceased, and in a few weeks 10,000 swarmed at Golden Point. While the Council was first assembling, Mount Alexander diggings were reported as far surpassing Ballarat. The report of these rich gold-fields spreading far and wide imme-



PORT OF MELBOURNE.

diately produced that vast immigration from all quarters, which may be estimated by the fact, that when at its height, 10,000 emigrants were actually, in one week, landed at Melbourne. The quinquennial census, which had come off in March of this year, showed that the population of Port Philip was 80,000, of which 23,000 were in Melbourne and 8,000 in Geelong; but a year sufficed to nearly double this number.

The social changes wrought by the gold discovery were extensive and thorough, so much so that Port Philip is a phase of society as widely different from Victoria as can be conceived. *Bouleversement* is the only word that will adequately describe the change. The employed were of greater importance than the employers. The excesses and extravagance of the diggers are indescribable. Life became a riot, and its courtesies were in a great measure disregarded. The immense immigration swallowed up the old residents, the most respectable and wealthy of whom, as stated,

became absentees. The offscourings of the adjoining colonies were poured into our midst. In 1855 there were twelve gold-fields; four, viz., Anderson's Creek, Ballarat, Mount Alexander, and Bendigo, were discovered in 1851; the Ovens in 1852; the M'ivor and Goulbourn in 1853; and the remainder in 1854; over these the immigrants spread. But the great evil was the influx of the Van Dieman's Land ex-convicts, who were liberated by the policy of Sir W. Denison. Bush-ranging and every species of villany were resorted to by them, which was carried on in every part of the country, and even in the cities, where "sticking-up" became a common occurrence. Five of these desperadoes took possession of the St. Kilda road, within a few miles of the central part of the city, and within an hour captured and plundered twenty persons. A well-concerted attack was made on the "Private Escort" by a gang near the Black Forest, who succeeded in plundering that armed force. In consequence of these and other enormities proved to have been

committed mainly by convicts, a bill called the "Convicts' Prevention Bill," passed the Legislature, which, while reprobated by the other colonies, and especially Tasmania, was a means, in some slight degree, of repressing the intolerable nuisance. There were numerous diggers from almost all nations, Germans, French, Italians, Chinese, Americans, and old Californians, who brought their distinctive notions of rights and freedom to bear on their avocations of digging; and in the wretched condition of our social constitution in those days, the *émeute* at Ballarat, December 3d, 1854, seemed an inevitable consequence. The government arrangements were that each digger paid a license fee of 30s. per month for a claim of twelve feet square. The commissioners were empowered to make daily visits, accompanied by the police, and compel the diggers to show their licenses. As disaffection to the government was spreading among such a mixed popu-

lation, the police force had to be increased, and to meet this additional expense, the license fee was rigidly collected, and this impost was laid on every one connected with gold operations, whether digging or not. An additional law made it imperative on the diggers to act as special constables, under the penalty of being treated as rogues and vagabonds. Meetings were held on the various gold-fields, and the miners resolved to resist the fee altogether, and committees were formed to protect the interest of the miners. The vexatious "license hunting" followed, and the irritation became excessive towards the government and its officials, the commissioners and police. The Eureka Hotel was the resort of the worst characters at Ballarat, and its proprietor was generally detested, but the local authorities did not interfere for its suppression. A murder was committed in this house, and Bentley, the landlord, escaped justice on his first trial. The people, persuaded



GOLD-WASHING AT BALLARAT.

of the guilt of him and his mob, attacked and burnt down the hotel, in October, and would not permit the authorities to interfere. When Bentley and his accomplices were again tried, they were found guilty of manslaughter; but the effect of this on the public mind was to inflame the people against the government, and stump orators urged them on to acts of rebellion, and they commenced to enrol bands to resist the authorities by armed force. Meantime, the ringleaders of the Eureka Hotel riot were captured, tried, condemned, and had lenient sentences passed on them, as the juries censured the Ballarat authorities. The consequence was, that the diggers began to drill, and made all preparation for a struggle. On 28th November, 1854, the first attack was made on a detachment of the 12th regiment, and a second shortly after, on another detachment of the 40th regiment. On the 3d December, an attack was made by the military on the entrenchment of the insurgents, in which a number were killed on both sides. The rebels were scattered, martial law proclaimed, and

a royal commission appointed to proceed to the spot, and examine into the condition of the gold-field. These gentlemen found the grievances of the miners to be truly heavy, and recommended a complete change in the administration of their affairs—that a duty be laid upon gold instead of the license fee, a co-partnership system, franchise to the miner, and disputes to be arbitrated by a locally-elected body, with an efficient chairman. These recommendations were adopted, and the mining districts were restored to quiet.

The royal commission was the first to call the attention of the government to the serious considerations arising from the tide of Chinese immigration. It had set in about the commencement of 1854, and already there were 10,000 Chinamen on the various gold-fields. A social difficulty was thus originated, which continued to increase, as the numbers were reported in succeeding years to be 30,000 and even 50,000, and some of these people asserted that their countrymen were "all coming." As a restrictive measure, a poll-tax of £10

was levied on every Chinaman entering the port, and the vessels were limited to one for every ten tons of their register. But South Australia offered facilities by overland to evade the law; and the legislature, in consequence, removed the tonnage restriction, retaining the £10 fine. Protectors and interpreters were provided by the government. There is great antipathy manifested to them on the gold-fields, and assaults and maltreatment are frequent. At Ballarat, a newspaper in Chinese was established in May, 1856, and in September they erected a joss-house on Emerald Hill, Melbourne. But few females accompany them; they, however, in some instances, succeed in obtaining wives, chiefly from among Irish girls. A mission has been established for their benefit, of which the Rev. Mr. Young and a few Chinese Christians are the agents. The success of this effort is not great, and the paucity of the funds for the mission does not attest its popularity.

The railway projects started into being in 1852. The first line, from Melbourne to Sandridge, was commenced in January, 1853, and opened in September, 1854, a result of private enterprise; and, subsequently, a branch of this line was extended to St. Kilda. The Melbourne and Williamstown line was commenced shortly after, and was designed to be carried out to Mount Alexander and the Murray River, but was ultimately sold to the Government. The Geelong and Melbourne line was commenced in 1853, and was opened on 25th June, 1857.

The proclamation of a new constitution by Sir Charles Hotham, in the House of Legislature, on the 23rd November, 1855, effected at the same epoch a great change, by introducing a really responsible government. The new elections in 1856, showed the prevalence of democratic sentiments in the community. The tests of the candidates were, manhood suffrage, equal elections, anti-state aid to religion, and national education, telegraphs, railways, and posts. Major-General Macarthur, the acting Lieutenant-Governor, promised reforms, which embraced almost all that was asked for. Sir Henry Barkly arrived by the *Oncida*, the first ship belonging to the European and Australian Steam Navigation Company that had visited this port, in December, 1856.

The rapid advance made by the city and colony generally is the wonder of all visitors. The noble structures that have been erected in Melbourne, the Parliament Houses, the Treasury, the Public Library, the Hospital, the Benevolent Asylum, the City Court, the County Court, the Gaols and Police Barracks, the Military Barracks, the Exhibition Building, the richly ornamented Banks, the Custom House, the Churches, in a pure style of ecclesiastical architecture, the Chamber of Commerce, together with the massive stores and offices of the merchants, all fascinate the eyes of strangers, though from familiarity the resident passes them without notice. These attest the wealth and importance of the colony, while the townships rapidly progressing where there are centres of population, and the extension of the agricultural enterprise of the colony, begin to give a fixity to colonial life that was before unknown. Improvements in the condition of society will result from settled habits; and such improvements become daily more visible. Some of the worst evils, we may hope, have passed away; and if the future of Victoria shall exhibit less of the hurry and excitement of the last few years

the advantages thus conferred will be the means of a permanent and glorious onward progress.

### III.

A CITY STROLL—MELBOURNE COSTUME IN 1853—MELBOURNE STREETS AND TROTTOIRS IN 1853—PUBLIC HOUSES—CANVAS TOWN—EMERALD HILL.

THE facts connected with the foundation and progress of a recent colony are few in number, and tolerably distinct in detail. The narrative need not be made to occupy many pages.

In the impossibility of embracing so much detail in our summary, we shall limit ourselves to the first impressions of William Kelly, the spirited author of *Life in Victoria, or Victoria in 1853 and Victoria in 1858*. After parting, he relates, with my old chum friend and getting the bearings of the post-office, I bent my steps thither in expectation of finding some letters that should have come forward by a mail which left England subsequent to our departure. I found this important public building represented by a wretched wooden hovel, awkwardly propped up in a filthy quagmire, and surmounted with a clock-tower the exact counterpart of the louvre of a corn-kiln. The clock, in external appearance, was respectable enough, but the frequent and considerable changes made on its dial-plate in the course of each day warranted the idea that the hands required something beyond mechanical agency to keep them in their proper places. There were two approaches for inquiry, railed off at the immediate vicinity to the delivering apertures; but as the letters of the alphabet were impartially divided in twain and assigned to each, it followed, as a matter of course, that the aperture to which such unpopular letters as Q, U, V, X, Y, and Z were allotted would be comparatively idle, while the other would be crowded with a column of unintermitting applicants. I belonged to the popular aperture, and found that the transit of a couple of hours only brought me within the railings, when, weary and disgusted, I would have raised the siege, only that I was unwilling to subject myself to the ordeal of the jeering laugh to which every tired-out "lime-juicer," as we new chums were called, was treated on his abdication. In order to while away the remainder of the time, I modestly opened a conversation with the man next me, who was a hirsute giant, attired in a rough, travel-stained drayman's garb. "Yes," he replied, in a mellifluous tone, "this post-office nuisance is a dreadful bore," which convinced me at once he was bred up to a very different occupation. He gave me much useful information, and when it came to his turn, after a considerable lapse, in reply to an injunction from the interior, he said, "Oh, I must sign my name, must I?" when, sticking the cart whip into the breast of his jumper in a most professional manner, he wrote his name in a fine Roman hand, with hacked fingers which must have been strangers for some weeks to soap and water. This aboriginal post-office was, in 1854, encased in a specious corrugated iron edifice, which, though of a plain, simple exterior, possessed almost all the modern improvements and advantages of similar establishments. But even this commodious edifice is now (1857) doomed to demolition, and a splendid pile is about being erected on the same site, which is the most convenient position that could be chosen.

Leaving the Post-office, I went to make a call on an old-country friend and schoolfellow, but not finding



him at home, I went with my fellow-passenger for a stroll of observation. From my Californian experience, I was prepared for many of the strange sights and appearances; not so my companion, who, though what may be called a citizen of the world, could ill suppress his amazement at the scenes he witnessed. To begin at the top: there was not one per cent. of the olden species of hat called bell-toppers. Wideawakes of sundry shapes, and cabbage-trees of every tint of dirtiness, were the order of the day. Neckties and bare necks were about on a par. Coloured shirts had banished their fair brethren. Coats were nowhere to be seen, shooting-jackets and jumpers monopolising the fashion. Trousers alone held their own, but they were as frequently stuffed inside long jack-boots, or suspended over laced-up water-tights. I only on that day observed one pair of gloves, which were worn by a little purse-proud old chum, but from the way in which he kept his thumb and fingers distended—like a section of wheel-spokes—it was evident he felt as uncomfortable as an aboriginal in tight boots, using his hands when in motion as if he were paddling through the air. The more respectable of the fair sex in these days did not often appear in public, as a sentiment synonymous with the motto, "Liberté, Égalité, et Fraternité," was in the ascendant, which in the infancy of police organisation and the prevalence of lucky diggerism, was frequently evinced in an over-affectionate manner, particularly to the gentler portion of the community. Thus the females we almost invariably encountered were either of that strong-minded class who had caught their diggers *à vinculo matrimonii*, or were anxious to encourage diggers' attentions without the bother or conventional ceremony of forging the chain. It happened, however, that a heavy shower of rain had fallen, and not being shod in a suitable manner, we found it both difficult and disagreeable to get along. For in those days the small patches of flagged side-paths in the whole city might have been counted without getting into the teens, and the fine loam with which they were coated soon got from mortar into positive puddle never less than three inches, and very frequently deep enough to reach the top of an ankle-boot; so that, seeing there was no use in mincing or picking our steps, we rolled up the bottoms of our trousers about as high as a Highlander's gaiter, and went straight through it. The streets were in perfect keeping with the trottoirs, being only passable on the central ridge, where a narrow line of thoroughfare was established, partly from the drainage caused by the depression on each side, and partly by a process of macadamisation, which consisted in peppering it over with boulders of rock, that seemed to be precious stones, from the stepmother niggardliness with which they were distributed. But had as the track was, woe betide the cart or waggon forced to give way to either side during the wet season, for they immediately became engulfed to the axles, rarely getting extricated without some additional horse or ox power to drag them bodily out of the sludge. Even saddle-horses only managed to get through the margins with extreme difficulty, straggling along like flies over a plate of treacle. I have seen hundreds of instances—five per cent. of them at the door of the great Bank of Australasia—where riders, alighting and hanging up<sup>1</sup> their horses while transacting business,

found the poor animals on their return sunk to their chests in the mire, with their chins patiently resting on the kerbstones. Bullock teams alone seemed capable of pulling through with any degree of steadiness or regularity, and their wild appearance, as well as great preponderance in the main streets of a metropolis, certainly struck the eye of a stranger as a curious novelty.

As we trudged along, the extremely irregular aspect of the city was very noticeable; no two houses in juxtaposition were of the same height or of the same material. Most of the original ones were well built of brick or stone; many of the next crop were composed of weatherboards; and several of the later ones of canvas or corrugated iron. Corner houses were almost invariably selected for licensing, their doors standing directly in the angle, so as to offer an impartial invitation to each street; but, as it appeared to me, there was no need for studying convenience or affording facilities, for customers were so plentiful and so eager they would have mounted on scaling-ladders for nobblers, or gone down in buckets for them to the deepest cellars. The bars were always full, the tap-rooms always crowded, and in those resorts, at least, there was no disproportion of the sexes. The women were as numerous as the men, and asserted the equality of their gentler genders by as deep potatoes, and as blasphemous and obscene vociferations, as their rougher associates. No wonder this trade should prosper in Victoria, as candidates for licenses generally commence business under the patronage of some tutelary saint, and, instead of resorting to unnatural history for red lions and blue boars, or to the farm-yard for black bulls and white horses, they reverently and religiously take up the calendar, con it carefully over, and pick out some canonised patron distinguished in life for his jollifications as a "holy friar," and under the light of his congenial countenance they court the smiles of Fortune. I remarked one instance where it must have been that the publican, forestalled in all the male saints, placed a kit-cat of a lady saint over his portal, and under it a hand significantly pointing round the corner to a sly-looking door headed "Saint Elizabeth's Tap," as if it was the pet place of resort of that holy lady. While re-reading this original signboard, it struck me that while in Britain saints associated with sublunary pursuits are invariably shorn of their fair proportions, and abbreviated to Sta, they are awarded their full meed of orthography in Victoria. In passing those corners we remarked groups of new-comers, who, like us, were indulging their curiosity; but while they were thus innocently and harmlessly occupied, I could see they were regarded by the old chums with looks of scowling jealousy, as interloping intruders come without invitation to diminish their colonial income.

Endeavouring to kill two birds with one stone by combining business with amusement, we turned our steps towards Canvas Town on the south side of the Yarra, with the intention of selecting a site for a temporary habitation, for, judging from my Californian experience that lodgings would be our earliest and most urgent difficulty, I came provided with an excellent tent and camp apparatus. On going along Swanston-street, gazing at everything internal as well as

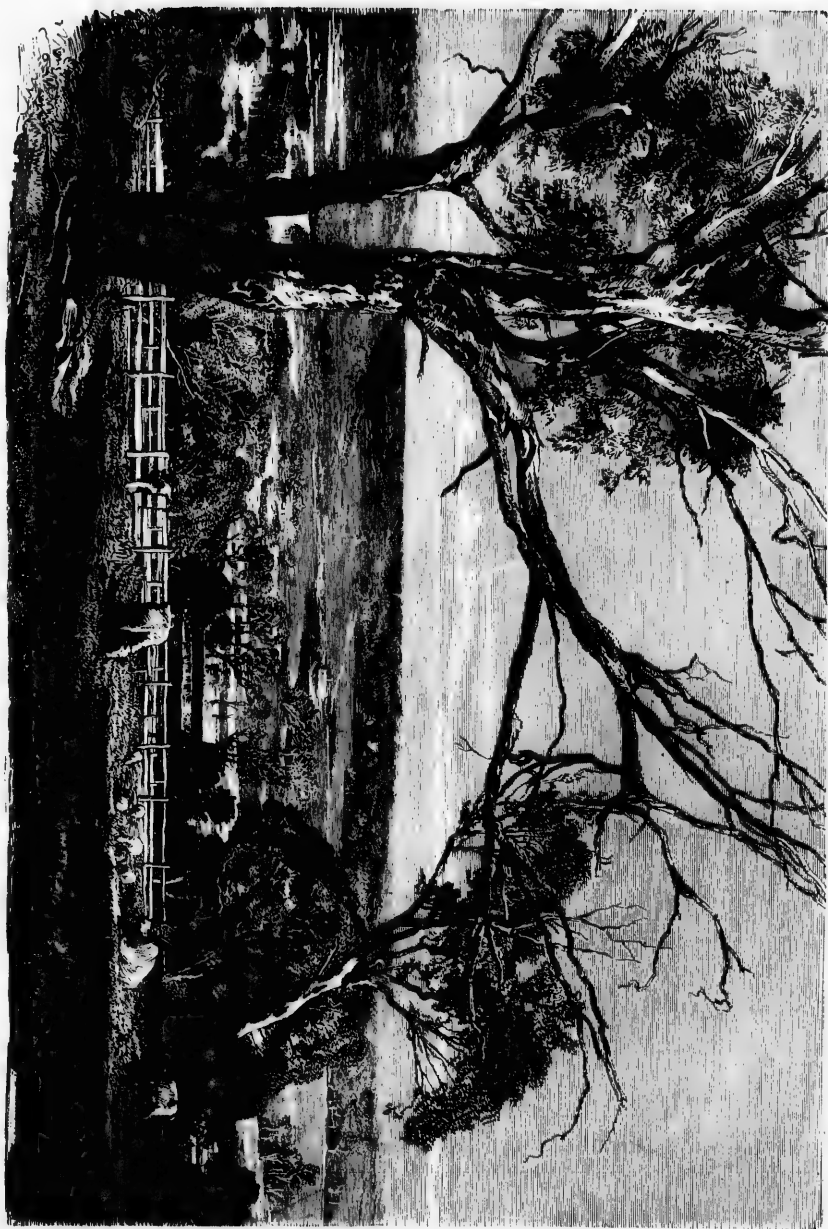
bridles to them; for in early times the Bedouins of the streets were scarce, and latterly they are too expensive to employ. Fastening your horse to one of those posts is termed "hanging him up."

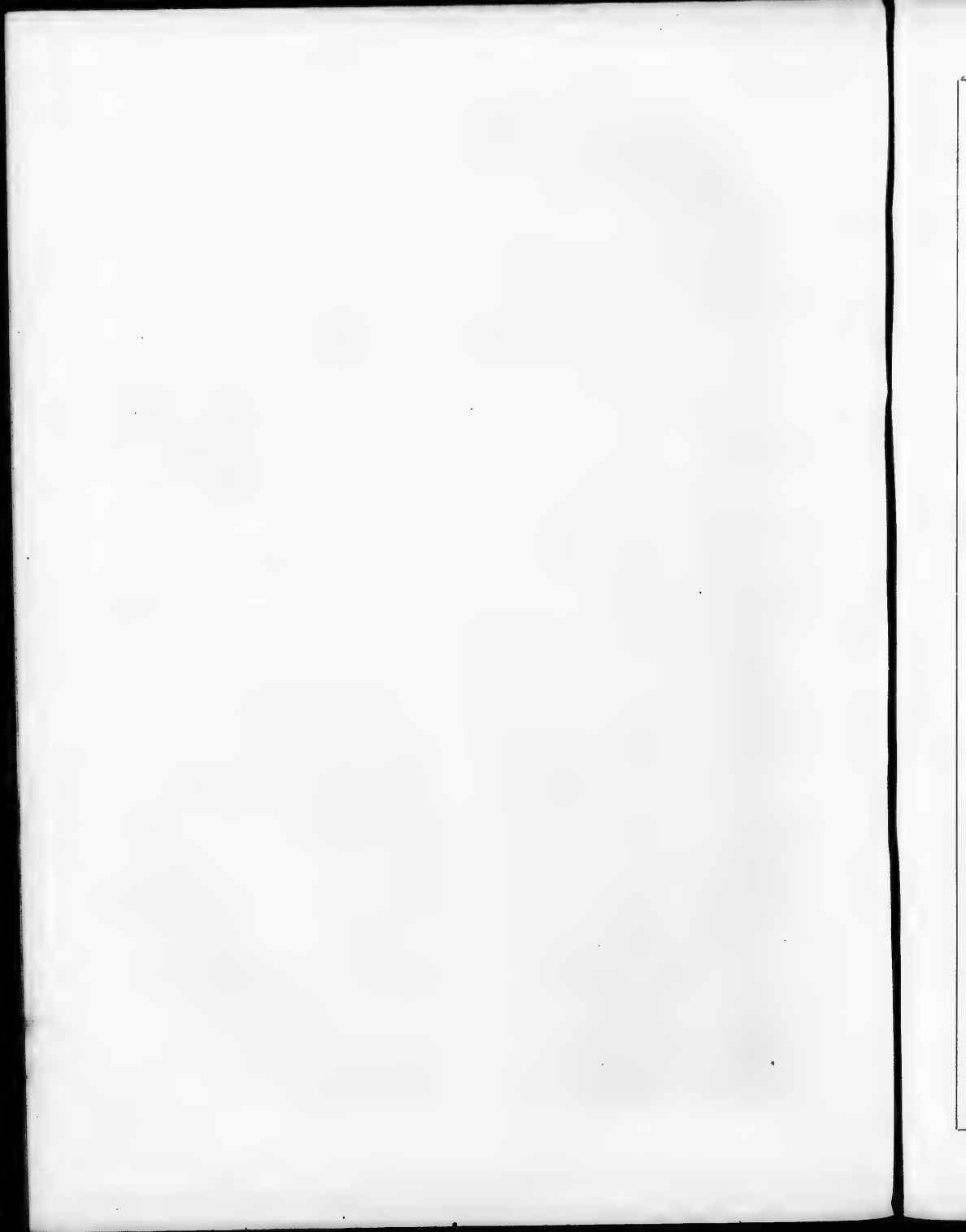
<sup>1</sup> In Melbourne there are posts sunk in the ground almost opposite every door, with rings and latches for affixing the

out of doors, I missed my friend H. from my side, and observing him glancing furtively into a ham and sandwich refectory, I returned a few steps to take a peep at the curiosity, which proved to be a waiter, with an unclean towel astride his arm, hurrying to and fro amongst a mob of clamorous customers. I looked again without being able to detect anything particularly strange, and while I kept looking, my friend kept shaking his head, half in doubt, half in abstraction. At length he informed me that the ministering angel inside was an old acquaintance of his, of excellent family, with whom he parted in Paris the previous October, "being then, as he said, on his way to winter in Rome or Naples, bored to death with London fogs and English society." This was rather a strong dose for a person like H., roughing it himself for the first time in his life. We then jogged along silently across Princess Bridge, absorbed in reverie, until we entered the precincts of the once celebrated but now defunct Canvas Town. Here we were considerably surprised at finding something approaching to regularity in the disposition of the gossamer tenements, for, overlooking it from the high ground on the opposite side of the river, it appeared to be a confused swarm of tents, pitched at random on a hill-side, like a flock of pigeons after a long flight. On the contrary, however, there was a series of streets, not, to be sure, laid out in straight lines, or running parallel to each other, or intersecting at right angles, but yet streets to all intents and purposes, with central thoroughfares, and stores, and habitations on each side; and if fame constituted of wide-spread notoriety contributes to gladden the human heart, Benjamin Edgington, of Duke-street, London, would have been rendered about the happiest of mortals by a stroll through this overgrown hamlet, for nine-tenths of the tents bore the oval mark framing the impress of his name, and a large majority of the tarpaulins used in covering the out-door chattels were likewise distinguished by that stamp. Benjamin Edgington had, however, a few local competitors, and amongst them a slick, go-ahead Yankee, who announced, on a long and deep stripe of calico, that "he was the inventor and sole proprietor of the patent self-erecting tent." We looked in to see the invention, which, though ingenious, and, to a certain extent, self-erecting, afforded no guarantee of stability, for when expanded by inflation it appeared rather disposed to become "a castle in the air" than remain a mundane fixture. After all the trouble of erection and explanation, I deemed it incumbent on me to ask the price, and retreat on the usual plea; however, the demand was so outrageously exorbitant, it relieved me of all feelings of embarrassment. So, ironically complimenting him, foreigner as he was, on his proficiency in opening his mouth as wide as an old colonist, I was about departing, but he detained me, in order to explain "that the iday came into his head at church-time, and being a conscientious man he asked a tall price, and gave half the proceeds to charity." The chief peculiarity in this novel aggregation of human dwellings was that all were devoted to business of one kind or another, some mechanical, some professional, and some menial; and the signs or notifications over the various booths were regular curiosities of literature in their way, both as regards spelling and composition. One occupant was a "sail (sail) maker;" another intimated that "boots were sold (saled) here;" a general merchant supplied "coffee reading, and refreshment;" while the

person over the way confined himself to "coffee three-pence the half pint, bread-and-butter to suit." An aspirant in the hotel line "had beds to let," but directed inquirers "to the back of the premises;" while a *chef de cuisine* professed his anxiety to "take in joints for baking." "A lady, in her leisure hours," would make dresses, French fashion, or instruct youth; and Mr. Scott, hairdresser, in a discharged ship galley, "set razors, drew teeth, and bled."—N.B. Mrs. S. made up medicines in his absence." In addition to which, barbers' poles bristled at every salient point; butchers' shops abounded; and if there were no licensed publicans in this Rag Fair, the hecatombs of bottles, flasks, and gin jars strewed about, proved to a demonstration that there was a most unlimited, unlicensed consumption of ardent spirits. A presumption otherwise materially strengthened by strong-flavoured personal indications, of which I had unmistakable proof in a masculine countrywoman in the *deshabille* of a sailor's pea-jacket who waded across the street to inquire "if it's washin' we wanted." "No ma'am," I replied, "we must first find a lodging." "Oh, bedad," says she, "if that's what yer afther, I can fit yer knuckle to a T. Look," she continued, pointing to a barrel raised upon sods, "at that fine chimbley; well, thuther side o' that I've a stretcher 'll hould yes both at three shillins a night." I managed to decline the proposed accommodation in as gracious a manner as I could put on; but, determined on business of some description, she fell back on the washing. "Ah, thin, surely," says she, "daycent gentlemen likes yes must have a deal o' washin' afther the voyage, and can't yes give it to an industris woman like me, who only charges ten shillins the dozen?"—"or about four shillings above the usual price," I remarked, in an audible soliloquy; upon which, putting her hands in jacket pockets, approaching the attitude to which all voluble women incline in energetic declamation, she apostrophised us in the following vernacular terms: "Sweet bad luck to the pair of yes, ye lousy lime-juicers. It's dirty linen that's too good for the likes of yes. I wouldn't give you a squeeze o' me blue-bag for the money. Maybe yes think I wash for divarehun, and that me wood is laid down to me for thankee, or that I git me wathur for the whistlin'. May the devil purshoe yes out o' the daycent colony, you spalpeens ye." The dulcet tones in which she addressed us evidently penetrated through the neighbourhood, for an audience was converging towards us in different directions clad in a hybrid mongrel attire, which suggested the idea that the antipodes, amongst its other natural curiosities, contained human hermaphrodites; but they all proved to be of the gentler sex, the men being out at work for the day. The first on the field was a gaunt lady, standing five feet ten inches, in a pair of big broken Napoleon boots, and crowned with a towering greasy wideawake, which gave her quite the air of a disgraced bandit. "Mrs. Molony, dear," she affectionately exclaimed, "What are these saucy scamps a doin' of, aggravatin' of you in this ways? Who sent for the mane hounds," she promiscuously inquired, "to insult decent women, an their husbands away an earnin' of their livin' for three strars I would treat each on 'em to a mug of hot water." "And sarve 'em cursed well right," exclaimed a livid-looking dame, who wore a porous shawl mantilla-wise, to screen a pair of eyes, which, if not boasting dark pupils, moved in the blackest of spheres. During the delivery

VALLEY OF THE YANAGI-PARMA.





of these spirited observations, the circle around us became perceptibly diminished, and Mrs. Molony, melting under the influence of the sympathy which her distresses evoked, squeezed a few drops of gin-and-water through her eyelids, receiving them at their confluence under her nose on the cuff of her pea-jacket. This affecting piece of pantomime precipitated the crisis, and only that we were enabled to burst through a weak place in the enceinte, we would have fallen into the hands of the enemy, and Heaven only knows what would have been our fate. Our retreat was the signal for an outburst of yells and screams that would have done credit to a Crow Indian war-whoop, and though there was no pursuit, a cloud of old boots, bottles, stones, and bottomless tin cans was discharged after us, but fell short of the mark. We charged straight across a swamp to the rising ground beyond it, and only ventured to glance round when we placed the morass betwixt us and the Amazons, who were still concentrated in a formidable group, regarding their lost prey.

This rising ground was none other than Emerald Hill, christened from the rich verdure with which it is perpetually clothed. At that time it was very sparsely sprinkled with tents, with only one house on its eastern slope. This was a public-house called the Emerald Hotel, fronted with a deep verandah, under which a row of men, in digging costume, were taking their after-dinner smoke. I found, on inquiry, that it was principally the resort of the more respectable and quietly-disposed class of diggers, who, instead of spending their vacation amidst the scenes of riotous, drunken debauchery of Melbourne, came over to board in this quiet, cleanly suburb. I ascertained, moreover, that close by there was a little street of weatherboard houses—the first erected there—and that probably they were not all let, as they were not all thoroughly finished. From the character of the neighbourhood I was desirous of securing a temporary resting-place in it, so I hurried across to the new buildings, where I was fortunate enough to find the landlord, and closed, without cavil, for one of the tenements, at the current rate of £4 per week, or £1 per week per room, such as they were. These houses, greedily snapped up at a rent equivalent to £208 per annum, were wretched hovels, roofed with rough shingles, which, although they led off the rain, allowed the wind and light to stream in through their interstices. The same description will suit the sides, on which the boards only overlapped enough to carry down the drip, though it frequently bubbled up in high winds, finding its way into the interior. The partitions were simply constructed of sized long-cloth, which admitted the convenience of conversing with your neighbour without the trouble of leaving your own apartment. The arrangement, however, admitted of this indelicate drawback, that if your candle at bedtime happened to be extinguished first, you might probably be startled by the shadowy phantom of Mrs. or Miss A B C, next door, in her night-dress, preparing for the stretcher. The floors, whether intentionally or not I can't say, were laid somewhat on the hencoop principle, so that all garbage or offal might fall through. I know that some of our knives, forks, and I think a blacking-brush, disappeared through these slender slits, which also admitted such copious currents of wind, that a long-six stearine rarely saw out our evening's repast. In fact, taking them for all and all, it would be considered at home cruelty to

animals to use them as dog-kennels, and it would certainly vitiate a policy to force a person whose life you had insured to sleep in one of them for a single night. However, we were as proud and as happy as possible in having even a shed in the colony that we could call our own, and we returned to the Emerald Hotel to thank the host for his information, and drink our first nobblers to the glory and greatness of the "new and happy land." By the directions of the landlord we took a new route to the city, across a watery flat leading to a ferry, where we paid sixpence for a passage or about the rate of a halfpenny per boat's length. It was now getting duskish, and the day's work gave us a good appetite, which we went to appease in an eating-house in Great Collins-street East, a little below the level of the street. I thought I heard my friend—who was a member of the Windham—heave a gentle sigh as, surveying the rough-and-ready dinner apartment, he endeavoured to slide into a seat opposite me, where we were obliged to dovetail as in an omnibus, the table betwixt us being barely broad enough to sustain the pair of half-wiped plates. We ordered steak and potatoes as the safest dish, and, while waiting for it—as we were not allowed any bread to pick at—we endeavoured to derive edification from the general conversation. One good-natured, communicative man in a jumper, who saw that our attention was directed to his box—moreover perhaps moved by the destitute appearance of our table, which was simply decorated with a single salt and an egg-cup of mustard jumped up with a bottle and glass, and insisted on our joining him in nobblers. As there might have been danger in declining the intuitive hospitality, we made a virtue of necessity, and swallowed the potions in so clean, off-hand a manner, as to charm the heart of our unknown entertainer, who smiled affectionately, shook our hands vehemently, exclaiming, in guttural ecstacy, "X-cuse me, gemmen—you're town folk—I don't make me money like as you do; I makes mine by fair hard diggin'." Saying which, he gave the bottle a flourish over his head that sent a shower of brandy about the room.

Our dinner arriving at this juncture, he retired, with a propriety of demeanour scarcely to be expected. But how shall I attempt to describe the meal I have designated a dinner! Each plate contained a calcined lump of meat, which might have been flat in its raw state, but was now shrivelled up into a black ball about the size of the cold potato beside it. Gravy there was none; and so far from their being any succulence about the unsightly cinder, the fork went into it as if it was entering a rusk, causing a shedding of sooty scales about. There was no butter, and there was no use in complaint; we, however, got a bit of gritty bread, and a glass of saccharine ale as extras, the whole repast costing the small sum of 8s. 6d. As it was now late, and there was no possibility of getting aboard of the ship, even if we escaped being stuck up in the way to Sandridge, we set out in quest of beds. We first went to the "Prince of Wales," where, with all the persuasiveness I could call up, I urged our outcast position: "Anything in the shape of a bed would be sufficient;" but the landlord assured me there was neither bed nor sofa, nor any article of furniture that would stand in lieu thereof. He pointed, in proof of his inability to accommodate us, to the preparation then in progress in the little room behind the bar, where the children were being put on chairs in

one corner, and a rude bed prepared for himself and his mistress in the other. Such, he declared, were the shifts to which they had been driven for some months, as respectable people could not venture into the second-class houses, in consequence of the scenes which were enacted there. No very hopeful prospect for us. He finally advised us to try the "Port Philip Club Hotel," warning us to keep a sharp look-out, as sticking up was frequent even in the principal streets. To the "Port Philip" we went, without better fortune, for the proprietor protested solemnly that every hearth-rug in the establishment was engaged. He recommended some other hotel, which we were unable to find, as the night was dark and rainy, and the miserable lamps barely afforded sufficient light to guard one from running against the posts on which they were perched. In this extremity we resolved, at all risks, to go into some public-house, get some drink, and manage to eke out the time on chairs or benches until morning. But this resolution was more easily made than carried out. We called at one or two, and found them so crammed with crowds of cat-throat-looking ruffians, evidently acting in concert with parties of abandoned women of still more repulsive appearance who hung about the portals, that any extremity was preferable to such dangerous association. The third house we called at being less crowded, we went forward to the counter, and ventured to order a couple of tumblers of hot toddy into the parlour. "No room inside; so manage to toss it off where you are," said the landlord impudently. We naturally declined, and were about going away, when the fellow jumped over the counter, got betwixt us and the door in a fighting attitude, and flanked by two of his barmen, commenced a tirade of abuse: "You'll not come that game over me, you pair of duffers. Come, pay your money, and then go if you like." The row brought a mob of drunken men and women from the room, all of whom individually and collectively expressed their anxiety to adopt the host's quarrel, and "lamb us," without inquiry, while at the same time an out-door reinforcement assembled, as the Crimean correspondent would say, "with the light of battle in their faces," for the landlords of public-houses could then always rely on a loyal muster of rowdy scoundrels against any foe, but particularly a "lime-juicer." Matters looking threatening, and it appeared we were about assuming colonial livery—black eyes and bloody noses. But as the saying is, "the darkest hour is that before dawn," so at the moment when our doom looked most imminent, our deliverance was at hand. "Robbery! Murder! Robbery!" roared a man outside, which led to a rush and a street-scuffle that quite emptied the bar. At this juncture, a voice in tones of friendliness called softly, "This way, as you value your lives!" On looking round, we discovered an interesting young woman standing inside the counter, with the binged part raised, beckoning us to come hurriedly through. She then led us to a side-door, and bade us follow the narrow street to the right, until we got to the wide one at the end. This proved to be Elizabeth-street, at its junction with the west end of Flinder's-lane, and close by the corner stood another public, with a quiet air, filled by a group of new comers inside, holding little bundles or bags in their hands. We joined them, in the hopeful anticipation that they had secured quarters; but we were met on the threshold by the verdict of disappointment: "No room nor no accommodation

at no price." "Be so good," entreated a delicate young man, "to permit me to leave my carpet-bag until morning?" "No room, I tell you, for either baggage or passengers, if you paid a guinea an inch for it," replied the antipodean Boniface. Hotel-keepers, in those days, made no secret of their contempt for mere night-lodgers, or new chums who came to pile up money; they courted the custom of old chum diggers, who delighted in knocking it down, and that class then not only abounded in numbers, but abounded in gold. Townships had not as yet been established on the different diggings, and licensed houses were few. Digging theatres or concert-rooms had not been started, nor any other species of local entertainment or amusement; so that lucky diggers, "up for a spree," as they called it, intent on making oblations to propitious Fortune, came down to the capital, many of them making those vampire publicans their bankers, and remaining in town until their accounts came to be overdrawn—a consummation which arrived with bewildering rapidity under the system of double entry practised by these licensed worthies, who then turned out the digger with the same indignity they would a "lime-juicer." No wonder, then, that we could not find quarters; and under the suggestion of one of the strangers, we were about adjourning in a body to the police-station, and asking permission to remain in the guard-house till morning, when a member of that force appeared, to give warning that the closing hour had arrived. We stated our case to this functionary, who was good enough to say "he thought he could find us accommodation in a public lately opened, and not yet in brisk business," and he accordingly conducted us a considerable distance, through mud and dangerous water-holes, up the eastern end of Flinders-street, to the "Duke of Wellington," where at length we found shelter, but no softer bed than the dining-room table, on which we had our maiden dreams in the veritable El Dorado.

## IV.

OVER THE BAY TO GEELONG—THEATRE OF THE PLAINS—  
WARRAMBEEN—MOUNT MERCER—THROUGH THE FOREST  
—FIRST DIGGINGS—COPPER—BUNNINGYONG—VALLEY OF  
BALLARAT—THE TOWN.

MRS. MEREDITH's experiences at Geelong, and the diggings at a much later period, may be fairly brought in contrast to the racketty, rollicking, and even dangerous epoch when Mr. Kelly travelled. Quitting Melbourne: "Once more upon the Yarra!" she exclaims. Yes, once more, but not for long. The same thick, scummy water, continues for another mile or so; the same low shores of black, oozy mud; the same narrow tortuous channel, just wide enough to allow of our passing the dirty vessels, moored beside the dirtier banks; till, at last a dioramic change came gradually over the scene. The river's breadth increased—widened yet more and more—and, lo! we are in Hobson's Bay. The brothy fluid around us is still of the Yarra, Yarra-ish; but beyond is the bright green water, ribboned over with the blue shade of clouds, and with scores of ships and steamers, sitting like flocks of ducks upon it, or panting busily along, or, with white wings outspread, sailing here and there.

Geelong is very pleasantly situated at the head of the bay, on slightly rising ground, and looks pretty from the water, with its fresh, new buildings and open



streets, by no means closely packed, as yet; and green lawny terraced land rising from the beach on either side; but the general scarcity of wood, or even of single trees, is a deficiency in its claims for admiration; still it looks fresher and cleaner than Melbourne, with less pretension to city greatness, and less defacement from city dirt.

The sea-baths, of which there are several, are conspicuous objects in a sea-approach; nondescript white erections in the water, like tea-garden summer-houses gone astray, and connected with the beach by long platforms, and encircled by large masses of strong wire netting or palisades, reaching from the bottom, above the surface of the water; within these swimmers may disport in safety, and not unfrequently see hungry sharks gliding round, gazing from without the barrier, at the unreachable temptations within.

On landing at a broad wooden jetty, slippery with incessant traffic, and crowded by arrivals and departures, we drove to the hotel where rooms were engaged for us, and where every creature comfort is well cared for. After dinner we inquired what amusements were to be found? Mine host knew only of the theatre, and thither we drove; for though only a short distance, the profound scale of mud which pervaded Geelong precluded the possibility of walking after dark. The silence and almost solitude at the box-office augured but ill for the fitness of the house, and accordingly we found ourselves comprising the entire box company for the first two acts of *Charles the Second*; after which a few more persons came in, and the pit and gallery were three-fourths filled. The theatre was by no means small, but very long for its width, as if it had been made a good shape originally, and then squeezed to fit a particular place. Bare bricks, and bare rough boards, painted over, were abundantly visible; the fronts of the boxes and the proscenium monopolising what finish had been bestowed. Some of the scenery and dresses were tolerably good, and the acting not bad.

The next day was Sunday, and many of the shops were shut, and all the churches, chapels, and meetings were open. But at many inn-doors a perfect concourse of drays was assembled, with their drivers and hangers-on, preparing to start on their up-country journeys, with teams of weary, half-famished oxen standing knee-deep in mud and water, receiving their accustomed award of cruel blows. We, however, took our way to the beach, with the sea and the sky for our temple, and our own earnest hearts for books.

Bright and calm shone the bay, with some small vessels and boats near the wharf, and a few large merchantmen lying outside the bar. Green undulating banks, nearly devoid of trees, except where artificial plantations have been made round a few residences, rise behind the sandy shore. This, north of the town, is grievously disfigured by ranges of slaughter-houses—dirty, rickety, old sheds—and other appurtenances, ugly enough at a distance, but thrice horrible on a near approach, when the manifold abominations of their callings become palpable to other sense than sight.

Another ramble in the evening led us southward of the town, with a glorious, calm sunset spreading its gorgeous hues along the sky, and the quiet sea shining placidly below. Shallow little ripples—they were hardly waves—came up with a soft splash among the rocks; and snow-white sea-gulls, soaring gently by, scarce moved their wide-spread pinions as they flew. Calm, bright, and beautiful was all the scene.

Just above high-water mark, a very limp and collapsed-looking attempt at a tent was the residence of an oyster-merchant and his wife, who seemed to be doing no trifling amount of business, combining a ginger-beer and cake shop with oyster selling. Further on was another abode, which would have been a prize to a marine-painter as a delicious bit of foreground, so oddly put together of old sails (one was brick-red colour), scraps of old boats, bits of wood, bags, matting, and other waifs and strays of the most heterogeneous description, that it was quite a study, a perfect sparrow's nest of a hut, all odds and ends; and the way in which its slanting angles and slopes were brought in to suit an old patched-up door, was something marvellous, the whole being tied up and lashed round with rope-ends, in the most curiously-complicated manner that ever was devised. The door stood open, and, without going near, I could see a queer little table and stool, with shelves stuck in and hung up in all sorts of odd corners, filled with crockery, bottles, and other matters; and near the entrance—guardian and presiding genii of the place—hung a pair of orthodox fisherman's boots.

Up next morning long before dawn, breaking fast by candle-light, and waiting for the coach, which, running to Wady-Yallak, would drop us at a point very near our destination, about fifty miles from Geelong. Presently a clatter and lumber is heard approaching; waiter says, "Coach just here, sir! I'll carry these down, ma'am," as he swiftly decamps with our brace of carpet-bags and sundry spare wraps. Not the most pleasant things in the world to climb into, by the way, those American coaches! especially in the dark, or darkness made visible by a lamp or two—as they are one undistinguishable mass of mud, with no steps to speak of. But we are in—if one may call that being "in" which is all "out"—and off we go—bounding, bumping, knocking about—jolting every instant as if a dozen bones were broken at each concussion, and every tooth in one's head jarred and splitting.

"Hold on, or you'll pitch out," cries my husband, as I suddenly made an involuntary plunge to leeward. "Hold yourself down to the seat with both hands."

I try to do as I am bid, but am continually shot up like a tethered shuttlecock notwithstanding, and at length, at the risk of biting my tongue off in the effort, ejaculate in spasms, with jolts between—

"Will—the-road—ge—get—any smoother?"

"Not the least probability of it," replies M—;

"and this is the easiest coach I have been in yet."

I groan in my despair—grip a skirt of Charlie's coat under one hand, by way of an anchor, and the dreadful process of fracture and dislocation, as it seems, continues without intermission; the only variety being that some concussions are worse than others.

As the morning gradually brightened into day, it showed us only a flat monotonous country, the greater portion being open tracts of land, with neither tree, house, nor hovel in sight; only the wide bare plain, in some places stony, in all others boggy; with innumerable tracts of wheels spread in every direction, circling, crossing, and intersecting each other, over spaces one, two, or three miles wide, where the various drivers had wandered round and about in search of ground less trodden and poached by feet and wheels.

In some few spots we passed through a more wooded and pleasant country, and the valley of the Leigh

seemed positively beautiful, with its broad grassy uplands, dipping down to the winding river, and fringed with handsome native trees; besides the young orchards, and gardens, and diversely fashioned abodes of the straggling village. The grass was now abundant everywhere, and the flocks of sheep we saw looked in good condition.

A small white speck, which had been visible for some miles as we traversed another dreary plain, and was pointed out by our driver as the end of our journey, at last began to assume the shape of a tent—one of those American tents with walls, roofs, and gables, like a cottage, made of a wooden frame covered with calico; and on nearing it we found it to be a rather large specimen of its genus, and performing the part of post-office as well as wayside inn. A buxom damsel, in gorgeous array, so far as brilliancy and diversity of colours were concerned, and with a brooch and earrings of dazzling splendour, graciously received our

baggage, engaging to take charge of it until sent for; and as the house whither we were bound was distinctly visible, and as it seemed within a quarter of a mile, we set out to walk thither, delighted to exchange the jolting and noises of the "coach" for a quiet saunter. Walking on these monotonous, markless plains is certainly a most paradoxical sort of proceeding. It seems at the time as if you were under a spell from some spiteful enchanter; for to all appearance you can neither get away from the place you leave, nor approach that to which you would go; each appears to preserve the same distance, whilst you are putting forth all your energies, and walking miles. At length we reached the little rocky rise where the house stood, and our host met us with his face and voice of heartiest welcome.

During the first of the few pleasant days we stayed at Warrambeem, I wondered in my own mind why the French windows of the house, which opened on a



GOLD DIGGERS AT DINNER.

verandah gay with fuchsias and roses, should be so closely draped with their snowy muslin blinds, which were tightly drawn on rods at the top and bottom of each side of the windows, and when these were shut, entirely veiled the outside view. But I soon solved the enigma. The utter flatness and wearisome monotony of those eternal plains made the power of thus escaping their perpetual contemplation absolutely desirable. The clouds were all that one could continue to look at with pleasure. Not a tree, beyond the garden—not a hill—not one single object to attract or interest the eye, did I detect in that view—some thirty miles in extent—during our sojourn.

The garden had a belt of native bushes planted round its fence, and a few taller young gum trees stood within. All these were the resort of legions of the beautiful warbling magpies. All day the poor birds were absent, probably distributed far and wide over the plains, foraging for grubs and insects, but in the

evening they returned in squadrons, flocking in from all quarters like rooks, only much more musical; and then, for an hour or two, every bush and bough seemed alive with their glancing shapes of jet and silver, as they met in pleasant little parties to have a gossip and a song before going to roost; sometimes they had a dance, too, hopping and jumping about the garden in the drollest and gracefulest way, to the chorus of their own merry voices. When fairly settled for the night, the trees were all as full of birds as a loaded apple-tree of fruit; indeed, sometimes the boughs broke with their weight. They sat in close ranks on every branch and along the fence. I never saw such a congregation of birds since I was at Puffin Island in Anglessea. In the morning also, considerable stir and commotion accompanied their dispersion for the day, but it was different in character, and gave one the idea of a more grave and business-like discussion, a debate upon ways and means, and a settling of plans for

providing for the day's necessities. Although they were far in advance of my morning movements, being very early birds indeed, I generally awoke and looked out at them, and enjoyed the charming morning concert, till the choir thinned off, and the few last voices served me as a lullaby back into the land of dreams. In the utter treelessness of the plains, the shelter and perches afforded by the little inclosure of Warrambreen had evidently become a resort for the whole magpie population of the neighbourhood; and certainly the merry notes and bright handsome forms of my old favourites formed the most cheering feature of outdoor life there.

Our purpose of visiting Ballarat was not only furthered and assisted by the loan of our friend's excellent dog-cart, but the expedition rendered much pleasanter by his accompanying us himself on horseback. The dreary, weary, sleepy plains were again traversed for eight or ten miles, and then, to our relief, a few scattered bushes and stunted gum-trees, and the oaks appeared very sparsely distributed. By degrees these became grouped more thickly together, and of larger and healthier growth. Then, traversing a country more resembling the Tasmanian bush than any we had before seen, we reached our midday halt at our companion's property at Mount Mercer, a conical volcanic elevation, with a deep well-marked crater, now a lagoon, the wall-like sides of which, and their outward slopes, are strewn with masses of dark-coloured scoriae, as porous and very nearly as light as empty honeycomb. From the summit of the mount (which in such a level country is an object of importance, though I should think not more than 150 or 200 feet high) a wide uninterrupted view extends eastward over the woody foreground, and the even plains, to the horizon, the level line of which is only broken by the distant hump of Mr. Elephant (which is truly not ill-named, "methinks it is backed like an elephant"); the conical peaks of the "Sisters"—and further north the scarcely noticeable undulation denoting Mount Moriac.

In the middle distance, or nearer, rises Lawaloo (or "green hill"), another volcanic mound, grassy and wooded, but plainly showing a singular band or dyke, of, I imagine, basaltic rock, which traverses it diagonally, and has almost the aspect of a wall of masonry. Looking to the west and north, the more mountain-like Buninyong and Warraneep crown the vast undulating extent of intervening forest. We were now in a region of richer land altogether, and accordingly our road became more boggy and more abounding in "soft places," as unmitigated quagmires are delicately termed here. Soon, ascending the hill, we found ourselves in as genuine a piece of forest as need be desired, with so narrow a track between the ranks of straight tall trees that it needed a skilful pilot to steer amongst them; and here, at a sudden turn in the forest, amidst a chaos of standing and fallen timber, we found a string of seven bullock-drays, with from ten to fourteen oxen in each. As there was not space on either side for us to pass them, the only alternative was to edge off sufficiently for them to pass us; and this the drivers were not ready to do, as they were busy cutting whipsticks from the lithe young saplings. There was nothing for it but to wait patiently as we might, and in pouring rain too, the pleasure of the obstructive party. Their business in the forest was what the Americans call "lumbering," that is, getting out logs for the construction of bridges, railways, or other heavy work;

and the poor, thin, galled cattle, over-laden, over-driven cruelly flogged, and nearly starved, were mute but piteous pleaders for some powerful intervention on their behalf.

When the long train of timber carts had filed past, and we again pursued our way, we found the road even worse, more narrow, tortuous, and full of deep holes, unseen, in the general sea of slop, until horses or wheels plunged into them. Beneath us all was mud, differing only in depth; above, the sky was dark, and the rain poured steadily down; our poor horses were getting tired, and ourselves too thoroughly damped in body and spirits, for any very keen observation of aught beyond the probability of obtaining shelter, warmth, and food. We crossed one or two ugly creeks, truly meriting the unflattering title bestowed on them, which was only intended to describe their danger, and the difficulty of driving through them, but was even more applicable to their aspect in the landscape, as with their banks scooped and burrowed all along, turned inside out in heaps of gravel-coloured clay, and their once bright waters, now thick and puddled, they were literally as "ugly" as poor ill-used brooks could well be made. Another drive through a boggy forest, and then more diggings; diggings beside and upon the muddy road; diggings among the distant trees; doctored claims everywhere; some deep, some shallow, some half full of water, some quite full; the opposite hill-side covered with diggings, indiscriminately mixed up with a rag and calico camp; the boggy flat covered also, with tents, shanties, and low hovels made of bark, like bad dog-kennels, all sitting in the mud. Night was now falling fast, and we were in a perfect network of diggings; all round us, and on both sides of the road—if road there were—even across the track, and under our horses' feet, gaped the trap-like holes, barely distinguishable amidst the universal spread of mud and water. At last a red light shone in the distance; then others glimmered out and twinkled in the wide tract of mud and water we were navigating, and with a last plump and flounder, we drew up to the inn-door in Buninyong, wet, cold, weary, and hungry. "Ha! rather a pleasant change!" quoth M—, as we took our dazzled way into a snug parlour, where a bright fire, lights, and the abundant dinner-tea meal, which usually concludes a day in the bush, were most comforting to us all.

Early next morning, a mud-covered American coach dashed up to our inn to change horses, and M— inquired from the driver what sort of road was before us. The report was, "One bad creek; and its pretty baddish going into Ballarat."

Buninyong, in the bright cheering light of a sunny morning, was calculated to make a very different impression to that of Buninyong on a dark and rainy night. The hill, perhaps we ought to say mountain, which bestows its name on the little settlement, and rises grandly behind it, clothed in wood, with a foreground of cleared land and cottages, was a most welcome picture to our plain-weary eyes. Again we were on *route* for Ballarat. A few hundred yards of perfectly macadamised road gave us a most novel sensation at starting, but the smooth decoy abandoned us to our fate ere we reached the "bad creek," through which, notwithstanding my terrors, the good horses floundered in safety, and soon scrambled up the slippery hill beyond. Then succeeded the old programme of forest and bog, the track being one wide undulating sea of

mud for mile after mile. The carts and drays we met were all plastered with mud, even to the tarpaulin; horsemen in mighty boots were all mud too, and so were their horses; whilst such travellers as were on foot, might have waded through mud, shoulders deep, and been no worse. The trees in this forest were a singularly odd aspect. They had been so completely burned, in some great bush-fire, that all the lesser branches were gone; and in fact, very little remained except the great tall trunks, which were entirely black; huge pieces of jetty charcoal; but the tenacious vitality of the brave old giants was not extinguished, and now they were putting forth a new growth all the way up. Short young twigs, with broad, fresh, glossy, green leaves, were sprouting from the blackened trunks, looking rather like artificially-arranged decorations, than as if the offspring of such half-perished parents. The usual undergrowth of shrubs was wholly wanting; only a little fern and a few short grass trees made a melancholy attempt to fill up the vacant space; and the occasional figures, in the dreary wayside landscape, were mostly drays "camped," and their oxen, each with a bell, feeding round them.

After passing through a number of scattered diggings, the outskirts of the great settlement, we entered the valley of Ballarat. The whole face of a country that has taken to digging becomes so entirely altered, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to picture or divine what this valley was originally. Now, it is more irredeemably hideous than the blackest mining village in any English coal or iron district—Staffordshire, for instance. From the summit to the base, the sloping hill-sides are literally turned inside out, and show their lining to be of a darkish-nanken colour. The little river at the foot is turned aside and dammed up, and ditched in and walled out, and twisted, tortured, obstructed, and defiled in a persecuting way lamentable to behold. Machines for deep-sinking were in active operation in many places, with wretched horses turning the huge teetotums round and round, pumping out water or drawing up earth; and the whole bed of the valley was occupied by great heaps of yellow soil, and yellow puddle lagoons, mixed with tents, huts, and kennels, swarmed over by a population hardly distinguishable, at a short distance, from the beloved earth they were manipulating; so accurately have they imitated the provision of nature for some of the insect world, in adopting for themselves the tint of their habitation. The universally-displayed shirt-sleeves varied from a deep burnt-umber hue, through every gradation of shade down to light yellow ochre; but white was no more to be observed in Ballarat linen than in Rembrandt's pictures.

Where to cross the river was the question; and watching some carts ahead of us, and how they navigated this yellow sea, we followed and did not upset; then through a trough full of excellent birdlime, or something closely akin to it, interspersed with rocks and tree-roots; and so on for another mile or two, tracing our way through a labyrinth of tracks over bogs, "creeks," and lagoons, the diggings spreading on our left and in front as far as we could see. Dingy-looking flags fluttered from poles, on or before many of the tents, denoting stores or "publics," and the near vicinity of these more especially abounded in the heaps of empty glass-bottles, tins, cases, and, above all, sardine-boxes, which lie about everywhere in Victoria, in the most extraordinary quantities. I think it would

have been impossible to stop in any part of the track we had followed for thirty miles, without having some empty sardine cases and broken bottles in the foreground.

When nearly in the town, we came to one "creek" so much more "ugly" in the features of its ford than most obstacles of its class, that we paused to reconnoitre, near the cleanest tent we had seen; and a decent-looking man and boy coming out to ask if they could assist us, we resolved to leave the dog-cart near the tent, and send the horses to an inn close by, or as its sign-board entitled it, "The Royal Hotel," and after a hasty luncheon there ourselves, set forth to see the town.

Only one thoroughfare was preserved from being honeycombed with holes, and to reach that, we had to thread our way through a labyrinth of them, all more or less full of water, and with the cast-out earth making irregular banks and hummocks between, all very narrow and very slippery. Deep-sinking engines were at work here too, flanked by hills of excavated earth; and wretched horses working knee-deep in clay, tramped round and round.

Arrived in the main street, we looked in vain for a house—that is, for any permanent-looking edifice of brick or stone. Stores and shops of all kinds were plentiful, but all put together in a rough, scrambling way, like booths for a three day's fair; the majority were the cottage-shaped tents of calico; others were wholly or in part built of split paling; some had a tall front wall of paling, covered with grandiloquent titles and announcements, whilst the whole habitable tenement consisted of a little low tent, crouching behind, as if one were to set up the door of a large mansion, in front of a doll's house. Empty cases and crates seemed an important part of the stock-in-trade everywhere, piled up in ostentatious display. Not an attempt had been made at paving or draining; but as the middle of the road was considerably lower than the footways, every household seemed to accept, as a right, the facility it afforded for the disposal of all domestic superfluities; and each domicile had its own open ditch crossing the footway, and pouring down into the horse-road its stream of abominations, there to collect in putrescent reservoirs, or to evaporate in foul pestilential vapours—a more pressing invitation to cholera and fever it were hardly possible to invent. So far as it went, the impression left on my mind regarding Ballarat was, that all my preconceived opinions and expectations of the misery, brutality, filth, and degradation, known to prevail in the digging settlements, were outdone by the transient experience we suffered of the reality.

## V.

BALLARAT OF 1857 COMPARED WITH 1853—STEAM ENGINE DOMESTICATED—NEW DIGGING RULES—HOW MELBOURNE IMPROVED IN FIFTEEN MONTHS—INAUGURATION OF RAILWAYS—THE RIVAL OCEAN ROUTES—EFFECT OF THE GOLD DISCOVERIES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA AND OTAGO ON AUSTRALIA—THE FUTURE OF NEW HOLLAND.

I deem it a duty, says Mr. Kelly, on the occasion of his returning to the gold diggings at Ballarat, to advert shortly to the rapid strides made by the citizens and diggers between the August of 1853 and that of 1857. In the townships the chaos of ragged tents and tawdry stores vanished before the wand of the modern enchanter, giving place to streets and squares,

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and splendid thoroughfares, marked by unbroken lines of grand, substantial edifices, finished often in the most elaborate, but always in most attractive style of architecture. A stranger, seeing the magnificence of the shop-fronts adorned with a profligate expenditure of plate-glass and gilding, would suppose there were crystal-flag quarries on the spot, and that goldbeaters' leaf was an ordinary efflorescence of the soil. Ballarat now boasts of containing two distinct and independent municipalities. It has obtained an Act of Parliament for the formation of a gas company. It contemplates an immediate construction of an illimitable water supply, and will soon be brought within three hours of the seaboard by its line of railroad.

A parallel progress has been achieved in the diggings through the instrumentality of the steam-engine and the operation of an improved code of mining regulations. Ground which in the early days was incapable of being worked from the influx of water, is now quite easily managed by the aid of this powerful mechanical ally, while the disheartening expenditure of utterly profitless labour in the sinking of random shafts is in a great measure counteracted by the sensible legislation of the local court. I have already described the old system, let me now glance at the new. Now-a-days, when a prospector discovers a new lead, he gets a double-sized claim as his reward, and all other subsequent parties rank in rotation. The warden, as soon as the discovery is duly notified, comes and formally proclaims the new lead, after which a surveyor, elected by the suffrage of the claimants, surveys the ground, and registers the names of the various parties according to priority, compelling them to erect pegs or posts at the extremities of their claims with the names of their associates. The surveyor is paid at the rate of £1 per claim, and in all cases of dispute about encroachment or otherwise he is called upon to go down, examine, and report upon the disagreement. A committee is then chosen, who manage the affairs of all the registered claimants along the lead. The area of claims in proclaimed leads is fifty-eight feet along the gutter, and forty-six feet across, and six-foot walls dividing each claim. Forty-six feet may appear an extraordinary width across, where gutters rarely exceed four feet, but late experience has shown that considerable deposits are frequently found in the pockets or crevices of the reefs on either side the gutter, which are supposed to have been surged up from time to time by the current or water-wave.

The rock working is another new and stupendous feature in Ballarat mining, in which the time, money, labour necessary is excessive, for the sinking is of the most difficult kind that can well be imagined, the rock being of the hardest nature, without any of those seams or fissures common to sandstone or calcareous rock, so that every inch of it requires to be blasted or broken, and this difficulty is immensely enhanced from the necessity of going down in a shaft, being thus, as it were, bound in all round, instead of having what is termed a face to the work, as in an open quarry. The depth of rock claims varies from 250 to 320 feet, penetrating through three distinct layers of the most flinty igneous rock, with strata of dark tough clay between each, totally barren of any auriferous deposit, which circumstance would tend to establish the inference, that if the gold were generated by volcanic agency, the whole mineral material was exhausted in the earliest eruptions. In rock claims, ten parties of

eight each generally amalgamate, and take up all their stuff through a single shaft, whereby a great economy of time and labour is obtained. In deep sinking the space awarded to each individual is 32 feet 9 inches, which is curtailed in shallow ground proportionately. The size of the shaft is about 7 feet by 3½ feet.

In agricultural and horticultural pursuits, Ballarat has also held its own in the race of competition. Vast breadths of land have been brought under the subjugation of the plough, not in the rude or fitful way which would betoken a fleeting emergency, but with all the best appliances of careful culture and all the most approved accessories of modern science practised in Norfolk husbandry or East Lothian farming; and, as a natural consequence, hay has subsided from its fabulous price of £100 per ton to something about our ordinary London rates; corn has shrunk from its allegorical resemblance to Caligula's horse provender, and cabbages, carrots, and cauliflowers have ceased to rank as delicacies of the season only within the reach of the lucky digger.

Fifteen months' absence from Melbourne prepared me for a great change in the city both in its expansion and its embellishment, and my expectations, though surrounded with a wide margin for undefined contingencies, were most amply satisfied. Most of the early eyesores had been removed, and the disagreeabilities abated. The whole city proper was under the bonds of Macadam; flagging, kerbing, and channelling. I found ramified into minor streets and sequestered alleys. The clear, bright flame of the gas-light at wide intervals, proving its superior brilliancy by contrast, gave promise of its proximate ascendancy. The gaps in the magnificent street lines were being fast filled up with stately buildings of the most chaste and beautiful character, many of the mercantile stores rivaling some of our West-end club-houses in the ornate elegance of their finish; the banks figuring conspicuously in the architectural rivalry, bent on outstripping each other in their grand or florid imitations, as if their dividends depended on their decorations. The University, in a more sober but becoming style, appeared beautifully conspicuous on its magnificent site, elevated above the common level like a fount destined to irrigate the metropolis with wisdom, learning, and science. The Public Library, too, another new institution, finely situated, challenged my admiration; but here the attractions consisted in its liberal and excellent internal arrangements and regulations, for as yet it is externally a naked, unadorned stem, waiting for its sculptured wings and arms. The same remark may be applied to the Parliament Houses, which I found bristling all round with scaffolding-poles, thronged inside and out with busy workmen, toiling to have the Legislative Chambers ready for the august assemblages to be eliminated from the popular chaff by the winnowing operation of the new constitution.

The Williamstown railway was progressing rapidly to completion, and a new line had been commenced to St. Kilda; St. Kilda, Windsor, Brighton, Gardiner's Creek, and South Yarra in the south; Richmond, Hawthorn, Stordly Park, Kew, and Heidelberg in the north-east; Brunswick, Essington, and Moonee Ponds in the north, all more or less beautifully situated, had grown up into large suburban settlements, covered with splendid residences or charming villas, each surrounded with shrub-grown grounds, laid out in a lively style of land-

scape gardening, and forming the most exquisite retreats for the citizens after their daily toil. After four o'clock each afternoon the thoroughfares in these various directions seemed lined as if by processions, from the unbroken lines of omnibuses, private gigs, and carriages carrying the crowds of Mammon-hunters to their little rural paradises; and often as I gazed on those sights and reflected on the fact that twenty years before the country was a savage wilderness sparsely peopled with squalid savages, I could not help thinking that the old adage which counsels folks "to walk before they run" may be put on the superannuated list, at least so far as Victorian progress is concerned.

A few words, before concluding with so important and interesting a topic as the past and future condition and prospects of Victoria, upon internal and external transport and communication. Two important steps had been taken in promoting internal communication in Mr. Kelly's time (June 1858), by the commencement of active operations on the two grand trunk lines of railway, connecting the capital with the great northern and western gold-fields. These lines are contracted for under stringent terms for completion in 1861, so that the contractors will be necessitated to commence simultaneously at different points, whereby vast fields of employment will be opened up, capable not only of absorbing all the spare labour in the colony, but all that can find its way there from this country. The amount to be expended in three years on these two lines is somewhere about six millions, and striking a mean between the wages rates advertised by the British agents of the contractors—14s. per day for masons, carpenters, &c., and 8s. a day for unskilled labourers—it gives 11s. for each person employed, at which rate it would suffice to pay 600,000 workmen—nearly as much, and one-third over, as the entire population of the colony. And it has been said that all those who can find means to emigrate to Victoria, as tradesmen or navvies, that they can board and lodge in any part of the colony, in a most comfortable and bountiful manner, at £1 per week, which would leave a weekly surplus to the tradesman of £3. 4s., and to the navvy of £1. 4s., for incidental expenses, out of which, with moderate frugality, they might save and fund more than they could possibly earn in the aggregate in this country.

In connection with Victorian railways, it is an unparalleled fact, and one that must challenge the admiration and astonishment of the world, to see a striping colony commencing so ambitious a system of iron roads on her own pecuniary resources, without any aid from European capitalists, while her elder sisters, and even grey-headed nations, most generally require the sanction of the London Stock Exchange before they can attempt great projects of internal improvement. This in itself proves the extent and stability of her resources, the thorough soundness of her financial position, as well as the wise and careful manner in which her government has been administered. The whole amount contemplated to be expended in the two trunk lines is within two years' revenue at the present standard; but it should be borne in mind that this standard might be largely augmented, and a considerable portion of the increased income applied to the liquidation of the railway liabilities, which demonstrates triumphantly the sound basis of the scheme, affording at the same time a guarantee to the Bri-

tish capitalists for investment, should any of the debentures come at second-hand upon the home market.

Tasmania is, we have seen, now connected by the great mechanical artery—the electric wire—with Victoria. South Australia has been for some time in enjoyment of this marvellous means of communication. A line is also in active progress to New South Wales, and no doubt, as settlement and colonisation spread, it will girdle the whole continent of New Holland, through Moreton Bay, round by the Gulf of Carpentaria to Port Essington, and thence down to Swan River and King George's Sound to South Australia. And already the project of connecting Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide with a kindred link of railways is in contemplation. Melbourne is sending out shoots in both directions. The grand trunk line to Sandhurst, and thence to the Murray, will touch on the boundary of New South Wales, while the main line out of Sydney stretches in the direction of the contemplated Victorian terminus. On the other hand, the trunk line to Ballarat will certainly be extended to the great gold-field of Ararat, and the illimitable auriferous district adjoining, which borders and abuts on the South Australian territory; and notwithstanding the advantages of the great water highway of the River Murray, Mr. Kelly declares himself to be satisfied that enterprising citizens of Adelaide will only rest content with such a direct and speedy means of communication as a railroad alone can supply. Thus, then, there will be an unbroken line of iron road from Sydney to Adelaide, extending over twelve hundred miles, and intersecting some of the finest country in the world. When this consummation is arrived at, Sydney will be the port of arrival and departure for the European and American mails; and the certainty that these lines of railway will be carried out within a few years should have its weight in determining the choice of the Panama in preference to the Suez route.

We are not, however, without hopes of seeing the line of communication between Great Britain and China, India, and Australasia yet established *via* Canada and British Columbia; that is to say, through our own territories—the line of communication carrying colonisation and civilisation with it.

## VI.

### QUEENSLAND.

**PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY—THREE UNFORTUNATE CATASTROPHES—THE CONVICT SYSTEM—SEPARATION FROM NEW SOUTH WALES—PHYSICAL FEATURES—MORETON AND BRISBANE—DARLING DOWNS—MARANOA—LEICHBARDT—PORT CURTIS DISTRICT—THE BURNETT—KENZIE.**

It is a remarkable fact in connection with Australian discovery, that almost all the rivers, even the greatest of all yet known, the Murray, have been found by land explorers, and have, in many cases, been overlooked in maritime surveys. The fact is of the utmost importance in regard to the hasty decisions arrived at by some, that the interior must be, from want of known outlets, either a vast desert, or a lacustrine or marshy expanse, a kind of Australian Caspian. Mac Dougal Stuart's explorations have taught us better, and there are not wanting those who believe that a greater draining artery even than the Murray on the south-

east coast will yet be met with on the north west coast. Whether this may be the case or not, Leichhardt's exploration of the Gulf of Carpentaria has shown that drainage from the interior is not wanting there, and although Eyre's exploration of the south-west coast was less satisfactory, there still remains every reason to believe, from the manner in which, owing to the peculiarities before noticed of the Australian rivers themselves, their outlets have so often remained long unknown to navigators, that Australia will ultimately be found to be pretty nearly similarly circumstanced in those respects as other countries are. The same mistaken views of the interior of Africa were entertained till the discovery of the Zambesi and other rivers of long course.

In the middle of May, 1770, Captain Cook cast anchor in the bay, into which debouches the River Brisbane and several others of smaller dimensions. Our great navigator called it Moreton Bay, after the then noble president of the Royal Society, but he failed to detect even indications of fresh water outlets, still less to discover a river that pours a body of water, a quarter of a mile broad, into the very centre of the bay. The next maritime expedition was sent under another distinguished navigator, Captain Flinders, with the especial view of ascertaining whether there were any rivers, in this most fertile and most salubrious portion of all the continent, of sufficient magnitude and draught to permit the ascent of small craft into the interior of this unknown land, that the way might be opened to British enterprise. But Captain Flinders was so little successful that he reported it as an ascertained fact that no river of importance intersects the east coast between the 24th and 29th degrees of south latitude. There are, at least, a dozen navigable rivers in this space, among which are the Clarence, the Brisbane, the Mary, and the Burnett.

In other respects the results of this expedition were much more satisfactory. The exact position of many dangerous rocks and coral-reefs was fixed, and the bearings of many points were accurately given, and on a subsequent expedition, undertaken early in the present century, Captain Flinders discovered Port Curtis, a bay that skirts a fine pastoral country, and a country, too, where the cotton plant flourishes luxuriantly. The town of Gladstone, named after the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, stands on a small river that empties itself into Port Curtis.

In the year 1824, Moreton Bay was constituted a penal settlement, and the commencement was made at a place called Redcliff Point, on the main land, near the north end of the bay; but this soon appeared to be an unsuitable locality for such an establishment, and another spot was chosen on the banks of the Brisbane, ten miles from the bay in a direct line, and nearly fifteen miles by water. A more suitable place could not have been found in all these parts, and it now constitutes the site of the city of Brisbane.

Moreton Bay continued for eighteen years to be a receptacle for convicts—mostly of the most incorrigible class—and painful traditions of hardships and persecutions attach themselves to the place; but in 1842, the place was declared free, and ready for the reception of a free population. Some writers, more especially such as have resided in the country, as Dr. Lang,<sup>1</sup> and

Mr. George Wight,<sup>2</sup> speak in terms of deepest indignation of so fair a soil ever having been polluted by the presence of such persons. It is the fashion to do so now-a-days, and there is much in the prevailing sentiment of the day. But under Providence the system of transportation has been the primary cause of settlement in New South Wales and Queensland, has given birth to what may one day be two of the most powerful and prosperous states on the face of the earth; and we have seen in West Australia, where land was plentiful and fertile, but labour dear and almost unprocureable, the transports have been invited to the colony. Then again, as a contrast, take the graphic description, penned by an independent foreign navigator—Peron—and transferred to our pages, of the benefits conferred by the system at its earliest epoch in New South Wales itself—of the reformation of criminals, of the misled put in the pathway of honesty and industry, of the sinful reclaimed, and of abandoned women becoming under new circumstances the happy and respected mothers of families, and enough will appear on the other side to show that the system has, with many evils, been the source also of very great good. We are quite willing to concede to Mr. Wight, to whose excellent little book we shall at the onset express our obligations for his admirable description of the characteristics and resources of the country in question, that "the 37,000 Queenslanders of this day are as free of the taint of conviction as the inhabitants of any of Her Majesty's Australian dominions, and it may be freer." That is a question of degree, but we feel grieved at this susceptibility of a taint, and would fain believe that there is no such thing. Even if it did exist, we would rather ignore it, and should be the last to taunt a great and rising nation with it. The susceptibility is purely local. Just as the blast of slavery carrying with it its own punishment associates the idea of a taint with the admixture of dark blood, so do the prosperous and justly proud Australians of the present day wish to eradicate even the memory of the origin of their colonial wealth and power.

In the autumn of 1837, the first steamer, appropriately called the *James Watt*, passed across the bay; now the river steamers ply daily between Brisbane and Ipswich, a flourishing town on the Bremer, the chief tributary of the Brisbane river, and in convict times the "cattle station" to the settlement; once a week a large-sized steamer runs to and from Sydney, and once a fortnight from Brisbane to the ports on the north-east.

The country was now being explored, and important discoveries were being made, and the great Squatting Interest began to introduce its flocks and its herds to the extensive and well-grassed downs and plains that lie beyond the mountain ranges that form the backbone of the colony.

In 1843 Moreton Bay may be said to have commenced its political existence, as it was in that year that the country to the north of the 30th degree of south latitude returned one member to the House of Assembly in Sydney.

On the 10th of December, 1859, Moreton Bay, with all to the north of Point Danger in latitude 28° 8' south, was proclaimed as the new colony of Queensland.

<sup>1</sup> Queensland, Australia, the Future Cotton-field of Great Britain, &c. By John Dunmore Lang, D.D., A.M. Edward Stanford.

<sup>2</sup> Queensland, the Field for British Labour and Enterprise, and the Source of England's Cotton Supply. By George Wight, G. Street.

The arrival of the first Governor, Sir George Ferguson Bowen, and the proclamation of the independence of Queensland, occurred on the same day. The reception given to His Excellency was most loyal, and could scarcely be surpassed for genuine cordiality. All Brisbane, and a large portion of Ipswich, and many of the lieges from great distances, turned out in holiday attire, and as the steamer that bore the first representative of royalty from the bay, whither he had come from Sydney in H. M. S. *Cordelia*, neared the landing-place in the heart of the city, the sight from the deck was very imposing. The day was magnificent, the river was swarming with gaily bedecked craft, and on the green banks there stood thousands to welcome the august stranger. The first favourable impressions produced by the open, manly, and cordial manner of Sir George F. Bowen, after a twelvemonth's political campaign, are said to have lost but little of their vividness.

Queensland is at least nine times the area of England and Wales, and if we are to believe Mr. Wight, who admits that he has great faith in the country, and that the terms in which he speaks of it are of the style generally called enthusiastic, there are countries where the rivers are broader and longer, where the mountains are higher and grander, than in Queensland; but there are few countries where the rocks are more auriferous, the plains better suited for pasture, the soil more varied and productive, and the climate more salubrious. Queensland is divided into seven large districts, and we shall follow our author, in the common enumeration of these, in giving a brief survey of the physical features of the country.

Moreton is the first district met with, and first in importance. It skirts the bay of the same name, and stretches inland to the dividing range. It occupies the south-east portion of the colony. Along the coast it is flat and unpicturesque, but inland it assumes a more hilly and broken appearance. By far the greater part of the inhabitants are scattered over this district, and about the centre of it stand the two principal towns in the colony—Brisbane and Ipswich. Large portions of the soil are black alluvial deposits, and rich plateaux of a deep red colour; while the major part is light and well adapted to the growth of cotton, sugar, and fruits of various kinds. Portions are fitted only for grazing, but all is useful. It is well-watered, having, within a coast-line of one hundred miles, six rivers, five admitting the passage of small craft a number of miles up the country, and one,—the Brisbane—navigable, with its tributary, the Bremer, for fifty miles. When the dredging-machine has done its work at the mouth of the river, the largest ships that sail from London or Liverpool may cast anchor within the boundary of the city of Brisbane.

The district of Moreton is better adapted, we are told, for the depasturing of cattle and horses than sheep; and the portions of it that border the coast and skirt the rivers are capable of producing cotton, sugar, and fruits of the finest quality, and at highly remunerative rates.

Darling Downs constitute the second district, immediately to the west of Moreton, and divided from the latter by the great mountain range, about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and 75 miles from Brisbane. This district is double the size of Moreton, and, with the exception of some patches of land on its eastern margin, is entirely devoted to pastoral purposes. As a

sheep country, it is famed all over the colonies, and wherever wool is used as a staple. It is one magnificent sheep-run, with small nuclei of population at wide intervals. The country is composed chiefly of plains and downs of dry black soil, with flats in some parts, that become flooded in wet weather, and mountain ridges, that mark its boundary, and divide its plains. The downs are covered with herbage admirably adapted to sheep and which is luxuriant even in winter. The hills are heavily timbered with gum-tree, stringy-bark, pine, &c., but, notwithstanding, produce, among the trees, even to their summits, a rich grass. The entire district is well watered, and possessed of every attraction to the breeder of sheep and the producer of wool. This fine district was discovered, as we have before seen, by the late Mr. Allen Cunningham, in 1827, and the one practicable defile by which the downs are reached from the east bears the name of "Cunningham's Gap."

Maranoa, the third district, lies due west from the Darling Downs. Its eastern boundary is near 149° east longitude, and it may be supposed to stretch to the parallel of 141°. Only a small portion of this immense country has been explored, and a smaller portion still taken up by the adventurous squatter. It returns one member to the Queensland Assembly, and the Darling Downs returns two. Little, therefore, is known of the Maranoa; we know, however, that it too is a good pasture country, rewarding the squatter for his labour and expense in driving his flocks so far inland. The country is partly hilly and broken; but vast tracts are level, and covered with vegetation of a rich character. Along both banks of the Malonne, and many miles off, there are scrubs of great extent, great beauty, and impenetrable denseness. These dark and dense thickets become the home of wild cattle, and form an impregnable stronghold for unfriendly blacks. As yet the Maranoa is destitute of anything in the shape of an agricultural or town population, and, for a long time to come, it will remain the "squatter's own" in undisturbed possession.

The district of Leichhardt joins the Maranoa on the north, and also the portion of the Darling Downs beyond the Condamine, the boundary between being the Main Range, and, in a north-westerly direction, the mountains known by the name of Denham Range. The district takes its name from the great Australian explorer, of whose travels and doubtful fate we have before spoken. Much of this country is high land, with extensive and well-conditioned plains and valleys. The drainage falls into the centre of the district, and finds its way through the mountains to the east coast. The river-system of the Leichhardt is on a large and complicated scale.

Port Curtis district lies under the tropic of Capricorn, and it is admitted that the heat of the sun is powerful, though "moderated by the constant breeze from the Pacific." Kepple Bay is the principal seaport, but the town, Rockhampton, is some way up the river Fitzroy. Gladstone is also a sea-port, and although favoured and fostered in old times, seems to succumb to its rival under the new state of things. The district is hilly, if it cannot be called mountainous, but contains a large quantity of fine agricultural land. It is watered by various streams, the principal rivers being the Boyne, the Caliope, and the Fitzroy. The gold field, to which thousands flocked from all the southern colonies two or three years ago, and where

so many met with biting disappointment, lies on the Fitzroy, forty miles from Rockhampton.

Two districts remain to be described, the one to the north and the other to the south of Port Curtis. The southern district, the Burnett, or Wide Bay, lies geographically between Port Curtis and Moreton, and is surpassed in some respects by neither. Inland, its physical character is decidedly hilly, sometimes mountainous, but abounding in fine pasture. Along the coast the country is equal to any in the colony for agricultural purposes, especially for cotton and sugar. The principal rivers are the Mary, on which the thriving town of Maryborough, the port of the district, is being built, and the Burnett, which waters by its innumerable tributaries the whole of the high lands. It falls into Harvey's Bay at a bare and exposed part of the coast.

The most recently explored and defined district of Queensland is that of Kennedy. Leichhardt traversed

the inner portion of this district on his way to Port Essington, sixteen years ago, but the coast line was involved in so much uncertainty, that not till the detailed examination of Dalrymple and others, and the discovery of the mouth of the Burdekin, was it proclaimed a district fit for the reception of emigrants. This was done by the governor of Queensland, in council; and it received the name of an unfortunate explorer who was speared to death by the unfriendly aborigines. The documents that have been published regarding the Kennedy show that it is a country admirably adapted to pastoral purposes. It is of immense extent, and is watered by the Burdekin, a huge body of running water, with some half-dozen outlets. The mouths of the river are not navigable for large ships. Port Denison is the harbour, in Edgemoor Bay, in the 20th degree of north latitude. The seaboard of this district alone is upwards of 300 miles, and its width upwards of 200 miles. Many of the



POST-OFFICE, SOFALA, TURON RIVER.

tributaries of the Burdekin are themselves large rivers, and much fresh water from the Kennedy, as well as from all the districts, must disappear by absorption, and the constant process of evaporation.

The concise description of the country here given lends countenance, to a certain extent, and always keeping in view the intertropical climate, with sundry reminiscences of mangroves, to Mr. Wight's eulogy when he says that little of the land of Queensland, so far as yet known, is barren and useless; that the entire colony is adapted to the uses of the sheep and cattle farmer; that millions of acres on the sea-coast, by the banks of rivers and creeks innumerable, are of the highest agricultural value; that excellent timber for all purposes everywhere abounds, but not in such quantities where agriculture will be most extensively followed as to operate against that department of labour; that everywhere rivers and navigable creeks intersect the agricultural lands, thus forming ready-made highways for the removing of all kinds of produce to the coast, or to the centres of population.

## VII.

SIR GEORGE BOWEN'S TESTIMONY.—EXPLORATION OF THE COAST BY THE "SPITFIRE"—DISCOVERY OF A NEW HARBOUR—MR. CRAWFORD'S CRITICISMS—MR. BAKER ON CENTRAL AUSTRALIA AS A COTTON COUNTRY—CLIMATE OF QUEENSLAND—MEDICAL TESTIMONIES—THE SQUATTER—OF SQUATTING IN GENERAL—HOW TO SECURE A "RUN"—DESIDERATA—AMOUNT OF LABOUR EXPORTED—ALPACAS—UPS AND DOWNS OF SQUATTING LIFE.

THE Duke of Newcastle communicated some memoranda furnished by Mr. A. C. Gregory, the Surveyor-General of Queensland, in which he describes in detail the capabilities and present condition of the chief positions in that colony, together with despatches from Sir G. Bowen, governor of Queensland, to the Royal Geographical Society, on the 8th of April, 1861. His Excellency, speaking of Maryborough, said:—

On the banks of the River Mary, as of all the other rivers of central and northern Queensland, there are vast tracts of country admirably adapted for the growth of cotton, of sugar, and of all other tropical and semi-tropical productions.

Port Curtis is the best harbour, after that of Sydney, on the eastern coast of Australia. It was here that Mr. Gladstone, when Secretary of State for the Colonies, in 1846, founded a new colony, which was abandoned in the following year by Earl Grey, on succeeding to office. However, in 1854, the Government of New South Wales again formed on the shores of Port Curtis a township which has been named Gladstone, and which is the outlet of the adjacent pastoral countries of Pelham and Clinton. The excellence of the harbour, the salubrity of the climate, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery combine to render Gladstone an eligible site for a flourishing city; but the river Fitzroy, farther north, affords a more ready access to the interior of the colony, and consequently the settlement of Rockhampton, on its banks, has advanced more rapidly up to the present time. The town of Rockhampton was founded in 1858, and was then the extreme point of European settlement in this part of Australia. As the outlet of the vast regions watered

by the Fitzroy and its tributaries, it is even now a flourishing place, and pastoral occupation has already extended to the Peak Downs and to the shores of Broad Sound, fully two hundred miles farther inland and northward. The Queensland Government is about to found a new settlement at Port Denison, as the outlet of the recently proclaimed district of Kennedy, which will reach to within about three hundred miles of the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Though Rockhampton is within the tropics, the climate of the neighbouring districts, especially on the upland downs and beautiful prairies of the interior, is in a high degree healthy and invigorating. Fresh settlers are fast arriving from New South Wales and Victoria, and bring their flocks and herds with them. Nor is the value of the wool of the merino sheep deteriorated to any sensible extent in these warm latitudes. What the fleeces loses in weight it gains in softness and delicacy.

It will afford some idea of the great space already



REMOVING GOODS.

covered by the settlements of this colony to mention that, on my official tours during the last twelve months, I have myself visited two flourishing towns in Queensland (Warwick and Rockhampton), which are distant from each other by the nearest road at least five hundred miles—that is, much farther than Galway and Kirkwall respectively are distant from London. There is something almost sublime in the steady, silent flow of pastoral occupation over north-eastern Australia. It resembles the rise of the tide, or some other operation of nature, rather than the work of man.

Although it is difficult to ascertain exactly what progress may have been made at the end of each week and month, still at the close of the year we find that the margin of Christianity and civilization has been pushed forward by some two hundred miles.

The *Spitfire* was despatched by Governor Sir George Bowen last August to examine the north-eastern coast of Australia, and to search for the mouth of the River Burdekin. She was placed under the command of Mr. J. W. Smith, who was accompanied by Mr.

Dalrymple, commissioner of Crown lands; Mr. Stone, surveyor; and Mr. Fitzallan, botanical collector. She sailed in August, 1860, and passed through the group of Northumberland Islands, which are described as presenting a most pleasing appearance. Their summits rise to six hundred or eight hundred feet, and were clothed with acacias, gum trees, cypress, laurel, and groups of a very beautiful and useful pine. The adjacent "Pine Islands" of Capt. King formed unbroken forests of straight pines of large dimensions, and afforded an excellent harbour. These islands are visited by natives of the neighbouring continent, but are not permanently inhabited. The *Spitfire* next sailed to Port Molle, a very good harbour, but unfortunately shut in by a semicircle of mountains, so unbroken and covered with dense scrub as to cut off all apparent means of communication with the interior, and make it useless for commercial purposes. Port Denison, the newly-discovered harbour, was then sought and easily found. "Nothing could be more gratifying than the appearance of this splendid little port," sheltered from all winds.



Starting from here, the coast of Australia was carefully examined for the mouth of the Burdekin. First, Cape Upstart was reached, where the anchorage was found open and useless, and the "Station Hill" of Captain Stokes was ascended, whence a clear view was obtained of a network of salt-water creeks, none of which could by any possibility be the outlet of the Burdekin. Hence the party sailed to the roadstead of Cape Cleveland, where the natives made such hostile demonstrations against them that they went on to Magnetical Island, opposite which a long unbroken ridge, running from the S.E., meets the coast, and affords no gap for the passage of any river. Again they returned to Cape Cleveland, and on searching its "inner western corner" found large entrances tending in the direction where, in the previous year, Mr. Dalrymple had left the Burdekin a broad running stream. These entrances were carefully examined. They were found to form a delta extending over sixty miles, and to present flood-marks at a height of twenty feet. None of them were accessible from the sea, except with great difficulty; their exploration was the more dangerous owing to the attitude of the natives. Nevertheless, they were all traced, and found to converge in one point close to Dalrymple's furthest in 1859. No doubt, therefore, remained with the explorers that they were the outlets of the River Burdekin, and, at the same time, that they were utterly useless for the purposes of navigation.

A new harbour has been recently discovered to the north of Keppel Bay in Queensland by a party consisting of Captain Sinclair, master of the schooner *Santa Barbara*, of nine tons, in which the cruise was made; W. H. Thomas, seaman; and Messrs. James Gordon and Benjamin Poole, passengers; and the expedition had been fitted out mainly in the expectation that the Government would give a handsome reward for the discovery of a good and secure harbour to the north of Port Curtis.

The journal says with regard to this discovery:—We discovered a most splendid harbour, which would contain nearly all the ships in the world, all of which could reach there in perfect safety. It is formed partly by islands and partly by sandbanks. On the day after the discovery all hands went ashore and commenced the survey of the island, which the Captain has named Station Island, and which is about five or six miles in circumference. We saw a great many native tracks, also several acres of ground resembling a garden, completely dug over by the natives,—a greater piece of industry than I was inclined to give these darkies credit for. The ground had been dug up with shells, the spot having been used as a *cacoe*, in which the natives had stored certain nuts which, at particular seasons, form their food. As regards the climate, it is not hotter than at Rockhampton, there being generally either a sea or a land breeze blowing; but when there happens to be a calm for a time, we are soon reminded of the fact that we are within the tropics. The country along the coast is generally bad, but at several places we saw indications of good country in the distance, and it is matter of regret to us that we have not been able to examine it more minutely, owing to the smallness of our party, and the persevering enmity of the blacks. The islands have a much more inviting appearance than the mainland itself, there being less scrub, whilst the soil also is apparently of a better description. The natives, as may be gathered from the foregoing remarks, are numerous on the islands

and on the main, and are exceeding treacherous and vindictive.

The harbour has, it appears, been designated as Port Denison, and a Sydney paper furnishes the following further particulars regarding it, derived from the same source—the writer of the journal above quoted. The harbour is of an oval form, being probably some ten miles in extreme length, and some four miles across from Garden Island to the main, and is formed partly by an indentation in the bay, and partly by two islands running across it. At the head of the harbour there are two small rivers or creeks, and near those there is an excellent situation for a township, as the shore is slightly elevated and bluff; but in fact the landing is good all round the harbour, and quite free from mangrove. The country is poor, and sandy near the shore, being lightly covered with scrub, but seems to improve further back, and there is a succession of ridges of no great elevation at a few miles' distance from the harbour. From the appearance of the two small rivers or creeks, and the nature of the country at the back, I have little doubt but fresh water will be found at no great distance from the shore. The island adjoining the shore is small, also rocky and barren; but the other is five to six miles in circumference, and on it there is a portion of good soil quite fit for cultivation. This island completely commands the harbour, as the only entrances are on each side of it.

Mr. Crawford expressed it as his opinion that Queensland was of itself capable of producing sufficient cotton to meet the demands of Manchester. Queensland, he remarked, really seemed to be adapted for the production of cotton; but unfortunately the climate was also adapted for the cultivation of the sugar-cane, and that might be a serious rival. As to the production of cotton, it was one of the plants that required but a small quantity of water; it was, in fact, what was called a dry-land product, and he had no doubt that the country would be found well adapted to its growth. He thought they had now sufficient evidence to show that the great mass of Australia was a mere desert, and he did not see how it could be otherwise. Different exploring parties had penetrated so far from the south and from the north, that one or other of those parties must have seen a range of mountains in the interior, if any such existed, of 7,000 or 8,000 feet in height, and as they had not, it must be concluded that mountains of that character did not exist. Yet without them there could be no water, and without water there could be nothing but sterility. Such was the case in every part of the world. Wherever such ranges existed water was always found, and water in the tropics meant fertility. India, for instance, would be a desert if it were not for its range of mountains. With respect to Queensland, he could not believe that it was as good a place for sheep as had been represented, as he thought the climate would be too hot. Queensland was in the latitude of Canton, and Canton was much too hot for sheep. However, of all the places he knew, he believed it was the most eminently adapted for the production of cotton. He had himself seen samples from there both raw and manufactured, and he had scarcely seen better specimens of either. What it would produce to the greatest advantage would most probably be that which was called sea-land; and a very considerable quantity of that fine kind of cotton from Virginia and South Carolina was used by our manufacturers.

He considered that the samples from Queensland were quite equal to any he had seen.

J. Baker, Esq., a member of the Legislative Council of Australia, said he differed entirely from Mr. Crawford, as he thought it was proved, by the late explorations of Mr. Stuart, that such was not the fact; and he should not be doing his duty to the country which he claimed as his home, if he listened to the statement without attempting to refute it. It appeared to him that the paper from Sir Richard M'Donnell had been the immediate cause of Mr. Crawford making his observations, recounting as it did the hardships Sir Richard M'Donnell had to endure, and the difficulties with which he had to contend. But Sir Richard M'Donnell was not a practised explorer. He started with Mr. Stuart's maps in his pocket, but he lost his way, and travelling round the wrong side of Lake Tibbs, missed the Hermit range, for which he was aiming. Being disappointed in the water which was represented as existing in that neighbourhood, he examined Mr. Stuart's chart, and found the Hermit range with abundance of water by it. He (Mr. Baker) therefore thought it was not right to condemn the whole country as a desert, merely because Sir Richard M'Donnell had lost his way and had difficulties. There was no doubt that Sir Richard M'Donnell was entitled to great praise, and also to their sympathy for the hardships which it was represented he had had to endure; but what Sir Richard M'Donnell called fatigue and privation would very likely not be noticed at all by a man like Mr. Stuart, to whose labours he thought this society could not award too high a meed of commendation. Mr. Stuart had himself said that much of the interior of Australia was quite equal in fertility and in rich picturesque beauty to the O'Halloran Hills, which were as lovely a part of country as could be seen. A great portion was under cultivation, producing all the cereals in the most luxuriant manner; and he thought the safety with which the exploring parties had made and returned from their expeditions to the interior proved that the country was not a desert. He, however, by no means meant to say that the whole of the vast interior would ever be profitable to work or hold. The banks of the river Darling, and much of the splendid tract of country through which it passed, were also as well adapted as the fertile plains of Queensland for the production of cotton. He considered that a few thousand pounds expended on the river, in the erection of four or five lock-gates, would not be thrown away, as it would render navigable upwards of 1,000 miles of water, along the course of which there was a deposit of soil equal in rich abundance and luxuriance to that of the valley of the Nile, and capable of producing an immense quantity of cotton.

Lord Alfred Churchill said he did not think his friend Mr. Baker had at all overrated the advantages of Australia as a fertile and good cotton-growing country, but these were especially great in respect to the new district of Queensland. With regard to the immediate products of Australia, which were so necessary for the manufacturers of this country, he scarcely knew any of them that were capable of being obtained more readily, and in larger quantities, than in the colony of Queensland. Australia now supplied 60,000,000 lbs. of wool a-year, and he had not the least doubt that, if the colonists took up the question of cotton-growing, they would do equally well with it. He certainly did

not think, from what he had heard, that Queensland was at all too hot for sheep. The alpacas or llamas of South America had now been introduced, and the animals appeared to thrive very well indeed. There was every reason to believe that important experiment would be successful; and if it should be so, flocks of those animals would add another and most profitable branch to colonial industry. There could be no doubt, from all the evidence they had heard, that immense tracts of country were pre-eminently fitted for the cultivation of cotton; and, in fact, there were few parts of Australia in which it could not be cultivated. The explorations of Mr. F. Gregory, on the northern and western side of Australia, were likely to be very beneficial in opening out new country whence more cotton could be obtained, and where coolie labour might be introduced for its cultivation.

Mr. F. W. Gee said he had been some eight or nine years in Australia, and he could fully support the statements made by Mr. Baker. He had been both in Calcutta and Queensland, so that he could judge of the relative merits of the two climates, and the advantages were incomparably in favour of the latter. The climate was unusually healthy, and the vegetation luxuriant beyond description. He had himself received honourable mention from the Commissioners of the Paris Exhibition for his samples of Australian cotton grown at Queensland, and he therefore knew what the young colony could do in respect to that cultivation. However, cotton required labour; and though he was an advocate for free, he was obliged to admit that convicts would do much more work in cotton plantations than any labourers whom the settlers could now obtain in the colony. He believed that if, under proper regulations and arrangements, convicts were sent to Queensland for ten years, there would be cotton enough coming from that district alone to supply all Manchester.

With respect to the climate of Queensland, Mr. Wight naturally, as in all points, sees everything *couleur de rose*. Of what avail, he pertinently asks, would be all this pasture-land, all this mineral-bearing rock, all this fertile soil, if there is not a climate to correspond—if the penalty the white man must pay for the treasures of the country be certain disease and speedy death, or a prolonged life of physical prostration and misery? If the treasures of Queensland are not to be gathered except at such a price, better far that they should lie there for ever; and we, at least, would not write a line to induce any of Britain's sons to leave their hold of the land of their birth for the purpose of going thither. But the climate of Queensland is very opposite of this. In the southern portion of the colony it is one of the finest in the world. For upwards of two years in succession, in all states of the weather, in all ways—riding, working on the farm, stung under cover, speaking, boasting, climbing hill and crossing plains, felling trees, and burning timber, house-building, and fruit-planting—I have tested it, and I am free to say that my measure of health during that period was equal to that enjoyed at home.

We have also the testimony of medical men as to the excellence of the climate. Dr. Robertson, who has resided several years in the colony, writes thus to the *Queensland Guardian*, June, 1860:—

"Sir,—I was very much surprised to find, in your issue of the 7th April, a letter signed 'Cotton,' wherein

he states that a friend of his, who had recently returned overland from this place, describes the heat to be perfectly terrific, and that he was told by medical men that it would be quite impossible for Europeans to stand manual labour there in the mid-day heat; and that the origin of the prevalent diseases there could generally be traced to exposure to the sun, and that these were developing themselves in the offspring of these men, which was fast degenerating. The heat certainly was rather great during the summer months, but not so great as I have felt it either in South America or California, in which latter country persons from all parts of the world work during the heat; and in the course of four years' residence there, I only remember having seen one case of *coup de soleil*, and no disease brought on by exposure to the heat. I have been residing in this district for the last five years, and have not had (although the only medical practitioner, except at the time of the rush) any cases from exposure to the sun. I also can bear testimony that the offspring of the men who are so exposed, instead of degenerating, are as fine and healthy children as can be found in any portion of the continent of Australia, or even the whole world. If 'Cotton' would only pay us a visit just now, he would find the weather perfectly delicious, and quite cold enough. I have always found this district particularly healthy, the only epidemic being a mild form of influenza."

Dr. Hobbs, the health officer at Brisbane, also gives his testimony to the same effect: "The discovery of such an agent within our own territory has long been considered a desideratum by the profession; and it does appear to be a remarkable as well as a felicitous arrangement of nature, that, in a locality possessing, probably, one of the finest climates in the world—combining both the soft humid atmosphere of Torquay and Madeira in the summer, with the dry, bracing air of Nice and Pau in the winter—the resort too, of valetudinarians from all parts of the world—a remedy should be so potent in the treatment of chronic disorders."

Dr. Barton, Meteorological Observer to the Government of Queensland, speaks even more decisively. "The climate of this colony" (Queensland), he says, "as well as of New South Wales, is salubrious, and very favourable to the European constitution: persons, particularly, who have arrived at, or passed, the middle age, in the more inhospitable climate of Britain, often have their health and vigour surprisingly renewed in this genial climate. Instances of persons arriving at great age are common—persons nearly or quite one hundred years old being not unfrequently met with, and these generally retaining an amount of strength and activity to the last. From returns, extending over many years, of the disease of troops in foreign stations, I find, that while the rate of mortality in the Windward and Leeward Islands has been 92½ per 1000 per annum, and in Jamaica 143 per 1000 per annum, in Australia and the Cape of Good Hope the mean annual mortality has been at the minimum, or only 15 per 1000." And he adds afterwards, "Perhaps in no warm country in the world can the European constitution stand a greater amount of heat with impunity than in this. Extremes are not so great, or not so sensibly felt, transitions are not so rapid, or not so injurious, as in most other warm climes; and hence Queensland is the resort of invalids from New Zealand, Tasmania, Victoria, New South Wales, and India. I have known gentlemen from all these countries, and from Scotland and Eng-

land too, come to Queensland in search of health; and whilst many had been too late in coming, others found the precious boon, and returned to their respective posts again. Speaking of consumptive cases, Dr. Hobbs writes: 'Many persons afflicted with this fatal malady have derived great benefit from a short residence in Queensland; and several persons who have arrived in what appeared to be a dying state have lived here for years in comparative health and comfort.'"

If these testimonies are worth anything, they fully bear out Mr. Wight's view of the subject, that the climate of Queensland, though warm, is remarkably healthy; and in the case of those Europeans who combine care with industry, and sobriety with high wages, it is productive of a fair share of physical enjoyment, and is not inimical to longevity.

There is, indeed, sufficient in what we have stated to show further, as the same colonial advocate justly argues, that Queensland is a fine pastoral country, and the climate, upon the whole, is so genial and so healthy, that pastoral pursuits may be carried on there with maximum advantages and minimum drawbacks. In certain portions of the colony, cattle and horses are the most suitable stock; in other and larger portions, sheep constitute the stock most valuable to the grazing farmer; but in all parts, with the exception of here and there a patch of sandy plain, or occasionally flooded ground, or rough, scraggy, quartz ridges, such as those to the north-west of Brisbane, the vegetation, suited to the support of the finest herds and flocks, exists in the greatest abundance. Rarely is there a continuous drought in Queensland, although, of course, some seasons the feed is not so good as it is in others. The reasons vary there as elsewhere, but the variations are neither so marked, nor so damaging, as in many other countries. It is not necessary that the land should be all rich, that the climate should be faultless, that neither sheep nor men should become diseased, in order that the claims of such a country should be established. The man of common sense and observation will see at a glance, that in balancing the claims of countries, as regards their pastoral capabilities, Queensland will not stand at the bottom of the list. Millions of sheep, and thousands of cattle and horses, are, at this moment, depasturing in that country, in the finest condition, and with highly satisfactory results to the proprietors. The conditions of success are within the reach of every man who gives himself to that department of colonial enterprise, and who brings to it a reasonable capital, and ordinary attention and management. These are, that he select a good run, fairly grassed and watered, and put on it stock young and healthy.

Squatting is a colonial term equivalent to the English term pastoral, only the scale on which pastoral operations are carried on in the Australian colonies is very large. The runs of the Australian squatters are vast in comparison with the largest sheep-farms in Britain; and though their flocks may not be proportionally large, yet they far outnumber those of their home compeers. The profits too, far exceed those of the home sheep-farmer. The one may be counted in thousands, while the other rarely rises above hundreds.

Squatter was at one time a term of reproach, but now it designates a peculiar class, held in honourable estimation by the body of colonists. It is representative of a class of men without whom the Australian colonies could not prosper. This term is in use in America as

well as in Australia, but with a different signification. In the former country it generally designates the sturdy and daring backwoodsman, who selects, at will, a portion of wild bush, on which he "squats," that is, settles himself and his family in an easy way, which he improves after his own notions, and which he has the opportunity of securing as his own, when the land comes to be disposed of by Government. In Australia it always designates a class of men who hold, many of them, hundreds of thousands of acres of land at a nominal rent; possess immense flocks and herds; draw large revenues from their stations or runs; have a tendency to become non-resident; and who constitute the peculiar aristocracy of the colonies.

The aristocracy of the southern hemisphere is not pure or select, and it has not a "long pedigree," but neither is it "ponniless." It is rather a heterogeneous mass of recent conglomeration, and yet a mass in which there is much vitality. In it you will find the younger sons of noble families, adventurous members of commercial houses, cautious Scotch and English farmers, members of the bar, sons of the church, and men who have risen from nearly all the classes of honourable industry. Varied though their tastes may be, diverse though their characters are, gathered from all grades of society though they have been, yet the squatting fraternity have many important interests in common, and constitute a very powerful party in the country.

Farming, it is to be observed, is still in its infancy in Queensland, and of the 37,000 inhabitants which it is estimated are scattered over the southern portion of the colony, a small proportion only are engaged in agricultural pursuits. This, although there is a boundless field for the successful application of British labour, skill, and capital. But in the early stages of colonising a favoured land, squatting is naturally looked upon as the first and easiest mode of obtaining property and raising capital, as well as, also, in some cases, investing it. Mr. Wight takes up the subject in at once a serious and yet an amusing point of view. Squatting, he says, is an ancient and honourable occupation, and in ordinary circumstances is not one of the least lucrative. The nomadic life of the Arab, and that of the Jewish patriarchs of the old time, are alike developments of this primeval mode of providing for one's family, and accumulating wealth. Nothing could be more natural; it is the development of a great law—the law of increase. The head of the family is in possession of a few goats, or camels, or sheep, or oxen, or asses, and these go on increasing, thus providing the household with milk, and meat, and clothing, and labour, and adding annually to the wealth, and position, and importance of the patriarch. In a few years Abraham and Jacob, from being shepherds with slender means, and of little social importance, grew up, under the blessing of Heaven, to be squatters with enormous flocks and herds, whose proximity disturbed large tribes, and whose wealth raised envy in the breast of kings.

There are, however, points of difference as well as points of coincidence. The patriarch of old moved from district to district, according to the condition of the grass, the water, and the season; the colonial squatter has his run, always ample enough for his flocks, fixed by the rules that regulate civilised communities, and he must take his chance of the seasons. The patriarch grazed his flocks free over the rich valleys and well-watered plains, included within the

bounds of his uncontrolled wanderings; our squatter must pay a sum to the Government in the shape of rent and assessment—small, indeed, in comparison with his annual profits, for the opportunity of depasturing his cattle and sheep on certain defined lands, and for the protection to himself and property, which the Government affords. The patriarch reckoned the increase of his stock the great source of profit, the wool, and hides, and tallow, and horns, and bones, going for little; the modern squatter manages to make the "clip" of his flocks pay the expenses of the station, and these are considerably heavier, we may suppose, than those of an ancient patriarchal household, while his profits are derived from the increase (minimum 50 per cent.) with the addition of other items that advanced civilisation has rendered of some value. The patriarchs seem to have had, sometimes at least, town or village houses, but when on their wandering and grazing expeditions, they lived in tents with their servants; your full-blown squatter has his town house in Melbourne, Sydney, or Brisbane, perhaps some snug little estate in old England to boot; and on the run itself a substantial hard-wood dwelling and offices, of ample dimensions, and supplied with comforts and even luxuries that you would scarcely expect to meet with in the wild bush. Favourable as were the circumstances in which many of the patriarchs were placed, and rapid as was the growth of their flocks and herds, the position and the profits of the modern squatter, with a well-selected, well-stocked run, are greatly to be preferred.

Like the heads of households in ancient times, the squatter is hospitable, generous, and frequently entertains strangers. His house is sometimes, indeed, the only place where a traveller can find shelter for himself within a circuit of many miles; and masters and managers are alike in this matter. All welcome the passers by, give what shelter they have, and wish them good speed in the morning.

Millions of acres are open to the squatter in Queensland. He must go into the far interior, and leave the lands by the sea and the navigable rivers to the farmer and cotton-grower. The squatter is the pioneer of a new country. He not only introduces sheep, cattle, and horses into the country, but he thereby vastly improves the pasture lands. Grasses become more sweet and actually become more numerous by grazing. The interests of this class, therefore, should not be overlooked in the legislature of a colony: they are also the pioneers of population as well as of stock. Around the station there spring up in a short time the huts of shepherds and stock men; and these, again, soon become the nucleus of little clumps of dwellings—woodmen, bullock-drivers, carpenters, horse-breakers, tailors, shoemakers, and such like, gradually congregate, till, on some large stations, the population becomes considerable. At the resting-places of the drays that "do the carrying" to and from the stations, there rise the way-side inn and smith's forge; and these in time become miniature villages, where dogs, and cows, and children vie with each other in numbers, and all alike revel in wild freedom. This is one way in which population spreads, and finds its home hundreds of miles from the large and populous towns. The governmental method is to lay out townships in various directions, have the surrounding lands surveyed, and encourage suitable persons to purchase, and take up their abode in these localities.

The country for many miles beyond the centres of

population is occupied with stock, so that the squatter is compelled to push further and further to the west and north. The low lying districts are more favourable for cattle than for sheep; and horses are reared anywhere, although all breeds are not alike valuable. The lands on the Logan, the Brisbane, the Mary, the Burnett, the Fitzroy, the Condamine, the Dawson, are all taken up, and partially, if not wholly, stocked; and these include a vast expanse of country. The flow of the great squatting enterprise is now towards the Malonne, the Mackenzie, the Isaacs, the Comet and the Burdekin, the outlying rivers of this magnificent country. And when these are appropriated, as they very soon will be, the daring and enterprise of the pioneer squatter will carry him forwards, still west and north, till he shall feed his flocks on those well-watered plains from which Stuart was driven by the hostile blacks.

As Mr. Wight intimates that the object of his work is to place before the public the claims of a new and little known British colony, and if he succeeds in this he shall feel satisfied that he has done his duty, both to the colony and to his fellow countrymen, we shall avail ourselves of some of his practical hints as to "how to secure a run."

You have got a capital of £750, and on this you cannot manage, with the utmost care and economy, to raise annually more than the merest necessities of life. You have nothing for "a rainy day." It is hard for you, an industrious man with a wife and family, to waste the best portion of your days, and all your young and buoyant energies, in simply procuring bread. You have a right to expect, under a benign Providence, that such a capital should realize something against the decline of life. You love your native land; "breathes there a man with soul so dead," that he does not? But the claims of your family are paramount, and you resolve to emigrate to Queensland. You don't go alone, for several of your neighbours, worse or better off, have taken the same resolution.

The sea is crossed, and you have set foot on land. Your money is secure in the bank, and you have received the "land orders for the passage-money which you paid for yourself, wife, and family. Everything is strange, and yet everything looks uncommonly English. You look about; you select your "free grants" of land; you find that things are not so strange after all. You take some light work; perhaps you engage yourself for a sheep station for six or twelve months. Your wife and family stay in Brisbane.

What! take a day's work, play the shepherd on another man's station, and £750 placed to your credit in the bank? Why not, friend? Are you above that? Then think no more of emigrating. This is the way to gain colonial experience without encroaching on your capital; and experience is of vast importance in every colony. Experience may enable you to realize a fortune out of your small capital; proceed without this help, and your capital may—very likely will—become "small by degrees, and beautifully less."

But you have gained the necessary experience, how or where it concerns no one to know; and you desire to settle on a run, or sheep-farm. You have ascertained by this time that there are Commissioners appointed by the Governor and Executive Council for the different squatting districts, whose duty it is to attend to all applications for new runs, when made in

proper form, and to give information to those who know how to apply.

The run may be selected anywhere you like, outside of those already appropriated, in accordance with reasonable conditions, regarding your neighbour's boundaries, water frontage, &c. You ride over the portion of land you fancy, accompanied by a friend, or an agent, and mark its boundaries by nothing prominent trees, or running your lines by creeks, or dry channels, or mountain spurs. You must see that it lies as compact as possible, for Government will not allow the pasture lands to be cut up in a wasteful manner. Starting from the furthest boundary of your neighbour's run, you thus, with the help of your friend, lay out a block of land of twenty-five square miles, and you carry in your hand a simple outline of the run, accompanied by a few sentences of a descriptive or explanatory nature, to the District Commissioner. He receives you with the utmost civility; enters your application and the descriptive sentences in his large book, and even corrects your description should it be incorrect, as he knows much more about the district than you do yet. If the land is not pre-occupied—and, of course, this is ascertained before you lodge your application—and if you are the first applicant, the Commissioner grants a license for you to occupy the run for one year.

This book is open to the public, and on the payment of a fee of 2s. 6d. any one may examine it, to ascertain what runs are taken up, and by whom. But, in order that everything may be done openly and without favour, all applications are from time to time published in the *Queensland Gazette*.

No run is to contain less than twenty-five square miles, and none are to contain more than 100; but one man may take as many runs as he likes, provided always that he complies with the terms of lease, which are framed to suit the bona fide squatter, and not the speculator, for in colonies men speculate in everything, even in runs, to the extensive detriment of the pastoral interest. I have supposed that you have selected one of twenty-five square miles. The estimated capability of this run is 100 sheep for each square mile, or twenty head of cattle, should it be taken as a cattle station. The license is now obtained from the District Commissioner, and within ninety days from the signing of that document you are required to pay, as an occupation fee for the year, the sum of 10s. per square mile; and unless such fee be paid, the license is forfeited to the crown. You may put as many sheep on your run the first year as you like, and the occupation fee, £12 10s., constitutes, in fact, the rent for the year.

It is very probable that when you have had a six months' trial of your block of land of twenty-five square miles, for which you pay the Government £12 10s., you would like to secure it on lease. How are you, then, to proceed in order to accomplish your object? Any time during the year of license, three clear months before the license expires, you may make application to the Chief Commissioner of Crown Lands, through the District Commissioner, for a lease; and should you comply with the terms, and the way be clear, a lease for fourteen years will be granted.

There is one reasonable condition, and it is faithfully carried out: during the year of license, and at the date of the application for the lease, you must have your twenty-five square mile block stocked to an extent



equal to one-fourth of the number of sheep, or equivalent number of cattle, which it is deemed capable of carrying by the Act. The Government estimate is, that your twenty-five square miles will carry 2,500 sheep—in reality, it will carry a much greater number, but the Government does not wish to be too exacting with its children, and the number, therefore, which must be depasturing on it when the application is forwarded, is 625. Six hundred good sheep may be bought at the present time for £500. This is the condition which has been inserted in the Queensland Squatting Law, to curb, if it may not prevent, speculation. The District Commissioner grants you the license for one year. On your application, the license is converted into a fourteen years' lease, on the condition mentioned, by the Chief Commissioner of Crown Lands.

When the lease has been secured, what is the rent you will require to pay for your twenty-five square miles? Just the same for the first four years as you paid the year of license, £12 10s. And suppose you have on the run 2500 sheep, then the annual rent you pay per sheep is 13d! And, to use the words of the Act, "the rent payable in respect of such lease for the succeeding periods of five years and five years, being the residue of the term comprised in such lease, shall be the appraisement at the commencement of such periods of five years and five years respectively, in proportion to the value of the run, its capabilities, advantages, and disadvantages being considered." But it is provided by the Act, that in no case during the first period of five years shall the rent be less than £25, or greater than £50, per block of twenty-five square miles. During the last five years of the lease, the same sized run will not pay less than £30, and not more than £70. This is deemed very fair, as the value of runs greatly increases from various causes during the period of fourteen years.

Should any difference arise between the squatter and the Government, it is settled by arbitration; and should the lessee pay his rent regularly, and the land not be required for public purposes, he sits unmolested, absolute "monarch of all he surveys." He has no wild beasts to contend with, and if he has the good sense and the humanity to take the poor wandering blacks on the right side, they will prove as harmless to him and his as the timid wallaby or kangaroo. Should your little principality be required for governmental or public purposes, you will have a twelve-months' warning to quit, and compensation for all the improvements, such as house, huts, offices, stock-yard and wells.

There may be at present about 500 squatters in Queensland occupying stations of various dimensions, none of them smaller than twenty-five square miles. As, according to the law of this new colony, every station must have its proportion of stock, the number of stations represent so much capital and labour. And as the number is steadily and even rapidly increasing every year, and as the labour on each station increases annually with the increase of the stock, the demand for labour in the squatting department must be greater and greater every year. But, in addition to this, every year sees many men who have saved £80 or £100 as shepherds or stockmen return to the towns, in the neighbourhoods of which they purchase small farms, and settle down into cultivators of the soil. The squatter, therefore, has a constant demand for labour,

and this demand increases year by year. All classes of men may engage in this work; and, in point of fact, you will at this moment find men busy at station work, representatives of all grades in English society. It is in some sense a "refuge," for there you will meet decayed members of the learned professions, sprigs of nobility, too "fast" for home society, doing their part alongside of the shepherd from the Cheviots, and the ploughman from Lothian and Essex, and doing it well; for, keep them from the gin and the brandy bottle, and they make very fair shepherds and stockmen. Few will surpass them in working a dog with sheep, or tracking, on the fleetest charger on the station, a mob of cattle or horses. But after all, the men the squatter likes best to have about him are those who, at home, were accustomed to out-door work. There is very little Chinese or coolie labour employed on stations, for, though considerably cheaper than British labour, it is by no means so efficient.

Labour is hence, with the introduction of an agricultural population, indeed the present desiderata in Queensland. There is room enough for both squatter and farmer; and whilst the one sends home to the English market the cleanest and the finest wool he can produce, let the other be encouraged to supply the looms of Manchester and Glasgow with the fine cotton fibre which the extensive sea-board is capable of growing. In order to accomplish this, many thousands of industrious families must be induced to settle in those districts where agricultural operations of a nature suited to the soil and climate are most likely to prosper; and there are many such districts in Queensland. The entire surplus population of the kind referred to, that England could supply for years to come, might be disposed of there with inculcable advantage to the colony, and very palpable advantage to themselves. A numerous class of small proprietors resident on and cultivating their own farms would be the making of this new country. When a man has an interest in the soil as a proprietor, it effects a salutary change in all his views, and he becomes an excellent citizen and a devoted patriot. This is the material of which the substratum of society should be composed; and as is the character of the foundation, so will be the structure raised upon it.

We cannot, however, agree with Mr. Wight in denouncing the introduction of large capital and Chinese or coolie labour. We cannot well see how at the onset a sufficient quantity of cotton could be produced to supply even a portion of what is wanted at home, and we have seen that even the least hopeful and enthusiastic of men—Mr. Crawford, admits that Queensland could meet the demands of Manchester.

There is, however, another question that concerns the squatter to be considered before we treat of produce, and that is, what is the labour expected of a man on the great sheep-farms of Queensland?

When the station is small, and the master resident, he acts as his own manager; but when the station is large, or the master non-resident, one manager or more is required. The manager acts in all things for the master, and his authority is absolute. It is a responsible situation, requires great experience and tact, and generally commands a good salary. The salary, in many instances, is paid partly in money and partly in stock, which he is permitted to grass on the run; and he is allowed to keep, or has the use of several horses. In this way the manager may become in a short time the possessor of a run of his own.



Under the manager there are shepherds, whose duty it is to go out with the sheep in the morning, tend them all day, and return with them to some place of safety at sun-down. One man may shepherd 1,000 sheep; and a man and a boy may safely take charge of a flock of between 2,000 and 3,000 on a good and well ordered station. On many stations there are from 10,000 to 40,000 sheep. Hut-men are engaged to keep the huts, and cook, &c., for the shepherds and watchmen. It is, of course, an inferior occupation, and is often performed by old people, partial invalids, and the wives of the shepherds. Married women, whose husbands are employed on the station, are frequently engaged to perform the duties of cook, housemaid, and so on, to the master or manager. The young people, as soon as they can do anything, are set to work; and hence a man with a wife and grown-up boys will very readily find employment for himself and all of them on a station. A shepherd receives about £45 per annum

and his rations; a shepherd and his wife receive from £55 to £60 per annum and rations; and I have known a shepherd, with wife and two or three boys, receive £100, and all rations supplied.

Stockmen do for cattle what shepherds do for sheep, and they are rarely out of the saddle from morning till night. It is a strange life, and has many attractions for the young and the frivolous. There is not a little art required in tracking the cattle to their feeding grounds, and no small amount of courage is needed to fetch a mob from the mountains, or to entice them from the dense, impenetrable scrub to the muster-grounds, that they may be draughted to market, or have the young among them "branded." I have often admired the young stockman, as he started fresh for his work. He is tall, spare, and bronzed by constant exposure to the sun; *sans* coat and waistcoat, with a leathern belt around his waist, stuck full of "indispensables," be-whiskered and moustached; in his hand the stock-whip,



GOLD ESCORT.

and on his head a light straw-hat, from which streams his coal-black hair. You have before you the perfect idea of a man who feels himself free, and who has exquisite enjoyment in his freedom. The stockman is generally well mounted, and it is well for him that he is so; for ere he returns to the station, he shall have many windings and doublings, gullies to cross, and ridges to ascend and descend, in following and guiding the cattle. It is surprising the distances cattle will sometimes go, and the apparently inaccessible places they will choose as their feeding ground. They select their own camping-grounds, which are generally on elevated parts, and thither they hie as sunset approaches. The stockman rarely loses himself in the bush, although his way may be trackless; and if he should, the instinct of his horse will bring him home. The pay of a stockman is about £40, with rations, and a horse kept for his use.

In the lambing season all hands on the station are

busy, and great is the anxiety of faithful shepherds. Should the weather be broken and wet, or should the feed be less advanced than it should be, many of the lambs die; but this does not often happen. The seasons in Queensland are, upon the whole, favourable to the increase of stock; hence the ratio at which that increase proceeds. But there is another danger that besets the flock at this time: the dingo, or native dog, which is still numerous in the interior, preys on the lambs whenever he finds an opportunity. The dingo has more the appearance of a fox than a dog; and, like his sly compeer, seems to exercise his wits to reach his prey. The shepherds destroy them by shooting, and sometimes by dropping meat impregnated with strychnine near their haunts. A dingo hunt is a very exciting scene, and not unattended by danger; but they are only witnessed now far in the interior.

An additional number of men are required in the season when the washing of the sheep takes place, and

much depends on the way in which this work is performed. The good or bad washing gives character, in part, to the clip of wool. Of course, inferior wool will not be changed in its character by the washing, but good wool may be greatly damaged by bad washing.

The shearing of the sheep follows; and this work is performed, not by the shepherds, but by men who devote themselves to that special occupation for a portion of the season. The other parts of the year they act as woodmen, fencers, and shingle splitters. When

the season arrives, the "shearers" set off on horseback, carrying with them their few implements and their blanket for a night cover when they "camp out." They go from station to station, and generally to the same stations year after year. They do their work by the piece, and make a capital thing of it. They have from 4s. 6d. to 5s. per score; and a good workman will pass through his hands from four to five score a-day. The wages of other men required about stations are in proportion to those mentioned; and this is the case at the present time, when so many men in Britain are striving to rear a family on 11s. or 13s. a-week.

On a well-ordered and well-kept station, the clip, that is, the wool of the season, is understood to pay more than the current expenses. There is no rent to pay for dwelling-house, or for as much ground as you like to cultivate for the station use; and the rent of the run is little more, on an average of fourteen years, than 12s. per square mile. The squatter has not many calls upon his benevolence, and he can afford to be hospitable. His profits are the increase of the flocks, which, together with the growing surplus arising from the sale of his wool, amounts to good fifty per cent. on his capital.

Besides sheep and cattle, and horses, the climate and pasture of Queensland have been found to be well adapted to the support of the llama and alpaca, creatures considerably larger than sheep, and producing a kind of wool much in demand. We saw a portion of

the original flock in a field at Friar's Place, near Acton, before Mr. Ledger had surmounted the almost incredible difficulties of their transport from South America to Australia. The result of the experiment has been, according to a statement made in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of August, 1860, very satisfactory; and according to the ratio of increase presented, it was calculated that there would be in 50 years, 9,760,000 head, the wool of which, at 2s. per lb., will amount to the sum of £6,832,000 per annum!



RETURN OF THE DRAY.

But there are ups and downs in squatting life, as in any other. Men now acting as shepherds, hut-keepers, and bullock-drivers, in connection with stations, occupied very different positions at home. A roving and unsettled disposition, generally accompanied with an overpowering passion for strong drink, has brought them to their present state, and the love of the bottle keeps them in it. In many instances these men make good servants, keep them from drink, and over a period of 12 months they will earn a sum of from £40 to £45. There are cases innumerable in which such men, and others too, who have under prosperity got into jovial habits, have left the bush with large sums in their "belts," and at the first way-side inn spent every farthing before they moved from the spot; and should they by any chance reach the town, a better fate did not befall them, and they were compelled, under dire necessity, either to take what work cast up on the spot, or re-

turn without a penny to the station which they had left a few days before. The process is this: a poor incapable lands in the bar of a public-house; he calls for brandy, and he places in the hands of the barman the cheque which he has on the station where he has been serving. He becomes heated with the fiery stimulant, becomes jolly and jovial, and declares that he will "shout" all comers. The meaning of this slang is, that he will treat at his expense all and sundry known or unknown unto him, friend or foe, who shall enter the bar during the process; and the brandy

flows like water, and heads grow giddy, and words become high; "fast and furious grows the din;" and if the whole does not end in a "row," it is generally due to the stupefying power of the well-cooked Australian brandy. Our poor incapable is tumbled into bed, and the cheque is safe in mine host's strong box. In the morning the wretched man calls for brandy, and still more brandy, which is freely given him; and for two or three days matters go on thus, till the demand is resisted, and the poor drunkard, now on the verge of *delirium tremens*, is told that his money is exhausted, and that, should he not instantly "take himself off," he shall be kicked out of doors.

The law cannot reach such cases; and so long as men shall be such consummate fools, the villanous grog-seller will pluck them with impunity.

But there are "ups" as well as "downs" in squatting life, and Mr. Wight describes several of these that came under his own observation:

"Of course, many men engaged in this work have gradually risen from poverty to affluence. Many, who began with very small capitals indeed, have ended by possessing thousands of pounds. This has hitherto been the rule in Queensland, and so far as we can judge, it is probable that it will continue to be the rule. One day I was met by a gentleman from the bush, who freely entered into conversation. I had at one time made a short voyage with him on board a steamer, and had thus come to know him a little. 'I have just sold my station,' said he.

"Well," said I, "I hope you have made something good of it."

"Yes, I believe I have," was his reply.

"You squatters are the men to make money in this colony," was my rejoinder.

"I don't know, but I have received £29,000 cash, and a bill for £1000."

"I expressed my surprise.

"I am going to retire," said my friend, "and devote myself to the education of my family."

"I heartily approved and commended the resolution.

"This gentleman had not himself got a liberal education, and knowing the many and great disadvantages the want of a thorough course of instruction and training entails upon a man, he was determined that his sons should not labour under the same defect. I was told that this gentleman was a journeyman mechanic some fifteen years before. He had certainly followed the squatting to some purpose.

"I shall give another case, the type of many. My duties required me at one time to pay a visit, of a few days, to one of the richest agricultural districts of New South Wales. I came in contact with many shopkeepers, woodmen, and farmers. They were all well-to-do in the world, and lived like little potentates, each on his own domain. I was specially interested in the farmers, and enjoyed the hearty hospitality of several of them. The history of most of them was told in my hearing: that of one I shall briefly relate.

"About ten years previous to the date of my visit, this man had left one of the rural districts of Scotland, accompanied by his wife and several young children. Arrived in Australia, he at once hired himself as a shepherd, and his wife took the situation of cook to the master, who happened to live a good portion of the year on the station. The children, who were all girls, managed themselves. In the course of two or three years, what between the wages of both, none of

which was spent, but all was laid out in sheep as it was due, and the annual increase of his little flock, he soon found himself in possession of between £300 and £400. His great ambition now was to buy a farm, where he could take up his abode, cultivate the soil, keep two or three cows, and feed poultry and pigs. In this way he fancied he would be able to keep his family in a respectable position.

"I spent a day with this worthy man on his farm, and had the whole corroborated by himself. And he told me that his farm consisted of upwards of 300 acres of good land, on which he grew a quantity of wheat and potatoes, but which he chiefly used for grazing a number of cows, whose produce paid him very well. In this case, as in many others, I was pleased to know that in prosperity my friend had not forgotten the gratitude and the honour due to God. A steady and liberal supporter of a Christian congregation two or three miles from his farm, he had at the same time opened his dining-room for a Sunday-school, where the children all round were weekly taught the holy doctrines of our blessed religion by the daughters of this erstwhile Scottish peasant."

## VIII.

COTTON SUPPLY—AMERICA—AFRICA—WEST INDIES—INDIA—BRAZIL—QUEENSLAND—AREA AND EXCELLENCE OF THE QUEENSLAND COTTON—FIELD—QUALITY OF THE COTTON—QUEENSLAND A BRITISH COTTON-FIELD?—SUGAR, FLAX, FRUITS, AND OTHER PRODUCTS—COMMERCE AND REVENUE—GOVERNMENT—SOCIETY IN QUEENSLAND.

QUEENSLAND is so favoured by nature, both in regard to soil and climate, that the answer propounded to "what will the colony grow?" has been, "what will the colony not grow?" The capabilities are great, and the range of product is also great. On the same farm may be seen growing, side by side, maize, peas, potatoes, oats, coffee, sugarcane, arrow-root, ginger, flax, cotton, peaches, oranges, apricots, figs, mulberries, grapevines, pine-apples, and bananas. All these may be seen growing to perfection in the open air, and under any ordinary treatment, in the neighbourhood of Brisbane. The extensive plateaux in many parts of the sea-board, obviously old sea-marks, of a deep chocolate colour, but little understood as yet, will, it is said, produce magnificent crops of sea-island cotton, and all kinds of fruit; while in the interior, within the moist influence of the mountain ranges, where the temperature is moderate, wheat is grown equal at least to that which is produced in South Australia, New Zealand, or Van Dieman's Land.

It is, however, to the cotton supply that attention is at the present moment most earnestly directed. For several years considerable anxiety has been felt regarding the supply of cotton, and some attempts have been made to increase the number of sources whence it might be drawn. Far-seeing men, when they contemplated the daily development of the trade in cotton-stuffs, and thought of England being dependent on sources foreign to herself for the supply of the raw material, naturally entertained a certain amount of anxiety. Perhaps it scarcely took shape in most minds; it existed as a vague uneasiness; it required something of a decisive nature to give it form, to convert it into a motive to action.

Recent events, and events still pending, the effects of which, in a commercial point of view, no man can

foresee, furnish a motive of sufficient strength to urge the cotton lords of Lancashire, and all parties interested in the prosperity of our great manufacturing enterprise, to take action in this matter. The civil war in America, whatever be its consequence to the American people, has certainly taught us the folly and the danger of depending on strangers for an article of such vital importance as cotton. But whether it shall rouse John Bull thoroughly to action, is another and very different question.

Up to a very recent date America supplied us with eight-tenths of the fibre used in the cotton manufactures of Britain; and although the relative proportions from this and from other countries are daily changing, yet such a state of matters gives that country much more power over our great national interests than should be allowed, except under the direst necessity.

There are few questions of more vital importance to the mother country than that of the supply of cotton. Much of her wealth, and not a little of her influence among the nations of the world, depend upon it. With it, therefore, is closely bound up our national progress and prosperity. But the supply at this moment is almost exclusively from countries over which we have no control, and must therefore be, at the best, subject to too many contingencies. Is it wise in Britain to remain dependent on the foreigner for the supply of such an article? The growing impression on the public mind undoubtedly is, that it is not. And from many indications—from the meetings that are being held in the manufacturing districts—from an extensive correspondence in the newspapers—from the able articles that are appearing in the most influential organs of public opinion—from the associations that are coming into existence—it is very obvious that this subject is not merely agitating the surface, but moving to its depths the mind of a large portion of the English public. But whether this shall lead to decided action, and whether that action shall be in the right direction, is yet to be proved. Much talk about it is good to create, and spread, and sustain an interest; but mere talk is useless. Subscribing money to purchase cotton from the native producers, and to assist experiments in new fields, may be very laudable, and may effect a fractional amount of good; but we respectfully submit that this goes a short way to meet the case, and to secure a result worthy of the interests at stake. Even the proposal, which meets with so much favour in England, to import Chinese and coolies to those countries connected with the British crown, where cotton may be grown, does not, Mr. Wight argues, come up to the exigencies of the case.

In the English mind the question is too much one of pounds, shillings, and pence. Now, although it must, of necessity, be viewed very much in this light, yet why narrow the ground to this one issue? In our peculiar circumstances, as possessed of an extensive colonial empire, as having a yearly surplus of population to dispose of, why not associate the demand for cotton supply with the necessity for emigration? Is it not worth our while to inquire whether the wise direction of the one might not, in great measure, furnish us with what we want of the other? If our own surplus industrious population could be got to produce, in part at least, the cotton fibre we must have for our numerous looms, we should then secure a three-fold result, the consequences of which no man could over-estimate: there would be a great reduction

of contingencies, the maximum stability in the supply would be gained, the surplus and underpaid labour would be well provided for, and the labour market at home would never be glutted; the manufacturers would find in such a population a valuable and constantly augmenting market for their various fabrics. We should like to see the question discussed on this broad ground.

Meanwhile, if we mistake not, the only question that weighs with the public is, where shall we get our cotton for the smallest possible sum per pound? This, we admit, is the first and the most important question; but it is by no means the only one of importance that demands our consideration at such a crisis. We want upwards of one thousand millions of pounds weight of cotton per annum to keep our looms going, and we want it at the lowest possible figure; but we also want the supply to be subject to as few fluctuations and contingencies as possible. Of this quantity, America, in 1859, furnished upwards of eight hundred millions; the remainder was derived from India, West Indies, Brazil, the Mediterranean, and one or two other countries. It is not wise to depend so entirely on any one country, not under British control, for such a large proportion of this indispensable staple. Whither, then, shall we turn our eyes? What country or countries may be expected to respond to our call?

Some look to Africa, and they imagine that a large supply may be procured from the tribes on the Zambesi and its tributaries, and from the free blacks, whom British philanthropy, with its usual largeness of heart, proposes to reanimate in their own country. These schemes may or may not come up to expectation, but even though a large supply could be produced in this field, where is our guarantee that it would be steady? You may enter into arrangements; you may make certain stipulations; but should these wayward tribes become jealous, mischievous, or refractory, who is to enforce the conditions? However fair may be the prospect in this direction, however certain it may be that much cotton could be produced, yet you cannot command a regular supply, because you have no real power over the producers.

Some look to the West Indies, and from that quarter they believe a large annual supply might be derived. The liberated negroes are willing to perform the work for a reasonable day's wage, and the quality of the cotton is good. Good; but we need a much larger supply than we are likely to receive permanently from Jamaica. Others direct their eye to India. There, it is alleged, that any quantity of the raw material may be produced. This we don't mean to dispute; but the question of production or growth is not the only one. In India, two difficulties meet us: first, the carriage of the cotton when produced, and the uncertainty of the allegiance of the Indian hordes. According to all accounts, the difficulty and the expense of land carriage, although this is daily diminishing, before the cotton can be put on board ship, amount almost to a prohibition. And then it must be admitted that experience has taught us that little dependence is to be placed in a subjected community like that of India.

The same or similar difficulties will meet us were we to turn our attention to Brazil, or any other foreign country. We want to have the supply more steady than any half-civilised or subject people can ever secure to us, and we must have it, accompanied with fewer contingencies than we ever can expect to have, if the

main sources of supply are in countries over which Britain has no control, or in which her authority may be disputed.

There are some persons who believe that England has no need, even in the matter of cotton, to loan upon others. We can conceive of circumstances in which a great nation like the English might be placed, and which, while they could not prevent such anxieties and inquiries as at present prevail, might yet effectually prevent the application of any remedial measure. She might have had no influence in the Indian Ocean, no access to the products of Hindostan; she might never have had, or, having them, might have been denuded of, her semi-tropical possessions in the Southern hemisphere; and situated so, however much she might have felt and deplored her dependence, from force of circumstances she must be dependent still.

But England is not so situated. Thanks to a beneficent Providence, she holds the remedy in her own hand; it remains to be proved whether she has the wisdom, and will have the patience, to apply it.

She may draw much more largely than she has ever done on her possessions, both in the East and the West Indies. From these sources united, a large proportion of the raw material might be realised under a properly organised system of cultivation, although it would be folly to depend upon them. In these countries, where the labour is cheap and abundant, and where the commonest kinds could be grown, a successful competition might be organised, and the American planter be made to feel that the slave-produced article was not so absolutely in possession of the market of the world as he imagined.

But, best of all, Britain possesses in her own loyal dependencies, in the Southern hemisphere, a vast extent of territory, which, both as it regards soil and climate for the growth of the plant, and the means of conveyance to the shipping to any of the ports over a sea-board of 600 miles, is unsurpassed in any country in the world. Providence seems to have destined the cotton-field of Queensland to be cultivated by British labour, and thus affords the most convincing of all proofs that our cotton supply is not dependent on slavery. Such a monstrous evil cannot much longer exist. The country where it is cherished will never be secure, and will never prosper; nor will the interests dependent upon it ever be secure against fluctuations and sudden change. Neither the North nor the South portion of the United States have apparently any intention to remove the evil. They are devotees of the "almighty dollar," and are not troubled with a scrupulous conscience. Britain has now an opportunity of showing them a better way. Were the view which we have ventured to take and express in these pages of our cotton supply in connection with the extensive emigration of industrious families, to be countenanced by our manufacturers, merchants, and statesmen, ere long we should have on the sea-board of Queensland a large white population engaged in the profitable production of cotton, quite equal to the finest American fibres.

As regards the quantity of land that might be put under cotton, that may be said to extend from the Logan, near the south boundary, along the coast for at least 600 miles, with an inland range of about 50 miles, including most of the islands that skirt the coast. It is, of course, impossible to place all this vast breadth of country under crop at once, even though we

had the necessary white labour landed on its shores, for it is more or less heavily timbered, and must first be cleared, and fitted for the plant. This is the work of time; but in time, we doubt not, it will be accomplished. The districts that have been selected as agricultural reserves are not only of rich soil, but also, on the average, thinly timbered. Here, of course, the clearing commences, and from each centre it will gradually spread till the country shall be denuded of much of its robust vegetation. Inland, the cotton produced will not be so good in quality, and will, therefore, not be so high in price; but near the coast, and on the islands, any quantity of the cotton, known in the market as "Sea Island," will be produced. There is field enough here to grow as much as England at present consumes.

The excellence of the Queensland cotton-field does not altogether lie in its vast extent. The soil, although varied, is most admirably suited to produce crops of the finest quality; and because of the suitable soils being associated with a fine climate, the quantity corresponds with the quality. It will, therefore, pay the farmer to devote his capital and attention to its cultivation. This vast cotton-field, with a soil and climate so admirably adapted to the production of the finest fibre known in our home-market, has yet another important recommendation. Along the coast there are at least four harbours, where large ships may receive their cargoes—Brisbane, Maryborough, Gladstone, and Rockhampton; and ere long, ships drawing over twenty-two feet will be able to sail right up the River Brisbane, and anchor in the very heart of the capital. By this time the steam dredge is at work to remove the few obstacles in the shape of sand and mud-banks. Add to this the fact, that a large portion of the richest land on the coast is completely intersected by navigable streams and creeks for at least fifteen miles inland, and you perceive how wonderfully favoured this colony is by a kind Providence. Besides all this, the climate is such that Europeans, with ordinary care, can do a regular and fair day's work, even in the hottest months, with impunity. I am aware that many persons think this impossible; and on this assumption they build one of their great arguments for coolie labour. But I have only to remind the reader of what is stated touching the climate in another part of this article, and to add that, every lawful day in the year, shepherds, bullock-drivers, masons, and the whole class of labourers, and small farmers, constantly ply their avocations with less mortality than befalls the same classes at home.

Of Queensland cotton-field, this is the sum of what has been stated:—It is of vast extent, being 600 miles long by 50 wide, besides containing nearly all the islands on the coast. The soil varies, but is all admirably adapted to the growth of cotton in its best varieties, especially in Sea Island. The climate is most favourable to the plant, and not inimical to the European constitution. White men labour all the year over, with no more disease, and no higher rate of mortality, than at home. There are numerous navigable streams and creeks ready prepared to convey the bales of cotton to the harbours, with which the coast is largely provided, thence to be wafted, along with wool and other products, direct to the ports of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow.

But some one may ask, "Has the cotton-producing power of Queensland ever really been tested? Has the plant been grown there, and has the fibre been

examined, and spun, and converted into cloth? The most conclusive reasoning is not enough; the matter should be brought to experiment."

A reasonable question, and well put. I quite agree with you, that the matter is much too important to be placed on any ground short of experiment, and on this ground alone do we place it. I must, therefore, request your attention to the evidence of the superior quality of the limited quantities of cotton that have been grown in Queensland, and valued, and bought, and converted into cloth, by English brokers and manufacturers.

In 1854, when Queensland was connected with New South Wales, a quantity of cotton grown there was submitted to Messrs. Hollingshead and Co., of Liverpool, for examination. The report of these gentlemen was in these terms: "We have carefully examined the sample of Australian cotton sent us for valuation. It ranks with the highest class of Sea Island cotton, and, free from the few spots of stain, is worth 3s. per lb. in this market. It is superior in fineness and evenness of

staple, though a little inferior in strength of staple, as compared with Sea Island. We return you the sample, as you may not have retained any, and send you a small bit of Sea Island worth 2s. 6d. per lb. to-day, and another bit purchased to-day at 2s. 9d., both inferior to your sample in our opinion, and in the opinion of the buyer of the 2s. 9d. lot.

Three years later, that is, in 1857, Mr. Clegg, Manchester, addressed the following letter to Messrs. R. Barbour and Brothers of the same city, which is too valuable in several respects to be curtailed:—"It gives me pleasure to state, after consulting Mr. Bazley, Messrs. Houldsworth, Barnes, and Co., and a dealer in Sea Island cotton, that the sample you sent to me is of very superior quality, almost too good for ordinary fine yarns and for practical purposes. It was variously valued at from 2s. to even 4s. per lb., for fancy articles, the prevailing opinion being that it would realise 2s. 6d. to 3s. per lb., which I believe it would for moderate quantities, but great quantities of such valuable sorts are not required, being of limited consumption. I think, however, they might fairly calculate upon 2s. per lb. for a long time to come for such cotton. I have no doubt that, where this was grown, they can produce, in quantity, the best cotton in the world perhaps, and ought forthwith to turn their attention to it, by getting abundance of labour either from China or from other sources, free from any risk of introducing slavery in its cultivation.

"Your friends are right in saying that great care will be required in cleaning the cotton, so as not to damage its colour or injure the staple. For this purpose, none but the roller gin should be used, unless, perhaps, McCartney's, which might also be tried, and both are made in Manchester at Messrs. Dunlop's. I can get them right for your friends' experiments, if they wish. This fine cotton would, however, pay to be picked, sorted, and cleaned even by hand, although slow work.

"The seed should be dry and hard before being cleaned, otherwise it crushes instead of leaving the cotton freely, and the oil in the seeds stains the cotton. The finest and best grown pods should always be kept together, the next ditto, and even a third quality of inferior ones; by these means the best prices would be realized for each, whereas, if mixed altogether the whole would only sell for what the inferior alone would fetch.

"A gentleman who has a son in Australia has previously sent me samples of this cotton, and they cannot do better than begin to plant all in their power,

and send it in quantity. I shall have great pleasure in selling such as they may send, to enable them to get the best possible price for it. To show that there is no risk, I dare at this moment buy 500 bales, of from 300 to 500 lbs. each, of this, at 2s. per lb. Do not, however, let them deceive themselves, but calculate, as one of themselves lately said, on realizing an average of 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. per lb. Even this would

be a very high price, Indian cotton ranging from 3d. to 5d.; American bowed upland Orleans, 3½d. to 8½d.; Brazil, and similar staple, 5d. to 8d.; Egyptian, from 5½d. to 10d.; and Sea Island (your variety), 11d. to 2s., fine quality to 4s., per lb."

In the close of 1859, Mr. Heywood, secretary to the "Cotton Supply Association," Manchester, in a letter addressed to Sir William Denison, then Governor of New South Wales, thus expresses himself:—

"We are frequently receiving information of small parcels of most valuable cotton arriving from Australia, and there is a strong desire on the part of our spinners to obtain more. The class of cotton I refer to is a beautiful long staple cotton, of which I have received and sold parcels at 1s. 8d. to 2s. per lb. The demand for this class of cotton is limited, as compared with the New Orleans variety, but there is no doubt that all of the better class that is likely to arrive in this country for many years to come will be eagerly bought up, and I shall be happy to call public attention to any consignments of which I may be advised,



CHILDREN GRADLING.



and to find a market for it if consigned to this address."

At a meeting held in Manchester about two years ago, Mr. Bazley is reported to have addressed his audience in these terms regarding Queensland cotton and its cultivation:—

"About five years ago a few bags of Moreton Bay (Queensland) cotton were shipped to Liverpool, and I saw at once that, with such vastly superior cotton, yarn could be produced finer than any that could be manufactured in India or Great Britain. I bought that cotton, carried it to Manchester, and spun it into exquisitely fine yarn. I found that the weavers of Lancashire could not produce a fabric from it, it was so exceedingly delicate; the weavers of Scotland could not weave it; nor could even the manufacturers of France weave this yarn into fine muslin. It occurred to me to send it to Calcutta, and in due time I had the happiness of receiving from India some of the finest muslin ever manufactured, the produce of the skill of the Hindoos with this delicate Australian cotton. At the Paris Exhibition, some of this muslin was placed in the same glass case with a large golden nugget from Australia, and the two attracted much attention. The soil and climate of Queensland are capable of producing, with proper care, 600 lbs. yearly per acre of this exquisitely fine cotton. Two crops could be grown each year. I value this cotton at 1s. 3d. per pound, which would be equal to £40 per acre. This is no over-estimate, for I have recently given 1s. 8d. per pound for Australian cotton. Now, £40 per acre is an enormous yield for any agricultural product; and I do not think such a profitable return could be obtained in any other country. Judging by what is done in the United States, a man with his family in Queensland could cultivate ten acres of land, which would yield £400 per annum—a very high rate of profit."

Most readers will be satisfied with the evidence presented above in proof of the superior nature of Queensland cotton; but I have another witness whom I must produce. He is a gentleman still resident in the colony, and who has taken a lively interest in the subject of cotton growth for at least ten or twelve years. No man is better qualified than Dr. Hobbes, the gentleman to whom I now refer, to express an opinion on this subject. About five years ago Mr. T. S. Mort, Sydney, who has always taken a lively interest in the subject, submitted certain queries to Dr. Hobbes, the replies to which were embodied in a paper which appeared in Cox and Co.'s Australian Almanac for 1837. I shall transcribe a few of these questions, with the replies which they elicited:—

"What species or varieties of cotton are cultivated, if any, in Moreton Bay (Queensland)?"

"The Sea Island, introduced into the district by S. A. Donaldson, Esq., Sydney (now in England), seven years ago, propagated and distributed by myself to most of the growers in the neighbourhood. A very superior description of Sea Island is being cultivated this season, propagated from seed introduced by Capt. W. B. O'Connell, which he brought from the prize sample in the Great Exhibition in London, in 1851."

"What variety is cultivated to the best advantage?"

"The Sea Island, decidedly. Several coarser varieties have been tried and found to answer well."

"How long have they been cultivated there, and from what country were they obtained?"

"Experimental patches for seven years. The seed imported from America."

"Has the general character of the cotton fibre, as to length, strength, or uniformity, deteriorated since its introduction?"

"No; the cotton from seed given by me to Mr. Eldridge has obtained prizes wherever exhibited—viz., a £30 prize three years ago at Sydney, a silver medal at the Sydney Exhibition, and another silver medal at the Paris Exhibition."

"What is the usual price of ginned cotton fibre per pound?"

"The cotton sent from here has been usually picked by hand; such samples have been valued at Manchester and Glasgow at 1s. 9d. to 2s. 6d. per pound."

"Are the soil and climate well adapted to its profitable growth?"

"Admirably adapted."

The importance of Queensland as the future cotton field of Great Britain has been taken up, as we have seen, warmly by the Royal Geographical Society. Dr. Lang and Mr. Wight both unite in believing that that colony furnishes one of the most magnificent cotton-fields to be found in the world, and it is to be hoped, although we can scarcely admit the argument to the whole extent, that the patriotic wishes of the last-named excellent man, that it shall also be essentially a British cotton-field, will be favourably considered. All we can say is that we earnestly wish it was so. We cannot conceive a more promising state of things than our great cotton factories supplied by British colonies and British labour. It is so with wool, why should it not be so with regard to cotton? There is nothing in the climate apparently to prevent so desirable a consummation, but at present the value of the emigrant and the consequent dearth of British labour, is a great. This is a state of things that will, with time, cure itself, and when we consider the number of underpaid hands, and poverty-stricken families, that are met with at home, it would seem as if too much encouragement could not be given to such to depart to those realms where a greater amount of prosperity and consequent happiness would be ensured to them.

A large portion of the colony is capable, it appears, of growing sugar as well as cotton; and it is promised that the capital and enterprise of Britain will certainly, in time, develop the one staple as well as the other, to such an extent, at all events, as will supply the colonial wants.

The coffee-tree grows, and fruits most luxuriantly; and the tobacco plant thrives equally well. It is believed that the tea plant will yet be introduced and extensively cultivated, as it, too, thrives in that genial climate: and as for the ginger plant, and arrow-root, and pepper, &c., &c., their products are both large and of excellent quality. New Zealand flax, and many other plants of that nature, grow in wild profusion wherever introduced. Material for cordage and for paper might be produced in this new colony, had we but the labour, sufficient to supply the entire merchant service, and all the printing-presses of Great Britain. The fibre of the banana plant, that grows in every garden in Queensland, is proved by recent experiments to be equal in textile value to the *musa textilis*, the plant from which the Manilla hemp is manufactured.

Were I, says Mr. Wight, to enumerate the different fruits that grow in Queensland, I should fill a very long list. The truth is, that the country, possessing,

as it does, a semi-tropical climate, is capable of growing nearly all the fruits that can be produced. I have never seen the gooseberry there, but the strawberry and the apple are introduced with moderate success. In the room of the home favourite, we have the Cape gooseberry, which is a good substitute, and is very prolific. The rosella plant yields a good preserve, much the same as red currant, with a higher flavour. The passion-fruit grows like ivy on walls and fences, and fruits most abundantly. It is of the size of a magnum bonum plum, is slightly acid, and is much relished by workmen and travellers in hot weather. It is a very common fruit, and sells for a penny or twopence per dozen. Another variety has recently been introduced, much larger, and of greater value. Apricots, peaches, and quinces grow in any quantities, but most varieties of the peach, though abundant in crop, speedily come to decay. A new variety has been introduced that suits the climate much better, and is likely to give perfect satisfaction to growers. The loquat, cumquat, guava, mulberry, mango, olive, tamarind, papaw-apple, star-apple, Bengal quince, date, date-plum, grandilla, custard-apple, rose-apple, citron, lime, lemon, alligator-pear, pomegranate, and many others, all flourish in the open air, and have the finest flavour.

But the fruits that the farmer is most likely to grow, with a view to profit, are the fig, the orange, the grape-vine, the pineapple, and the banana. The fig is a tree that soon bears, and is very prolific. The orange in all its varieties succeeds well, and is much prized. The climate is sufficiently warm for the grape-vine, but it grows luxuriously, and fruits most abundantly, wherever properly cultivated. And although it cannot be considered an article of export, yet, by its plentiful production, home-made wine might be manufactured in sufficient quantities to satisfy the home demand. Some parties have commenced the manufacture of wine, and have succeeded well. It is not intoxicating, and is admirably suited to the climate. Vineyards, of considerable size, have been planted in a low country near Brisbane, and in the course of a couple of years will be in full bearing.

The fruit farmer turns his attention especially to the two fruits that remain to be noticed, the pine-apple and the banana. The pine-apple is a fruit with the appearance of which many of my readers must be acquainted; but the miserable specimens sometimes met with here give no idea whatever either of its size or flavour as produced in Queensland. The plant is most willing to grow, even though treated with neglect; and if you allow it to come within reach of the soil, it rises with the vigour and defends itself with the spirit of a Scotch thistle. There are now many acres of pines in the different parts of the low country, and they yield a large return to the grower. The banana plant, as well as the pineapple, is peculiar to Queensland and the northern portion of New South Wales. Neither grows to anything like perfection further south than the Richmond and Clarence; but all along the coast of Queensland they may be grown in incalculable numbers and of the finest quality.

Maize, or Indian corn, in all its varieties, grows luxuriantly in Queensland. The crop never fails if ordinary care is bestowed on its cultivation, although the product varies in quantity according to the seasons, and the thrifty farmer not only manages to secure some green crop between the rows in its earlier

stages, but also to have two crops of corn in the twelve months.

The successful cultivation of wheat is one of the established facts on which is based our faith in the internal and permanent prosperity of the new colony. The most sanguine of men would scarcely, indeed, calculate on wheat as an export; but it is a small matter for a colony, blessed by Providence with the power of producing many articles of export in large and growing demand in England and other countries, to be able to furnish its own flour—to provide, independent of any foreign aid, its own staff of life!

Green crops of all kinds, from the common kitchen vegetable to lucern grass for horses and cows, pay the producer remarkably well. Melons, both water and rock, of all varieties, grow with amazing quickness, and in wonderful quantities, and are used extensively by working men in lieu of water, which in this climate is not always so cool as is desirable. They make an admirable substitute, and are much more safe in hot days. An industrious man who worked for me, though he had a farm of his own, was in the habit of bringing with him a large melon, which he carefully kept from the sun, and a good slice of which, at intervals, served him instead of water. Potatoes are grown on every farm, generally in two kinds. The English potato is a very precarious crop, is much relished by the colonists, and brings high prices in such localities as Brisbane and Ipswich. Two crops are produced in the year. One in four may be good; two in four may be tolerable; one in four is a total failure. The reason of this failure is, that the root is unsuited to the climate. Still the farmers will grow it; and though they sometimes get as much as 10s., and even 14s., the hundredweight, yet it is doubtful whether the crop pays over a series of years. The sweet potato is a root differing from the English potato and the yam of the South Seas, is very nutritive, and is much more wholesome in that climate than its familiar and much-prized prototype. It takes its name from the never-failing quality of sweetness which it possesses, arising from the saccharine element that pervades it. It yields two crops also in the year; grown from vines pushed into the loosened soil, and not from roots, is very prolific when the soil is good, and is used for table, feeding horses and cows, and fattening pigs and poultry. A most valuable root is the sweet potato, although it is generally despised by new comers as pigs' meat, yet most colonists take kindly to it in a few months.

The population of Queensland has increased from 2,257 to 37,000 in 1861, and, great as this increase has been, it is not the standard by which to judge the probable increase of the future. We may reasonably anticipate a large flow of the most suitable kind of emigrants from the mother country to Queensland, as soon as the capabilities and attractions of the colony are known; and the colonial papers show that every week brings to Brisbane from the other Australian colonies no less than one hundred men, four-fifths of whom have come to try their fortune in the new colony. These men are generally the very best immigrants, for they have already learned colonial experience in the other colonies, and most of them bring some capital. I have already mentioned this fact as one of the most conclusive arguments in favour of Queensland as a field for British labour.

The form of government is the same as that which

obtains in the other colonies. The Governor is appointed by the Crown, and is its representative in the colony. There are two legislative houses, the Assembly and the Council. The former consists of twenty-six members, and is elected by the people; the latter consists of fourteen, and is at present nominated by the Crown—that is, by the Governor, as the representative and embodiment of royalty in the country. But the representatives of the people, with the consent of the Council, have the power to make the Council elective. The Executive consists of three members, the Colonial Secretary (Premier), Treasurer, and Attorney-General, appointed by the Governor, with seats in the assembly, and responsible to the people's house. The only quali-

fication for membership is, that one's name should be on some electoral list. Thus, the highest offices in the colony are open to all able and meritorious men. No man in holy orders is eligible. The elective franchise is virtually manhood suffrage, as the conditions are within the reach of all industrious men. A man, to exercise the franchise, must be twenty-one; he must possess a freehold worth £100; or rent a house or farm at not less than £10; or hold a pastoral license from the Crown; or be in receipt of £100 salary per annum; or pay £40 a year for board, or £10 per annum for lodging. In a colony like Queensland, every industrious man may exercise the franchise under one or other of these qualifications, and few, indeed, are excluded, save criminals, and those who have fallen into arrears of rent or municipal rates.

Brisbane, Ipswich, and several other towns, have sought incorporation, and have consequently been proclaimed municipalities, having a mayor or chairman, and a body of aldermen or councillors, as in English boroughs. The qualifications that entitle a man to vote for a member of Assembly entitle him to vote for the list of councillors. The powers entrusted to the municipalities are large, and are intended to operate in behalf of the community. To carry out their plans they may rate all lands, houses, &c., within the municipal bounds, as well as borrow money; and during the first five years of their corporate existence, Government grants an equal sum to that raised from the rates. In succeeding years, the proportion of the Government grant graduates down to nothing. In this, as all new countries, the municipal authorities have plenty of work

to do, and they have been quite late enough in commencing. In towns where the population increases rapidly, such as Brisbane, it is all that they can do to keep pace with the general progress.

The aspect of colonial towns, especially when in their earlier stages, is very different from what we see at home. Melbourne and Sydney have, indeed, quite an English appearance; but such towns as Ipswich and Brisbane, being principally composed of wooden houses, look new and strange to an Englishman. In Brisbane, however, many of the old strange-looking houses are giving place to buildings of brick and stone, of a very substantial character, and more approved architecture. Most of the banks occupy

spacious buildings, and several of the merchants and shopkeepers are not behind them. And there are some very excellent private residences rising in various directions; but the greatest architectural effort that has been put forth is the new jail, that cost upwards of £23,000, and the finest building is Government House, which is now in progress, and will cost about £15,000. There are several neat buildings belonging to the various sections of the church. The Roman Catholic, the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, and the Baptist churches are of stone; the Wesleyan and the Independent churches are of brick. The latter is stuccoed and washed a light stone colour, and, from its fine proportions and commanding position, is one of the chief ornaments of the city. The design is by the colonial architect, a gentleman whose fine taste is becoming conspicuous in the rising city. There are, besides, the buildings connected with the National School, the School of Art, &c.

In Queensland there are seven newspapers, all professing liberal principles, and all of them conducted with a tolerable amount of ability. The defects and faults incident to a new society are conspicuous in some of these journals, but these are being rectified by the good sense and manly bearing of the people. Personalities are sometimes indulged in to the gratification of a few, but the high character and manly bearing of the *Guardian*, the leading paper in the colony, are doing much to purify the press. The postal arrangements are liberal in Queensland. Letters delivered in any town where posted are 1d.; letters sent to any part of the colony are 2d.; letters sent to any of the other colonies, or England, are 6d.; all prepaid. News-



GOLD-SEEKERS' GRAVES ON THE TURON.

papers go free, except those to England, which are charged one penny.

Society is just forming in this new colony, and for a time it must, of necessity, assume a crude and unsettled character; but there is in Brisbane, and in all the towns, a large amount of the proper elements of which society is chiefly composed—honourable, intelligent, and virtuous families. The Brisbanites are well-to-do in the world, are a very hospitable people, and are conspicuous for their benevolent efforts and Christian liberality.

Nowhere, says Mr. Wight, so far as my knowledge extends, do people contribute more largely and more freely to the support of religious worship, and to the temporal support of those who may, by accident or death, be deprived of their means of living, than they do in Brisbane. Many of the people are fond of reading, and there is a tolerable supply of books; but whether the reading there has got into the channels through which the greatest amount of good is derived, is a question which I shall not presume to decide. The people generally are busy all the day, and when night comes are scarcely fitted for much close mental exercise, and hence reading naturally verges towards the light and easy. There is there, as in most places where people do congregate,

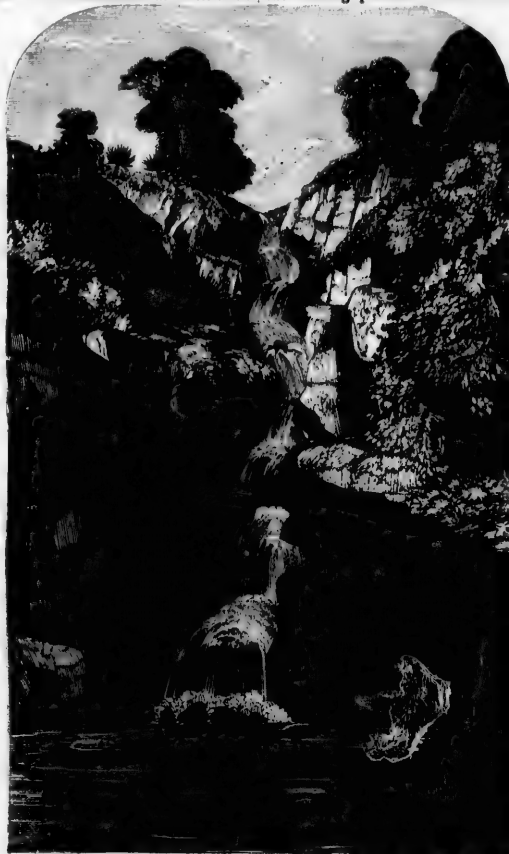
a desire for pleasant entertainment, such as concerts and lectures; but there is not a marked tendency towards the frivolous. There will be found there, of course, as well as in other towns, some who love the light and frivolous; but these are well kept in check by the moral influence of the body of the people. The working classes are in a most favourable position, and have every chance of rising in

the social scale. Many of them are becoming wealthy in their land, and cows, and horses; and some, as might be expected, miss the opportunity, grow indolent, regardless of self-respect, sink into loose habits, and disappear, or turn up after a time as a moral nuisance. There are many who rise—there are some who sink; and if, on the one hand, the rise be rapid, so is the sinking process. Some men cannot stand prosper-

ity, although they have for years braved most manfully the severe storms of adversity; and when they frequent the bar of a public-house, or tattle in their own houses, the descending process is surprisingly rapid, and the end is certain ruin. An unprejudiced person would, however, give a favourable report of colonial society, especially in towns, where the numerous humanizing and softening influences are allowed to operate. In the bush there are many privations; men are removed from many moral and spiritual restraints; and who can wonder if their morals are lax, and their behaviour rude? but yet in the bush I have met with as much hospitality and honest manly feeling as one can meet with anywhere.

The Sabbath day is as well kept in the towns in Queensland as it is in the mother country, and a great deal better than in many

parts. The attendants upon the services of the church are very liberal in their support of public worship; the benevolence of the people is really great, and much to be commended. Now, after all, the religion that is worth the name—the religion that we most desire in Queensland—is that which manifests its presence, not by controversy, but by love and charity; not so much by a sharply-defined creed as by a holy life.



CASCADE AT GREENHILL CREEK, SOUTH ADELAIDE.

## IX.

## SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

**SOUTH AUSTRALIAN ASSOCIATION—FOUNDED ON THE WAKEFIELD PRINCIPLE—SUCCESSIVE GOVERNORS—GAWLER'S EXTRAVAGANCE—SIR GEORGE GREY'S ABLE ADMINISTRATION—POPULATION—CITY OF ADELAIDE—SUBURBS—COUNTRY TOWNSHIPS—PORTS—RIVERS—MINES—AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE—EDUCATION AND RELIGION—PUBLIC WORKS—PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS—PROSPECTS FOR THE FUTURE.**

We have seen what a new impulse was imparted to Australian colonisation by the discovery of the River Murray, and its navigation by Sturt in 1830. An Association, calling itself the South Australian, soon obtained an Act, authorising the settlement of a colony in so favourable a spot, but prohibiting the occupation of the land as a dependency of the British crown until after £35,000 worth of land had been sold, and £20,000 had been invested in Government securities. The principle upon which this was done was that advocated by Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the cardinal point of whose theory was, that land without labour is valueless, and that to ensure a constant supply of labour, the land must be sold at a "sufficient price," the proceeds of the land sales being applied to the introduction of labourers. It was on this principle that South Australia was founded, this being the first of Her Majesty's colonies to which the Wakefield principle was applied. The requisite amount of money having been raised, the Commissioners sent out Colonel Light to suggest the site for the capital. He arrived in August, 1836, and, after examining Nepean Bay, Port Lincoln, and Encounter Bay, decided upon establishing the capital where it now stands. Captain Hindmarsh, the first Governor, arrived at the close of the same year, and proclaimed the colony on the 28th of December. On his departure he was succeeded by George Milner Stephen, Esq. (colonial secretary), as acting-governor. His successor, Colonel Gawler, arrived on the 12th of October, 1838. Captain (now Sir) George Grey, the third Governor, arrived in the colony on the 10th of May, 1841; Major Robe on the 14th October, 1845; Sir Henry Young on the 1st of August, 1848; who was succeeded by B. T. Finnis, Esq., as acting-governor; and Sir Richard MacDonnell, the present governor, on the 7th of June, 1855.

During the twenty-one years that have elapsed since the establishment of the colony, it has passed through many vicissitudes. The early files of the local papers are filled with humiliating disputes between the Executive officers of the Government, private squabbles, and melancholy narrations of official incapacity. The short career of office of the first two Governors was characterised by numerous inconveniences resulting from delayed surveys, and wasted time and capital. Colonel Gawler, to obviate the evils that he saw advancing, launched out into a heavy expenditure, vastly augmenting the evils he had hoped to avert. To meet his liabilities he drew upon the British Treasury, and the Home Government dishonoured his bills. The result was a fearful panic and an almost universal bankruptcy. Captain Grey found upon assuming the reins of government, that whilst the revenue was only £30,000 the expenditure was £150,000, exclusive of a debt of £300,000. Adopting the most rigid measures of economy, he reduced the expenditure of the Government within the narrow limits of the revenue just mentioned, and, notwithstanding the check thus given

to everything before the close of his administration, the province had so far progressed in material prosperity and reputation, that the Home Government paid half the debt, and accepted colonial securities for the other half. The whole of this has since been liquidated. The discovery of the Burra mines toward the close of Captain Grey's administration opened up a new source of wealth to the colony, but the mining mania to which that discovery gave rise resulted, on the other hand, in wide-spread embarrassment. Still more recently, the discovery of the precious metals in the adjacent colonies, and particularly in Victoria, exercised a marked influence upon the fortunes of South Australia. The gold-fields of Ballarat and Mount Alexander drew away vast numbers of persons from the colony; shepherds, farmers, merchants, traders, professional men, and labourers going in ever increasing multitudes, some by ship, others by overland conveyances, and some on foot. The excitement of all classes amounted to a *furore*. The labouring classes in numerous instances sold everything they possessed, to raise the amount of their passage-money to Victoria; for which purpose even cottage freeholds were conveyed to purchasers for the pitiful sum of £5! whilst others, unable to dispose of their humble possessions, nailed up boards against their windows and doors, and left their homes to the mercy of the elements; which, after the exodus of the thieves and housebreakers for the land of gold, was all the danger the owners had to dread. The industrial operations of the colony were brought to a standstill, the coin was leaving the colony, the bank reserves were rapidly disappearing. The urgency of the case became so imminent, that notwithstanding the almost superstitious disinclination of the Government to interfere with the currency, it was evident that some extraordinary step must be taken, and the Governor specially summoned the Legislative Council on the 28th of January, 1852. So great was the excitement that the Standing Orders of the House were suspended, and a Bill expressly framed to meet the emergency was hurriedly carried through all its stages, and received the assent of His Excellency, who prorogued the Council the same day on which he called it together. This extraordinary example of hasty legislation produced the well-known "Bullion Act," by which the Governor was empowered to establish an Assay Office, and to appoint an Assayer, who should cast the gold into ingots, the banks being at the same time authorised to issue notes against bullion, which might also be legally tendered instead of coined gold. Simultaneously with these prompt measures an overland escort was established, which brought over from the Victoria gold fields the fruits of the successful mining operations of the South Australian diggers to a very large amount, and the monetary system of the colony was thus preserved from utter ruin. The Bullion Act was loudly denounced at the time by some who imagined they saw in it the secret agency by which the credit of the colony would be overturned; but time verified the soundness of the principles upon which that Act was based. At length numerous emigrants to Victoria returned to the colony, the pursuits of copper and lead mining and agriculture were again taken up, and a steady career of prosperity has since been chronicled.

The population of the colony in the early part of 1855 was supposed to amount to 111,521 souls, comprising 56,698 males, and 54,823 females, and as the

average increase is upwards of 5,000 per annum, the actual population might be estimated at 124,000 souls; but there is also the amount of immigrants to be taken into consideration, hitherto notwithstanding the rushes for gold made to Victoria, and still more recently to New Zealand, generally in excess of emigration.

The chief town of the colony, Adelaide, lies nearly south-east of the Port, and consists of two portions, North and South Adelaide. South Adelaide is laid out in a series of streets at right angles, the principal north and south streets (from 99 to 132 feet wide) being nearly one mile in length; and the east and west streets (from 66 to 132 feet wide) from a mile and a quarter to a mile and three-quarters, and bounded by four terraces, facing the cardinal points of the compass, nearly corresponding with the streets in length. In the intersections of the main streets squares are introduced at measured intervals. South Adelaide contains all the Government offices, and all the principal wholesale and retail marts and stores of the city. Between North and South Adelaide the River Torrens winds its course, and both the divisions of the city are surrounded by public reserves called "Park Lands," which the terraces face. The river is spanned by a massive iron bridge, which cost, with its approaches, £22,000. The bridge is in a line with King William-street, the central thoroughfare of the city, thus connecting the hearts of North and South Adelaide. There are two other substantial bridges across the river, respectively at about a mile above and below this central one. The inhabitants of Adelaide are chiefly dependent on the Torrens for their domestic supply of water, which is furnished them by an army of water-carriers, who charge 2s. or 2s. 6d. per load for it. But very costly water-works are now in course of construction, and will, in a year or two, quite supersede this irregular and insufficient mode of supply. At a distance of about four miles to the east of the city, the Mount Lofty range of hills takes its rise, extending north, south, and east for many miles. The hills are crowned with forests of gum-trees, from which the citizens are supplied with their usual domestic fuel. Adelaide is under the management of a mayor and corporation, and is rapidly improving both in reference to the beauty and value of its structures.

Around the city of Adelaide are numerous suburbs. The most populous and important is that in the eastern vicinity, consisting of a cluster of townships, including Kensington, Norwood, Magill, Stepney, &c. The townships of Kensington and Norwood stand on a large area of land, which is fast being filled up.

Some idea of the country townships will be gleaned from the list of post-offices, and the frequency of making up the mails. The most important northern towns are Gawler Town, about twenty-seven miles from Adelaide; Angaston, about fifty miles; Kapunda, about fifty-two miles; and Koorunga, the locality of the far-famed Burra-Burra mines, 102 miles distant. Gawler Town has now a mayor and corporation, and is connected with the metropolis by a railway, which was opened for traffic throughout on the 5th October, 1857. Surveys have been taken, and estimates prepared with a view to extend the Gawler Town railway to Kapunda, and a Bill to authorise the scheme passed the Assembly, but was rejected by the Council during the past year. Another Bill has been introduced with better success, which authorises the construction of a portion of the

line, without borrowing more than £80,000—£50,000 being supplied out of the general revenue. It was originally contemplated that from Kapunda the railway should diverge into two lines—one to Blanche Town, on the Murray, the other to the Burra-Burra Mines. It is, however, uncertain whether this project will be carried out, or whether tramways for horse traction may not be adopted in preference; but tramways for horse traction have been condemned by a select committee of the House of Assembly. The traffic from the northern districts is very great, both in wool and corn as well as in minerals.

The eastern, north-eastern, and south-eastern districts of the colony include a large extent of highly productive agricultural country. Mount Barker, Gumeracha, Strathalbyn, and Maclefield are the centres of farming operations. In a southern direction, Morphett Vale, Willunga, Noarlunga, and Yankalilla, are also eminently productive. The chief ports, besides Port Adelaide, are Port Lincoln, Port Augusta, Port Wakefield, Port Onkaparinga, Port Willunga, Port Elliot, Rivoli Bay, and Guichen Bay. Between Port Elliot and the Goolwa, or lower portion of the Murray, an excellent tramway, seven miles in length, worked by horses, is in successful operation. Along the southern coast-line are several jetties and wharves, but the principal jetty (as to length and cost, though not in importance) in the colony will be the new structure now being erected at Glenelg, stretching out into Holdfast Bay, and on account of which the sum of £29,000 has been voted by the legislature.

On tracing the course of the Murray upwards from the sea mouth to the Great North-West Bend, the settled districts will be easily found, by drawing a line north-west from the Bend to the head of Spencer's Gulf. Within the limits bounded by the Gulf, the Murray, and the line drawn, the most important mercantile and agricultural districts will be found. To the north and north-west of the above line the country is either unexplored or occupied by squatters. To the east and south of the Murray extending to the Victorian coast-line is a large extent of valuable country, chiefly occupied by sheep-farmers and stockholders, geographically and commercially more in connection with the Portland Bay District of Victoria than with other portions of South Australia.

The principal port of the colony is Port Adelaide, sometimes confounded by strangers with Adelaide, the capital. The port and metropolis are, however, above seven miles apart, but are connected by the City and Port Railway. Port Adelaide is a creek perfectly sheltered from the sea, and is accessible to vessels of fifteen or sixteen feet draught of water. The Port Town was designed by Colonel Gawler, the second governor and land commissioner, on the shores of the central portion of the harbour, and adjacent waters of the North Arm, covering an area, exclusive of public quays, government, and public reserves, streets, squares, &c., &c., of 1124 acres; but the only part as yet occupied and built upon is that which fell to the share of the South Australian Company, and at the back of their property towards the "Old Port," a first landing-place used in the early days of the colony. The depth of the harbour at this port being insufficient for large vessels, measures are in progress for deepening it. At the North Arm the depth at low water spring tides is from eighteen to twenty-one feet; and we are informed that a company has recently been formed in London



for the erection of wharves and warehouses at this port, to which a road has recently been made by the government. A steam dredge is also at work upon the bar, and when this work is completed vessels of any tonnage will be able to enter in safety, and to load and unload in perfectly still water, remaining afloat at all times of tide. Wharves, warehouses, a patent slip, and every convenience for shippers exist at the port, which is being continually improved under direction of a trust appointed by the Legislature, and invested with ample funds for the purpose. Lines of rail are laid down from the principal wharves to the terminus of the City and Port Railway. The local affairs of the port are managed by a mayor and corporation.

The prosperity of the colony of New South Wales is mainly due to its capabilities as a wheat-growing country. Hence it is that it has been able to hold its own, notwithstanding the allurements of gold-digging in the colonies immediately adjoining; and it has been characteristically stated that there can be little doubt that the flour of Adelaide secures for that colony a larger share of Victorian gold-dust than any other single natural production.

The progress of horticulture has also been rapid in the same colony. Importations from England and elsewhere have been numerous and costly.

The government system of education now in operation was commenced in 1852, in pursuance of an Act of the Legislature passed during the previous year. It comprises a Central Board of Education, having seven members and a secretary, in connection with which are two inspectors of schools. There were sixty-nine schools in 1852, with 3,283 pupils at a cost of £3,089, 15s. 10d., and 167 in 1857, with 7,480 pupils at a cost of £10,538, 18s., an increase of more than double in five years, with a still greater ratio of augmented expenditure. The pupils in the schools in the province, not in connection with the Education Board, are estimated at about two-fifths of the aggregate number under instruction, which gave an approximate total amount of about 12,500 at school at the last estimate made. There is also a collegiate school of St. Peter, and there are several other establishments where the classics and mathematics and some of the modern languages are taught.

Almost all denominations of Christians have their places of worship and their congregations in South Australia. The Wesleyans predominated in 1857, but the comparative number of churches and number of congregations seems to vary much at different epochs. Thus in the tabulated view given in the Handbook, we find that in 1856 the Congregationalists had twenty-nine places of worship, and in 1857 only three! The Church of England stands next, then the Lutheran, and then the Roman Catholic. The total number of places of worship in 1857, was 293. If we are to believe the same authority—and it is surely pleasant to do so—notwithstanding the number of religious denominations that exist in South Australia, each of which is actively engaged in diffusing its own views of doctrine and discipline, yet nowhere does there exist greater unanimity of feeling or more cordial co-operation in all that concerns the common weal and the best and highest interests of society. Nowhere, it is also said, has the value of the voluntary system in religion been more thoroughly tested, or its efficiency in the promotion of "peace and good-will" among rival sects been more completely demonstrated.

No better test of the progress of a country can be found than that supplied by the character of its public works, their magnitude, and the energy with which they are carried forward. In this respect the year 1857 was signally distinguished. The year opened with the extension of the Northern railway to Salisbury, and the omen thus exhibited on New Year's Day has been amply verified since. On the 1st of June a further portion of the line was opened for traffic as far as Smithfield; and on the 5th of October the whole line to Gawler, about twenty-five miles from Adelaide, was completed. The telegraph had anticipated the railway, and has been in use between the metropolis and Gawler since the 13th of April, 1857. During the year rapid progress has been made in the construction of the intercolonial line of telegraph, to connect Adelaide with Melbourne, Sydney, and Hobart Town. The first wire of that line was affixed by His Excellency Sir R. G. MacDonnell to the post in the centre of Adelaide, on the 9th of August, 1857; and on the 6th of November following, sixty miles of the line was opened for use. The present southern terminus of the line is Goolwa, near to the mouth of the Murray; but the contracts for the construction of the remainder of the line have been carried out with so much vigour that it is nearly completed. While the extension of telegraphic communication has thus been in course of accomplishment in a southerly direction, the extension of railways to the north has been a subject of constant consideration.

The conviction which is gaining ground, that the great lines of internal communication must be railroads, and not macadamised roads, has tended in some degree to restrict the operations of the Main Road Board. But several important works are in progress under the superintendence of that body; and during 1858 three substantial and elegant bridges were completed and brought into use. They are the MacDonnell Bridge, which spans the Torrens, on the north-eastern road, about six miles from Adelaide; the Stanley Bridge, which is thrown over the Onkaparinga, at Grinthal, on a branch of the south-eastern road; and the bridge over the Angas, at Strathalbyn. Other bridges are in course of construction in various parts of the colony, and will soon be opened, very much to the facilitation of communication between the settled portions of the country. The most pleasing feature in connection with these structures is, that they are built with an evident intention that they shall be permanent ornaments to the localities in which they stand. Profiting by the experience of the past, the engineers have provided against the contingencies which have proved fatal to so many Australian bridges, and in deference to the tastes of the present day pains have been taken to secure elegance and grace, as well as firmness and stability.

On the coast there are several important works in progress. Among these we may name the deepening of the harbour at Port Adelaide, and the approaches to it; the erection of light-houses at Cape Borda, on Kangaroo Island, and at Cape Northumberland; and the construction of a jetty at Glenelg. All these works are in progress, and will be completed at an early date.

One of the most important public works now in progress is the scheme for supplying the city of Adelaide with water, for which £200,000 has been voted by the Legislature.

The other different public institutions comprise the House of Assembly, asylums, jails, and courts. There are nearly two hundred justices of the peace, besides twenty-four local courts at as many distinct townships. There is telegraphic communication with Geelong and Melbourne. There are also ten lines of railway—the city and port line seven and a-half miles in length, and the north line to Gawler twenty-five miles in length. There are hospitals, chambers of commerce, destitute boards, district councils, institutes, agricultural and horticultural societies, corporation land societies, four newspapers, one of which is in German, and the usual banks or branches of such, and insurance companies. It is impossible not to see that there are in South Australia the elements of what will be in future a rich and powerful State, with perhaps more stable elements of prosperity than many whose progress has been more rapid and brilliant; and if, as ought to have been the case, the province had comprised the whole basin of the Murray, its future might have been greater than that of any other Australian colony. Every year enlarges the area of land under cultivation, the wool exports are increasing in a most cheering manner, and the mineral resources show no signs of abatement. The passing of the new constitution, by conferring upon the Parliament the entire control of the land fund, enables it at the same time to regulate the influx of immigration according to the state of the labour market, and places it in possession of ample means either for increasing the population or for supplying reproductive labour to the settlers already there.

The experience of the past encourages the hope that a long career of expanding prosperity is before them. The commercial vicissitudes that have afflicted the neighbouring communities have scarcely affected that. The discovery of large tracts of good land, moderately well watered, in parts of the interior, which had too hastily been assumed to be arid and sterile, has opened the prospect of an indefinite extension to their pastoral occupations. The agriculturists have, as a body, been enabled to secure that position of competence which results from the unencumbered possession of their farms and homesteads. Attention is now keenly directed to the means available for turning to profitable account those fruits of the earth with which the British farmer is unfamiliar; and the operations of drying fruit, and especially of making wine, are being vigorously commenced in various parts of the colony. Some of these wines were sent to the Paris Exhibition, and were declared by the judges superior to any sample shown

of Rhenish wine, and a demand for them has already arisen in the English market; but the wines on which the greatest hopes are founded have more the character of the Spanish than the French or German. These are already being produced to a considerable extent, and are displacing second-class foreign wines. Mining, once the sheet anchor of the colony, has now many rivals in the work of contributing to the general prosperity; but the mining interests were never in a more sound and flourishing condition than at the present moment, and await only a more adequate supply of labour to develop wealth, as some sanguine colonists believe, not yet paralleled.

## X.

## WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA—SWAN RIVER SETTLEMENT—KING GEORGE'S SOUND AND ALBANY—MADE A PENAL SETTLEMENT IN 1850.—TOWNSHIPS—POPULATION—VICTORIA OR PORT GREGORY DISTRICT—MINES—PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.



MONUMENT TO LA PEROUSE.

THE colony of Western Australia, of the foundation and natural resources of which we have already given some account, now comprises the whole of the western portion of Australia, from the 120th degree of east longitude to the Indian Ocean, and it extends between the parallels of 13° 44' and 35° south latitude. The Swan River settlement embraces, however, only the southwestern corner, or that portion which is to the southward of the 30th parallel, and westward of the 120th meridian. The extent of the territory is 1,280 miles long, from north to south; and 800 miles

broad, from east to west. Three distinct parallel ranges of mountains form the most distinguishing features, the highest and most easterly having its termination near King George's Sound; the second passing behind the Swan River, and extending to Cape Lewin. Several rivers rise on these dividing ranges, on the banks of which settlements have been formed. The town of Fremantle is at the entrance to Swan River, the seat of Government being at Perth, about nine miles inland, to the north. Guildford is about seven miles, and York about fifty miles, further east. King George's Sound, with the town of Albany, is attached to this colony.

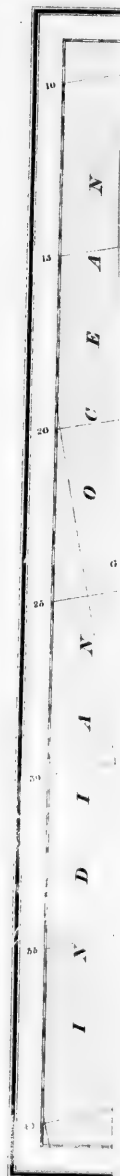
The foundation of the colony and its early history have been already recorded, and its further history, up to the year 1850, contains little of interest, for it is but the account of a settlement struggling for bare existence, as up to that period it presented the aspect of a colony without sufficient capital to render avail-

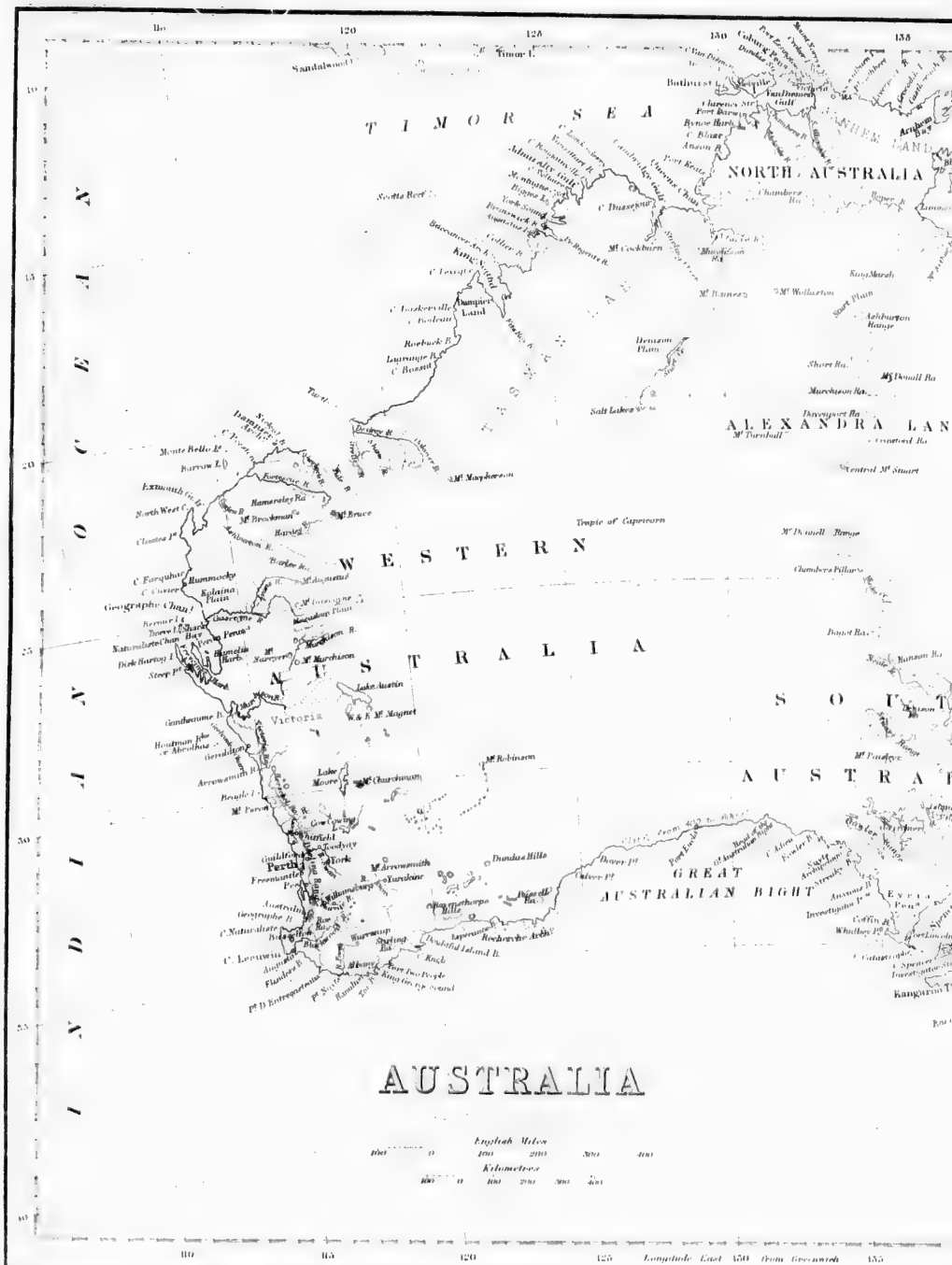
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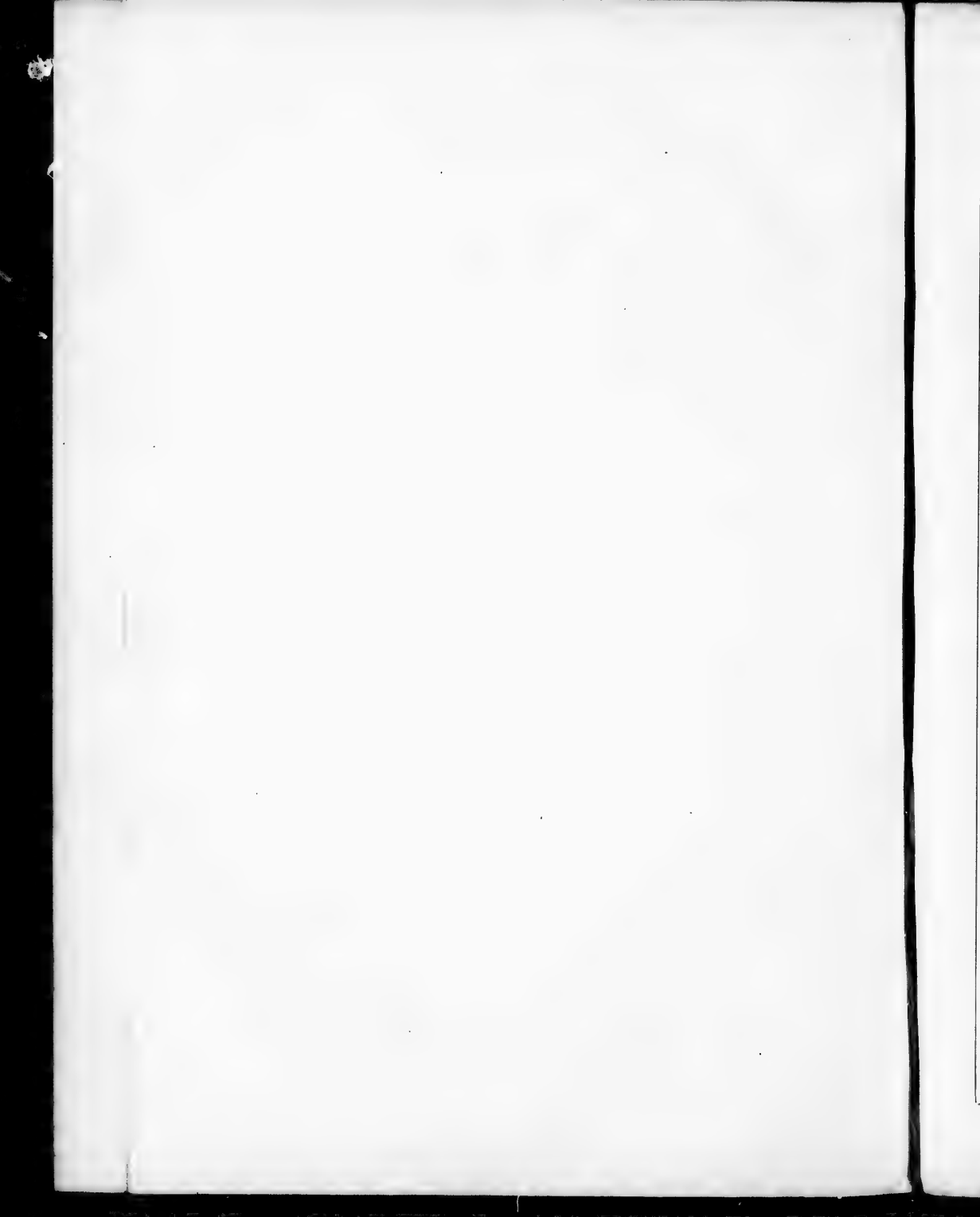
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able its natural resources, and with a scanty population.

The position of Western Australia was indeed up to the year 1850, an anomaly in the history of colonisation, as never had a colony been so impoverished and yet lingered on; and the editor of the *Handbook of Australia*, traces the origin of this state of things as we have before done, to the want of a market and the high rate and the small amount of available labour. Immigration had ceased, and the only capital introduced was a small amount of imperial expenditure, and the equally small returns for exports. Under such an unpromising aspect the colonists naturally looked for some means to enable them to throw off the burthen of their long-endured adversity, and but one presented itself, and that was to request the Home Government to make the colony a penal settlement. In 1850 the request was granted, and since then the colony has progressed year by year, exports have greatly increased, the settlers have a market for their stock and produce, public works are progressing, and although all this arises from the introduction of convicts, the statistics of crime show an immunity from transgression against peace and propriety that never could have been anticipated.

The principal townships in this colony are Freemantle, Perth, Guildford, Albany, Augusta, Kelson, York, Peel Town, Busselton, Kingstown, &c.; the best districts for settlement being the Avon, the Hotham, the Williams, Arthur, Beaufort, and South-East rivers, with part of the country adjacent to the Swan, the Harvey, Brunswick, Preston, Capel, and Yase.

The population of the colony is 9,028 males, and 4,573 females; there are 7,214 horses, 26,297 cattle, 198,386 sheep, 8,651 pigs, and 1,532 goats. 18,000 acres of land were cultivated in 1857. The colony possesses large tracts of land suited for agriculture, and if, as is expected, land be reduced to 5s. an acre, grain to a considerable amount will be produced.

The district of Victoria or of Port Gregory, situated between Murchison and the Irwin, was first discovered by Captain Grey (now Sir George), but was not settled until after the discovery of the Geraldine Mine by the Messrs. Gregory. The whole of this district contains minerals which are now being exported. Coal has also been discovered in one locality, and there is every indication of its existence in several others. The number of mines actually known to possess ores are twelve; of these four are lead and eight copper; several of these, as yet, have not been worked. Gene-

rally they have a most promising appearance, good ore being on the surface; besides these the whole of the district contains a vast number of lodes, some of which are easily traced for five or six miles, and it is the confident opinion of numbers well versed in mining, that it will one day prove to be one of the richest mineral districts in the world.

In addition to the minerals and the grazing of sheep and cattle, this district contains large flats of most superior agricultural land. At present much of it is shut up in the squatting leases, yet sufficient is open for the present wants of the district. On the Lower Greenough one flat contains 10,000 acres of very rich land, giving with very slight cultivation thirty bushels to the acre, it is situated about seven miles from Champion Bay, and is sold in blocks from thirty to 100 acres at £1 per acre, or leased at £10 per 100 acres, with right of pre-emption. This flat has the great advantage for new beginners of being nearly free from timber, and is open for sale. A considerable quantity has this season been taken up for tillage.

Western Australia possesses one of the finest climates in the world, and has been found particularly beneficial to Indian invalids.

The ports of Western Australia are open for ships of all nations, with moderate harbour and pilotage dues; imported articles are subject to custom duties. The imports from 1st October, 1856, to 30th September, 1857, were £108,703. 14s. 11d. Duty free, £16,734. 0s. 7d. The exports £44,193. 18s. King George's Sound is not included in this return. The receipts and expenditure of Government were as follows: receipts £89,079. 19s. 3d.; expenditure, £90,190. 12s. 10d. The number of births and deaths during the same period were: births, 507; deaths, 153.

There is in Western Australia a Bishop of Perth, a Wesleyan church, a Congregational church, and a Roman Catholic church, and three convents. There are also a Western Australia bank, established 23rd June, 1831, with a capital of £20,000; the Wanerenorka Mining Company and White Peak, Geraldine, and Yanganooka Mining Companies. A York Agricultural Society, an Agricultural and Horticultural Society, and a Perth Horticultural Society. A Swan River Mechanics' Institute, and various Friendly Societies. Upwards of eighty vessels entered inwards and outwards at the Port of Freemantle, from 1st October, 1856, to 30th of September, 1857. Eighteen vessels belonged, at last report, to the Port. Twenty convict vessels arrived with 4,476 prisoners between 1st June, 1850, and 30th of September, 1857.

## XI.—AUSTRALIA IN 1869.—TASMANIA.—NEW ZEALAND.

AUSTRALIA is now divided into six Colonies; namely, 1. NEW SOUTH WALES, in the south-east; 2. VICTORIA, south of New South Wales; 3. SOUTH AUSTRALIA, north-west of Victoria; 4. WESTERN AUSTRALIA, in the south-west; 5. NORTH AUSTRALIA, north of South Australia; 6. QUEENSLAND, lately Moreton Bay Settlement, north of New South Wales.

1. NEW SOUTH WALES, the parent colony, was founded in 1788 by the British Government, who in that year established a convict settlement at Sydney Cove, near Botany Bay. A very large number of free immigrants were, however, soon

attracted to the colony; and after a vigorous opposition by the free settlers to the increase of the convict element, carried on for a number of years, transportation to New South Wales ceased in 1840. The climate is fine, the average temperature of summer being 73°, and of winter 54°, but occasionally the vegetation is scorched by the hot winds, which blow from the deserts in the interior of the country. The land is only of moderate fertility, and is much better adapted for pasturage than agriculture. The first practical discovery of gold in Australia was made in 1851, by a New South Wales colonist, in the Bathurst

district, north-west from Sydney. A considerable portion of the country is now under cultivation, and the herds of horned cattle and flocks of sheep are very large. The chief export is wool. The export of gold has been for some time on the decline; but very recently extensive discoveries of gold, diamonds, sapphires, and other gems have been made near Mudgee, and it is said that the miners have been in the habit of throwing away small dust diamonds, though worth about £600 an ounce. One hundred and fifteen rough diamonds of various sizes, weighing together 32½ carats, were obtained in three weeks from a small piece of ground. A diamond mine company has been established, and the demand for shares is said to be greatly beyond the number to be allotted.—Sydney, the capital, is situated on a cove of the magnificent harbour of Port Jackson, and now contains a population of upwards of 95,000. The city is well paved, is lighted with gas, and is supplied with water carried from a distance by a tunnelled aqueduct. There are many fine buildings—the banks particularly being very handsome edifices. Sydney has a university, inaugurated in 1852, and possesses besides many excellent schools.—Bathurst is the chief town in the gold regions of the colony, about 200 miles north-west of Sydney. It is the centre also of the richest pastures. The other towns of importance in New South Wales are—Maitland, Newcastle, Albury, Tamworth, Mudgee, Deniliquin, Windsor, Adelong, Gundagai, Orange, Goulburn, Penrith, Richmond, Camden, Grafton, Glen Innes, Burrowa, Sofala, Dubbo, Wooloomooloo.

2. VICTORIA.—The permanent settlement of this colony was begun in 1835, and the district became a separate colony in 1851, under a lieutenant-governor. A constitution, establishing responsible self-government, was granted in 1855. The gold fields were discovered in 1849, and since that period the growth of the colony has been unprecedentedly rapid. The population of the entire colony was, in 1854, 273,000, and in 1864, the number had increased to 600,000 persons. The colony is now the most important of the Australian possessions. It is divided into seventeen counties, and contains a vast tract of splendid grazing ground, and good agricultural country particularly suited to the growth of wheat and potatoes, and in many parts to the tobacco plant and grape vine, both of which are now receiving much attention. There is good alluvial mining in the north, and mining, both alluvial and quartz, is largely carried on in the south of the Murray district. The Murray river forms the north boundary line, and is navigable for several hundred miles during the winter. The interior of the country is extremely diversified, much of it being covered by dense forests and scrub. Rich copper ore is found in various places; silver is found in considerable quantities; tin occurs in many places; antimony is another mineral product of the colony; and the area of coal-bearing rocks is about 3000 square miles. Diamonds have also been found in various localities. Gold is, however, the great mineral wealth of Victoria, and is said to have been discovered in 1849, although its existence was known a considerable time before by shepherds and others, who had found the precious metal in small quantities. Since 1849, gold mining has been carried on on a very extensive scale. The total weight of gold exported in 1864 amounted to 1,545,449 ounces. The gross weight of gold ex-

ported between 1849 and 1865 was 1024 tons, 8 cwts., having a value of £133,861,708. The population engaged in gold mining in 1864 amounted to 84,000 persons; but of late years a marked change has come over the gold mining operations, and many of the miners are now settling down to other pursuits. After gold mining, comes the pastoral and agricultural pursuits, as a source of wealth to the colony. The pastoral land in occupation is about 32,000,000 acres. The climate of Victoria is very fine, the average temperature in summer being 65°, and in winter 48°. The average fall of rain is 30 inches, and there are occasional falls of snow. There are many good roads in all parts of the colony, and lines of telegraph extend from Melbourne to various quarters. Lines of railway extend from Melbourne in various directions, the total length of the lines being about 300 miles. The commerce of the colony is very extensive, her ports being crowded with shipping from nearly every part of the world. In 1864, the imports amounted to £14,409,828, and the exports to £13,850,895;—the value of the wool exported in that year being £2,049,000; of tallow, £33,871; and hides and skins, £106,264. The revenue of the year was £2,049,786, and the expenditure £1,997,314. The ships engaged in the Victoria import and export trade were in 1864:—Inwards, 1816 ships, with an aggregate of 620,200 tons; outwards, 1895 ships, of an aggregate of 641,510 tons. The manufactures and industries of Victoria are rapidly increasing in magnitude, and many of them are coming into competition with imported goods. The Government of Victoria consists of a governor and commander-in-chief, an Executive Council, and two Houses of Legislature—the Upper House or Legislative Council, and the Lower House or Legislative Assembly. The Legislative Council consists of thirty members, representing the six provinces into which the colony is divided; and the Legislative Assembly consists of seventy-eight members, representing forty-nine electoral districts. There are fifty-eight corporate towns and municipal boroughs in the colony. The number of inhabitants was, at last census, 419,656 persons above five years of age, exclusive of Chinese, aborigines, and the migratory population.—Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, is about 600 miles from Sydney. It is situated on the Yarra-Yarra, near Port-Philip. The streets are spacious, and there are many fine buildings. The Parliament House is a magnificent edifice. The streets are well paved, well drained, and are lighted with gas. Melbourne is supplied with fine pure water from the Yarra-Yarra Waterworks. The suburbs of Melbourne—Brighton, Hawthorne, Richmond, St. Kilda, Emerald Hill, South Yarra, and Flemington—are studded with beautiful villa residences. The climate is very fine—the mean temperature of January (midsummer) being 66°, the highest 101°, and the lowest in winter 48°; and there is a great proportion of fine dry, sunny weather. In commerce, Melbourne ranks as the first port of the British Colonies. Besides gold, the exports are wool, tallow, hides—gold being about five-sixths of the whole exports. Melbourne possesses many manufactories and several shipbuilding establishments, breweries, distilleries, chemical works, and various kinds of mills. The hotels are numerous and well conducted. The University is a large stone building, and it has a large library and a valuable museum for the use of the students. The Public Library, situated

in the centre of the city, contains upwards of 40,000 volumes; it is much frequented. There are also several large markets; an hospital, which is excellently conducted; a benevolent asylum for the aged and infirm poor; a lunatic asylum, which is superintended by Dr. A. S. Paterson, a gentleman of great ability; and a deaf and dumb institute. There are also many other public institutions, such as the Botanical Gardens, the Acclimatisation Society, Public Baths, a Bible Society, several Building Societies, Immigrants' Aid Society, Tract Society, Mutual Improvement Societies, Sailors' Home, and a Trade Protection Society. There are three daily newspapers published in Melbourne—the *Argus*, the *Age*, and the *Herald*. The weekly newspapers are the *Australasian*, the *Weekly Age*, the *Leader*, *Bell's Life*, *Punch*, the *Journal of Commerce*, the *Customs Weekly Bill of Entry*, *Clough's Circular*, the *Deutsche Zeitung*, and the *Economist*. There are also two fortnightly and eleven monthly periodicals. The population of Melbourne, inclusive of the suburban municipalities, is now nearly 135,000. Altogether, Melbourne is one of the most flourishing cities of the British colonial possessions, and is every year making rapid strides forward both in material and social prosperity. The return showing the export of gold bullion and specie reported at the Custom House states an export of gold from Australia in one month in 1869 amounting to no less than £1,201,626. In July, 1869, skilled labour and domestic servants were in great demand in Melbourne. The following were the rates of wages:—Stonemasons and bricklayers, 10s. per day; carpenters, 9s. do.; builders' labourers, 7s. do.; gardeners for town, 20s. do. per week; for country, 20s. do.; shepherds, £30 to £35 per annum; hut keepers, £26 to £30 do.; bullock drivers, 15s. to 20s. per week; dairymen, 12s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. do.; ploughmen, 15s. to 20s. do.; stock-riders, 15s. to 20s. do.; boundary riders, 12s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. do.; grooms for town, 15s. to 25s. do.; ditto for country, 15s. to 20s. do.; lads for country, 6s. to 10s. per week; labourers, 12s. 6d. to 15s. do.; ordinary farm servants, 12s. 6d. to 15s. per week; station hands, £40 to £52 per annum; married couples (first-class), for station, £80 per annum; do. (second-class), £55 to £60 do.; do. with encumbrance, £40 to £50 do.; housemaids for country, £35 to £40 do.; do. for town £28 to £30 do.; general female servants for town, £26 to £30 do.; do. for country, £35 to £40 do.; male cooks for town, £1 to £4 per week; do. for country, £1 to £4 do.; female cooks, £35 to £45 per annum; laundresses for town, £30 to £40 do. The other towns of importance in Victoria are—Geelong, Castlemaine, Ballarat, Sandhurst, Mansfield, Kyneton, Beechworth, Ararat, Maldon, Wangaratta, Chiltern, Inglewood, Creswick, Linton, Echuca.

3. SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—The settlement of this colony was begun in 1836, and convicts were excluded. The population in 1854 had increased to 92,000, and in 1869 to 180,000. The best part of the colony is situated between the Gulf of St. Vincent and the River Murray. The middle of this tract is a hilly district abounding in iron and copper ore. The famous Burra-Burra Copper Mine, the richest in the world, in the neighbourhood of Kooronga, contains 74 per cent. of copper, and yields about 21,000 tons annually. This metal seems everywhere abundant throughout the colony, and gold is also found in some quarters. There are many rich agricultural districts, some parts of which are under cultivation and yield

excellent crops, and English and tropical fruits flourish side by side. The western portion of the colony, however, is a complete desert. The climate of South Australia is one of the finest in the world. The temperature ranges from 45° to 104°, and the mean fall of rain is 23 inches. The capital, Adelaide, is situated on the River Torrens, and, including the suburbs, contains now a population of nearly 40,000. There are many handsome buildings, and the streets are well paved and lighted with gas. There are four daily newspapers published in the colony, nineteen weekly newspapers, fifteen monthly periodicals, and three annual directories and almanacs.

4. WESTERN AUSTRALIA OF SWAN RIVER SETTLEMENT.—This settlement was begun in 1829, but has advanced very slowly. The colony, strictly speaking, is as yet confined to the south-west. There is a large amount of arable land, and the country is well watered by numerous rivers. The climate is salubrious, and the country is not subject to the droughts of the other Australian colonies. The temperature in winter averages 59°, and in summer 77°. The capital, Perth, stands on an estuary of the Swan River. Australia possesses other treasures besides gold and diamonds. A number of fine pearls have recently been found in the vicinity of Nicol Bay, Western Australia. They are of great size and beauty, the most valuable among them resembling in shape and dimensions the eyeball of a large fish. This is said to be worth upwards of £200.

5. NORTH AUSTRALIA.—This colony has hitherto made very little progress. Two settlements were formed in North Australia between 1824 and 1828, and subsequently abandoned on account of the unhealthiness of the climate. Another settlement was erected in 1839, but was abandoned in 1845, after great hardships had been endured by the colonists. North Australia is still in a state of nature, but seems fitted for the produce of cotton, rice, sugar, and spices.

6. QUEENSLAND.—This is the most recently erected of the Australian Colonies. It was formerly incorporated with New South Wales, but was separated from that colony on the 10th December, 1859, when Moreton Bay, with all to the north of Port Danger, was proclaimed as the new colony of Queensland. The colony is now divided into fourteen large districts, namely, Moreton, Darling Downs, East Maranoa, West Maranoa, Leichhardt, Port Curtis, Warrego, Gregory, Mitchell, Clermont, Kennedy, Burnett, Burke, and Cook. The capital of Queensland—Brisbane—is situated on the Brisbane river. The other towns of importance are Ipswich, Bowen, Torwoomba, Rockhampton, Warwick, Townsville, and Roma. Queensland is a very fine pastoral country. In many parts it is well watered, and the soil is very productive, and well adapted for the growth of cotton, sugar, and fruits of various kinds. The climate is most salubrious.

TASMANIA.—The British Colony of Tasmania (formerly Van Diemen's Land), is an island lying off the southern extremity of Australia, from which it is separated by Bass Strait. Its length is about 220 miles, and its breadth 200 miles, with an area of 26,500 square miles. The population of the island is nearly 100,000. The surface is mountainous—the highest summit, Ben Lomond, being 6,010 feet. On

traversing the island, it is found to present a constant alternation of hill and dale. There are many fine plains and fertile valleys. The soil is superior to that of New South Wales, is well watered, and fitted both for pasture and tillage. The island is peculiarly fortunate in the number and capacity of its harbours. The climate is pleasant and salubrious, and is well adapted to the constitutions of the natives of Great Britain. All the vegetables and fruits cultivated in England and Scotland are raised without difficulty. The capital of the colony is Hobart Town, situated on the River Derwent, in the south-east of the island. It is a well-built town, and has a handsome market-place, governor's house, a college, several churches and schools, an hospital, distilleries, mills, building-yards, &c. Its public buildings are numerous, and would be considered handsome even in England. The town has a very business-like appearance, with its shipping, wharfs, and stores. The river is navigable for very large vessels, and the foreign trade is extensive. The population is above 25,000.—Launceston, the next town of importance, is situated on the River Tamar, which empties itself into Bass Strait about forty miles below the town.—Georgetown is a thriving town situated at the mouth of the River Tamar.—The island of Tasmania was discovered in the year 1642, by Tasman, a celebrated Dutch navigator; and was called by him Van Diemen's Land, in honour of Anthony Van Diemen, who at that time was governor of the Dutch possessions in the East Indies. In 1803 it was taken possession of by Great Britain; and a penal settlement was established here by the British Government in 1804. The colony was, however, soon increased by many free settlers. Tasmania ceased to be a penal settlement in 1852. The chief products of the island are wool, guano, and timber. The whale fishery is also carried on with considerable success. The internal policy of the island is now conducted by a Governor-in-Chief, a Legislative Council of fifteen members, and a House of Assembly of thirty members.—There are three daily newspapers published in Hobart Town, namely, the *Mercury*, *Times*, and *Evening Mail*.

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NEW ZEALAND.—The British Colonial possession of New Zealand consists of two large islands, North

Island and South Island, and one much smaller, Stewart Island, and several islets. They are situated in the South Pacific Ocean, about 1,200 miles south-east of Australia. The extreme length of New Zealand is 1,100 miles, the average breadth about 100 miles, and the area is estimated at nearly 120,000 square miles. The population is about 178,000, of whom about one-half are British settlers, and the remainder are Maories or aborigines. New Zealand is divided into nine provinces, namely—in *North Island*, Auckland, Hawke Bay, Wellington, and Taranaki; and in *South Island*, Marlborough, Nelson, Canterbury, Otago, and Southland.—Auckland, the capital of the colony of New Zealand, is situated in the North Island, on the east side of a narrow isthmus; and having thus ready communication with the seas to east and west, is admirably situated for trade. It stands on two harbours, Waitemata and Manakau. It is a thriving town; and the commercial activity of the people, and the constant arrival and departure of shipping, impart to the town an air of great animation.—The other chief towns in the North Island are Napier, on Hawke Bay; Wellington, on Port Nicholson; and New Plymouth, on the west coast. The towns of chief importance in the South Island are Blenheim, in the north-east; Nelson, in the north, on Blind Bay; Christ Church, on Pegasus Bay; Dunedin, on Otago Harbour; and Invercargill, in the south, on Foveaux Strait.—New Zealand is a fine country. The soil is in general fertile, and the climate very salubrious and agreeable, being milder and more equable than that of Great Britain. Both of the large islands are traversed by a lofty range of mountains—the highest summit, Mount Cook, in South Island, being 13,200 feet. The principal native products of New Zealand are its noble pines, lofty palm trees, the *ti* or cabbage tree, sweet potato, and flax. European grains and fruits yield good returns.—The natives are a brave, intelligent, and superior race, but are also very ferocious and vindictive. They have made some progress in rude arts, and display considerable ingenuity as mechanics.—The daily newspapers published in New Zealand are—in Auckland, the *Herald* and *Southern Cross*; in Christ Church, the *Times*; in Lyttleton, the *Times*; in Canterbury, the *Times*; in Nelson, the *Evening Mail*; in Otago (Dunedin), the *Times* and the *Echo*; and in Hokitika, the *West Coast Times*.

## A TRIP TO NORWAY.



INN AT BOLKESJO.

### I.

THE COAST OFF CHRISTIANIA AND ARENDAL—GREEN ISLANDS AND FINE FORESTS—GOTHENBURG AND SANDFJORD—SALMON AND LOBSTERS—THE NORWEGIAN CAPITAL, CHRISTIANIA—PECCOLAR CLIMATE OF NORWAY—THE NATIONAL VEHICLE, THE CARRIOLE—A STATE CARRIAGE.

AFTER being tossed about all night in the turbulent waters of the Skage-Rack, I awoke one morning in the more placid Fjord or Fiord of Christiania.

I was in Norway. The sentence implies more than at first sight appears. I had longed for a considerable time back to see the land of Fiords and Snow-fields, of bear and reindeer coverts, of salmon leaps and lofty falls, of carriages and sesters, of the picturesque in arts and nature, and of simplicity and honesty in manners. There are firths or fiords to be seen in England, glaciers in Switzerland, salmon leaps in Ireland, and kirks in Scotland; but the fiords and lakes of Norway are peculiar, and the Hardanger, Sogne, and Dovre

fields are unrivalled in certain points—only there could the fore-grounds of Tiedeman and Gudo's bear-hunting and deer-stalking pieces be found; only there, Professor James Forbes would tell us, can the phenomena of glaciers be studied to the same advantage. The carriages are as primitive as the people, the sesters or huts, whether of stone, or logs, or carved wood, rival the chalets of Helvetia, and the kirks or churches surpass those of most other mountain-lands in pinnacled grotesqueness.

It was therefore with no slight interest that I had first contemplated the southern coast of Scandinavia as sighted about Christiansand and Arendel. The impression derived was at the onset rather one of disappointment. The character of the coast was remarkably monotonous. Hills of a thousand feet high or less, devoid of boldness, and with but few and narrow intervening valleys, form the mainland—whilst a multitude of small islands, which range along the coast, were

undistinguishable from it when viewed from the sea, owing to the want of any decided relief or variety of character.

The gloomy weather added, no doubt, to the monotony of the scene; and our distance from the shore being greater than at first appeared, led me to underestimate the elevation of the land. It was only by observing how slowly objects seemed displaced by the motion of the vessel, that I became aware of the real scale of the country which I now saw for the first time; and on closer observation, I perceived that the low, rounded, and rocky hills, which I at first believed to be bare, were almost everywhere covered, or at least dotted over, with woods of pine, which, descending almost to the shore, gave a peculiarity of character to the scenery, at the same time that it afforded a scale by which to estimate its magnitude.

These forests distinguish this part of Norway from those of the Hebrides, which it in other respects resembles. The gneiss islands of Tiree and Coll occurred to my mind the moment that I saw the Norwegian coast, which is less than a degree and a-half of latitude farther north, and doubtless the same causes have produced the similarity of character, acting in like circumstances. Both belong to that great gneiss formation so prevalent in Norway, and also in Scotland, with which few rocks can compare in their resistance to atmospheric action and mechanical force. In both cases they have been subjected for ages to the action of the most tremendous seas which wash any part of Europe, and they have probably been abraded by mechanical forces of another kind, which have given the rounded outlines to even the higher hills, but the exact nature of which is yet subject to great doubt.

The same wooded and undulating character prevails all the way to Christiania. The entrance to the Christiania fiord is marked by a lighthouse on the island of Fæder, which singularly resembles Inchkeith in the Firth of Forth. The beauty of the fiord has probably been overrated. The monotony of the forms, the continuity of the woods, the absence of almost the smallest sea-cliff or sandy bay, weary the eye, even though the scene is continually changing, and the shores ever verdant. An exception must be made, however, in favour of the immediate environs of Christiania, where the fiord expands into an exceedingly irregular basin; the coasts are steeper, and, at the same time, varied by the aspect of cultivation and of deciduous trees; where numerous detached houses enliven the low grounds, and the more distant hills have a bolder character.

When approaching the Norwegian capital from Copenhagen, the steamer touches at two places—Göteborg and Sandefjord. Of these towns a lively disciple of Walton—and they are among the most numerous tourists in Norway—writes: At both of these sea-ports passengers are landed and others taken up. The same crowding and suffocating odours drive the lovers of pure air on deck. Nothing can exceed the heat and combination of villanous smells which issue from the lower regions. How the natives stand such an atmosphere surpasses comprehension. The black hole of Calcutta must have been an ice-well in comparison. The town of Göteborg is built on the fiord or arm of the sea, into which the River Götha empties itself. Göteborg is one of the principal sea-port towns of Sweden, but is not in so flourishing a condition as formerly. The passengers have ample time to land and stretch their legs, and we recommend

any of the brotherhood who may feel inclined to follow in our steps, to go on shore, were it only to enjoy the luxury of a bath, as there is an excellent establishment of this kind in the town, as well as to indulge in a gossip with the worthy Mrs. Todd, whose husband is the undoubted proprietor of the best hotel in Göteborg. This obliging landlady will broil a salmon cutlet for a customer scientifically and expeditiously, and her lobster-sauce is impeccable—an important fact well worthy of being borne in mind by the curious in such matters. The Göteborg porter has a Scandinavian reputation; but, to a Londoner who indulges in such heavy potations, we should say it would scarcely pass muster. It is a brown and frothy liquid, but has no more body than the living skeleton. The salmon and lobsters in this said town of Göteborg are magnificent creations, and the piscivorous *gourmet* ought to visit this place, were it only to revel in the luxury of these joint productions of the sea and river. Billingsgate and Hungerford, hide your diminished heads! The Götha river, and the rocky fiord of Göteborg, beat the stale commodities brought to the markets on the Thames from Scotland and the Channel out of the field. Fresh and flaky were the slices of salmon, full and fleshy was the lobster, crimsoned with its luscious coral, as it burst upon our enraptured sight in 18—, in juxtaposition with our favourite fish, both dressed to perfection by our attentive hostess, Mrs. Todd. We hold her and her culinary skill in deep affection, and long may she live to gladden the hearts (and stomachs) of our brother piscators on their way to the Norwegian rivers. There is another hotel in the town, the Götha Kjöller, but Mrs. Todd's inimitable *cuisine* prevented our judging of its merits. In the true spirit of good fellowship, therefore, we advise all the craft who may be choice in their feeding, to patronise the amiable Mrs. Todd, or Toddy, as the natives will persist in calling her. Better fare, or a more civil and obliging hostess, no piscator need desire.

But, hark! the passengers are flocking to the place of embarkation, and the rush of steam from the safety-valve sounds the note of preparation for departure, so we must tear ourselves away from "Toddy" and her incomparable fare.

On arriving at the mouth of the fiord, or arm of the sea, which runs up to Christiania (it might, without any great stretch of imagination, be called a gulf), the steam-boat runs in, close under the little town of Sandefjord. The passengers do not land here, although the vessel may be detained for six or eight hours. This, however, is not subject for regret, as there is not much to interest the traveller within the walls of this little sea-port. The steamer is under orders to wait for the boat from Christiania on her way to Bergen, to which the mail-bags from the Copenhagen steamer are transferred. The usual hour of arrival off Sandefjord is eleven at night, so that the vessel does not get fairly off for Christiania until about six in the morning. But little rest can be obtained if the steamer reaches Sandefjord at night; for, following the example of the captain, mates and seamen, the passengers crowd on deck in a state of feverish excitement, looking out for the Christiania steamer, adding by their presence to the confusion which prevails from one end of the vessel to the other.

If our piscator should have wearied himself in gazing on the lights in the town of Sandefjord, we advise him to pick out a soft plank and coil himself up in his



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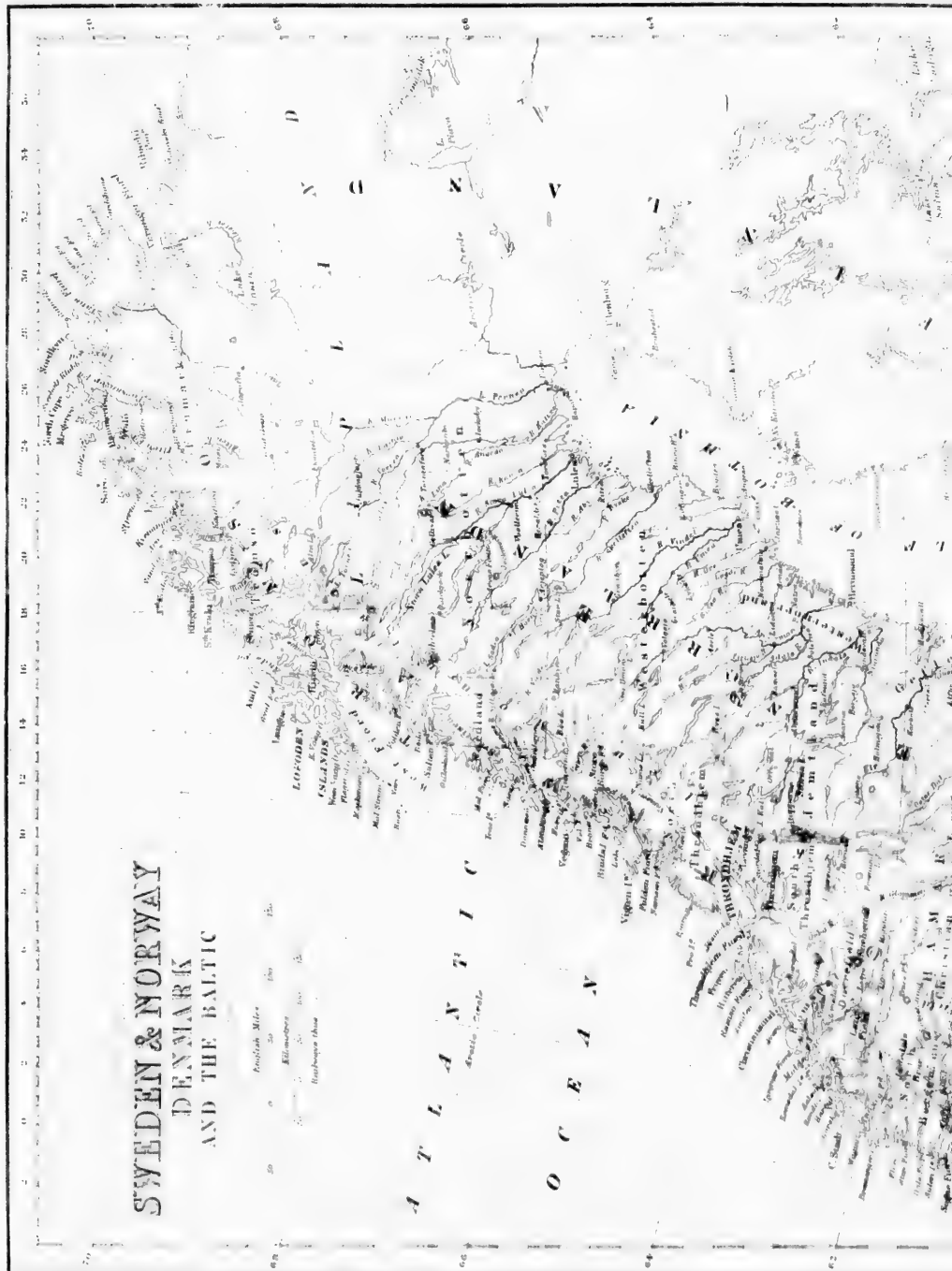


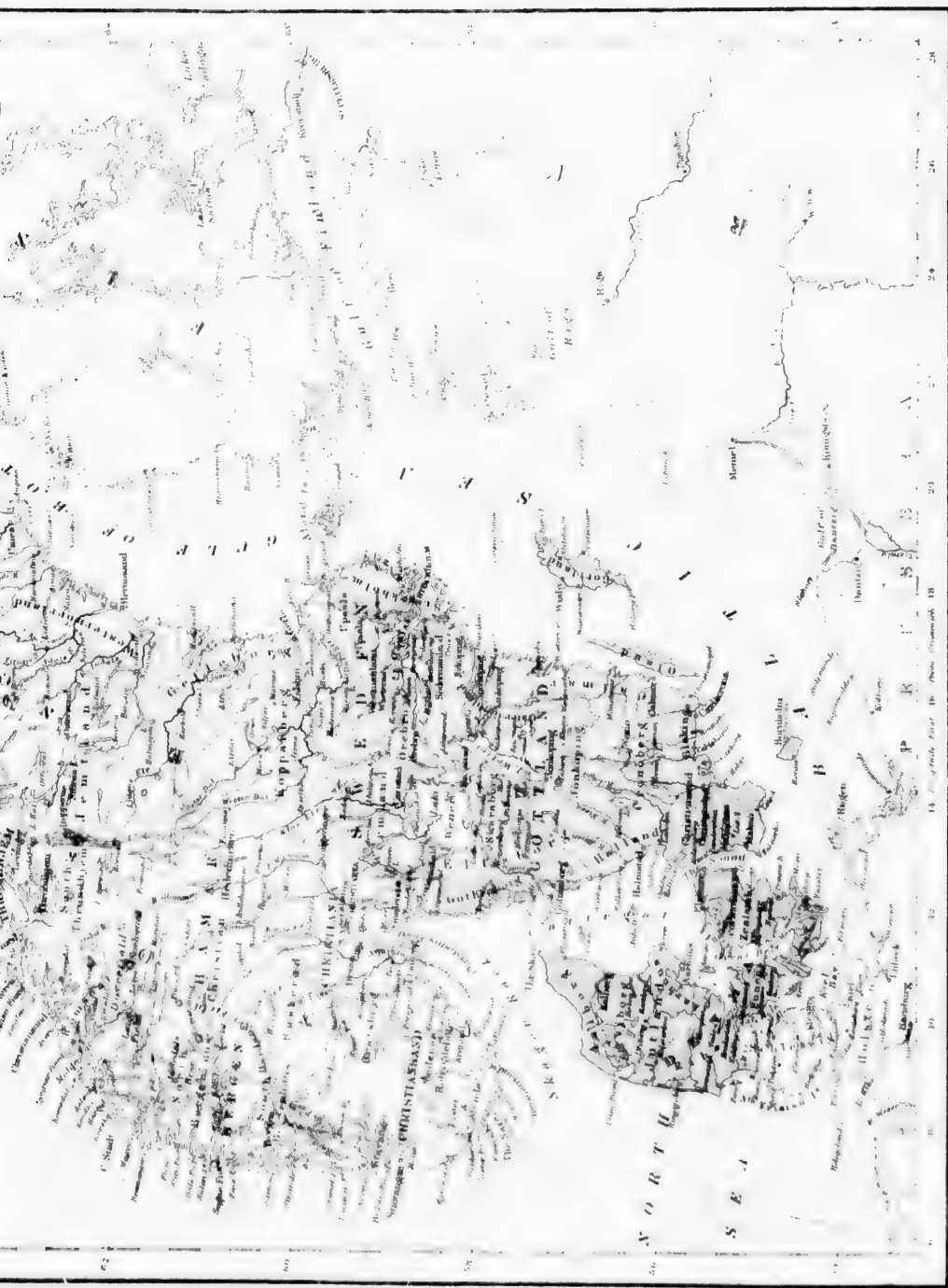
# SWEDEN & NORWAY DENMARK AND THE BALTIC

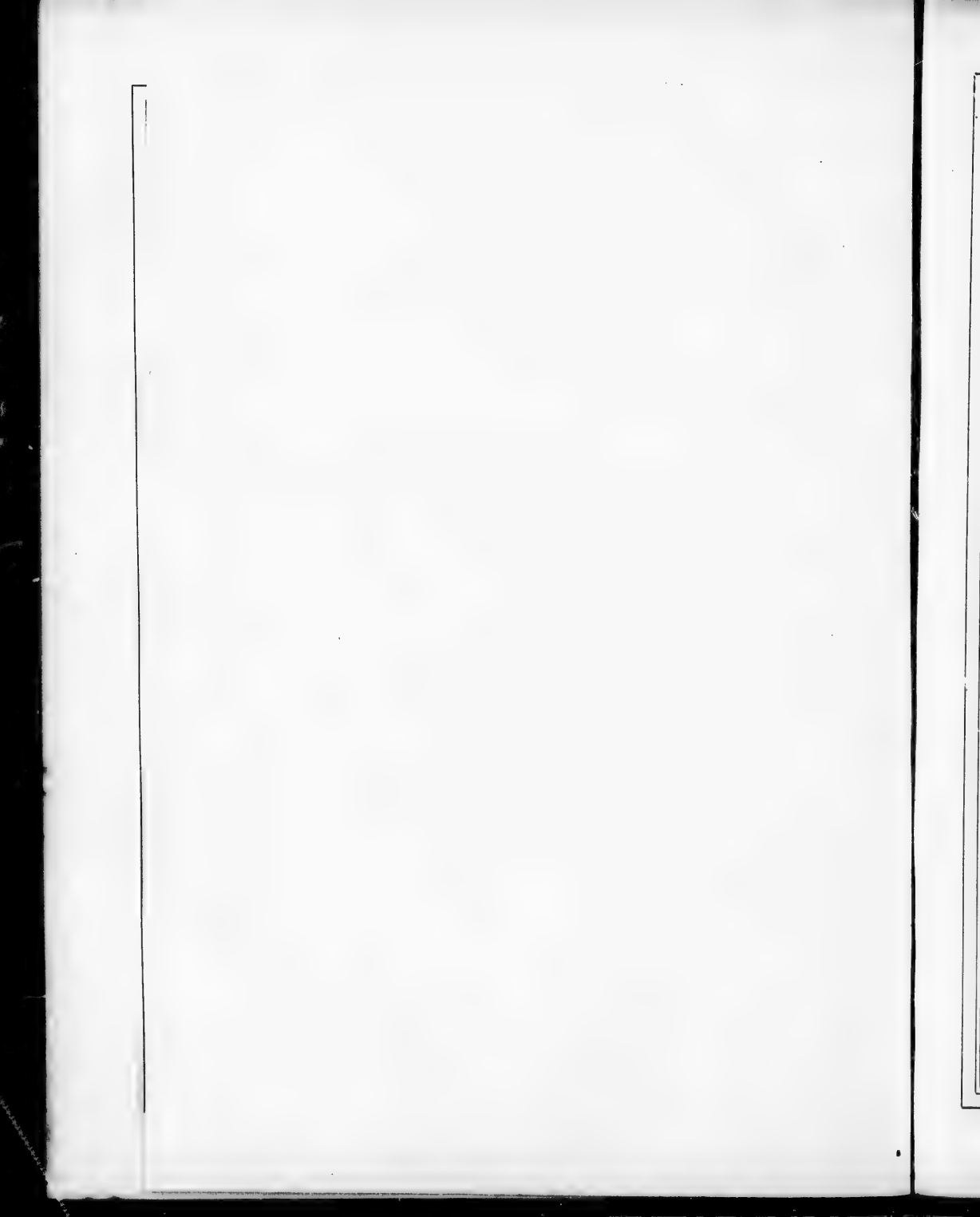
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dreadnought, where, with one of Benson's hunting Havannahs, and a flagon of "cold without," he will enjoy comparative composure until the dawn; but oh, ye gods! as the day breaks, and the sun rises above the eastern hills, what a glorious panorama awaits him. It is impossible to conceive anything grander in nature than this diversified view; indeed, the scenery the whole of the distance between Sandefjord and Christiania is surpassingly beautiful, and the six or seven hours occupied in the transit will have fled unheeded—at least we judge by our own experience—while contemplating the ever-changing and enchanting picture. The finale to the voyage will leave an indelible impression on the traveller's mind, or we are much mistaken.

Soon after mid-day the spires of the churches, and by degrees the more prominent of the buildings in Christiania, will appear in sight; and, as a wind-up to this pleasurable voyage, the white houses of the town, backed by an amphitheatre of hills, present a *coup-d'œil* which, even stripped of its novelty, cannot but excite emotions of a most enviable kind. The feeling, too, that the perils of the sea are past, and that the land of promise has been reached, add in no slight degree to the pleasing excitement which the angler, above all other of God's creatures, will experience on such an occasion.

Christiania is built on an agreeable slope, facing the south, and hence it is seen to advantage from the fiord, as well as from many places in its environs. Its suburbs are intermingled with wood. The old castle of Aggershuus, picturesque in form, adorned with fine trees, and standing on a bold promontory, commanding at once the fiord and the greater part of the town, has a striking effect. The city graduates into the country by means of innumerable villas, built, usually, in commanding situations, which remind one of the environs of Geneva. Indeed, there is something in the entire aspect of the town, and surrounding scenery, which is exceedingly pleasing and peculiar. The traveller who is acquainted with the aspects of middle and southern Europe, finds himself at a loss to draw a comparison. The clearness of the air, the warmth of the sun, and a certain intensity of colour which clothes the landscape, involuntarily recall southern latitudes, and even the shores of the Mediterranean. But the impression is counteracted by the background of pine forest, which reminds him of some of the higher and well-wooded cantons of Switzerland, to which the varied outline of the fiord—which may compare, in irregularity, with the lake of the four cantons—lends an additional resemblance; yet, again, we miss the background of Alpine peaks and perpetual snow. Wherever the traveller may choose to fancy himself, his last idea would probably be (what is really the fact) that he is here in the latitude of the Shetland Islands, nearly in the parallel of Lerwick, and a degree north of Kirkwall. Some tourist, in a moment of spleen, has chosen to draw a comparison between the county town of Orkney and the capital of Norway, in favour of the former; but the comparison is too absurd to be regarded as more than a jest—the only point of superiority of Kirkwall, its noble cathedral (which it owes, besides, to a Norwegian architect, and to Norsk builders), being quite incapable of concealing the manifest inferiority in every other quality of beauty, greatness, or convenience, granted by nature or attained by art.

Every one naturally refers what he sees in other

countries to the standard of home, and the contrast of southern Norway to the extreme northern parts of Great Britain, comes upon the traveller perpetually, and with a force which adds great zest to the scenery of the country.

Shetland, treeless and bare, covered for the most part with morasses, and abounding in inaccessible cliffs, is enveloped, even in summer, by frequent fogs, and rarely enjoys an entire day of sunshine; in winter, on the other hand, it boasts of a climate as mild as that of Avignon, and little colder in the month of January than Florence, which is 17° farther south—its capital little better than a fishing village, with one street, which a carriage (did carriages exist) could with difficulty traverse.

But here, on the same parallel, and only 12° of longitude farther east, we see the Aggershuus Amt, in which Christiania is placed, verdant with superabundant forests, not only of spruce and pine, but with nearly all the ordinary trees of an English demesne—the plane and sycamore, the ash and elm, and even (though more rarely) the beech and oak, growing to a full stature, and luxuriant in foliage, besides all common kinds of fruit trees, such as apples and cherries, and even pears and apricots ripen in the open air, and flowering shrubs, such as lilac, which yield in luxuriance and colour to none in England. Then, during summer, a sky for weeks together unclouded, with a temperature often oppressive, and in winter a clear and constant cold, unfelt in any part of Britain, and sometimes approaching that of Russia.

We here find, also, a city of at least forty thousand inhabitants, with wide and rectangularly built streets, (unfortunately, however, with a pavement no way superior to that of Kirkwall, and far inferior to that of Lerwick); a seat of government, with a royal palace, which, if its architecture is no ornament to the town, is of a size quite equal to the occasion; the Storthing Hall, or House of Commons; a great and flourishing university, with excellent museums, library, and astronomical and magnetical observatories attached to it, and reckoning among its professors many of the highest merit, and several of European reputation; a respectable port and mercantile quarter, with extensive wooden warehouses built into the sea, according to the Norwegian custom; and in whatever direction we choose to walk from the town, we meet with cultivation or with shelter, with woodland scenery, or with green fields or country seats, agreeably distributed upon nearly every high ground overlooking the fiord.

These peculiarities and contrasts are due to conditions of climate and situation, now tolerably well understood, yet far too striking not to create a pleasant surprise, even when the causes are known, and the results anticipated. The existence of such intelligent, wealthy, and polished societies as characterise the Norwegian cities of Christiania and Bergen on the 60°, and Thronhjelm, or Dronheim, nearly on the 64°, indicate a concurrence of circumstances favourable to civilisation, which are not to be found at the same distance from the equator in any part of the globe.

There is a railway from Christiania to Eidevold Vakken, on the road from the capital to Molde, Christiansund and Thronhjelm in the north, and about eighty miles of the three hundred and thirty English miles that lay between the two last—that is, between the capital and Thronhjelm—are performed by steamers on the Lakes Miosen and Lonna, but still,

whether proceeding by the north road, or westerly to the Drammen, and the High Telemark, or Telemarken, and the Hardanger, the usual and indispensable conveyance in Norway is the *kariola*, or as it is usually written by Englishmen, *carriole*. This is a sort of *gig*, with room, generally, for only a single passenger, and devoid (usually) of springs. Their place is, in some measure, supplied by long elastic wooden shafts, supported behind on the axletree, and in front on a small saddle, the animal being harnessed exceedingly far forward, whilst the seat is also advanced considerably, so as to give the traveller the benefit of the elasticity of the shafts. The horse has, therefore, a considerable portion of the direct weight of his burthen pressing on his shoulders; for the small board behind, on which the luggage is strapped, is so nearly above the axle as to afford a very trifling counterpoise. The traveller stretches out his feet right in front of him, into a narrow trough prepared to receive them, beyond which is a splash-board to which is attached a leathern apron, and he is so closely fitted into his vehicle all round, that the rain does not easily insinuate itself. The owner or his boy accompanies the carriage, and usually sits on the top of the traveller's bag or portmanteau. A *carriole* can be purchased, in Christiania, with harness and bottle-case complete, for from eight to nine pounds, and for the sportsman this is the best proceeding. Horses are changed at stages varying from six to twelve English miles.

In the capital of Norway there are state carriages as well as the national vehicle—the *carriole*, as a lively traveller, Mr. Francis M. Wyndham, found to his expense.

Next morning after his arrival at Christiania, he relates, I determined to sally out into the town in order to reclaim the baggage which had been sent round by sea from Bergen to the care of one of the consuls at Christiania; also to get what letters there might be waiting for me at the Hotel Victoria and the post-office, to take my berth in the steamer for England, and to go to a few shops of which I had the addresses.

In order to get through all this as quickly as possible, the best plan seemed to be to take a vehicle of some description. Vaguely impressed with the idea of having seen in some guide book that the cabs of Christiania were called *droscky*, I requested the waiter of the hotel to call a *droscky* for me. My wish was immediately complied with, and I waited in the court-yard round which the hotel was built, expecting in a few minutes to see a *carriole*, or some such diminutive machine, make its appearance. Time flew on and nothing arrived, and becoming impatient, as economy of time was the sole object of taking a conveyance, I inquired of the waiter when the *droscky* was coming. To all my inquiries *strax, strax (tout-à-l'heure or gleich)*, meaning any indefinite time you please, was the invariable reply of the imperturbable waiter. A full hour had already elapsed, but presently the rumble of wheels was heard in the streets; and, in another minute, a smart britska, drawn by a pair of very fine grey horses, with an important-looking coachman in livery upon the box, drove through the *porte-cochère*, and drew up in a stately manner before the door of the hotel. The waiter bowed politely, and said, "Droscky, min Herr." In utter astonishment, I looked first at the waiter, and then at the carriage, pompous coachman, and prancing steeds. In this princely equipage, I, dressed in a well-

worn shooting suit, ragged knickerbockers, leather gaiters, and nailed boots, was to drive, along with Shot, all through the capital of Norway.

The gentlemen sitting in the verandahs round the court laid down their cigars and ceased sipping their coffee, to gaze at me in mute astonishment. A retreat would now have been ignominious, and, followed by Shot, I jumped in, and off we drove; first to the Hotel Victoria, whence, as the carriage drew up at the door, the waiters came flocking out by scores. Again we started, and, having secured a berth in the *Scandinavian*, drove to the post-office, then to the consul's, and lastly to the shops, and soon we rumbled proudly into the courtyard of the hotel, where, descending in state, I remunerated the coachman accordingly.

Before concluding with our description of the rough, rude, and unsocial national vehicle—the *carriole*—it must be admitted that it is almost the only one adapted to Norwegian roads; and further, that the Norwegian ponies know what they have to do, and usually do their work well. It is necessary to have a *Forbuds man* or *attendant*, who travels in a baggage-cart and secures horses. The expenses are moderate, with one's own *carriole*, about thirteen pence halfpenny for every seven miles.

## II.

FISHING ON THE DRAMMEN AND LOUGH—KONGSBERG AND ITS SILVER MINES—THE TELEMARK OR TELLEMARKE—SETTERS OR CHAULTS OF NORWAY—MOUNTAIN HOSTELRY—THE VEST FIORDALEN—BIUKAN FOS OR "BEEKING FALL"—LEGEND OF MARY'S STONE.

THE difficulty in Norway is the start. If a sportsman, the preparations include a great variety and number of resources, even to bread, for that of the peasants is not palatable; but if merely in search of the picturesque, armed with his red-bound handbook, he need be under no apprehensions, and ought certainly to have as few incumbrances as possible. If a sportsman, the first question he will ask on his arrival at Christiania will be which is the nearest salmon river? He will be told the Drammen. What is the distance? will be the next inquiry. Answer, about thirty miles. If our brother of the rod, therefore, be as impatient as we ourselves were, on our first trip, he will resolve upon trying his skill on this water, ere he departs for Throndhjem, to fish the Gual, the Nid, and, subsequently, the Namsen. As there are two hotels, the Hotel d'Angleterre and the Hotel de Scandinavie, at Drammen, there is no occasion to lay in a stock of provisions for this trip.

We have assumed that our brother of the craft will send on his baggage-cart, and that his servant will follow him in a hired *carriole*. The first station or post-house is Stabeck, distant from Christiania three-quarters of a Norwegian mile, or six or six-and-a-half English miles. If the forbudman, who has been dispatched the preceding day, has abstained from partaking too freely of that fiery, alcoholic compound known by the name of "finkel" (a piece of self denial, by the way, seldom practised by these functionaries), our salmon-fisher will find his horses ready at Asker, the next station, one and a quarter Norwegian, or eleven English miles from Stabeck. The stage from Asker to Gjellebeck is an easy one—only seven-eighths of a Norwegian mile, or six English miles. The next and last, from Gjellebeck to Drammen, is rather longer, being one



and one-eighth Norwegian, or somewhat over nine English miles.

If our piscator be an early riser—and all true fishermen should be—he will have left Christiania at six in the morning, and, giving him half-an-hour to swallow some capital coffee, with undeniable cream, and some eggs (we will say nothing of bread, which, if he be wise, he will take with him) he will find himself comfortably housed at the Hotel d'Angleterre, at Drammen, between twelve and one o'clock—(*equo volente*) and the "short tommy" having been duly administered. The landlord of the Hotel d'Angleterre is a most civil and obliging person, and is moreover a very tolerable linguist. He speaks French and English fluently, and will afford every information as to the river, the best method of reaching the several fishing stations, and do all in his power to assist the English visitor in furthering his wishes.

Drammen is a flourishing and prosperous little town. It carries on a very extensive trade in timber. Trade is brisk; the merchants and tradespeople are enterprising and industrious; all is bustle and activity for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and if we can spy into futurity, Drammen will, one of these days, rank high amongst the commercial towns of Norway.

As the novice will be anxious to try his skill on the Drammen, we will tell him how to proceed. Like all well-trained disciples of the rod, he will proceed to the highest pool or stand on the river. This is at Hongsund, about ten miles from the town of Drammen, and the fishing commences in the pool immediately below the fall, or fall, which forms an insurmountable barrier for the salmon. They can proceed no higher up the river; but there are still left fifteen miles of water from the falls towards the sea, or fiord. By starting very early in the morning, the angler will have time to breakfast at the station before he commences operations. The fish do not run very large in the Drammen—their average weight being about fifteen pounds—although they have been taken in nets, and on one or two occasions with the fly, as heavy as thirty. In recommending a trial of the Drammen, we by no means wish it to be understood as one of the best rivers in Norway, but its contiguity to Christiania, and the facility afforded to the Johnny Newcome to wet his line for the first time in a Norse stream, render it a desirable spot for a *coup d'essai*. On the first occasion of our visiting Norway we tried it, and had very good sport. There are plenty of salmon in the river, and by presenting a trifling douceur to those of the inhabitants whose land adjoins the water, and above all, sharing the fish with them (for this is the grand secret and the magical key which opens their hearts), every facility will be afforded to the angler in the prosecution of his sport. The stranger having killed a dozen or so of fish will return to Drammen, and having recounted his adventures to the obsequious landlord of his hotel, will rest himself for a day, and make preparations for a second crusade on the banks of the Longen. The forbadman must be despatched the day before in a baggage-cart, with the rods, portmanteau, a small keg of biscuits, a boiled ham, and a tongue, some bacon, and a few bottles of wine and brandy. If these creature comforts be not attended to, the traveller will fare but badly. The printed forms must be filled up and delivered to the forbadman, who will precede the fisherman some four-and-twenty hours,

in order that no delay may occur on the road. The distance from Drammen to Laurvig—a neat little fishing town at the mouth of the Lougen (it is, in fact, situated on the fiord, or arm of the sea) is about sixty miles, and our countryman will have to change his horse seven times.

The accommodations at the inn, or hotel at Laurvig, are very good indeed, the beds clean and comfortable. The store of eatables need not be encroached upon here, but they will be required at the several stations up the river. The Lougen runs through the territory of the Countess Wedel Jarlsberg, who can easily be wheedled into giving permission for a stranger to fish on her property. This amiable lady is the widow of the late viceroy, whose uniform kindness and undeviating hospitality to those of our countrymen who had the honour of being introduced to him, will never be forgotten. Permission once obtained from her ladyship, and an amicable arrangement having been entered into with the owners or renters of the several slips of land bordering on the river, the Waltonian may indulge himself to the top of his bent, and the bent or bend of his rod. A very trifling sum to the poorer tenants will secure uninterrupted fishing for the whole extent of water, which may be computed at not less than forty miles! A very pretty range, it must be admitted.

Lord Rodney, Sir Hyde Parker, Sir Walter Carew, Captain Pipon, and other good men and true, have done wonders in this water; and we might add, if the piscatorial professor would permit us, that a certain *maitre de danse*, who is well known within a hundred miles of Liverpool, has made the salmon out some extraordinary capers in the Lougen. If report speaks truly, one of his pupils (salmon we mean) weighed forty-nine pounds. We wonder whether his line was made of fiddle-strings! We hope, however, as regards the weight of his capture, that he did not draw the long bow. At all events, such a fish must have filled his kit. The fishing commences (for the angler must go upwards) exactly seven miles from Laurvig, and he will do well to proceed, from station to station, in his carriage, and not forget the commissariat cart. And here will begin the "roughing" part of the business, a kind of initiatory process, that will reconcile the enthusiast to the privations he will have to endure on his way northwards. The beds—if such they can be called—are tolerable at some of the stations, and execrable in others. Fresh meat and poultry are not to be had; but with fine salmon, ham, tongue, eggs and bacon, washed down with two or three glasses of good sherry, and a jorum or two of "cold without," we think the amateur may be content. Although we have derided the too prevalent system of carrying a superabundance of luggage, we think that a small canteen that will hold crockery, cutlery, and plates for two, an indispensable adjunct to the traveller's comfort. Only go to Norway, good piscator, and post it to Thronhjelm, and you will know what we mean. Just ask for a knife, fork, and spoon, at a post-house, and see what you will get as substitutes. Fhaugh! the very recollection sickens us.

The fish in the Lougen run larger, and are more abundant than in the Drammen. This can only be accounted for, we presume, by the elder ones having ascertained, by experience, that the passage upwards is barred against them within a short distance from the sea in the latter river. Be this as it may, the

sport in the Lough is immeasurably superior, and many glorious days have we passed on its banks.

Vast accumulations of timber lined the road as we left Drammen for Kongsberg. Drammen is one of the great ports for Norwegian deal, and it is exported thence to Spain, and even to Egypt. The valley gradually narrowed as we approached Haugsund, where the fishing ends, which is a kind of suburb to Drammen, and where, in winter-time, the minerals and the timber are brought down from the mountains on their way to the port. Haugsund, like Drammen, is divided into two parts by a river, and these are again united by a bridge. A hospitable "guest-giver" supplied us with a repast on salmon—baked, broiled, boiled, salt or smoked, there is no need to fish in Norway; the queen of fishes is almost always to be obtained ready caught and cooked. A French tourist complained bitterly that it was *toujours queue de saumon*; some, perhaps, may sympathise with him, others envy him. It is with salmon as with partridge, one may have too much of a good thing. The costumes of Tellemarkers are first met with at this little place, at the foot of the mountains. Short bodies and short petticoats come into vogue—(See page 403) and are accompanied by a truly mountaineer display of trinkets.

Between Haugsund and Kongsberg there is only one post, but it is of exceeding length, and it is a wonder how the little Norse horses or ponies get over it. These frail creatures, scarcely higher than a donkey, are almost always of a yellow brown hue, except the mane and tail, which are black, and a black line generally runs the whole length of the back. The mane is generally cropped, and only a tuft left that falls between the eyes and ears. The stiff mane, little head, and intelligent look, remind one of the horses so naively represented in the ancient bas-reliefs. If the horses are wanting in a hippic point of view, they are not in their asinine qualities. They are most patient and persevering, nor are they less enduring: a little hay suffices them. They drink when they like, and not when the traveller likes, and, arrived at their journey's end, they roll off the moistness induced by the exertion in the dust. Their masters are invariably kind to them, and we cannot too much condemn the enthusiastic angler, *Piscator ferox*, as he should be called, like his prey, the *Salmo ferox*, who advises the traveller to be armed with one of Swaine's best hunting whips as an accelerator of pace, and declares that there is nothing like a "short tommy" judiciously applied as an *argumentum ad eum* in case of need. A French tourist assures us that if the master is on the board behind, and the driver ill-treats his beloved quadruped, he may perchance meet with the *argumentum ad hominem*, and a Norwegian, he further declares to possess a heavy hand!

The road lay at first amidst mountains covered with debris and trees, a succession of enormous rocks and splendid forests; but gradually the rocks gained the ascendancy, the trees became smaller and smaller, and shaded off into shrubs, while the rocks grew larger and larger, and finally had it all to themselves. But just as the scenery was getting at the worst, the road opened upon the valley of the Laugen, which unfolded at our feet like a giant serpent, a dark cloud above reflecting the prismatic red of a setting sun, displaying the silver line below to still greater advantage. In the distance was Kongsberg, with its regal furnaces, and the Labro Foss or Fall of the Larbro,

which supplies the works with motive power. The town, grouped around the church, dominates over the rapids, and the saw and other mills that it turns. Kongsberg is the second mining town in Norway, and the chief in respect to silver and cobalt. The silver mines are said to produce a tenth of the whole state revenue.

Descending at the Giestgivegaard, which has, like the other hotels we had as yet met with, a French name—that of the Hotel des Mines—we obtained a carriage in which to visit the mines. Passing five or six water-mills, constructed with all that profusion of timber which is only to be seen in Norway and in Canada, capacious aqueducts bringing the water, and still more gigantic viaducts taking away the crushed ore, we reached a more rocky and sterile territory, which, as usual in mining districts, was rendered still more repulsive by vast accumulations of refuse, and at a turn in the road found ourselves in presence of a large wooden mansion, painted a brown colour, and which we at once recognised as having been immortalised by the pencils of Messrs. Giraud and Karl Girardet in the relation of Prince Napoleon's journey to the north.

This was the habitation of the director of the mines, and nothing could exceed his urbanity and civility. Our request to be allowed to visit the mines was replied to in our own language with every cordiality. But as nothing resembles another thing more than one mine does another, the same damp and mouldy ladders, the same long narrow and dark galleries, and the same break-neck shafts, we may spare the reader the details. Suffice it that we had not, as we once had at Leach-hills, in Dumfries, the pleasure of passing under the beam of a giant steam-engine in the dark, and at an unaccustomed turn in the gallery, in the interval of its rise and fall, and when the briefest delay in progress would have entailed a very inglorious crush. On our return to the earth's surface we were conducted to where the specimens of ores and minerals were kept, and we found that the silver is obtained in two conditions, native in long threads, sometimes as fine as hair, and as a black sulphuret. There was a magnificent specimen of the latter on the chimney. Having inscribed our names in the book, and thanked the civil director, we took our way to the Lurbrø Fos, and thence, tired enough, gained our comfortable hostelry. It was a vast wooden mansion, with a bar below for the working classes, a dining-room for the *employés* at the mines, etc., and a great room for balls and concerts, where the fashionables of Kongsberg take a little recreation.

Telemark, or Tellemarken, so interesting to the tourist for the grandeur of its scenery, its picturesque dwellings and the costumes of the people, its capital shooting districts and large and numerous lakes and streams abounding in trout, may be said to begin at Kongsberg or the "King's Mountain," and to stretch away thence to the west. This region, although the most southerly and most easily approached of all the Norwegian mountain districts, is, from the want of good roads and accommodation, but rarely visited by travellers or tourists.

Kongsberg is, indeed, the last civilised station in a north-west direction from the capital. The rude rocks of the Telemark rise up thence to frame in Lakes Tinn, Miso, Totak, Bandak, and others, and, piling one upon another, ultimately rise up in the west in

that great barrier of snow-clad Alps known as the Hardanger Field.

There are, however, many roads across the outlying hills, and we looked more to the picturesque than to comfort in our selection of one of them. Quitting Kongsberg at four in the morning, we followed the valley of the Laagan, obstructed by fallen timber, till it expanded into a fine meadow known as the Sæter of Moen. The sæter of Norway is more or less identical with the chalet of Switzerland, the yallah of the Turks and Turkomans, and the zomas of the Kurds and Chaldean mountaineers. The word is said to imply simply absence of cultivation, for, if a farm, there is seldom aught but grass plains and summer pastures around, but it is more generally a hut or cabin, and sometimes even a lonely bit of mountain pasture to which a solitary girl leads her flock to revel in during the brief summer sunshine. The people at this, the first sæter we came to, were civil and hospitable.

The road, such as it was, ascended from hence by one of those turf uplands where pines have grown and rotted for centuries. After little more than an hour and a half of rude jolting, we arrived at Bolkesjø, a mountain village of about ten or twelve houses of some antiquity, and deeply impressed with the original stamp of the old Norwegian guards. The hostelry was indeed truly characteristic. We give an illustration of its interior at p. 401. It was painted with red and black arabesques, browned by the lapse of time from the floor to the ceiling. There were two recesses with beds perched on high, and shelves decorated with no end of kitchen utensils of copper and even of silver, for the Norse peasant sets more value upon the shadow than the substance, and he would rather eat a spare dinner on a silver plate than a hearty meal on pottery. The family plate was of all dates, sizes, and styles, and old chairs painted like the panels of the room, and tables of birch, completed the scene. Whilst the bacon and eggs were frying in this comfortable hostelry, we tripped up the mountain side to enjoy a splendid panorama of the Telemark, Lake Føl being at our feet, and the wooded acclivities of the Hofvin rising up beyond to the snowy summit of the Gausta. This scene is embodied in the illustration at page 409.

The road had been bad enough up to Bolkesjø, but the descent was worse; at one moment we were buried in dark forest, at another carried along a precipitous ledge two or three hundred feet above the lake below, and the road was always encumbered with rocks or pine-trees. Other little lakes glittered through the forest, all buried in deep silence. There were no houses or huts, no life or animation. It is sometime before the traveller accustoms himself to the solitudes of the Norse mountains. At Vik, however, we found humanity abroad again, and a little land cultivated. This was at the level of the lake, and the fields were separated by roughly constructed gateways, which the skydaskar or boy on the board behind had to get down over and anon and open. It is perhaps owing to this circumstance that the handbook says carriages have, in this route, to be left behind at Bolkesjø.

A last mountain saddle opened at Kopsland upon magnificent meadows, watered by the Maan Elv, which flows from the Mios Vard or lake, a fine sheet of water which receives its supply from the Hardanger Field, and pours its overflow by the Maan Elv into the basin of the Tind Sjø, and thence into the sea at Skein.

The upper valley of the Maan Elv, better known as Vest-Fiordal, is about thirty miles in length (see p. 437), and about the third of its length the great depression is met with which gives origin to the Riukan Foss, one of the most remarkable falls in Norway. The thread of water at Gudvangen in Bergen, which topples over a cliff 4000 feet above the sea, is higher, and the falls of the Glommer at Kongsvinger surpass it in volume, but the Riukan enjoys deserved celebrity alike for the imposing mass of its waters, and the prodigious height (in round numbers some thousand feet), from which they precipitate themselves. It is one lake in fact emptying itself into another.

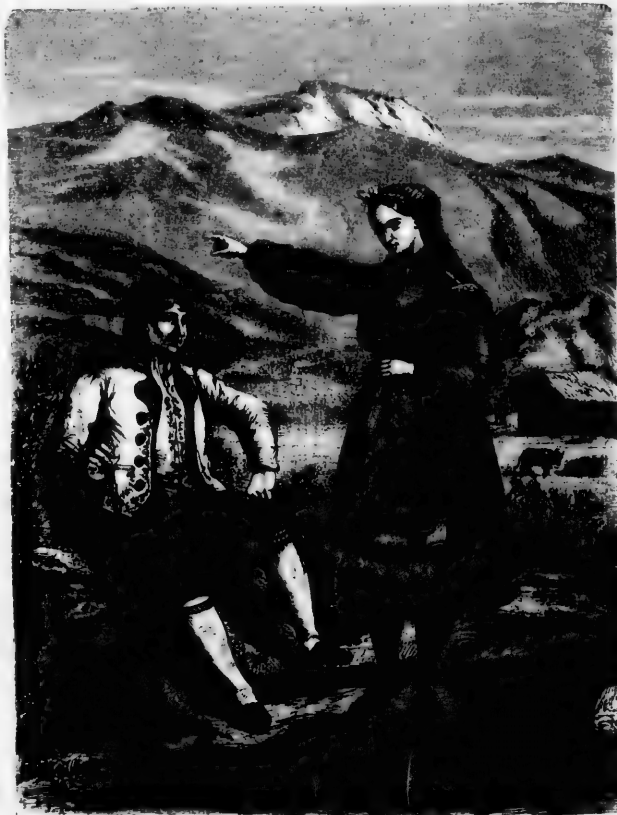
The lower valley between Lake Tinn and Lake Hittl was smiling and pleasant enough; trees and shrubs came down the hill sides nigh to their base, the meadows were spangled with blue gentian and bright coloured orchids, and cattle roved about, but the waters of the lake rushed along bearing great trees along with it as if they had been mere logs. At length we reached a spot where we had to be ferried—carriages and all—across the torrent. The spot was marked by the little white church of Grandherverd, picturesquely built on the banks of the stream. Beyond this, the road improved as far as to Lake Tinn or Tind, where all further progress by land ceased, and where the lake poured over rocks into the lower valley by which we were approaching it. At this point was also the hamlet of Tinoset, where a boat and boatmen are obtained—with the use of a little of that virtue which is so uncommon with tourists, patience—to navigate the lake. In Norway, the vanakye or water transit succeeds the landskyde or land transit as a matter of course. It was no small treat to exchange the jolt of the carriage for the recumbent ease of the Norwegian bark; add to this the lake itself, embosomed in woods and mountains 2000 feet high, was redolent of picturesque beauty, and it was almost with a feeling of regret that we landed at Haakenoes and exchanged its tranquil bosom for the carriage, after partaking of a supper of hōros (lake salmon) at mine host's of Haakenoes. It was not in reality, however, till we reached the little church of Moel (Moel kirke) that we attained the Vestfiordal or upper valley of the Maan Elv, and we proceeded on foot, a beautiful walk along a most magnificent valley, the boatmen carrying the luggage to Dal—the great centre of excursions in the Vestfiordal and the Telemark.

Horses are easily obtained here with which to proceed up the Vestfiordal to the great falls of Riukan, but we preferred from old habit to stroll along this vale of gorgeous scenery. An excellent idea may be obtained of it from the illustration at p. 437. As we proceeded the valley began to narrow, and at the sæter of Mgollund commences a rocky ascent, from whence a splendid view is obtained of the vast fields of the Gausta, celebrated for the legend of the petrified nuptials, and where all the victims are shown, to the family dog and cat, all alike converted into stone.

The long line of a falling stream rolling from rock to rock like an enormous serpent, was seen extending down from the very top of the snowy crest of the Gausta so distinctly, that the eye scarcely loses sight of the boiling torrent for a moment; even when lost in a far away rocky basin it is as incessantly reappearing. This mountain torrent passes under a picturesque wooden bridge, and turns a saw-mill before joining the Maan.

Below this bridge is the special pathway to the Riukan, a kind of narrow staircase leading over very insecure looking rocks. It is designated as a horse-way, which may be admitted by those who have seen the Norwegian ponies descend the eighteen hundred steps alongside the Voring Foss or Falls of Hardanger. We congratulated ourselves, however, upon being on foot; the superior sense of security is, in such a posi-

tion, remarkably gratifying. After three-quarters of an hour's toil, we began to perceive the fall through the rocks, and at length, after the usual amount of struggling, which experience has taught us accompanies almost all waterfall-seeing upon a grand scale, we reached a narrow path upon the brink of the precipice, and we began to perceive this particular fall had a sensation in store from above as that of Niagara



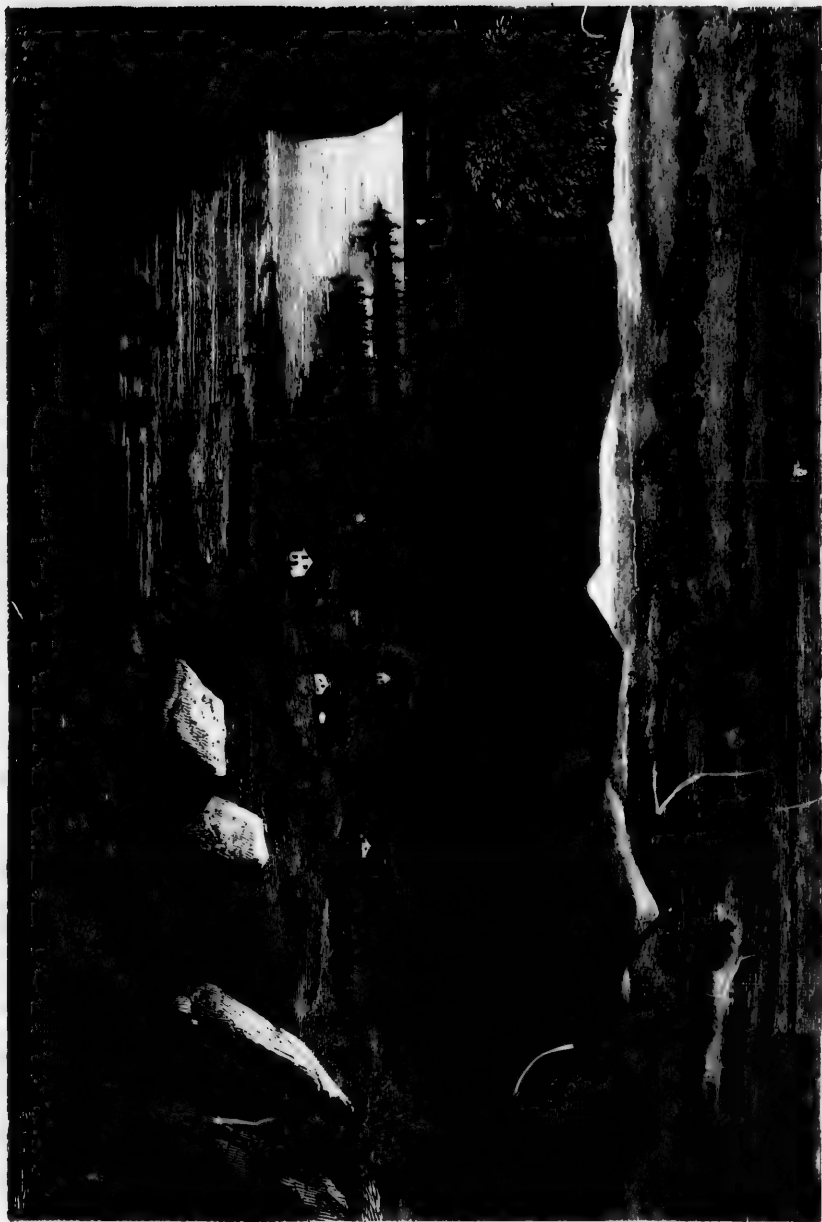
COSTUMES OF TELLEMARKEN.

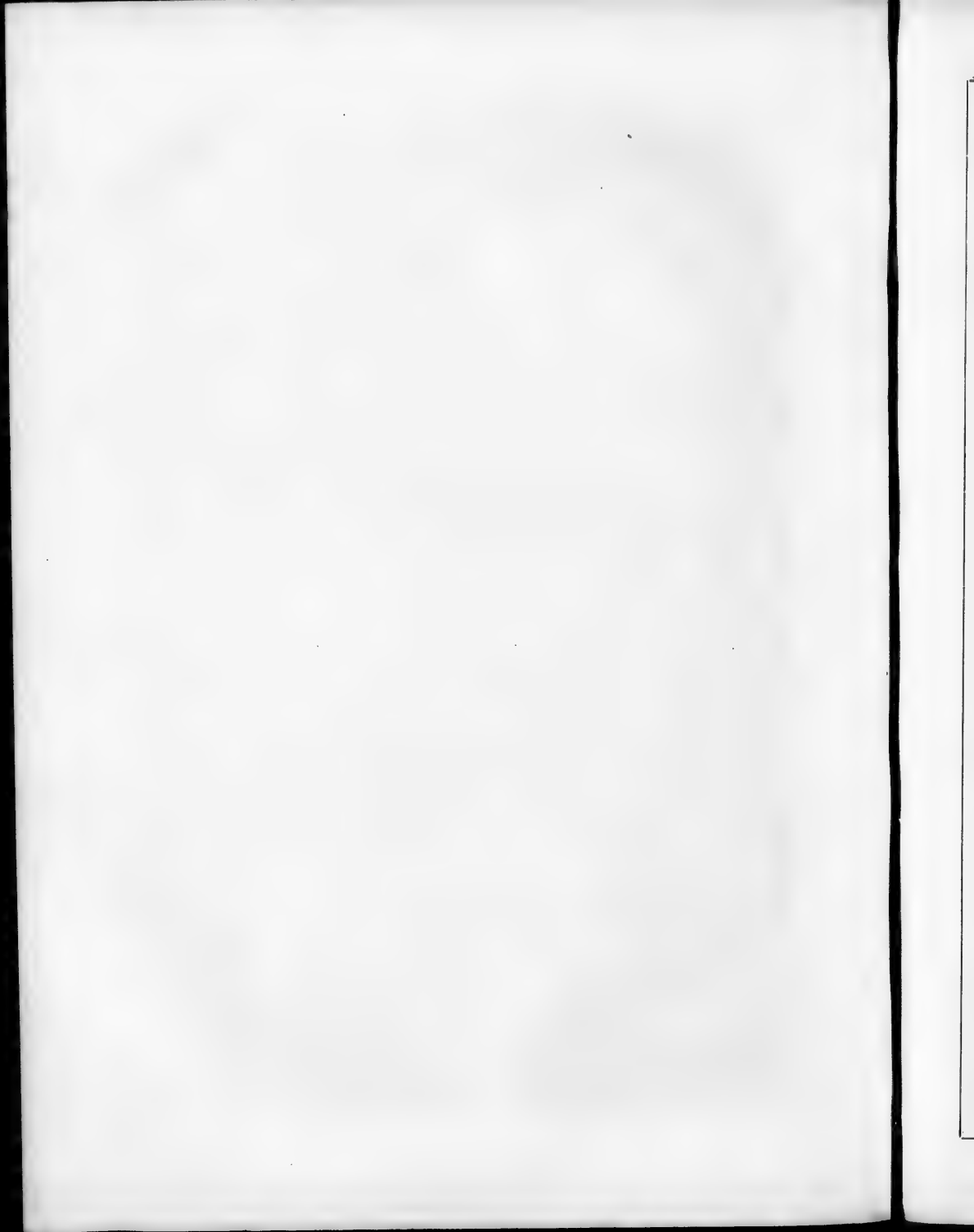
has from below. This pathway is called Mari Stein or Mary's Stone, and has a legend attached to it which is thus related by Miss Frederica Bremer, in her *Strife and Peace; or Scenes in Norway*, p. 17:—

It was by this path that the beautiful Mary of West-fiordalen went, with light and fearless step, to meet the friend of her childhood, Eistein Halfvordsen; but the avarice of her father separated them, and Mary's

tears and prayers prevailed upon her lover to fly, to escape the plot formed by a treacherous rival against his life. Years passed, and Mary was firm in her constancy. Her father died; Eistein had, by his valour and nobleness, made his former enemy his friend; and, after their long separation, the lovers were to meet again, never to be separated. Eistein hastened by the shortest way, the Mari-Stein, to meet his beloved.

VALLEY OF BOLKESIA.







Long had she watched for him. She saw him coming, and his name burst from her with a joyful cry. He saw, and rushed to meet her, but fell, and the Riukan whirled him into its foaming depths. For many years after this, a pale form, in whose beautiful eyes a quiet madness spoke, wandered daily in the Mari-Stein, and seemed to talk with some one in the abyss below. There she went till a merciful voice summoned her to joy and rest in the arms of her beloved.

The terrible Maau comes at this point from the distant Hardanger to tumble down a slope, distorted by the rocks that oppose it, till it reaches the spot where its waters separate before they take their final shoot into the depths below. It appears as fine and fleecy, Everest remarks in his *Norway*, p. 36, as white wool or cotton; and though the vapour obscures everything near it, yet, in looking over the cliff, shoots of foam can be discerned at the bottom like rockets of water radiating in every direction. A low sound and vibration appears to come from beneath one's feet. As I hung, half giddy, on the steep, and turned my eyes opposite to the mountain mass that breasted me, its black sides, seemingly within a stone's throw, and its snowy head far in the clouds above, my thoughts involuntarily turned to Him at whose bidding it upsprung. I long gazed upon the wonderful scene, which seemed like the end of the world. It still floats before me like a dream.

### III.

SETER OR CHALET AT BAMBLE—REMARKABLE ANCIENT WOODEN CHURCH AT HITTERDAL—VALE OF HIERDAL—CROSS OF THE LIK OR LIDFIELD—VALE OF FLATDAL—NORDGAARDEN-I-SLEIJJORD—THE HEART OF TELEMAR—CASTLE OF SILENCE.

THE return from the Reeking Fall is more agreeable than the progress there. It is true that expectation softened the toil, but it was not the less an arduous case of climbing; it is also true that a firm hold of a providential birch-tree gave a certain feeling of security against the fate of Eistein.<sup>1</sup> But still the whole scene was on so terrific a scale, that it was impossible, after gratifying the senses, not to feel a pleasure at being at a distance from it. The constant contemplation of so awful a spectacle would be enough to produce many poor things. Then again, Ole Torgensen, and his beautiful daughter Aasta, were waiting for us at Dal. They had prepared an excellent repast wherewith to recruit our exhausted energies, and this accomplished, we inspected the travellers' book with less disgust than what was felt by an enterprising French tourist at finding the names of only two of his countrymen as visitors to this remote spot. All spoke in terms of admiration of the host, and still more so of his daughter—a perfect Telemarkian type. Like most mountaineers, she had also some flagee silver-work and curiosities in copper for sale. She also exhibited her own private stock of trinkets, but when pressed to part with a specimen, she civilly declined. "They are my own," she said; "I put them on on Sundays to go to Moel Kirke, and cannot part with them."

<sup>1</sup> The letter *f* has in this name, as also in that of *fjeld* and *fjord*, been, following the excellent example of Professor James Forbes, written as *s*, as more conformable to English usage, although pronounced as *y*, and the *h* has nearly the same sound. As has, it may also be observed, the power of *e* in cold.

The carriage carried us merrily back to Moel; a bed of birch had been provided in the canoe, and Lake Tinn was traversed in sleep. A rude shock awoke us at four in the morning. It was the boat bumping against the pine-trees at Tinoset. After what our excellent neighbours describe as an extemporised and summary toilette in the lake, but which we should simply designate as an immersion in its blue waters, we were on our way to Hitterdal.

The first point attained was Bamble, and beyond this was Hitterdal, with its remarkable church, one of the rare wooden monuments of the thirteenth century still existing in Norway. It is a kind of pyramid of timber, with five or six stories, superposed like a Burmese pagoda. The walls are protected by tiles of wood, laid on like the scales of a fish, and the roofs are covered with little sculptural planks. A covered gallery runs round the edifice to shelter the people. A sculptured porch gives admission to the cemetery, whilst, on the opposite side, the clock-tower stands amidst the trees of the prestenfeld or presbytery. The interior has lately been restored, and uncomfortable forms have supplanted the old sculptured benches, but the silver gilt cross of Byzantine style, and the old pulpit, with its signs of the zodiac, have wisely been allowed to remain. Hitterdal Kirke is, with the celebrated crypt of Sanct Mikael, on the Nord-fjord, near Skien, one of the most primitive monuments of its kind in the country.

Not only does the valley change its name, but also the river. It is called Hjerdals or Hierdals elv in the handbook. The church at Hitterdal is also described in the same indispensable companion as one of the oldest in Norway, and as of the same period and style as that at Borgund, on the Bergen road, and, like that, it is said to be included in Professor Dahl's work on the ancient Norwegian churches.

Mr. Ferguson, in his *Illustrated Handbook of Architecture*, p. 933, after regretting the destruction of the wooden churches of Saxon and Norman times, says: The largest of those now in Norway is that of Hitterdal. It is eighty-four feet long by fifty-seven across. Its plan is that usual in churches of the age, except that it has a gallery all around on the outside. Its external appearance is very remarkable. It is more like a Chinese pagoda, or some strange creation of the South Sea Islanders, than the sober production of the same people, who built the bold and massive round Gothic edifices of the same age. Mr. Ferguson suggests that the panels may once have been adorned by Runic carving, which, as they decayed, have been replaced by plain timbers, detracting much of course from its original appearance.

The road was carried hence, by the force of circumstances, westward, up the valley of the Hitterdal, with the lofty Ganst field to the north, and the Lik or Lid field, still more remarkable for its contrasted configuration, to the south. The valley is, strictly speaking, the Hitterdal or dale, but mountaineers are always profuse of local names, and they divide it into three, Hitterdal, Laurdal, and Hierdal. Half way up the valley, at a place called Sanland, was another picturesque old church, but it is said to be crumbling, and about to be replaced by an edifice of a more simple character. This Hierdal or Hitterdal did not want in animation. There were smelting furnaces and other works by the road-side, and being the season for annual exercise, soldiers were encamped on its plains.

Arrived at Hiertdal we were obliged, perforce, to turn off and ascend the flanks of the Lie or Lid-field, where they are least abrupt, to gain the valley of the Fladals elv or river, which expands between the Lie-field and the snow-clad Mount Scørve, into a small lake called Flaa, or Flad, and lower down into the more considerable lacustrine expanse of the Sillejord. The beauty of the scenery amply repaid the toil. Splendid ash trees lined the road during the long descent; to the right was the glacial Scørve, with the serrated peaks of the Thors Nuten, the tranquil basin of Lake Flad glittering in the hollow below, while to the left the eye could follow the windings of the Sillejord for thirty miles or upwards. At Sundbo, a village situated at the extremity of this magnificent Fladal or vale, the high road to Hardanger is left to enter into the district of Sillejord, enamelled with green meadows, and dotted with well-to-do farms.

It was with no small amount of pleasure that, after our long day's work, we reached the village known as the Nord garden i Sillejord. But our difficulties were not over. The guard was wretched. There was a presbytery, the landsman's house, and two or three good-looking farm-houses. The guides, however, had no compunction; they settled the matter by driving up to one of the best looking habitations, with a portico in front, and a greenward sloping down to the water's side. A servant received us in silence on the threshold, and ushered our abashed persons into a spacious apartment, in which was a piano, flanked by two lofty oleanders in full blossom. But there was no host, and our trepidation did not cease till the same demure domestic came to usher us up stairs to our bed-room, where tea awaited us. Fatigue, and the impossibility of doing otherwise, obliged us to accept of this silently proffered hospitality without an inquiry. Next day, after giving the servant a present, the horses being put to, we stepped cheerily into the carriage, and just as it was driving away, we caught the sound of a well-known melody coming from the piano. Our first impulse was to jump out and retrace our steps, to return thanks in person to the chataine of the castle of silence. But a moment's reflection told us of the inconvenience of such a proceeding. The noble owner was probably away, and in his absence the lady, if she could not entertain us in person, still did not decline to extend to us her hospitality. Such is Norwegian civility.

The Nord garden i Sillejord is considered as the heart of Telemark. The women of this district, says Elliott, in his *Letters from the North of Europe*, wear a red jacket, a black skirt, trimmed at the bottom with yellow, and a short vest, fastened by a sash where the jacket ends, and hanging in loose plaits for some inches below. A coloured handkerchief, tied round the head, floats in the air behind. The sides of the stockings are prettily worked, and the shoes are ornamented with large buckles, or star-shaped pieces of leather. The costume of the men is something like that in which Charles XII. is drawn, or that of the combatants in Spanish bull fights—a short jacket of some decided colour; a waistcoat, striped, and very gaudy; dark breeches, with a streak of red running down both sides and across the front; worsted stockings, well worked; broad embroidered gaiters; large knee-buckles, and shoes embroidered like the women's. Both sexes wear a profusion of silver lace and trinkets upon their persons. (See p. 408.)

There is a rocky and mountainous peninsula of

some ten or twelve miles in extent to cross at this point, between the Sillejord and the Bandak, or Bandags vard, one of the most picturesque and best fishing and shooting districts in all Norway. The ascent, at first monotonous enough, gradually took us up to a "field" surrounded by precipitous rocks. A sheet of water fell from this natural circus, which is entered into by a vast breach, and formed a little lake below. The ascent is continued beyond this, before the crest is gained, and then, turning suddenly round, the descent commences into the long valley of the Bandags. It was a repetition of the same magnificent scenery as on the descent from the Lie-field. Luxuriant meadows, ready for the scythe, the roadside enlivened by flowering plants and shrubs, well-built farms, and the long and sinuous waters of the Bandags at our feet. We drove up to Moen to a guard, or hotel, of promising aspect. The host, in spectacles, was smoking a pipe on the threshold, and two other travellers were just arriving from another direction. He received us all with cordiality, and the bustle and animation of this place, with the comforts of a good table, made us fancy we had suddenly been transported into another country.

#### IV.

LAKE BANDAGS—SAINT OLAF STEAMER—RAVINE OF RAVENS—THE BO-FIELD AND ITS BEARS—A RAVENOUS BEAR—HARDANGER COSTUME—A BEAR HUNT—THE NORD FJORD—SKINS.

We were lucky enough to be picked up by the steamer *Saint Olaf*, which plies in the Landag Lakes at Alpelstien, the port of Moen, and with it proceeded pleasantly along the upper lake, hemmed in by magnificent mountains, to Daleu, at its further extremity. The only place touched at was Laurdal, where a trout stream, flowing from a tarn above, joins the lake, and in which beautiful but secluded spot there is a goodly house in the heart of a grove of pines. The stream also turns several saw-mills. This was really a peculiarly inviting spot.

The hamlet of Daleu consists of some five or six houses, lying in a marshy meadow at the head of the lake, and at the bottom of Bandag valley. Our portmanteau was conveyed to a wooden hut, which the boatman designated as a speise korter, or *restaurant à la carte*; but it was a mere soter or peasant's hut, and the carte consisted of the classical hère and of potatoes, which constitute a first-class repast in Norway. Whilst this was getting ready we started on foot to visit the famous Ravnedjupet or Ravine of Ravens, which is renowned in the traditions of Telemark for casting back, by the mere force of the dread winds that blow down it, everything that is left there. The amount of savage sterility that this rocky glen presented to the eye can therefore be readily imagined from the local tradition that attaches to it. It cost us two long hours of scrambling along the wooded Eidsborgkleven to reach it. Issuing from the dark pine forest, a deep fissure presented itself with a mountain-torrent rolling along at its base, and it was easy to understand how the west wind should accumulate into an irresistible hurricane in this narrow pent-up ravine. Possibly, however, its name may be derived from the ravens feeding there on animals destroyed by the storm, and borne along by the stream, or it may have been a pagan place of punishment, like the Ravnaga of Iceland. Whether or not, the Ravnedjupet, like the

Rjukan-foss, is a site exceptionally picturesque, and the view amply repaid the fatigue of reaching it.

After a night's rest at Dalen, where the hostess spoke English, and fully expected us to stay and fish away at the least a week of our existence, we started next day with the *Saint Olaf*—solitary sovereign of the Bandaga-vard. These "dampakilla" are anything but regular in their movements; they go from village to village, take up goods and passengers where they present themselves, have no covered deck, merely a central cabin with a table, and they stow away peasants and baggage in the open fore-cabin, leaving the equally open stern to the tourists or gentlemen and ladies who may happen to be on the move. All they seem to care for is that, starting for the tour of the lakes on the Monday morning, they shall get back again on the Saturday evening. The splendour of the scenery and the glorious contrasts of the landscape—the mountains contemplated from so many points of view and from so tranquil and advantageous a position, in every change of form and light and shade, and the ever-changing waters, seeming at times as if about to close up all further progress, present however so infinite a variety of aspects, that they neither palled nor wearied us, and it was almost with a feeling of regret that we arrived at Stroengen, our journey's end.

A day's rest on board the *Saint Olaf* was further an excellent preparation for an ascent of the Lagland, where we spent several days in the hut of a bear-hunter at Hoegland, and whence we made several long pedestrian excursions into the Bü-field, in order to see with our own eyes the sturdy plantigrade of the north, and to examine the caverned recesses in which he takes up his abode with his playful progeny. When Mr. Wyndham was at Sandvig, on the western side of the Hardanger, he heard sad accounts of the depredations of a bear in the neighbouring mountains. In the eight days, he relates, immediately preceding our arrival, it had destroyed no less than twenty cows, four of which had been killed only two days previously. We learned that an order had come round from some authority for a general bear-hunt on the morrow, in which every man, who was able, would be expected to join. Such an opportunity might not again be met with, and our host, begging us to stay at Sandvig as long as it should be agreeable to us, we decided to remain for the hunt. Dinner concluded, we busied ourselves with the preparations for starting to the mountains; for the scene of the bear's exploits being at some distance, it was found to be absolutely necessary to start the same evening, in order that we might reach the ground to be searched along with the other hunters. The only means of transporting our provisions, rugs, and mackintoshes, in case of a bivouac, was on men's backs, and accordingly two peasants were engaged for the purpose.

At about six in the evening we found ourselves on our way to a farm-house called Bjornebol (bear's palace), eight or nine miles distant. For the first two miles from Sandvig there was a tolerable road, ending, however, in a mere track, which led first of all across the river on stepping-stones, and then ascended the steep rocky ground lying as a barrier directly across the valley. On reaching the summit of this ridge, from whence the water ran eastwards and westwards, we halted for a few minutes to look back down the valley at the view which extended over Sandvig and across the Hardanger Fiord till it was bounded by the moun-

tains on the further side of the water. Turning away we pushed onwards, but had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards when a view still more magnificent burst upon us. Huge mountains rose majestically in the distance; while down the narrow gorge could be traced the foaming course of an impetuous torrent, which, after raging and boiling in its contracted channel, lost its waters in those of a small lake at our feet. Apparently there was no outlet to the lake, so precipitously did the rocks close in on either side. But as we descended to the shores, a narrow cleft became visible, through which the water, flowing calmly out, rolled along in a southerly direction to the Matre Fiord.

To show how little general maps can be trusted, Professor Munch's map—by far the best, with the exception of the *Amts Karte*—is here completely at fault; for, instead of tracing the course of the river, southwards from this point, into the Matre Fiord, the map continues to direct it due east till it discharges its waters into the Hardanger Fiord—a physical impossibility, from the high ridge which here runs completely across the valley.

On the acclivity overlooking the lake stood a group of stone huts, or mountain dairies, corresponding to the chalets of Switzerland. They were miserable hovels, with barely room for one person's sleeping accommodation, and consequently another similar building was required for the milk. A few solitary cows, wandering about over the adjoining pasturage, were the only living creatures to be seen. Threading our way through the thick brushwood by the lake side, we climbed the rising ground beyond, and followed a rough track along the northern side of the valley. Now the path overhung the torrent, which at one time dashed with a loud roar over the protruding rocks, while at another its dark waters were hushed in stillness in some gloomy, fathomless pool; and now the track led through waving birch woods, clothing the sides of the valley in great profusion, and enhancing the scene with their bright green foliage. Once more descending, we reached another lake, larger but less picturesque than the preceding one.

Crossing a stream, which fell headlong down from the rocks, we next encountered a scramble of no ordinary difficulty. The rocks, dipping almost perpendicularly into the green waters of the lake, seemed to preclude all further advance; but thanks to a few cracks and inequalities, we were enabled to gain just sufficient foothold to make the passage practicable. Glad we were when it was passed; for a false step or an unsteady grasp would have been undoubtedly followed by a plunge into the cold water below.

At the top of a steep rocky ascent we found a small gate, the purpose of which, in such a wild, open, region, was scarcely apparent; but very possibly it might be the boundary mark of different pasture grounds. Soon after traversing a comparatively level tract of rocky ground, we came in sight of a third lake; and a long descent brought us, at ten o'clock, to the farm of Bjornebol.

The establishment consisted of several buildings constructed entirely of wood, two of which were appropriated to the inhabitants, while cattle and sheep found shelter in the others, the lofts being well filled with hay and other articles of farm use. The situation of Bjornebol was extremely beautiful: the buildings occupied some flat grassy land near the shores of the lake, which here expanded into a wide sheet of water.

At about a couple of hundred yards from the farm the river burst in a fine cascade, over a wall of rock, and fell with a loud roar into the lake below. The height of the fall was inconsiderable, but fully compensated by the great volume of water, and the picturesque way in which it dashed over the rocks. On the opposite side of the lake stood other farm-buildings, of the same description as those of Bjørneboel.

Entering the main building we found that the inhabitants had already retired to rest; but as the peasants are dressed equally by night as by day, some of them soon rose to receive us. Here we again experienced the extreme hospitality of the Norwegians; for, with that frankness and good feeling which asks no questions about intrusion, we were immediately welcomed as guests.

Our hostess was a stout, square-built person, and the very picture of kindness and good-humour; she wore the head-dress peculiar to the people of the Hardanger district, consisting of a thick woollen cap of a dark-blue colour, fitted closely to the head, and rising up at the back in a flat horse-shoe shape; the body of her dress was of the same dark-blue cloth, embroidered in front with bright red; it was without sleeves, but her white linen one contrasted very prettily with the dark bodice; the petticoat was of the same material. Quitting the room for a moment, the good wife returned with a bowl of warm milk—unfortunately goat's milk—which, when heated, acquires a disagreeable flavour.

Conversation now turned on the events of the coming day, in the course of which we learned that we had still a considerable distance to go before reaching the parts frequented by the bear. Not having as yet acquired sufficient Norse to understand much of the conversation, I amused myself by looking round at the arrangements of the room. Enough light still entered through the window to allow of an indistinct view of the interior, which was also partially lighted by the flickering embers that lay in the huge triangular-shaped fireplace. Three or four beds stood round the room against the wall, all of which were well tenanted, some being occupied by as many as three or four persons.

When conversation began to flag, the engineer entertained the audience with a song; after which, on inquiring where we could pass the night, we were shown into the adjoining building, in the principal room of which there were three beds—two of them, fortunately, unoccupied. The bed of a Norwegian peasant, which is always extremely short, very much resembles a large wooden box on four short legs; a quantity of hay forms the mattress, and over this is laid a canvas sheet and a blanket. The other bed in the room was already occupied by two men, but, being constructed on an expansive principle, it could still contain two more. In beds of this construction, two of the posts—a head and a foot one—are attached to a movable set of boards, which, when the posts are drawn out, form the bottom to the new part; a head and foot-board also slide in and out with the rest of the expanding part, so that a perfect bed is formed of double the size of the original one.

In this enlarged receptacle, the two peasants who accompanied us took up their quarters for the night. A room adjoining was equally well stocked with men, who had come hither on the same errand. House-room was to us quite an unexpected luxury, and having

come fully prepared to find every corner occupied, a bivouac in the open air would not have caused us any surprise.

By daybreak next morning we were all awake; but what was our disappointment when, on looking out, we found that rain was falling in torrents. In hopes that later in the day the weather might improve, we determined to defer our start for an hour or two. But five, six, and seven o'clock passed away, and still the rain continued. So, after a substantial breakfast of raw smoked salmon and bread, which we had brought with us, and milk from the farm, we started off in search of the bear.

Our path continued up the valley, and by the side of the same river, whose course we had followed the previous evening. Scrambling up the precipitous wall of rock, over which the river fell into the lake, we found ourselves, as it were, in quite a different valley. At one time we traversed flat grassy land by the side of the river, here flowing gently along; while at another the path overhanging the course of the torrent, which now boiled and foamed over the rocky obstacles in its narrow channel.

About an hour's walk brought us to a couple of stone seters, and here we sat down for a short time to rest; but soon we continued our toil over the rocks with renewed vigour. Hence the track led over still more difficult ground; and by this time the level walking had entirely ceased, for the sides of the valley descended in a very steep slope, ending, at about fifty feet above the river, in a perpendicular precipice of rock. The sides, however, were well grown with birch trees, which were generally within reach of grasp whenever a difficult place rendered it necessary to use more than ordinary caution.

At last, after scrambling along for about seven miles, we reached three or four stone seters, which had evidently been long untenanted. At this spot, where the valley, turning at right angles, pursued an easterly direction, three men, who had come from the neighbourhood of Sandvig by a different track, joined our party. Shortly before reaching these seters, they had passed a cow much torn and lacerated by the bear, from whose embraces the poor animal seemed with difficulty to have escaped. Here we had recourse to our provisions; the peasants took *flad-brod*, flat-barley cake, from knapsacks, quenching their thirst with water mixed with some rye meal, which, they consider, renders the drink more wholesome.

I had almost expected that there would have been a general assembly of hunters, but it seemed that the natives of each village were to beat in the country nearest to their homes. To our party, consisting of twelve men, was apportioned the northern side of the valley; another band from Sandvig taking the south side. Soon, two of the peasants, quitting us, ascended the north side of the valley, so as to command the summit of the ridge. Immediately upon the report of their fire-arms announcing to us that they had gained their position, we also set off.

Four or five streams, rushing down from the heights to join the river, had here to be forded, but, being scarcely above our knees, they were passed without difficulty. Now we scrambled along, keeping a vigilant watch, and firing our guns to rouse the bear from its lurking-place, and also as signals to other peasants on the opposite side of the valley. Considering the wide extent of ground which we covered, it was

striking that no birds, either large or small, were seen.

The weapons of our party were of various descriptions: one man carried a long single-barrelled gun, to which he had lately fitted a new, but very rude, stock; another was armed with a large horse pistol; while an axe formed the equipment of a third. The apparatus used by the peasants for loading their guns was very complicated, consisting of a powder horn, stopped at the small end by a peg of wood, and a leathern bag containing bullets, suspended from the neck by a string. No measure was used for the powder, the correct quantity being ascertained by observing how far the ramrod projected above the muzzle, more powder being added if it did not stand high enough. A piece of tow was next rammed down and well hammered, after which followed the forcing home of the bullet, an operation the most trying of all to the patience, and attended with the probability of the ramrod snapping in two—a pleasant crisis when facing a wounded bear!

Unfortunately we saw nothing of Bruin; but that he had been in the neighbourhood was very evident from the carcasses of three cows: one of these was on the opposite side of the river, while the other two were lying among the rocks, apparently just as they had fallen. Scarcely a mark of teeth or claws was visible; the poor animals having seemingly been hugged to death; neither had been in the least devoured, and probably they were destined for the bear's autumnal stock of food.

The country was extremely beautiful, especially when the sun, at intervals breaking through the dark clouds, shed a bright gleam over the sombre rocks and the green birches. But the finest view of all was obtained from a bold rock—the limit of our advance. About two miles from this spot a grand wall of rock abruptly terminated the valley; over this the river, fed by an immense glacier, the Folge Fond, fell with a loud roar into the valley below; while lofty mountains beyond formed a noble background. A few remaining cows, wandering near some saters on the opposite side of the river, were the only living creatures in this scene of sublime solitude.

Pleasant it was to gain shelter for a time under the roof of the stone hovels, where the raw smoked sheep's ham and dry bread, from the provision-box, were fully appreciated. In retracing our steps we experienced some difficulty in finding our way, as the two peasants who accompanied us were but slightly acquainted with the country; but fortunately, by following the course of the river, we could not fail to reach Bjørnebol, and it was safely regained between five and six.

Sufficient time just remained before darkness set in to allow of our proceeding to Sandvig. The streams in our path had, during the last twenty-four hours, assumed a very different aspect; and even those which had been almost dry on the previous evening were now dashing along in angry torrents, sometimes almost knee-deep. On the way we met a party of men going to Bjørnebol who stopped to have a long conversation, chiefly about the bear hunt. They were fine specimens of the people belonging to the Hardanger district, most of them being fully six feet high, and well and strongly built. Their dress, that peculiar to the whole of the Bergenstift, or province of Bergen, consisted of a round jacket of blue cloth, with trousers and waistcoat of the same material, the buttons being of silver;

while a flat-crowned glazed hat was worn on the head.

After a walk of about thirty miles, in an almost incessant rain, it was a great delight to find ourselves once more under the roof of our hospitable friend at Sandvig.

To return, however, to our own humble proceedings, notwithstanding our want of success in bagging plantigrades, the fine, manly, cheerful, and hospitable character of the mountaineers left a pleasurable impression, which was not always strengthened in the vales below. We do not, however, mean in this especial and immediate instance, for, descending from Høegland to Ulefoss, a fine fall of water that turns several mills, we found ourselves, all of a sudden, transported into the midst of the luxuries and appliances of the most perfect civilisation, not nine miles from a region over which the bear still roves! Norway is, from its peculiar configuration, a country of remarkable contrasts in this respect. This was on the shores of the Nord Fiord—a magnificent expanse of water, at whose further extremity is Skien; between which and Porsgrunn and Christiania, there is regular steam communication, dampkites also plying on the lake itself. Skien is, like Drammen, a point for accumulating the timber of Telemark, and we fancied that more business was doing than at the former place. The town is actually paved with sawdust, and smoking is, in consequence, forbidden under heavy penalties. Skien is one of the most ancient cities of Norway, and close by, on the Nord Fiord, is the picturesque and ancient St. Michael's Kirke, and between Skien and Porsgrunn are the ruins of an old catholic chapel.

#### V.

KING CHARLES XV.—LORCHES ON LUCY VILLAS—OSCARSHALL—THE COMMANDANT OF OSCARSBORG—KRAEGEROE AND ITS OYSTERS—BANQUET AT ARENDAL—A PHOTOGRAPHER AT CHRISTIANIA.

TAKING advantage of the facile communication existing between Skien and Christiania, we returned to the capital to make our arrangements for a coast trip to Bergen, and we arrived, happily, at a moment when King Charles XV. was about to make the same excursion. He is a tall handsome man, robust and active, as suits a free king of the mountains, frank and sincere, and fond of sports and adventures—a monarch, in every sense of the word, made for his country. We first met the monarch in the garden of the university. All the youth of the capital had met there to celebrate the arrival of the students who had been upon a fraternising expedition to their fellow-Danish and Swedish students at Copenhagen and Upsala. The king came to the festival, centering on horseback, and was received with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. It is now universally admitted, that the rapid strides that Norway has made in wealth and population since she became emancipated from the Danish yoke, give abundant hopes for the future. The king was about to make a tour of the coast in a few days, and we determined to follow in his wake. It would give us an unusual opportunity of seeing large masses of population assembled and, as dilettanti members of the Ethnological Society, of studying their types and costumes.

The further little delay thus obtained was turned to advantage in making further acquaintance with the



loekes, as they call the villas in the environs of Christiania. It is just as if we said "luck," the term positively signifying the delight, pleasure, or folly of the particular tenant or proprietor. Thus, since nobility has been demolished, the landed proprietors, timber merchants, miners, graziers, and the civil and military authorities, constitute the aristocracy of the country, and each has his loecke, to which he adds his own name. At one point of the Akre Mountains is the loecke of M. Thorvald, in the Swiss style; near it, the loecke of M. Thomas, in the Italian; and, on the borders of the Gulf, the modest loecke of Mme. de L.—; while, on the opposite shore, is Oscarshall, the royal loecke—a little castle, with turrets in medieval style, much affected by the late king, the son of Bernadotte. Tiedemand, the Greuze of the North, has painted the history of the Norwegian peasant from his birth to his death, on the panels, and Dahl, Frick, and Gude, have illustrated the most beautiful scenes of this most picturesque of mountain lands on canvases. A visit to Oscarshall is thus, in fact, a visit to Norway, in miniature.

Thanks to following suite to a monarch, our first relay in quitting Christiania was beneath the guns of the pretty fortress of Oscarsborg, rarely visited by tourists, and which stands on its rocky islet like an advanced post, guarding the port of the metropolis. Built in the shape of a semicircle, and dominated by a crenelated tower, Oscarsborg is mounted with sixty-three guns. Its three batteries command the passage, which, at that point, has a width not exceeding 1,600 feet. The constructions are of granite and perfectly solid. We presented ourselves before the commandant in order to obtain the necessary permission to visit the fortress. We found him surrounded by no less than eleven children, all in mourning for their mother, and the sight of this family, under the sole guardianship of a veteran, isolated upon a rock, hemmed in by granite walls and the appliances of war, had in it something that was peculiarly touching. The eldest daughter gracefully presented us with a glass of wine, and the brave commandant did the honour of the first himself. An artillery officer joined the party, and when visiting the batteries that were at the level of the sea, proposed a bath, a proposition which was joyously accepted. He himself set the example by stripping in a moment. His proportions were indeed truly herculean, and his calves were of tremendous calibre. He must decidedly have hunted bears for a juvenile recreation. He added to these advantages another specialty—he wore no linen; he allowed himself a false collar only on festival days. After our military inspection, which lasted a good hour, he insisted upon our partaking of hospitality at his quarters, where his friends were assembled to celebrate his birthday. As every one insisted upon drinking with the visitors, the trial was rather more than we had counted upon, and we were but too glad to beat a retreat before it was too late to do so without a loss of personal dignity. The capital of Norway has a whole archipelago of little fortified islets besides Oscarsborg, as natural and artificial defences to its approach, and they presented the most fantastic appearance as contemplated in the setting sun.

Fortifications, formidable as they are by art, still give an idea of humanity, albeit by no means under its most inviting aspects; and the contrast was not the less when, exchanging Oscarsborg for the gray and barren rocks of the Langaarsund. But even here we

could, by the help of the glass, distinguish little oases of verdure, happy and secluded valleys, belted with wood and carpeted with greensward, in which picturesque wooden houses seemed to proclaim the ease and comfort of their tenants. It was one succession of rocky islands, and we were happy when we cast anchor at the fishing-town of Kragerø, which is dominated by a stupendous rock that seems as if cleft in two by the thunder, and where we indulged in the oysters and lobsters, for which the place is celebrated far and wide. (See p. 424.)

On leaving this latter fishing-town, we were no longer protected by rocky islets from the roll of the sea, and its undulatory motions soon began to tell upon the more sensitive organisations. The ladies grew pale, and disappeared down below. Conversation became rather forced among the gentlemen, and Mr. Thorn, a photographic artist who was of the party, looked as black as his own dark chamber. Luckily, we soon attained Arendal, where the king was to dine, and the firing of great guns, mingled with the shouts of the people, aroused us from our temporary qualms, and we mingled our acclamations to those which preceded the *Vidar*—the vessel which bore his Norwegian majesty.

Arendal, proclaimed by some to be the Venice of the North, is certainly a charming city. Its houses, stretching along the shore, have extended till they have been obliged to climb up the rocks, here cheerfully clad with orchards and forest trees. Inland, the streets lined a canal covered with vessels of divers nations. The inhabitants of the place, said to number four thousand, had prepared a grandiose repast wherewith to honour their sovereign. To judge by the bill of fare, it might have been given at Greenwich, for fish predominated largely; but the proceedings were somewhat more boisterous than we ever witnessed at the "Trafalgar" or "Recepte." The chair was taken by a white-haired old gentleman, who gave the toasts, and the guests received each in succession with three hurrahs, and twelve claps of the hands, done with a precision that sufficiently testified that they were well practised in the performance. When the health to be drunk was that of some especial favourite, the three hurrahs were given over again, with the twelve claps of the hand repeated, till, in the confusion, we lost a precise memory of the number.

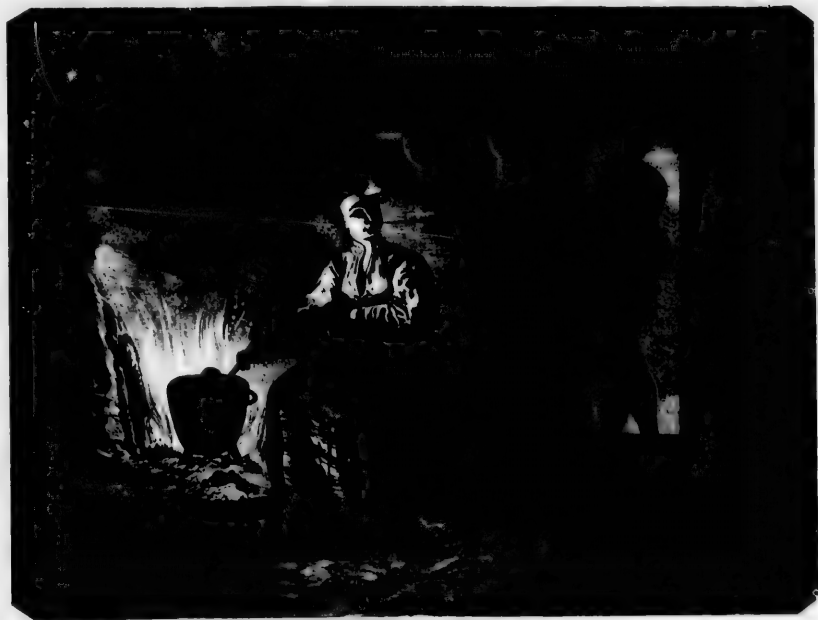
The next day's journey took us to Christiansand, the capital of the province or diocese of the same name, and which ranks as the fourth city of Norway. It is the residence of the Stift Amtmand and of the bishop. It was founded by Christian IV.; and its harbour is one of the best in Norway. The cathedral is a fine building of gray stone, and ranks next to those of Throndhjem and Stavanger. The situation of the town upon the Topdals fiord, with the rocks rising around it on the land side of the great height, is strikingly picturesque. The town is defended by a fortress on the small island of Oddero, at the entrance of the harbours and the Torrisdal elv, which presents some good fishing, enters the fiord close upon the east side of the town. There is a fine bridge over the river leading to Oddens church, a building of some antiquity. In the churchyard are several curious old tombstones and a Runic stone, supposed to be as old as the middle of the eleventh century.

Our photographic artist, in his ardour to obtain a good impression of a pine-tree in the churchyard, so



renowned for its age that it enjoys a place in the city arms, ventured into a house opposite. He was met on the staircase by a young and good-looking lady in a white dressing-gown, and who with the utmost simplicity replied to his request to that effect by showing the way to the window of her own bed-room. A canine pet alone exhibited signs of petulance at the intrusion from between the bed-curtains. Before the operation was over the good lady of the house reappeared, bearing a cup of coffee and dressed in a flaming coloured robe with a cap well laden with red flowers and followed by her amiable spouse, who buried his vexation in clouds of smoke. Our photographer declares that she did not look half so pretty as when he first met her on

the staircase, notwithstanding the cup of coffee so politely tendered. In order to recover a proper frame of mind, he was reduced to putting up his machinery in a less remarkable spot, and consigning his collection to the pesthouse and lazaretto of Christiansand, the latter perched upon a solitary and precipitous rock looking as forbidding as the plague-struck patients for whose benefit it was supposed to be reserved. There was a dinner as usual at Christiansand, followed by a ball, at which there were present a whole bevy of fair ladies. All were happy, and our photographer particularly so, for, as he afterwards declared, he took particular credit to himself for having discovered one of the prettiest and most retired ladies in the room—a widow in her



COSTUMES AT MITTERDAL.

weeds—and of having brought out her charms to the delight of every one present by exhibiting her in an advantageous polka. Artists are certainly the most self-denying persons in the world; they never think of anything but in an artistic point of view, and our photographer did not think so much of admiring his fair partner himself as he did of rendering her charms perceptible to the community at large.

## VI.

A ROYAL PROGRESS—SOUTHERLY TERMINATION OF THE SCANDINAVIAN MOUNTAINS—BEAUTIFUL SCENERY—A STAGS-STRUCK DAMSEL—WILD DEBARY MOORLAND.

Hiring each of us a carriage at Christiansand, we started thence in the train of royalty for Stavanger,

VOL. II.

not a bad arrangement, as we thereby avoided the worst part of the coast. His Majesty, who had adopted the national costume, was everywhere saluted with the most lively acclamations on his progress, and as we formed part of the procession we came in for our fragmentary share of the ovation. The caravan consisted altogether of some fifteen carriages, and a group of about thirty mounted peasants gathered round the one in which the king travelled to form a kind of escort. But as in Norway the road is often very narrow this was not always easy to carry into effect, some had to go before, some to drop behind, not without an occasional rub; and some were not unfrequently tumbled over the side of the rocky shelf which did duty as a highway. In no country is equality so much

talked of as in France, and in no country is it so great a reality as in Norway. Your postillion looks upon his fare as not a iota better than himself; the peasant rather looks down than up to his government, for as a proprietor of the soil he stands in his own estimation, and that of his countrymen, higher than any civil or military officer of whatever rank. It is hence almost impossible to make a good servant out of a Norwegian. Now, as the mounted farmers formed on this occasion a voluntary and an extemporised guard of honour, having like the Bashi-Bazuks no head, it was natural that they should resent sometimes the inconveniences which they were put to in performing their vouchsafed service. Not only did the skydsкар come in for his share of abuse, but sundry choleric words must have reached the ears of royalty itself, and in one or two of the worst dilemmas we really expected the king and his skydsкар would have come to blows with the guard of honour. It was, however, a source of infinite merriment to those who were following, according to the best of their abilities, and those of their enduring little ponies, behind.

The country that we were traversing was not less rocky and mountainous than the rest of Norway. A fiord of some two and-a-half miles wide occupied the bottom of the Holman, a valley in which corn is said to ripen earlier than anywhere else in the country. After terrifying the salmon and trout that had come up the Bogue river in expectation of meeting English anglers, by dashing through its rippling waters, and after having been ferried over the Trya Fiord, we stopped to dine at Mandal, a small town of little note except as a harbour of refuge, and through the centre of which a trout stream finds its way to the sea.

At this point the great Scandinavian chain of mountains dips into the sea, and the road is carried across it, crossing the valleys and ridges at right angles. As the hills are very rocky, the valleys much interspersed with lakes and arms of the sea, and as the abundant wood is of a more varied character, owing to the milder climate, than is common in these northern regions, and as all the features of the landscape are upon a moderate scale, there is an endless variety of the most pleasing objects, and the traveller passes for seventy or eighty miles through a series of the most charming scenes of rock, wood, and water, which sweep before his eyes with a rapidity of succession and prodigality of beauty that would perhaps be difficult to match in Europe.

Passing the night at the presbytery of Lyndgal, we next day crossed the Lyngdals river, and proceeded up the picturesque valley to where the waters expanded into the Lyngse Vand, which was lost in the horizon of blue mountains. Thence we had to ascend and descend over the perpetual hills till we reached the deep and narrow inlet of Fude, where the Winna flows into the fiord, and where we had to cross the waters hemmed in by precipitous rocks in a ferry-boat. We met on the opposite side a hospitable merchant—M. Hensen, by name—who, elated at having just received royalty, insisted upon extending his hospitality to our humble selves. The good man wept tears of joy into his post as he imbibed a glass to our health. The king had shaken him twice by the hand. He pointed to the sofa where his majesty had deigned to sit. That piece of furniture, he said, belonged for the future to history!

We arrived at noon at Flekkefjord, a small town

containing at ordinary times about 3,000 inhabitants, and the harbour being good carrying on a considerable trade. We were under obligations for a home at a private house, for the only inn in the place was crowded with guests who had come from the country to partake of the banquet that was to be given to the king. The zeal of the ladies had manifested itself in a particular direction; they were not to partake of the banquet, but they had all put on white aprons in order to be allowed to be present as attendants. They were assisted in this by their sons, who also volunteered as waiters. The banquet over, a procession was organised to parade the town; an aide-de-camp gave his arm to a fat minister of the church, another preformed tendering his to a pretty young person, a native of Bergen, who had been sent by her family to Flekkefjord, in the hope of detaching her from a passionate devotion to the drama. The theatrical aspect of the little town, generally so peaceable—the flags, music and flowers, the brilliant uniforms of the court, and the honour done to her by the king's aide-de-camp, aroused, however, all the dormant artistic instincts of the young girl, and she mingled with the procession with gleaming eye and shouts of joy, as she leant upon her tall military supporter.

The road that led from Flekkefjord to the little town of Ekersund, where we passed the night, lay for the first part along the borders of the lake of Lundesvand, of charming aspect, and bordered with mountains, which in the varied foliage of the acclivities bore as much of a Swiss as of a Norwegian character; and after having turned the end of the lake we were perfectly buried in a wooded valley, where silence was only interrupted by the sound of falling waters. Now and then, as in the neighbourhood of Eide, the silver fall of a mountain torrent was disclosed to view; but beyond this, the aspect of the country changed to that of a more or less monotonous morass that seemed like a petrified sea, or the former bed of the ocean strewn with great boulders and rocky masses denuded of every fragment of vegetation, and which stretched away beyond the limits of the horizon. It is said that this wild dreary moor, the road over which about Haar is actually taken over the sea-beach below the level of the high tides, was once cultivated and certainly wooded, for the peat bogs contain the trunks of great trees that testify to the olden vegetation of these now naked plains. Devastated by King Harald Haarfager in the year 1700, this region is said never to have regained its ancient fertility. It was not without a feeling of pleasure that suddenly and at an abrupt turn of the road, we found the calm and blue expanse of the ocean before us, and that for the rest of the day we kept along its sandy shores. As we approached Stavanger we met with more cultivation, but no trees, and here and there our curiosity was rivetted by one of those bauta or upright stones which have given so much occupation to antiquaries.

## VII.

ARRIVE AT STAVANGER—ITS CATHEDRAL—THE HARBOUR—FIORD—CASTLE OF ROSENDAAL—ASCENT OF THE FOLGFOND—COSTUMES OF THE PEASANTS—FESTIVITIES AT ULLENSVANG—BAD WEATHER ON THE FIORD.

THE urban guard of volunteers of Stavanger, preceded by a fat and respectable banker, who did duty as drummer to the regiment, received the prince at the

episcopal palace. The clergy were, however, assembled at the entrance of the cathedral, and, as we happened to arrive first, we caused a momentary perturbation in the holy group, which, however, soon passed over, and the dean, wishing to reserve his erudition for royalty, maintained a dignified silence, until his arrival. The cathedral of Stavanger is considered, with the exception of that of Throndhjem, to be the most perfect specimen of the architecture of the Middle Ages in Norway. One writer describes it as half Gothic and half Byzantine, while another says, that it is remarkable that the Gothic of the thirteenth century in Norway is of the early English character. The choir is lighted up by a rich rose of old painted glass, but the pulpit and benches, of beautiful carved oak, were disguised with white paint.

Stavanger is built on the north-east side of a large promontory in Stanvanger fiord, and commands beautiful views over the fiord, and the range of mountains in the distance, to the east and north-east, extending up to the Hardanger range. A small island in front of the town renders the harbour one of the most secure on the coast. We were enabled to obtain a delightful view of the town, and of the environs, from the top of a high tower, surmounted by a lantern, where a look-out is kept for fires, as at Constantinople. The streets are narrow and tortuous, and the 12,000 to 20,000 inhabitants are for the most part engaged in the herring-fishery, the annual catch of which averages between 300,000 and 400,000 barrels, and which are exported to France, England, and other countries. The trade of Stavanger is, indeed, considerable, and, according to a late return, 27,690 tons entered in one year, and 31,408 tons departed.

We left Stavanger by moonlight, and awoke next morning in the renowned Hardanger fiord, justly considered to be one of the most picturesque in Norway. Unfortunately it was raining at the time, and the glaciers of the Folgefonden only presented their peaks just above the clouds. We had, however, afterwards, full time to contemplate them at our leisure. The first point made was the pretty bay of Kvindherred fiord, with its church and castle of Rosendal, an ancient baronial residence, celebrated throughout all this country for its amenities amidst some of the sternest and wildest scenery of Norway. The baronial residence is curious, as being one of the few manorial houses now left in Norway. The church, close by, is of stone, of early English architecture, and contains the burial vaults of the barons of Rosendal. The present owner is their lineal descendant, but bears no title, since the abolition of all titles in 1814.

The shore was covered with peasant-women all in the most uniform garb, a black head-dress, of a peculiar shape, shirt-collars and neck-cloth, like men, black jackets, and scarlet waistcoats. They looked like a regiment of soldiers. (See p. 421.) The gardens at Rosendal gave an idea of the mildness of the climate: nuts and apricots ripened in the open air. The weather luckily cleared up too, and allowed us to enjoy the beauty of the scenery, which presented something new to contemplate at every angle of the gulf, which resembled more a Swiss lake than a Norwegian fiord. Majestic mountains rose behind Rosendal, and extend in an irregular chain towards the north-east, forming the well-known range of the Folgefonden; but the perpetual snow, from which they take their name (fonden), scarcely appears from below, as it lies on their

flat summits, or is concealed by nearer heights. We did not ascend these stupendous heights, but Professor Forbes did, and we extract an account of these remarkable snow-fields, from his interesting work, promising that he started from Oevrehuus, at the very top of the Moranger fiord.

One difficulty connected with travelling in Norway is this, that the great variations in weather, and the frequent necessity of sitting many hours in an open boat, makes it absolutely necessary to carry a large stock of warm clothing, which becomes most burdensome when strictly pedestrian excursions intervene. Here there was no help. Our whole luggage must be carried across the snow-field. Our host, with his son and daughter, undertook it. We thought that the girl had more than her share, whilst the boy, who was younger, was rather spared. Swale himself carried a heavy burden, considering the toilsome ascent. They all used a rope, with a wooden runner upon it, such as they employ for collecting and carrying great bundles of hay. As all the arrangements were made with great deliberation and gravity, on the part of the family, it was half-past six a.m. before we were ready to start.

The little valley of Oevrehuus, which continues the depression of the Moranger fiord, is short and steep; but the lower part is remarkably verdant, and beautifully diversified by rock and wood. As we wound with our little train along the steep footpath, amongst the dewy meadows, we met plenty of peasants intent, like those of Bondhuus, on securing their annual harvest of hay. At length the way became very steep indeed, though a kind of track might be traced up all the way up to the borders of the snow, which is frequented by the few travellers who pass this way, and by some goat-herds, who were already before us with their flocks on the hill sides. The chief depression of the valley winds towards the south, but we kept right onwards in a perfectly straight line, east of the hamlet which we had left, which, with the fiord beyond, seemed, on looking back, still almost under our feet, when we had been laboriously ascending for three hours. We were obliged to march slowly, on account of our heavily-laden attendants, and it was half-past ten when we reached the level of the snow. The aneroid barometer—which I had examined very frequently during the ascent—seemed still to act correctly; and from its indication I obtained a height of 3,700 feet above the hamlet of Oevrehuus, which is but little elevated (perhaps from 100 to 200 feet) above the sea. We rested a good while before entering on the "fond," or snow-field, and our guides dined on their usual homely fare of *flad brod* and butter. We should have done well to follow their example, but I had much under-estimated the extent of our march over the snow, and the inconvenience of halting there. In fact, judging from the map of Munch (and, I believe, every other), it would appear as if Odde, on Sor fiord, whither we were bound, lay precisely opposite to the Moranger fiord, on the other side of the Folgefond. Had this been the case, we should only have had to cross the "fond" in its narrowest dimension, which is not great; but the case is widely different—the track to be pursued runs parallel to the chain along its highest ridge for a long way. On gaining the top of the acclivity, which we had had in our view from the moment of leaving Oevrehuus, we entered, all at once, upon the table-land of the Folgefond, one sheet of bright nearly level

snow, which yet did not make itself visible by any overflow on the side by which we had ascended.

I was naturally very curious to examine what I had seen so often described, as these Norwegian plateaux. The snow, fortunately for us, was of very good consistence. Probably, new snow does not frequently fall in summer, for the general level is very little above the snow line. It is, for the most part, in the state of *névé*, a term applied to the stratified slightly compressed snow of the higher Alps, before it is condensed into the crystalline ice of glaciers. The stratification here, however, is not particularly well marked. This *névé* moulds itself to the greater or less inequalities of the plateau, forming large crevasses here and there; and the general form of the ground is trough-shaped—the two edges of the fond (east and west) being commonly higher than the centre, and the centre or trough inclining gently to the north. We kept the western heights (that is, the side by which we attained the snow), gradually ascending. One of the first objects I saw was a small but true glacier of the second order, reposing on a rock having apparently a very moderate slope near the middle of the fond, and connected with one of the higher domes of snow to the N.E. It appeared perfectly normal, with intersecting crevasses (owing to the convexity of the surface on which it moved), somewhat like the dwarf glaciers of the Trelaporte at Chamouni. I think that bare rock, or at least ground where snow melts, may be considered as almost a *sine qua non* for a true glacier, whilst a *névé* may or may not be so accompanied. Wherever we have this, with a good feeder or snow valley, and not too great an elevation, and even a very moderate slope, there a glacier forms as a matter of necessity. I afterwards saw many such in connection with the Folgefond.

Our course on the snow being such as I have already described, we had the trough of the *névé* on our left, whilst before us rose low domes of snow, of which, till we successively surmounted them, each appeared to be the last. Such a progress is tedious, though not in the slightest degree difficult in fine weather; but in fog or sleet it must be much otherwise, and in truth such passes are obviously the most dangerous in such circumstances—the monotony of the ground trying severely the intelligence of the guide. As we walked along, I heard the roar of a waterfall, as if from the snowy ravine on our left, and asked, with great surprise, if it were possible that a body of water could exist under such circumstances. But in truth it was only the sound of a very distant cataract (probably the Skeggedalsfoss on the farther side of the Sor fiord), carried to the ear by a fitful gust of the now rising storm. The highest point we reached is called Folgefondet oer (or ear). My aneroid barometer had ceased to indicate correctly, owing to a defect of the reacting spring, but, as nearly as I could estimate, our elevation was now 4,450 feet above the sea. The thermometer was 44°; the sky was lowering, but the distance clear towards the Hardanger field, where the horizon was occupied by many dark and wild mountains, streaked with masses of snow, the relics of the past winter, which yet did not form united snow masses, and consequently had a peculiarly dreary and unpicturesque aspect. We were as yet little more than half-way across the fond, and the cravings of hunger in my companion and myself became almost irresistible. Our guides, however, eyeing the coming storm, positively refused to halt in

the midst of the waste, and our provisions were packed up in one of the bags which they carried. I suffered simply from hunger; but my companion, less inured to such fatigues, felt his strength giving way, and having exhausted such trifling stimulants as we had about us, his case began to assume an alarming aspect, and his exhaustion and disposition to sleep so great, that I insisted on Swale stopping and unpacking the provisions where we stood. I then opened one of Mr. Gillon's excellent cases of preserved meat, which my friend ate with appetite, and an immediate recovery of the energy which was fast subsiding. Rain began to fall before we extricated ourselves thankfully from the snow, and began a rude and fatiguing descent upon the village of Tockheim on the Sor fiord, but the view was too vertical to be pleasing. When at last, wet and weary, we reached the outskirts of the little hamlet, a most characteristic scene took place. Our guide, his son and daughter, deliberately halted by a stream, and proceeded to perform their toilet, that they might present themselves with an external appearance befitting their respectability to the strangers or acquaintances of Tockheim. Remonstrance, my companion told me, would be altogether useless, and when gently tried, was rather rudely repelled. These worthy folks, although they unquestionably found our luggage a somewhat oppressive burthen, had loaded themselves besides with various articles of dress which were now put in requisition, and they entered the village with an air certainly very unlike their way-worn appearance a short time previously. We then crossed the head of the Sor fiord in a boat to the comfortable inn at Odde, or rather Bustetun, for Odde is the name of the church only.

To return to our more humble proceedings: it was Sunday, and boats laden with peasants in their best clothes were moving about on the surface of the water, and lent life and animation to this charming scene of water, mountains, and rocks, with huts picturesquely perched among the trees, and here and there a torrent rolling down from above in one or in a series of cascades.<sup>1</sup> At noon we landed at Utne, a hamlet grouped in the green acclivities of the Soer fiorden, and whose pleasant site attracted us almost involuntarily. We first witnessed here the manner in which the peasants catch the salmon in the fiords. A kind of rude scaffolding of trunks of trees projects over the water of the fiord at a very considerable height above its level. It is placed at the outlet of some stream or rivulet, which salmon frequent to spawn. A man stands for hours in his high look-out, watching intently till he sees a fish beneath him, when he raises, by means of a counterpoised lever, a net which secures the fish.

Our next landing-place was at Ulensvang, whose pastor received the royal party at the head of a population of some three or four thousand peasants and boatmen, of all sexes and ages, gathered together to welcome their young monarch. In such a crowd there was no wanting of costumes and types, and the girls, instead of murmuring at being sketched, took a pleasure in standing for their portraits, and even disputed among

<sup>1</sup> Forbes says of one of these falls: "A little way up the Moranger fiord, on the right-hand, we pass a waterfall of extreme beauty at Fureberg. Besides numerous leaps, it presents the most splendid sheet of white foam which I have seen, literally clothing a precipice (for, says the author of *Modern Painters*, a waterfall, if united and extended, is drapery, as much as silk or woolen stuff is) of immense superficial area, with its ever-changing and graceful drapery."

themselves for priority. It was thus that we were enabled to obtain so capital a representation of the cap of the Hardanger peasant, which is of thick blue cloth, embroidered, and rises like a sort of flat horse-shoe above the head, the cloth being stretched over a frame of some sort to give it that figure. The dress is of the same material, very neatly embroidered with red and white on the breast, arms, and waist. (See p. 432.)

The old men, with scarlet waistcoats decorated with great silver buttons and their jackets without sleeves, reminded us of the costume of the age of Louis XIV. We were enabled to secure a portrait which might do for that of John Bondhuus, Forbe's guide over the Folgefond, and whom he describes as a most picturesque figure, very tall and once muscular, but still erect, and with a commanding, yet mild and sombre, expression of countenance. (See 429.)

A violin was called into play, and soon the villagers, who were joined by a whole bevy of young ladies in white dresses, began to dance upon the greensward in front of the presbytery. The daughters of the ministers mingled here in this dance with the peasants, and the group framed in by mountains was quite Idyllic. The king, delighted with the sports and with the people, had also in store for them an unexpected pleasure. He proposed to the ministers and to their families, as well as to the more influential inhabitants, to spend the evening on board the steamer, the *Vidar*, a proposal which they accepted with enthusiasm. The gladness was universal, and the ladies having secured their shawls, hurried away to the shore, and, embarking in boats, the steamer put off to the sound of military music. The air being fresh, permission to dance was graciously given, and as soon availed of, whilst the elderly people partook of tumblers of punch. The king, who had in his cabin some flowers from Christiania, gallantly offered them in exchange to the young ladies for flowers of Ullensvang. At length, after a stroll amid these lake and mountain beauties of some two or three hours' duration, night having come on, the festivities were brought to a close by a discharge of fireworks, to the infinite delight of the peasants, who had never witnessed anything of the kind, and the expression of whose physiognomies, when lit up by blue fire and Roman candles, was most amusing to contemplate. The parishioners of Ullensvang will long remember the pleasures of that evening.

The same scenes witnessed under different aspects, various circumstances, or even peculiar frames of mind, may produce very different impressions. Mr.

Wyndham navigated the Hardanger fiord under untoward circumstances of bad weather, and premising that he returned to the splendid country at the head of the fiord after visiting Bergen, and explored the wonders of the Voring Foss at the same time, we will join company, under somewhat singular circumstances, with the last-named traveller at Sandvig, from whence he had proceeded to his first bear hunt.

The rain next morning was still falling in torrents, and the wind blew such a gale as to preclude all possibility of venturing upon the fiord. This was a great mortification, as we had intended starting early in a boat up the fiord. The boatmen assured us that to attempt to leave in such weather would be perfect madness; and, as the only means of travelling was by water, on account of the precipitous sides of the fiord, we were doomed to spend the greater part of the day in looking out of the window at the rain and the

maggies on the apple-trees.

Towards the afternoon the wind, slightly abating, gave us some hopes; and we determined, if possible, to start without further delay. But our plans had now been changed, on account of the bad weather, and we resolved, instead of visiting the Folgefond at Bondehuus, and other places of interest on the fiord, concluding with the Voring Foss, the highest waterfall but one in Europe—to go straight to the end of the fiord, and thence with all speed to the upper parts of the Songe fiord, where we hoped to reach a drier climate.

But it was very difficult to find boatmen to accompany us; for they all steadily refused to go at any price. At last, however, we were fortunate enough to secure the services of two men as far as the Eide,

at the head of a branch inlet, called the Gravens fiord. Late in the afternoon we walked down to the landing-place, and bidding farewell to our kind friends, lay down on the hay at the bottom of the boat. Wrapped in our mackintosh coats, and with a large india-rubber sheet—seven feet long by four broad—drawn over us, we prepared to defy the torrents of rain. In another instant the sail was run up and the boat was dashing along over the waves.

Norwegian boats are peculiarly built; they are almost flat-bottomed, low amidships, but rising high at stem and stern in a sharp curve, both being exactly similar. The rudder is curved to fit the stern, and very narrow; but the want of breadth is compensated by the depth to which it descends into the water: in a transverse direction, through a hole in the top of it, is fixed one end of a flat piece of wood about a foot long, to the other end of which a stick, of about a yard



WOMEN OF ROSENDAL.

in length, is attached by a couple of iron loops or staples. This stick the coxswain holds in his hand, under his arm, steering the boat by merely moving the stick longitudinally backwards and forwards. The ordinary mode of steering with a tiller would be impracticable, the steersman's seat being placed rather far forward; so that the end of the tiller would be often far beyond the side of the boat and quite out of reach. One advantage of the Norwegian *slan* is that the coxswain need never move his body in the smallest degree, whatever may be the position of the rudder.

The wind, though less violent than it had been in the forenoon, was still blowing hard; and, even before leaving the comparatively calm waters of the bay, two or three sharp squalls rushed upon us—a foretaste only of what we should experience on the open fiord. Beyond the point of the island could be seen white-crested waves rolling angrily along. The aspect of the weather was very threatening, and, in reality, we would gladly have returned to Sandvig.

Immediately on leaving the shelter of the island, up went the bows of the boat—then followed a lurch, and a wave dashing against the side, though cleverly avoided by the coxswain, showered a drenching spray over the little craft. The wind, fortunately, was favourable for the direction in which we were going; and, the main and foresail being well filled, the boat bounded rapidly over the waves.

The duties of the sailors were no sinecures, the frequent occurrence of squalls requiring great watchfulness. One man steered and managed the main sheet; while the other, sitting by the mast, held, in one hand, the peak halliards (or rope for hoisting the sail), and, in the other, a rope attached to the peak by which it could be lowered at any instant. No sooner was a squall observed sweeping over the waves, than the mainsail was hauled rapidly down, and held firmly till the gust had rushed past and all immediate danger was over.

The peasants were fine, dautless fellows, and worked well and decisively together as they whistled and sang despite of the storm. One of these was the man who had accompanied me on the previous day, and from him we gained some information about the result of the bear-hunt. Bruin had not been seen by any one, having, he remarked, probably taken alarm at the guns which the people of the *soters* had been constantly firing both by day and night, and decamped to more peaceable valleys.

By the shore in some places, at the mouths of rivers, we saw high scaffolds overhanging the fiord; on these, when the salmon begin to ascend the rivers, a peasant takes his position, watching a net below, which he draws suddenly up as the fish pass over. Three or four large ducks, at one time, came sailing over the boat within easy shot; but the guns being well covered up and protected from the rain, the birds passed by unhurt.

As evening drew on, the storm seemed rather to increase, and some terrific squalls tried the nerve and vigilance of the boatmen to the fullest extent; and, so threatening was the aspect of the sky, that it was determined at once to make for land, and run the boat ashore at the first habitation that could be seen. About an hour afterwards we landed at a small jetty, near a neat little cottage, whence a man, on seeing our approach, came out and kindly assisted us in carrying the baggage up from the boat.

What a delight it was to be once more safe on dry

land after four hours on the boisterous fiord. Entering the cottage, we were shown into a large room, rendered insupportably hot by a close stove. At a loom a woman was sitting at work, busily employed in weaving the thick coloured blankets used as bed-covers, and also in the boats. Weaving being one of the chief in-door occupations of the Norwegian peasant women, scarcely a cottage or farm-house is to be met with which does not possess a loom.

Although we had brought with us all our baggage, we had not yet inquired whether we could be accommodated for the night, having hitherto been so much occupied in getting under shelter. However, no difficulty was made, and we were at once shown into an uninhabited room on the ground floor.

In one corner of the apartment stood a bed. Besides this was a chest of drawers and three large wooden boxes, painted blue and red, on which were inscribed the names of the persons under whose auspices they had been built, and also the date of structure. In these trunks, which are sometimes almost three feet high, three broad, and five long, the peasants stow away their valuable goods and chattels; and the construction of one of these receptacles is probably an event in a peasant's life. In one corner stood a pile of *flad-brod* (literally flat bread), the food of the country. It is made of fine barley meal, not of oatmeal, still less coarse oatmeal. I never even saw oatmeal in Norway, though I often asked for it; and was always told, without exception, that *flad-brod* was made of barley meal. *Flad-brod* is baked in thin circular cakes of about two feet in diameter; and, as it will keep for a great length of time, there is usually a large quantity in stock, kept in store-houses, or, failing them, in any large unoccupied room. Wheat bread, excepting in the chief towns, such as Christiania or Bergen, is never met with; but the peasants make rye bread, which they bake in small loaves, or rather large rolls, and distinguish them by the name of *kage-brod*, or cake bread.

Supper was our first consideration after installing ourselves in our new quarters. Wheat bread and a piece of bacon from our provision box, placed upon enamelled iron plates, were laid out on one of the big boxes; and tea having been made in the little teapot belonging to our camp-kettle, which contained besides plates, cups, knives, forks, and spoons, we sat down cheerfully to our meal.

After supper we drew lots for the bed, which fell to me; but the inmates of the cottage happened just then to enter, and finding, to their great astonishment, that we were preparing another sleeping-place upon the floor, most good-naturedly supplied us with another mattress.

Next morning, to our great joy, the fiord was quite calm, and we hastily prepared for a start. In return for the night's lodging we gave the cottagers half a dollar, or 2s. 3d., with which they were greatly pleased; and before leaving, I purchased one of the coloured blankets for four dollars, or about 18s. of English money. The boatmen, on hearing the price, gravely shook their heads, leaving me to suppose that I had been greatly imposed upon; but I found that the usual value had only been exceeded by half a dollar, which was not by any means regretted, as the blanket afterwards proved of essential use.

The wind, though it had greatly abated, fortunately still continued to blow from the same quarter; and we glided rapidly up the sombre fiord. But the weather



was far from settled, for soon after our departure the rain began again to fall. At intervals the sun, breaking through the dense mass of overhanging cloud, imparted to the scenery a more cheerful aspect than it had hitherto worn; but still the mists floated along the tops of the cliffs, apparently resolved that the beauties of the fiord should not be disclosed. On the whole I must confess that the fiords of Norway did not fulfil my expectations; for though exceedingly beautiful, they become, after a time, very monotonous.

The great abundance of water in this district was very striking, reminding one of the Pyrenees: foaming cascades poured down the rocks in all directions; some were of very considerable size, giving audible intimations of their presence; while others, discernible only by a white streak, which, frequently reaching in one unbroken line from the summit of the cliffs to the green waves of the fiord, bore more resemblance to a long thread than a stream of water.

On nearing the point where the fiord separates into two branches, one of which leads to Eide, near Graven, and the other to Utne, the sun broke through the clouds and seemed to promise better weather. For a moment we hesitated whether we should take the right-hand branch to Utne, and prosecute our old plan of visiting the Voring Foss; but, on more deliberate consideration, we again abandoned that excursion and continued our course towards the Gravens fiord. The wind, by this time, had almost subsided, and we were obliged to lower the mast and get out the oars. The tide running out caused a strong current, and, the boat being heavy, the remaining six miles were but slowly accomplished.

This part of the fiord was much grander than any that we had hitherto seen; and the rocks, rising perpendicularly to an immense height, were partly covered with beautiful birch trees. Numerous sea-gulls, skimming over the calm fiord, contrasted, as they soared gaily in the air, with the solemn grandeur of the scene. At last, arrived at Eide, at the end of the Gravens fiord, we disembarked; and as soon as the baggage had been removed from the boat, we paid the boatmen, receiving in return the customary shake of the hand. Shaking hands after receiving payment is the invariable custom of the Norwegian peasant; it indicates a kindly feeling, and is as much as to say that the receiver has had a favour conferred upon him in being employed, for which as well as for the money he wishes to thank the giver.

### VIII.

**CITY OF BERGEN—ITS RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND—HANSEATIC LEAGUE—FISH MARKET—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—A LIONEL BODURNE—FISHING BOATS—NORWEGIAN ACTORS—BERGEN FARMERS' NUPTIALS—HORSE LADDERS.**

NEXT day, by sunrise, we were at Bergen, and we landed at the Tyske Bodurne, a very quaint and original quarter of the city in which most of the houses have very lofty and narrow pointed gables that are painted in white, and give to it the appearance of a camp. Our most obliging consul, Mr. Alexander Greig, procured beds for us at a wealthy fish merchant's, and when, the next morning, after a delightful night's rest, we got down to the parlour of our host, an old bachelor whose domestic arrangements were superintended by a housekeeper, he introduced us to a table covered with cold poultry, bottles, and Havana

cigars, of which he requested us to partake *ad libitum*. The housekeeper afterwards showed us the interior, not omitting the stores, which included a mountain of dry cod, the perfume from which penetrated into every part of the domicile. Looking out from the pointed gable at the top of the house, I obtained my first general glimpse of the city. It seemed like a Dutch town buried amidst Swiss Alps, with a population of some 30,000 inhabitants, all more or less involved in the fisheries—merchants of cod, herring, salmon, or lobsters. Close to our own house was a sea-going fishing craft, which in length and proportions reminded one, but erroneously, of the embarcations of the Vikings, who used in former days to treat the coasts of Europe with as little ceremony as they now do the fishing banks of the north seas. In spring and autumn, when the fishing boats return from their expeditions laden with the finny tribe, the merchants vie with one another as to who shall do the most to put the purchasers in a generous mood, and to make the fishermen forget their toils and privations. This is the epoch of piscatory Saturnalia.

The city of Bergen was founded in the year 1069 or 1070, by King Olaf Kyrre, who made it the second city in his dominions. Shortly after its foundation, in consequence of the advantageous position of its harbour, and the privileges given to the merchants of the Hanseatic League, who had erected a factory there, it became the first city in the kingdom. This pre-eminence it maintained down to the last few years; its trade is even now greater than that of Christiania; but as that capital, since the separation from Denmark, has become the seat of government, and also of the university, it has rapidly increased in trade and importance, while Bergen has remained almost stationary.

Previous to the Calmar union, Bergen was the theatre of several remarkable events. In the year 1135, King Magnus was taken prisoner in this city, and his eyes put out by Herald Gille, one of the competitors for the throne, who the year following was murdered in the same place. In the year 1164, King Magnus Erlingsson was crowned here by the papal legate, and in the century following, King Hakon and his son were likewise enthroned here. The plague, which made such fearful ravages in Norway, first made its appearance in this city. In the years 1600, 1618, 1620, and 1637, Bergen was again visited by this dreadful scourge. In the year 1665, during the war between England and Holland, the Earl of Sandwich pursued the Dutch under the command of the renowned Ritter, into the harbour of Bergen, but was obliged to retire, the Dutch being protected by the fortifications of the town. Several of the shots fired by the English are still to be seen in the walls of the fortress, of the cathedral, and other places.

The English were the first who traded with Bergen; in the year 1217 King Hakon concluded a treaty of commerce with England. This treaty is the more remarkable as it is the first compact of the kind which England entered into with any foreign nation. A jealousy of such compacts extends among some even to the present day. The English continued to pursue the trade until the year 1435, when they were driven from Bergen, and a monopoly granted to the Hanseatic League, who formed a large establishment here, and carried on a very prosperous trade until the middle of the last century, when the monopoly was abolished, and the port thrown open to all foreigners. In the

year 1763, the last buildings belonging to the Hanseatic League were sold, and from that period the trade, being unfettered, has considerably increased.

The principle trade of Bergen consists in the export of stock fish (dried cod), and of oil obtained from the livers of cod and herrings. The take of fish on the west coast of Norway may be judged of by the fact that Bergen alone annually exports about 2,000,000 specie dollars' worth of stock fish, and 20,000 barrels of cod fish oil, divided into first, second, and third qualities; and from 400,000 to 600,000 barrels of herrings, which are chiefly pickled. The stock fish mostly goes to the ports of the Mediterranean; the herrings to the Baltic; and the cod fish oil to all parts of Europe. The cod are usually very fat when caught; they are immediately gutted, and the livers thrown into barrels, the oil which gradually rises to the surface is then skimmed off; this is of the first and purest quality, and called "blanc," it is used for lamp oil and dressing and currying leather, as well as medicinally for consumption

and scrofulous cases; the second and third qualities, brown blanc and brown, are obtained by boiling the refuse, and used exclusively for dressing and currying leather. In the months of March and April, when the large square-rigged yachts (joegts) laden with fish from Lofoden and Finmark arrive, the town presents a busy and animated appearance; the harbour is frequently crowded with from 600 to 700 vessels of 70 to 200 tons burthen, besides larger foreign vessels waiting to receive their cargoes from them. There are two great arrivals of these joegts in Bergen, one in spring, another later in the summer, or in autumn, when 100 or more come in at a time.

The fish-market, which is held in the harbour on Wednesdays and Fridays, is a great point of attraction to strangers. The salesmen remain in their boats, which are drawn up alongside the quay, and the latter is lined with buyers, the fish-wives being by far the greatest in number. As there is thus some little distance between the dealer and the purchaser, and several



ISLAND OF KRAGERO.

of the latter generally present themselves at one boat, business is carried on in a loud voice, which as the anxiety for bidding increases, becomes more and more vociferous, till at last a scene of turmoil ensues that is not a little amusing. The illustration on the next page will give some idea of the spectacle presented upon those occasions.

The fortress of Bergen-huus, which commands the entrance to the harbour, is irregularly constructed. It consists of three bastions and a ravelin towards the town, and three bastions and two batteries towards the sea; it was erected by Olaf Kyrre, the founder of the city, and previous to the union with Denmark was the residence of the Norwegian kings, who made Bergen their capital. There is also a strong fort on the opposite side of the harbour.

Bergen contained in olden times no less than thirty-two churches and convents, but the Reformation swept away the superfluity, leaving but five, the Cathedral, Cross Church (Korakirken), New Church (Nyekirken),

the Hospital Church, and the German or St. Mary's Church; this last is the most ancient, and is spoken of by Snorro as existing in the year 1181. It is situated near the entrance gate on the north side of the port, and is distinguished from the others by its having two towers. The altar-piece is of high antiquity, and a very elaborate and fine specimen of the carving of the period at which it was executed. It is supposed to be of Dutch workmanship. The font is a flying angel, carved and coloured the size of life, the basin held in the extended hands. The figure is lowered from the roof immediately in front of the altar.

Bergen enjoys, by its picturesque position, the originality of its constructions, and the manners and appearance of its inhabitants, a very decided local character, but this is detracted from in the eyes of some fastidious persons by the existence of an hospital for the leprous. This terrible affliction still exists in the country, and is said to be hereditary in certain families, although it may not appear for generations.

There are several schools and charities and scientific institutions, besides museums and galleries in the town. In the chief museum a most elaborately and beautifully-carved oak bedstead is preserved, which is said to have been brought to Bergen upwards of two centuries ago by a young English couple, just married. They settled here. The husband was unfortunate in trade, and soon after died, leaving his widow and an only child. Norwegian hearts warmed to the young mourner and

her fatherless infant, and when they at length sailed for England the widow gave this only and valued relic of her happy days to a family hero who had shown her the greatest kindness. Their descendants presented it to the museum, where it remains a token of British gratitude for Norwegian generosity. How much more gratifying a spectacle than the trophies of war, which so often adorn the museums of countries that boast of the highest amount of civilisation.



FISH-MARKET AT BERGEN.

The houses in Bergen are mostly timber-built, painted red and white, each with its water-cask at the door for use in case of fire, from which Bergen, like other wooden towns, has several times suffered grievously. In 1488 eleven parish-churches and the greater part of the town was consumed. One hundred and eighty houses were burnt down in 1850 in the west quarter of the town; and nothing, humanly speaking, saved the rest of the city but the broad market-

place, beyond which the flames were prevented from spreading.

The fishing-boats are very quaint and picturesque, and are readily distinguished by their high prow. So prejudiced are the people who build and navigate these vessels, that they will not even avail themselves of the use of the windlass, and the huge square sail therefore still requires the same power to haul it to the mast-head as it did 1,200 years since. They are clinker-

built, and with great breadth of beam, but are said to be best adapted for sailing in smooth water. The form of these vessels is undoubtedly of great antiquity, but it is erroneous to suppose that these jogaes are models of those used by the old Norsemen in their piratical voyages. The dragé and the orna of the Vikings or Vikings were long galleys with one or more banks of oars.

The huge row of warehouses on the north side of the harbour, in one of which we were located, several stories high and running far back, and almost all filled with stock-fish, once belonged to the Hanseatic merchants. They are very old and curious. Many descendants of these old Germans still live in Bergen, keeping up the language and customs of the fatherland as much as possible to this day. They have also their own church. They, however, intermarry with the Norwegians, and a French tourist was ungallant enough to intimate that the race was not improved by intermixture, and that the citizenesses are not so pretty as the women of the people. Some of the watermen about Bergen have likewise peculiar dresses and customs, and form a class by themselves, like the Claddagh fishermen of Galway and the fish-wives of Boulogne, Calais, and elsewhere. Here they are known as "Streela."

The watchmen in Bergen are armed with a most formidable weapon called "the morning star," a weapon which obtained an unpleasant notoriety in this country from the Marquis of Waterford having been nearly killed in his younger days by a blow on the head from one of these peace-preservers. They are globes of brass about the size of an orange in which are fixed numerous spikes of iron, and attached to a handle.

Many of the villas about Bergen are beautifully situated, commanding lovely and exquisite views; and the walks in the mountains which surround the town are charming. Some of these mountains, of which there are seven, lie quite near the city. Without detracting from Christianity, says a tourist, Bergen, that has neither Greek palaces, nor pseudo Byzantine churches, seen from the heights to the south, has all the imposing appearance of a capital, and it is with an involuntary feeling of respect for the antique commercial metropolis of the north, that it is approached along the avenue of ash trees, which give an almost regal access to it.

The wealthy city of Bergen had voted a sum of 120,000 francs in order to worthily entertain its king; twenty-eight gigantic dishes figured at the official dinner, representing the produce of all the chief states of the earth. The repast was followed by theatrical representations, which were the more remarkable, as the actors were all Norwegians, a circumstance of which the natives were not a little proud, as it was the first time such a thing had occurred; the histrionic line having been hitherto regarded as incompatible with the rough and uncouth character of the Norwegian, and having been left in the hands of the more polished Danes. The result seemed to countenance the local tradition, and left strong doubts in the minds of the spectators, if the actors would not have been more at home in their jogaes, or on their mountains.

Our host proposed that we should drive out to his country house. The road lay by the foot of the mountains Ulrika and Blaaman, through a very agreeable country, and in about an hour's time we arrived at a pretty cottage, which overlooked a plain upon which the king

was engaged in manœuvring his troops. The festival was further celebrated by several couples being dowried and united, the same evening, in holy matrimony, by the king's bounty. A Bergen peasant or farmer's wedding is a highly picturesque and entertaining scene. The bride wears a crown, and no end of trinkets, and she remains dressed in the said crown and ornaments during all the merry-making that follows. For, immediately that the ceremony is over, the house is thrown open to all friends and neighbours, and feasting and dancing are kept up for several days. Each guest brings a present. The bride's crown is so constructed, that, by withdrawing a pin, it opens and falls from the head, and the gay doings of the wedding are at length brought to a close, by the bride dancing the crown off. Immediately she does so, the music is hushed, and the guests depart.

As we were returning from the mountains we were overtaken by a terrible shower, which seemed to be taken by the company as a matter of course. "Oh!" said our host, observing that we were not quite so philosophical under the visitation as the rest of the party, "we are accustomed to this kind of thing. Surrounded as Bergen is by mountains, two thousand feet high, out of the 365 days in the year, it rains two hundred, and it is lucky for us that it is so, for the bed of soil that nature has provided for us is so shallow that if we are, by misfortune, left a few days in summer without rain, everything dries up and perishes in our gardens."

The harbour of Bergen, although on the same parallel as Cape Farewell in Greenland, never freezes, and its water communications are never interrupted, thanks to the Gulf Stream, which finally exhausts itself upon the coast of Norway at or about this point. On the other hand, the roads are execrable, and in winter impracticable. The safest way of adventuring hence into the mountains is on horseback. The Norwegian horse or pony, as we shall soon see, has acquired, from long practice, an incredible amount of agility and audacity; he will carry you safely over a plank thrown across a torrent, along a rocky shelf, over precipices thousand of feet in depth, nay, he will perform feats more worthy of a hippodrome than of the open country, for he will carry you down steepes that are otherwise impossible, by means of wooden ladders constructed for the purpose. The guide, holding on all the time by the tail, and steadying the balance of his four-footed friend.

## IX.

THE SOGNE FIORD—FRITHIOF'S SAGA—CHURCH OF VANGHARE  
—A NORWEGIAN INTERIOR—ASCENT OF THE SOGNE—FIELD  
—MARY OF OPTUN—THE WATER FALL.

THERE is a road, if it can be so called, from Bergen north to Sogne fiord, just as there is south to Stavanger, and both alike are half by land and half by water, that is to say there is nearly the same amount of space to be boated across fiords as there is to be traversed by land; but this is an understood thing in Norway, and the "Skydakafer" is as responsible a provider of boats at certain relays, as the Giestgiveren is of horses at the kydsliftet on the receipt of a forbud. But the pleasantest way of proceeding is by steamboat, for the sea is so hemmed in by islands all along this coast, that little or no inconvenience is experienced from the motion of the vessel. The enormous inlet known as the Sogne fiord, runs upward of one hundred and twenty

English miles inland. Its shores are less favoured by nature than those of the Harclanger fiord, and yet are quite as picturesque; but the mountains are less wooded and of more austere aspect, and the inhabitants bear the stamp of the country they live in, and are of a more sturdy frame and weather-worn picturesqueness. Every turn of the gulf opens a new horizon, although always more or less limited and framed in by rocky precipices that reflect themselves in the blue waters below, whilst above all towers the summits of the Jostedal Bræn, covered with eternal snow.

This rude and rocky region is indebted to poetry for an imperishable name; it has been sung by Tegner, the modern bard of Sweden. We are in the country of Frithiof and of Ingeborg, whose legendary history has furnished the poet with a theme for his noblest epic. The history of the betrothed mountaineers reminds one at starting of Paul and Virginia. It was upon these wild peaks that Frithiof ventured in pursuit of the eaglets that he presented to Ingeborg; it is across these furious torrents that he bore her in his lusty arms; it is in these dark forests that he went to combat the bear that devastated the flocks of his beloved. It is here at Framnes that was moored the frail *Elida*, the bark that carried Frithiof to the other side of the gulf, where Ingeborg's father dwelt, near the church of Bridur, in which the young girl was confined in order to separate her from her lover.

These poetical reminiscences filled our memories till we reached the church of Vangsnes, a modest chapel whose timbers are now gray and worm-eaten, and to which the murmur of the Quinde-foss holds the place of organ. Its interior is decorated with figures of animals and carved arabesques of considerable antiquity, and not a little interesting in an archaeological point of view. The simplicity of this chapel, its small proportions, and the semi-obscurity of its interior, have something in it more touching than many a more imposing edifice. Close by are several tumuli, which contain the remains of Scandinavian heroes of old, the memory of whom, as well as their names, are lost to the existing thoughtless generation.

At Nornæs, a little village of fishermen at the bottom of the fiord, are three gigantic Bauta Dolmens, or upright stones, one of which, about thirty-four feet in height and four feet in width, bends like a pine tree before the mountain blast. As we were examining these so called Celtic or Druidic monuments, but which, there is every reason to believe, are of a more remote Oriental origin, a young girl made her appearance from among the ruins. She was thinly clad, and we soon perceived, to our great grief, that she was a victim to one of the sorest afflictions of the country, the leprosy. Happily the child's mother informed us that she had obtained a home for her in the Hospital of St. George.

It was not till the following day that we attained Kaupanger in the Dystre fiord, whose borders were more wooded than those of the Outer Sogne fiord, the scene of "Frithiofs Saga," and also better peopled. There were many villas scattered on the hill sides, and when we disembarked the inhabitants seemed to be more civil and refined. "May you be welcome! Heaven bless you!" they said, as they stepped forward, kissing the reverse of their hands before shaking ours. The beer of Kaupanger is of such potent quality that it is dispensed in goblets and not in tumblers. A pleasant stroll led us to the Feigum-foss, a picturesque fall divided into two, having together about 600 feet of

elevation. In spring time, at the melting of the snow, the two form but one, and it must present at such times a most imposing spectacle.

Arrived at the extremity of the Dystre fiord, we had to equip ourselves in our costumes of mountaineer's high boots and winter paletots, and to disembark our canteens. We had to follow the king on an excursion to the glaciers, and the worst was that following in the train of royalty we found all the horses forestalled at the station at Elde. We were lucky enough, however, after a brief delay, to obtain a mount from the good peasants, who wear a peculiar costume at this place; men and women alike being clad in blue jackets, with brass buttons, the men wearing the red Phrygian cap, the women an extensive white cap. Provided with efficient guides we started in good spirits for the adventurous heights of the Sogne field.

Before starting, however, we may as well introduce Mr. Wyndham's experiences of Kaupanger, as they contain an amusing description of the habits and manners of a Norwegian country house.

At eleven o'clock at night we reached the landing-place of Kaupanger on the north side of the Sogne fiord. To a Norwegian gentleman here we had letters of introduction from my kind friends at Bergen; but the unreasonable hour of our arrival made us doubt whether we should now present ourselves at the house or not rather proceed to the little village of Amble on the other side of the bay of Kaupanger. Still the uncertainty of the means of travelling in Norway leaves much room for excuse; and, emboldened by this, and by the sight of lights yet burning in the house, we walked up from the landing-pier, and, accompanied by the three boatmen bearing our baggage, entered the garden in front of the building.

A flight of steps led up to the entrance door, through which, as it was of glass, we looked into a room where candles were still burning. The furniture showed it to be the drawing-room; but no one was in it, and our knocking was consequently unheard. We began to despair of attracting the attention of the inmates of the house, when, shortly after one of the boatmen had gone round, as a last resource, to the back premises, a lady and two gentlemen passed through the room, to our dismay accompanied by Shot, who was strutting about and wagging his tail with delight at his new acquaintances. Revolving all the chances of the possibility of having come to the wrong house, of our arrival being unknown, and in dread of an explanation, we waited admittance to the house in doubtful anxiety. But our fears were soon proved to be groundless, for the door presently opened, and so warmly were we welcomed that all misgivings were at once dispelled.

Supper was immediately ordered for us, and soon after the party broke up.

According to the invariable custom in Norway, at about six next morning a servant brought us a cup of coffee and some biscuits, reminding me of the similar habit prevailing in some parts of Germany. But this did not preclude an excellent breakfast, at nine o'clock, consisting of cold meat cut in slices, tea, coffee, with flad and kage-brod in plenty; while, on a plate under a bell-glass were placed a few pieces of strong-smelling gammel ost, or old cheese.

In Norwegian houses, the kitchen invariably adjoins the dining-room; and, considering that the tea and coffee always remain in the kitchen, it is certainly a



convenient plan for the lady of the house, who there filling the cups, brings them into the dining-room, taking them back herself to be replenished when wanted. Our new acquaintances were extremely sociable, and the breakfast passed off most pleasantly.

Soon after returning to the drawing-room, the lady of the house left us in order to superintend, in person, the cooking of the dinner and other household arrangements. The forenoon was agreeably spent, in the society of the party assembled, in conversation and music—the lady of the house playing very well upon the pianoforte. Our host himself was absent, but amongst the persons whose acquaintance I had here the good fortune of making, was the agreeable author of a selection of Norse tales, which have been translated into English by Mr. Dasent; also a German gentleman, in whose pleasant society I afterwards passed the greater part of my time in Norway, and a young officer in the Norwegian army. During the course of the forenoon, wine and biscuits were brought into the drawing-room, when each person, filling his glass, drank to the health of all present. Wine in Norway is very good, which may be partly attributed to the lowness of the import duty.

At about two o'clock the lady of the house announced dinner by saying, "Vær so god—spise" (Be so good as to come to dinner); upon which the guests entered the dining-room indiscriminately—the ladies by themselves, and the gentlemen following. At a large dinner party, where some degree of formality is observed, the wine is passed round the table, and each person fills his glass; every one then bows and drinks to the health of every one else, emptying his glass at one draught—the neglect of which is considered as a want of respect to the master of the house, and of courtesy to the company in general; but after the first glass, wine is drunk at pleasure. This ceremony concluded, the dishes are passed round the table from one person to another, and soup and meat, being removed from the table, are generally replaced by an excellent pudding, the making of which appears to be well understood by the Norwegian ladies, and by a large dish of fruit, eaten in soup plates, with an abundance of milk. In this high latitude the profusion of raspberries, the fruit thus served up, much astonished me, till I found in what abundance they grew wild.

As each person concludes his dinner, he carefully folds up his napkin, and, laying it on the table, places his plate upon it. Every one having so done the wine is again passed round the table, and the glasses being all replenished, the same ceremony which preceded dinner is observed in conclusion. The move for departure from table is now made by one of the guests, a gentleman, who, bowing to the host, says, "Tak for Maden" (Thanks for the food); and the whole party then rises, and each person replaces his chair against the wall—an accomplishment requiring some little practice before one can not only perform it quickly, but also avoid making a great creaking upon the polished floors. A general shaking of hands immediately follows, each person saying as he does so, "Tak for Maden."

All the company then proceed to the drawing-room, with the exception of the lady of the house, who remains in the dining-room, to see the dinner removed. Coffee then follows, and in the evening, at about nine o'clock, an excellent supper—much like the breakfast, though more substantial. Such, then, is the routine, and such are the customs, of a Norwegian house.

After dinner, the German gentleman accompanied me to the hills behind the house in search of game. The hill-side was steep, and covered with forests of Scotch fir and tangled thickets of juniper and other brushwood. From a commanding height we obtained a fine view of the fiord, and by this only, and our pleasant walk, was our toil repaid, for a solitary woodcock, which we could not shoot for the thickness of the cover, was the only living thing that came across our path.

Bears here, as elsewhere in Norway, are occasionally to be met with; and, indeed, two had been shot in the neighbourhood by some hunters but a few weeks before my arrival. One of these peasants appeared to be a fine, bold fellow; and a story was told of him that he once came suddenly upon a bear in the woods, but having just discharged his rifle at some other object, he was wholly unprepared for an attack. Whether man or beast first commenced the offensive I cannot recollect, but the result of the fight that ensued was, that the man was knocked down and nearly killed by the bear. "What were your thoughts," his friends asked him on his return home, "when the bear had you down on the ground, and was almost killing you?" "I thought to myself" was the reply of the undaunted hunter, "what a great pleasure it would be to meet with the bear once more when my rifle was loaded."

Next day was Sunday, but not understanding the language, we did not go to church, which was afterwards a matter of regret, as I subsequently had no opportunity of attending the service. The religion of the country is Lutheran, and the interiors of the churches much resemble those of the Lutherans in Germany. In 1845 religious liberty was granted to all Christians, and Jews were recognised in 1851. As in the Highlands of Scotland, the population is much scattered, and the people are frequently obliged to go long distances to church.

Christianity first gained a footing in A.D. 938, under Haco King of Norway, who had received a Christian education in England, and by whom the great heathen feast of Yule was caused to fall on Christmas-day. Rigorous measures in favour of Christianity were enforced by Olave in 1015; but his subjects, becoming discontented, called in Canute of Denmark; and England, who, on bringing Norway under the Danish rule, greatly furthered the spread of Christianity. St. Olave having been slain, and afterwards canonised, was thenceforth considered patron saint of Norway.

After dinner we sat, as usual, at the top of the flight of steps leading from the garden, sipping our coffee and enjoying the prospect. The Bay of Kaupanger, connected with the main fiord by a comparatively narrow passage, is surrounded, on all sides, by high rocks clad with Scotch fir. Perpendicular cliffs beyond the wide expanse of water tower high above the fiord; on some parts of which patches of snow glittered in the bright sunshine. Numerous boats well filled with peasants gaily clad in their holiday clothes enlivened the scene; some, propelled by sturdy oarsmen, were leaving the secluded bay, and making for the open fiord; some were merely rowing to and fro, while others were crossing to the little village of Amble on the opposite side of the bay.

At one time a stream of water, spouting up into the air, betokened the presence of a whale, and, in another instant, part of his huge, dark form for a moment showed itself above the surface. Porpoises at intervals



would roll along on the water, puffing and snorting as they raised their heads: while two or three large eagles soared high overhead, and Royston crows and magpies flew from tree to tree.

The enormous peaks of the Skoldien lay directly before us, while the road curved along the wild and rocky valley of Forthun. One moment the horse-track ascended the acclivity of a mountain with brawling streams to cross and a precipice to the right, into which a false step of the vigilant little Norse horse would have inevitably precipitated us for ever. At another it led down the opposite acclivity no less rude and rocky, only the detached masses would be larger and so cumulated as to leave narrow, devious, and tortuous passages, to the infinite danger of one's knees: while additional insecurity was given to the footing on the stones below by the moisture that seems to be ever percolating from the sides of these glacier-bearing mountains.

The last place at the head of the valley was Ophtun, or Optun, and three families constituted the whole of its population. The royal *cortège* had obtained horses here with which to pass the mountain, hence we had to stay till the next day. Whilst dinner was being prepared we took a rough sketch of this picturesque site, a farm-house on a rocky table, and the yard animated with horses, guides, and peasants. Mary, our host's daughter, watched the progress of the work most patiently, and while doing so, we conversed with her as well as lay in our power, as to her duties, her resources, and her amusements. She complained heavily of the long winters spent in spinning, and did not disguise her wish to live in more favoured climes.

"I should like to go with you," she exclaimed, in the simplicity of her heart; "I should like to visit the sea-shore!"

"But what for?" we said.

"Because I could embark thence to America," she said. "I have been told (some tourist had done this) that flowers and fruit grow there all the year round, and that everybody becomes rich and happy!"

We did our best to dissuade her of those youthful fancies, and to reconcile her with the spot in which it had pleased Providence to place her. After some time she admitted the justice of our argument, and rose in better spirits to show the way to the fall close by. The rocks were abominably slippery, but she went over them like a kid, and we had no small difficulty in keeping up with our young guide. We were gratified by a view of a torrent throwing itself furiously over a rude mass of misshapen rocks, but unobscured by the most trifling vegetation: there was not a blade

of grass, nor a single flower in that corner of the world to which fate had attached the fortunes of the fair Mary. She was rewarded for her attention, however, by having her portrait consigned to paper by the side of the fall.

The elevated and inhabited region that extends between the episcopacies of Bergen and Akershus, comprises a tableland of some 180 leagues in length by twenty-five in width, intersected by numerous and deep ravines, and with a mean elevation of from 1,400 to 1,500 yards, under the 30th parallel of latitude. The Sogne-field is, as it were, a kind of pedestal to the highest glacier in Northern Europe, the Justedals Brecken, whilst the Dovre-field, with its culminating point, Snæfjället, constitutes another vast confretort to the north. To the north-west the tableland sinks down to the sea-level by the beautiful vale of Romsdal, but to the south it is prolonged by the Filla-field and Hardanger, with its great offset, the Folgefond. The

warm and moist air of the sea, and its deep indentations, are condensed into vast permanent fields of snow upon the surface of the great tableland, and then press down in the ravines in the shape of great frozen rivers or glaciers, carrying with them huge masses of rock or moraines, while above rise bare rocky peaks, which impart to the whole scene a formidable aspect that at first makes the heart shudder to look at it.

Yet it is in these mountain recesses that that noble specimen of the deer tribe, the reindeer, most abounds, and as it was to these very mountains, and more particularly round the Gjesdalen lake, that a more adventurous traveller than ourselves,

Mr. Francis M. Wyndham, directed his steps in the pursuit of "wild life," and the gamester deer, we shall extract at this opportune moment some of the experiences to be gained in the pursuit of this noble tenant of these Alpine solitudes.

## X.

OUT AFTER REINDEER—FORDING A TORRENT—MOUNTAIN SHEPHERD'S HUT—LEISTADGADAL—GRAND SCENERY—NO REINDEER—STENSELSTEN—FORMER EXTENSION OF GLACIERS—REPAIR OF WHORTLEBERRIES—AT THE HUT AGAIN—FORTY MILES FOR PROVISIONS—ROMME-KOLLE—MART AND SIGRI—A CHARMED BULLET—RUDE CANDLESTICK—FIELD COCKERY—REINDEER HUNTER'S LIFE—AVENUE OF PEASANTS TO UNLADDED BUTTS—TROUT FISHING.

The sun rose bright, in a cloudless sky, on my first day of reindeer hunting, and, with buoyant spirits, we hurried out to breathe the fresh, cool air of early morn. The icy water of the river was very refreshing, and prepared one for the toils of the day, at the same time giving a keener edge to our appetites. The hay, the



A DESCENDANT OF THE OLD SEA-KINGS.

hammocks, and rugs, having been all transferred to the boat-house, the fire was lit, and the iron pot and coffee-kettle put on to boil. Presently those who had gone out in the boat to take up the night-lines returned with several fine trout, which were soon being cooked for breakfast; and most excellent they proved, being red-fleshed, and having much the flavour of salmon.

Breakfast concluded, we started on our day's work; leaving Shot, however, on account of his conspicuous colour, imprisoned in the hut. Soon after passing the lake, Leirunga Vand, where the nets were set, we separated into two parties; my companion, Peter, and I continuing straight on southwards, while the others struck away in an easterly direction. Presently we reached a vast plain, dotted here and there with dwarf willows; heather I never saw during my stay in the mountains. Here we found a good many willow-grouse, which rendered more hopeful our prospects of obtaining food, and one of these I shot through the head with my rifle as it sat on a stone.

A walk of about two hours from the huts brought us to a river of about fifty yards in width. As it rolled swiftly along, dashing with a roar against the opposing rocks, it presented by no means an inviting appearance; but, as no bridge existed, the fording was unavoidable. After some little preparation (taking the indispensable precaution to ford with our boots on) we entered the torrent, which, coming direct from a glacier but a few miles distant, was icy cold. The stream ran strong, and the bed of the river being extremely rough and broken, rendered the passage a matter of no small difficulty. As the middle of the stream was gained the water grew deeper and deeper, and the current flowed past with increased vehemence; and we now felt that the least falter would leave us at the mercy of the torrent, from which an escape without serious hurt would have been impossible. However, the opposite bank was gained in safety, and nothing could have been pleasanter than the brisk reaction which followed the immersion in the icy water.

In about another hour we reached the entrance to Leirungval, where, in a sheltered nook among the rocks, stood the stone hut of a mountain cowherd, who was in charge of a number of oxen fastening for the Christiania market. The occupier of the hut was not at home, but we fortunately found the object of our entry—a bowl of cool milk, a copious draught of which we all indulged in, and, leaving a few *skillings* in the iron pot, we quitted the hut and continued our way up the valley.

A most magnificent view, rendered doubly beautiful from the clear sky and the bright sunshine, now opened upon us. Immediately in front, an immense glacier, descending in a broad sweep from the recesses of rock above, seemed almost entirely to block up the valley. Behind it towered dark walls of rock, shooting up out of the field of ice, in huge perpendicular masses, whose sombre hues contrasted grandly with the bright dazzling light from the enormous glacier. The sun casting its rays upon the northern side of the valley threw these mighty walls into dark shade, causing their outlines to stand out in prominent relief against the undimmed transparency of a northern sky. From the foot of the glacier the river that we had forded poured its noisy stream, which dashed along at the foot of the massive rocks inclosing the valley on the southern side. Conspicuous amongst these rose one huge mountain, whose level parts were deeply covered with snow, while aloft

rock above rock towered in rugged and precipitous masses.

Here we halted for a few minutes to inspect with the telescope some marks upon the snow; that they were the tracks of the reindeer the naked eye could discern, but we were anxious to learn whether they were recent or not. The glass soon showed them to be some days old, and so we pursued our course towards the glacier. At intervals we halted to survey the dark rocks and the recesses of the glacier. But nothing could we see, and my friend and Peter reverted, in comparison to the present day, to the better fortune that had befallen them on other occasions. Two bears Peter had once seen here together, walking quietly on the opposite side of the river; but unfortunately neither he nor his companion had been able to approach within shot. In this valley also it was that, the autumn before, my friend had watched a herd of about five hundred reindeer, to which, however, to his great mortification, the nature of the ground had not allowed him to get near. Would that we could only have had the good fortune to have seen one reindeer!

Having ascended the ridge of rock, running from the north side of the valley to the glacier, we sat down, and producing bread and meat from our pockets, commenced our mid-day meal, quenching our thirst with the icy water which flowed in all directions over the rocks. We were now, at a considerable height above the lower end of the glacier, upon a flat table-land, whence we gained a full view of the extensive ice-field, and were also able to scan its innermost recesses among the rocks. Now that we were in the very heart of these wild mountains and glittering ice-fields the scenery was still more grand and impressive than in the lower part of the valley. We seemed to be in a little world separate from the rest of the earth, and one forgot, for the time, the busy haunts of man, as, wrapt in contemplation, one gazed in awe-stricken wonder and silent admiration at the sublime scenery.

The walking had now become excessively arduous, for large stones and masses of rock lay heaped one upon another to an unknown depth, rendering great caution requisite, lest, slipping down between the rocks, one should break one's leg or otherwise seriously hurt oneself; and some of the stones tipping over to one side when stepped upon made it very difficult to retain one's balance.

We now proceeded very slowly, as at any moment we might come upon reindeer. From the table-land we descended to a small lake bounded on one side by the steep ice-cliffs of the glacier; the sand by the water was literally trodden down by reindeer, and some of the tracks, appearing to be fresh, inspired us with increased hopes, and we pushed vigorously on up the slope beyond, and over snow and ices (as these layers of stones are called), but still no reindeer could we discover. But the sun already moving round to the western heavens reminded us that we must return homewards, and though we greatly hoped to advance further, we felt that it was necessary for us to retraverse our steps.

On reaching the foot of the ridge of the rock, dividing the valley into upper and lower parts, we commenced the ascent of the northern side, in order that we might return home over the high ground, where it was still possible that we might fall in with reindeer. A few ptarmigan basking on the warm hillside flew away

with a loud croaking, which re-echoed among the recesses of this silent valley.

Having gained the summit of the steep slope we continued our way over the interminable ures of the Steensly, for we were now upon what appears to have been mistaken for a fjeld, viz., a fly. The Steensly—a most appropriate name, for it was very stony—was a perfectly level tract with scarce a rise upon it. Presently we reached a glacier, which lay to the left of our course, partially inclosed by a mighty amphitheatre of perpendicular rocks. This appeared to be a probable resort of reindeer, which frequent the sheltered parts of the mountains, where there are usually a few patches of grass to be met with. Here was again a most magnificent scene, though on a somewhat small scale than Leirungadal. We approached cautiously, but again disappointment was our lot; for, although there were fresh tracks upon the snow, not a single deer was visible; and the tracks, leading up to the higher rocks, afforded us no hopes of falling in with the reindeer that had been at this glacier. We therefore retraced our steps to the point whence we had diverged, and continued our toil over the ures.

The immense quantity of loose rocks and stones which constitute these ures is indeed very remarkable. A great proportion may be traced to the decomposition of the rocks, but it is difficult to believe that this can be the sole cause. The origin of these ures may be easier explained if we concur in the opinion that Norway was once nearly covered with snow and ice, of which there is certainly much probability. This last-mentioned glacier lay on an almost flat bed, and immediately before it stretched a wide level fly. Now supposing that this glacier once extended beyond its present limit, it must have formed moraines, the debris of rock which a glacier pushes on before it; and, if to this cause we attribute the presence of the ures immediately before it, may we not conjecture that the ures beyond the reach of this particular glacier are due to the action of glaciers, which have since disappeared? Here we came in directly to an argument in favour of the former extension of glaciers and the depression of the snow line, within which Professor or James Forbes estimates that one-fourth of the surface of Norway would be placed by a diminution of only 4° in the temperature of the summer months.

Soon we came upon the spot of several reindeer, which had evidently passed in the fore part of the day. It was extremely tantalising to see so many proofs of the presence of deer in these parts, and yet to be unable to fall in with any. However, they gave us hopes of better luck on another day.

The sun was now already fast declining, and the surface of the snow, which had been thawed by the warm rays, was now freezing quite hard again; and we frequently enjoyed long slides down the slopes of snow, which made a pleasant variation from the continual hopping from rock to rock. Soon we began to quit these snowy fields and to make our way down to the plain below. The descent was long and steep, for the elevation which we had left was very considerable. At about seven o'clock we regained the regions of vegetation, and, to our great joy, came upon a spot covered with whortleberry plants. We were all in a half-famishing state, not having taken quite sufficient food with us, and, with one accord, fell ravenously upon the berries; and, though we picked them in handfuls, we could not gather them fast enough to satisfy our hunger.

But a limited halt only could we make, as the huts were yet distant, and we were soon once more on the march; but now we proceeded with greater ease, and it was quite surprising that the berries could have afforded so much relief to the pangs of hunger. On our way to the river we fell in with a peasant, who had the care of a large herd of cattle. A dreary life indeed these men must lead, passing the whole of the summer in almost perfect solitude upon the mountains; yet this good fellow seemed cheerful enough and quite contented, as far as one could judge from a passing conversation.

The re-fording of the river was by no means a pleasant undertaking, for the sun had now sunk behind the western hills, and a frosty chill pervading the air caused us to feel very keenly the icy cold of the water. Nine o'clock found us once more at the huts; but to our surprise and disappointment (for we had hoped to find a good supper awaiting us) Olaf and the Provost's son had not yet returned. However we set to work with a right good will, and soon the fire was burning with a cheerful blaze, and, coffee cooked, we refreshed ourselves with a cup of that restorative, and then prepared the more substantial part of the meal.

In another hour an excellent soup, made of whole willow-grouse, was set upon the rude board forming our table, and just at that moment the other party made their appearance, and fortunately for them; for after the hard walk of thirteen hours, our appetites would probably only have been limited by the disappearance of the soup. They also had returned without any reindeer; for, although they had seen a herd of about twenty, they had not been able to get within range. But their long absence was accounted for, not by the distance they had gone, but by their having lain down and slept quietly for several hours.

Unfavourable omens ushered in the following day: the mountains were covered with thick mists, and the sun showed no signs of breaking through the overhanging clouds. The project, therefore, of another expedition to the fields was abandoned; for, if we did go there would be no possibility of seeing reindeer.

So having nothing to press us we sat down to a quiet breakfast of trout, and afterwards held a consultation as to the means of obtaining a fresh supply of bread, coffee, sugar, and candles.

A village called Bjolstad, in Hedal, about five and thirty English miles to the north-east, was the nearest place from which these articles could be procured. First we applied to the old fisherman at the huts, but, he making a most unreasonable demand, his services were at once refused. But by good luck there happened by chance to be a man here from this very village of Bjolstad, and, having apparently no occupation, he readily consented to undertake the expedition. Having told him that we should provide the pack-pony, we required of him to state his own price. One dollar (*4s. 6d.*), was the reply, and with this offer we immediately closed; it being very reasonable, considering that the whole distance there and back was no less than seventy miles, which could not be accomplished under three days. After receiving the instructions in writing, he crossed the river with our guides, and proceeded in search of the ponies, which were wandering at liberty over the hills; but, soon finding them, he started without delay for Bjolstad.

The supply of milk and cream was now also at a low

ebb; and, there being no hopes of deer-stalking, Peter, the Provost's son, and I set off to Besse seters, they carrying the tin camp-kettle for the milk and a couple of black bottles for the cream, while I took my gun to pick up some game on the way. But few birds could be found; and, having shot three grouse, I was not sorry to leave the wet birch trees and juniper bushes, and hurry on after the others to take shelter in the seter from the torrents of rain now falling. Here we regaled ourselves with a common seter dish called romme-kolle, which is merely the thick layer of sour cream that rises to the surface of milk after it has stood for a few days. The kolle, or flat wooden vessel in which the milk is "set," being placed on the table, we commenced skimming off the romme, or sour cream,

with the short wooden spoons used by the peasants, eating some very good fiad-brod along with it. I became quite fond of this romme-kolle, and found it an excellent dish to ask for at seters, or farms where cows are kept, being always forthcoming in a very short time.

It was Saturday, and Marit was very busy with butter-making, and scrubbing up the emptied kolle, in order that all might be clean and tidy for the next day. A little girl of about thirteen was Marit's help-mate, to whom was allotted the duty of churning. The churn in this seter was a tall, conical-shaped, wooden machine, the butter being made by working up and down a long stick, with a thick perforated piece of wood at the end. Much to the amusement of Marit,



COSTUMES OF HARDANGER.

I also tried my hand at the churning, but found that it required considerable skill and practice to give the piston the proper spiral turn, and also to prevent the cream from spurting out at the top: under these circumstances I speedily relinquished the butter-making to the more experienced hands of the little girl.

Leaving Marit's seter, we next paid a visit to an adjoining one, under the care of a budeier, named Sigeri; she was an older person than Marit, but, like all the women of Norway, remarkably cheerful and good-humoured. With Sigeri also we had opened commercial transactions, and between the two seters we divided our patronage, getting milk, butter, &c., sometimes from one and sometimes from the other.

At last we set out on our return home, well laden

with the produce of the seters. On reaching the summit of the hill overlooking the river, our attention was suddenly arrested by three large red things spread out upon the ground by the huts. What could they be? Presently one of the peasants solved the mystery by holding up to us the head of a reindeer with its branching antlers, and we knew at once that those things upon the ground were the fresh skins of three reindeer. Eager to learn where, and by whom, the deer had been killed, we ran rapidly down the steep, and, pulling across the river, hastened up to the huts.

Old Joh, accompanied by the two occupants of the other huts, had proceeded on the previous day to the further end of the Gjendin-osen on a fishing expedition. Their rifles were, of course, taken with them; and

thinking it just possible that they might meet with reindeer, they had climbed the precipice overhanging the lake. No sooner had they gained the high ground above than they discovered three reindeer, and, a short stalk bringing them within range, a fine buck fell to each rifle. This morning, as soon as they had brought the deer down from the fields and placed them in the boats, they returned home to the huts, and were now very busy cutting up the venison; Joh stowing away his share in salting-tubs in the boat-house, while the others were making preparations for an early departure on the morrow.

"What are you looking for so carefully in your reindeer, Joh?" said my companion.

"Do not you remember your giving me a bullet one day last autumn?"

"Yes, I do; but what of that?"

"Well, you know I said that the next reindeer I shot should fall by that very bullet—and so it has; and I will now show it to you, as a proof that I have not broken my word."

"Ah! here it is," said he, as he picked it out in great glee, and gave it to my friend.

The arrival of the venison was most acceptable to us; for, although an abundance of feathered game might always be easily procured, some more substantial food was very welcome. Poor Shot, too, as the supply was only barely enough for our consumption,



PRAMHÆS.

was not faring very well, and for his sake alone we were glad of the venison. At the same time, however, I am ashamed to confess that we almost felt vexed at these peasants having met with such extreme good luck at the cost of so little trouble; while we who had toiled for a long day of thirteen hours, had not so much as seen a reindeer. We selected for our own use a good piece of venison, and also the tongues, which are but little esteemed by the peasants; for all of which, as they absolutely refused to accept payment, we remunerated them by filling their flasks with English gunpowder—an article highly valued by the sporting peasants, and most valuable for the purpose of gaining their goodwill, on which account I had no cause to

regret having brought from England rather more powder than I was able to make use of.

During our absence my companion had been fishing in the river, and with tolerable success, having caught several fine trout. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in fishing, and collecting a good supply of firewood; and, by me in particular, in constructing a wooden candlestick which could be attached to the window-sill, without employing any nails or pegs—a point on which old Joh was very particular. The candlestick was at last produced, and the simple contrivance was much admired by Joh, when he found what a comfort it was that the tallow dip did not fall down every five minutes, leaving one suddenly in the



dark—perhaps at a critical moment in some cooking operation. Birch trees grew here in abundance, but, being at an altitude of 3,246 E. feet above the sea, we were above the limit of fir trees. The limit of the birch might be estimated at about 300 feet above the Gjendin, and the snow line at rather more than 2,000 feet. Trout, with fried reindeer's liver as the *pièce de résistance*, formed our evening's meal.

Next day being Sunday, the forenoon was spent at home. Although the orthodox Sunday dinner of roast beef and plum pudding was beyond our means, we hoped nevertheless to spread the festive board with no despicable banquet; and towards mid-day a large lump of venison, together with plenty of fat, was put into the iron pot. The cooking of the venison engaged considerable attention, and constant employment was afforded to one person in basting and turning over the meat. When nearly done a quantity of cream was poured over it to improve it, and to add to the richness of the gravy.

It is much in this way that the Cossacks of Siberia cook their game, according to our great Siberian traveller, Mr. Atkinson. The birds are plucked whole, together with an abundance of fat, into a strong pot, which is then covered over with a closely fitting lid; and the joining of the lid being smeared round with clay to make it air-tight, the pot is hung over the fire, and in about twenty minutes the game is cooked to perfection; and thus prepared, Mr. Atkinson says game is preferable to that cooked by any other method.

Certainly our venison was most excellent, and I never remember to have tasted either red or fallow-deer venison that could compare with it. Reindeer venison more nearly resembles red-deer than fallow-deer venison, but it is more juicy and tender. During the feast Marit and Sigri arrived on their Sunday visit, according to the custom of the country, but they declined our invitation to join us at dinner. Old Joh, however, who made his appearance just then, did not refuse a good offer, and sitting down with us, did ample justice to the venison, which he declared to be excellent, and when he had finished, returned us "Mange tak for maden" (many thanks for food). Fortunately we were not under the obligation of inviting the two men who had been Joh's companions at the successful hunt, for they had left the same morning for their homes in Hedal about forty miles distant, taking with them their ponies laden with the reindeer venison.

The sole object of the peasants of Norway in shooting is to provide themselves with food for the winter. A reindeer hunter quitting home, with his pony laden with a supply of provisions, starts off to the mountains, where he remains for a week or a fortnight till he has killed one, or possibly, if he has met with good luck, two reindeer. Without loss of time the venison is packed in the klovedel, and the hunter returns to his home in the valley, and immediately on arriving consigns the whole of the meat to the salting-tub. Then, if there be nothing to detain him in the valley, he starts afresh to the fields on another expedition, returning home as soon as he has been again successful in the hunt.

Norwegian peasants have a great predilection for salt meat, and, rather than eat fish, flesh, or fowl, in a fresh state, they consign it, if the means be at hand, to the salting tub; and, if after the lapse of some

months it comes out in a semi-putrid state, it is most highly prized. They have an insuperable aversion to unsalted butter, and would rather go without it altogether than eat it unsalted.

The departure of the two men with their venison was by no means regretted; for, to begin with, we did not exactly like their appearance, and they also added considerably to the demolition of our provisions, having a cunning habit of invariably paying us a visit when coffee was going on, which, out of mere civility, we were obliged to offer them; and, considering that to procure it cost a walk of seventy miles, it may be imagined how great was its value.

After dinner we walked to the Besse sisters, and returned the visits of Marit and Sigri. The walk there and back, being only six miles, was merely considered as an afternoon's stroll. On our return to the huts, we found a great addition to the society, several men having lately arrived from the further end of the Gjendin. They were all fishing in the river in a most enthusiastic manner. One or two were standing in the middle of the stream, almost up to their waists in water; but, with all their ardour, they did not appear to be more successful than their less excited brethren who contented themselves with fishing from the river-bank. We also tried our skill, as we were in want of food for supper, and were fortunate in catching three or four very large trout.

Early in the evening we retired to rest, in order that we might be ready to start in good time next morning: for the weather was promising, and the men, who had come from the further end of the Gjendin, had seen several reindeer ascend the cliffs about three miles from the lake.

## X.

A BEAUTIFUL MORNING—RUDE HUT—SPLendid PANORAMA—REINDEER AT LAST—THEY VANISH—REINDEER FLOWERS—GLACIERS—A BOUGH SCRAMBLE—GRAND AMPHITHEATRE—ROAMING HABITS OF REINDEER—NOT DULL OF SIGHT—WILL NOT CROSS HUMAN FOOTSTEPS—COMES SUDDENLY UPON REINDEER—CANTER UP THE PRECIPICE—DISAPPOINTMENTS—AN ANCIENT RIFLE—MOLTERBERG—ENDURANCE OF OLD JOH.

The expectations which we had formed from the appearance of the evening sky were fully realised, and, early in the morning, all was life and bustle to get the breakfast cooked, and then to start for the fields. Soon after six, Peter and I embarked in the boat, on our expedition in search of the reindeer which had been seen on the previous day. Leaving Peter for some time to row alone, I sat in the stern of the boat enjoying the scenery, and making a sketch of the lake. The morning was beautiful; not a cloud was visible, and the clear blue sky seemed almost to vie in depth of transparency with that of a southern clime. The sun shone bright and clear, and, striking with the full resplendence of its eastern rays upon the solemn cliffs, the green waters of the lake, and the glittering snow-clad peaks in the distance, rendered the scene one of superb magnificence.

For about an hour, Peter and I pulled cheerfully along over the calm waters of Gjendin, and, just after passing the rocks over which the river from Leirungdal falls into the lake, ran the boat ashore, and, making it fast to the rocks, climbed up the mossy slope from the water's edge. Here stood a small stone hut of Peter's construction; it was sometimes used as a shooting-box,



and was furnished with the few requirements of a mountain life, viz., an iron pot, a wooden spoon, and a coffee-mill. Our object of entering was to see if the coffee-mill were safe in the hut, as we purposed taking it back with us.

Leaving this cabin, we commenced the ascent of the western side of the valley, through which the river from Leirungdale rolled rapidly along. The mountains rose very abruptly in a steep precipice of massive rock, leaving but one way of access to the heights above. Over broken rocks and slippery watercourses, we scrambled up, and soon had left all vegetation, except grass and mosses, far beneath us. Presently we reached a patch of snow, and there we saw the tracks of reindeer, evidently of those that the men had seen on the previous day.

A very rough scramble of about two thousand feet brought us to the summit of the precipice overhanging the lake; and as we emerged from the gully which had hitherto precluded all view, a splendid panorama opened upon us. At our feet lay the sea-green lake of Gjendin, hemmed in by frowning walls of perpendicular rock. Its waters were traversed by none but the boats of the fisherman, the reindeer-hunter, or the mountain shepherd. Above the opposite precipice of the lake, the ground, from the distance, and large scale of the scenery, seeming to be smooth and gently undulating, was apparently clothed with a rich, unbroken carpet of reindeer-moss; but in reality it was as rugged and barren as the rocks on which we were standing. Often did I gaze attentively upon the peculiar colouring of the reindeer-moss, endeavouring to decide what the colour was; but so exquisitely are the tints blended that it was impossible to arrive at the conclusion of whether it were green or yellow. Here and there among the rocks the glassy surface of a mountain tarn threw back the brilliant rays of the burning sun. Beyond this again the mountains began to lift their giant forms, and large fields of snow and ice covered the more level rocks; and in some parts the glaciers extended in wide expanse out of the very highest parts of the mountains. Out of the glaciers shot sharp and jagged peaks, which, stretching in a wide curve from north to west, stood out in dark contrast to the white fields of snow and ice, and the clear transparency of the azure sky.

But time would not permit us to linger, and we pushed on over the barren rocks, straining our eyes, as we proceeded, in search of reindeer. Yet, stop!—what are those dark forms up yonder against the clear sky? Reindeer!—those "antlered monarchs of the waste," a glimpse of which among their native wilds had so long been the object of my ambition. Four in all, upon a ridge of rock about half a mile distant, they stood quietly cropping the scanty grass. Sinking slowly down to elude observation we surveyed the ground before us and consulted as to the way in which we should stalk the deer. The extreme stillness of the air was our difficulty,—not a breath could be felt, a blade of grass held up to be swayed by the breeze remained immovable.

To discover the direction of the wind was impossible; and, deciding to stalk as the ground best favoured us, we began to move slowly and cautiously towards the deer. Watching all their movements our eyes remained fixed upon them—now they raise their heads and look around—stop! not a muscle must move—again they commence feeding, and once more we creep cautiously

on. The ground rising steadily and being much broken, there was no difficulty in concealing ourselves from view. We had already approached to within three hundred yards, but now we could see only one reindeer; but the others might have moved and become hidden by intervening rocks, and we doubted not but that they were still there. The ground now rose rapidly, and we found that, by making a slight circuit, we should be able to arrive within a short distance of the deer. Silently and cautiously we crept along, in momentary dread of a loose stone rolling from under our feet and alarming the deer by the clatter.

At length the critical moment arrived,—the desired spot was reached,—and breathless with excitement, our rifles ready in our hands, we slowly raised our heads above the rocks.

But the reindeer!—they are gone—the bare rocks are as desolate and devoid of life as ever. Was it possible that we could have seen four reindeer standing on that very spot? or, was it a dream? all is silence! all is desolate! nothing but barren gray rocks and sparkling snow greet the eye as it wanders anxiously around. Can any living creature exist on such a dreary tract? But no—it was not a dream; for there were fresh tracks upon the scanty moss, and stalks of the reindeer plant (*Ranunculus glacialis*) had just been nipped of their flowers. The rocks, the snow, the glacier which lay within half a mile, were surveyed; but, alas, in vain, nothing living could be seen.

On gaining the spot where the deer had stood, a fresh breeze blew in our faces, only serving to increase the mystery. But a very short experience of deer-stalking among such lofty mountains convinces one of the extraordinary changes of direction to which the wind is liable. A moment before it had possibly blown in exactly the contrary direction, thereby giving "the wind" of us to the deer, which would be quite sufficient to put them to rapid flight. So completely hidden from their sight had we been, that thus only could we account for their sudden disappearance. No foot-marks could be left on the hard and barren rocks, and we could gain no clue as to the direction the deer had taken.

Still, incited by the bare possibility of their having gone but a short distance, we pushed on up the hill, and on reaching the summit, looked down a perpendicular precipice of some hundred feet upon the Steensly breen, a glacier which we had passed on our first day's expedition. From this commanding position we could see so far and wide over trackless rocks and snow; but no reindeer were in sight. Thoroughly disappointed we turned back and struck away to the left to examine the glacier lying near to where the deer had been standing. Enclosed on two sides by high perpendicular walls of rock, and a quiet, sheltered spot, it was a probable place for reindeer to frequent; and, supposing that these deer had not taken alarm, but had merely moved away for change of pasturage, it was here that we entertained the hope of finding them. But again we were disappointed, for no traces of reindeer were visible, and we now no longer doubted but that the deer, having "got the wind" of us, had at once galloped off and by this time might be six or eight miles distant.

Partially to console ourselves, we sat down upon the rocks, and commenced our dinner, which we carried in our pockets; for, although it was still early, the long row and walk had considerably sharpened our appetites. A fresh, boiled reindeer's tongue constituted my repast,

and most excellent it was. The air was delightfully cool and refreshing, and so invigorating that, after our meal, we felt as though we could undergo any amount of exertion; and so warm were the rays of the sun that, although the altitude was probably over 5,000 feet, we did not feel the slightest chilliness.

On rising up from dinner we made for the lower end of the glacier which lay before us and crossed a *lateral moraine*, or pile of *débris* brought down by the glacier; it was much beyond the present limit of the glacier, but I am sorry to say that I did not make more detailed observations. The rocks just here are of a slaty nature, and I was struck by the great decomposition which was wearing them away. We now clambered along the side of the mountain, which, at this point, left only a comparatively narrow tract between its perpendicular face and the precipice overhanging the lake. In some places the water, which trickled over the rocks, had been congealed by the last night's frost, rendering the walking both difficult and dangerous; for, although a fall would not have been attended by a further descent into the lake, it was quite possible to sustain serious injury by falling upon the sharp rocks from a height of only a few feet.

At length, after a long and arduous scramble, our rifles being slung behind our backs to leave both hands at liberty, we rounded the mountain, and in a short time found ourselves at Kjørnhullet (tarn-hollow). The spot was one of most striking and peculiar grandeur: an oval amphitheatre of perpendicular rock enclosed a large convex-shaped glacier which entirely filled the hollow; and at the foot of the ice-field the little tarn, or Kjørn, fed a torrent which, dashing its impetuous stream over the edge of the precipice, fell headlong into the Gjendin Søen below. The only entrance to this noble amphitheatre was from the north, or the Gjendin side, by which way we had come. A grand and awful scene it was—so still, so calm; one seemed to have been transported to a region wholly unconnected with an inhabited world.

Such a sheltered spot was a very probable place of resort for reindeer, especially as an abundance of grass grow on the slope of rock between the perpendicular cliffs and the field of ice. Grass and the flowers of the reindeer-plant constitute the food of reindeer during the summer months, but while the ground is covered with snow their only food is the greenish-yellow lichen called reindeer-moss, which they procure by scraping away the snow with their feet and the short, palmated horns, which project down their face between their eyes. Where this moss abounds the deer congregate in vast herds, amounting sometimes to as many as two thousand. But in the summer time they are seldom to be found in larger herds than twenty or thirty: while three or four is the usual number which roam about together.

In the summer time, provided the weather be fine, they frequent the mountains at about the level of the snow line, which, in this part of Norway, is rather above 5,000 English feet above the sea. Here they roam about in undisputed possession of the boundless fields, seeking the hollows formed by the rocks, and other sheltered spots, in quest of grass, which is usually more abundant in such places; and there they may generally be found during the middle of the day, quietly dozing in the warm sunshine. Though not migratory animals, as has been said, which my own experience and the information derived from the peasants

would tend to confute, they are constantly on the move, always travelling against the wind; so much so that a systematic reindeer-hunter would, if the wind continued to blow from one quarter for any length of time, move off against the wind and take up his quarters in those parts of the mountains, to which he would conclude that the reindeer had betaken themselves.

In winter and in stormy weather the deer descend from the higher regions to the more sheltered and genial districts, though never below the level of birch trees. At all times they are extremely wary and difficult of approach, but especially when they are lying down; for then, their attention being undistracted, their eyes, ears, and noses, are fully on the alert to apprise them of danger. Should the hunter meet with them when lying down on unfavourable ground, he may often be obliged to wait patiently till the hour of feeding, which is either early in the morning, at mid-day, or at about five in the evening; for then the deer rise up to graze.

The Author of *Scandinavian Adventures* remarks that the reindeer is dull of sight; were this the case, experienced hunters would be less cautious about approaching them when lying down; and the above author bases his conclusion on the fact of reindeer, when shot at, running away for a short distance, and then turning round to stare at the place whence the report proceeded. The red-deer does precisely the same, and the habits of this animal are too well known for dulness of sight to be imputed to it. With reindeer as well as with red-deer the cause of their stopping to look round is sometimes mere curiosity, but more often is that they may see their enemy in order to know in which direction to run for safety. But there is this difference: the reindeer, inhabiting as it does regions almost untrodden by human footsteps, is unaccustomed to the sight of man, and may, perhaps, stop rather long to look at his antagonist; while the red-deer, knowing full well that man is his deadly enemy, makes off the moment he catches sight of him.

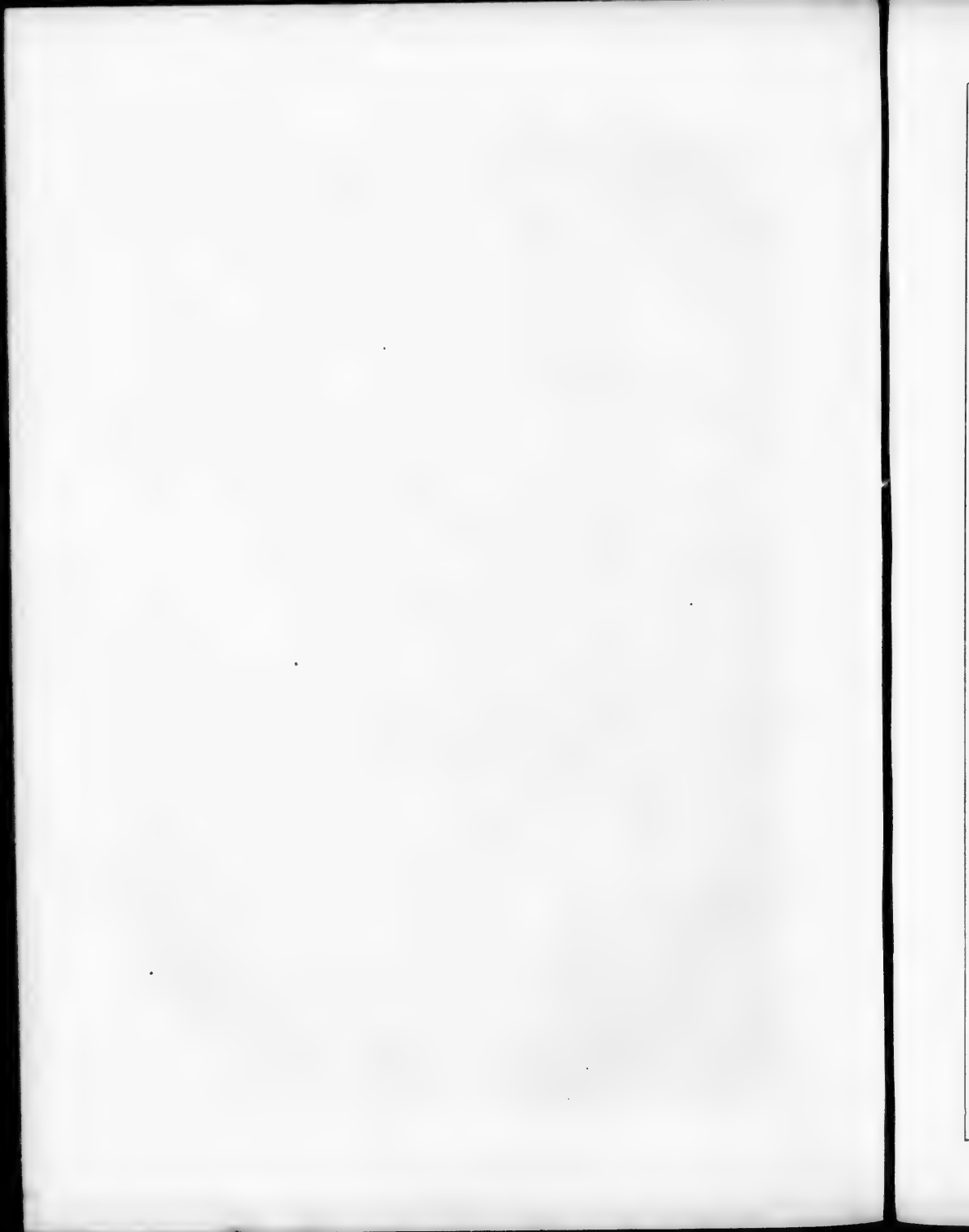
Reindeer appears to have a great dread of crossing human footmarks. A few winters ago Peter and another man, as they were returning from the fields, saw a herd of reindeer going in such a direction as would lead them directly across their line of footmarks in the snow: steadily they continued onwards, but of a sudden they seemed to be alarmed—they had seen the tracks—and, wheeling abruptly round, they started off in full gallop back in the direction whence they had come.

For stalking reindeer it is necessary to walk very slowly when the elevation at which reindeer may be found has been attained; for the ground being so much broken, it is more than probable that a fast walker, coming suddenly upon deer, will be unable to stop or sink down soon enough to avoid detection. Great difficulty in stalking is often occasioned by the impossibility of making a circuit, as, owing to precipices and cliffs of rock, there is frequently only one way of approaching the deer.

On reaching Kjørnhullet we crept along the steep slope on the eastern side of the glacier, when suddenly two bucks, starting up from among the rocks before us, made off at a brisk canter. Their movements were the very image of gracefulness, as, with heads erect and necks almost bending beneath the great weight of their branching antlers, they bounded over the rocks. A low whistle from Peter, exciting their curiosity,

VALLEY OF VESTFJORDEN.





caused the deer to make a momentary halt. Already they were nearly two hundred yards distant, and, with the hasty aim which was necessary, we entertained but small hopes of success.

The report of both rifles re-echoed throughout the amphitheatre of rocks; but, alas! without effect; and the deer in another bound were hidden by the masses of rock on the broken slope. Quickly ramming down another cartridge, I cried "færdig!" (ready): "Tag op paa Breen!" (take up on to the glacier,) replied Peter, and rushing headlong down the rocky slope, I clambered over the lateral moraine and gained the surface of the glacier. By this manoeuvre we should be able to cut off the deer, if, as was probable, they should attempt to cross the glacier at the upper end, so as to make their escape back to the northern or open end by galloping round the other side of the ice.

Turning round, in the hopes of seeing the deer, I found that I was almost blinded to everything off the ice, and nothing remained but to hurry on with all speed to the further end of the glacier. But was it safe to rush headlong over the glacier? might not a crevasse, or fissure, hidden by an un-sound covering of snow, engulf one? But such misgivings were quickly dispelled by the excitement, and hoping for the best, I started off at a rapid pace. Fortunately not a crevasse came in my way, and at last I reached a commanding position near the upper end of the glacier.

But the reindeer should now be approaching, and I ran my eye eagerly over the rocks by the side of the glacier. Still they came not; they had not crossed the ice; and where could they have gone to! To ascend the perpendicular cliffs seemed an utter impossibility. At last I caught sight of Peter, standing far back upon an eminence of rock; in another instant he raised his rifle, a bright flash followed, and a dull report resounded through the hollow. But still, where were the reindeer? Peter had pointed his rifle upwards, and I eagerly scanned the towering cliffs. The reindeer were cantering steadily up the precipice, their little white tails bobbing up and down as they leaped upwards from rock to rock. I stood wonder-stricken; to ascend those walls of rock appeared to be a perfect impossibility even for a man, still more so for a large animal like a reindeer. Higher and higher they went, never slackening their pace; and at length the summit was gained, and we saw the last of these reindeer as they disappeared against the sky-line.

Such are the fortunes of reindeer-hunting—a most uncertain, but at the same time a most exciting and interesting sport. For who can fail to enjoy watching these noble animals among their grand and savage haunts? No one who has experienced it can deny the extreme pleasure of wandering over untrodden regions of unrivalled beauty, and gaining an insight into the

habits of such an interesting animal, living in a state wholly uninfluenced by any inroads of civilisation.

Descending from the glacier I scrambled back over the rocks to where Peter was standing, anxious to learn how the deer had succeeded in making their escape. For a short distance the reindeer had skirted the edge of the glacier, but seeing me upon the ice, though I was prevented by the intense glare from discerning them, they had turned to the left and commenced the ascent of the precipice. Peter, detained by the intricate process of loading his rifle, had not been able to keep pace with the deer, so as to cause them to take to the glacier, where I was stationed; and to this may be attributed our failure.

With the exception of the peasants of Guldbrandsdalen having reached the refinement of using a measure for powder, the loading of a rifle is almost as complicated here as in the Hardanger district. Some of these powder measures, in shape like a cylindrical needle-case, are made, as Joh's was, of solid silver, but more usually of reindeer horn, and are frequently very pretty little articles. A Norwegian peasant's rifle is a long and ponderous weapon, usually carrying a ball of about twenty-five to the pound; it is poly-grooved, and with a rapid twist, the grooves making sometimes two or three whole turns in the barrel. Such an one was Peter's antiquated weapon, which, however, was not his own property, for he seemed to go shares in it with another peasant. The date upon it was 1747, notwithstanding which it shot well, but it was only adapted for short ranges.

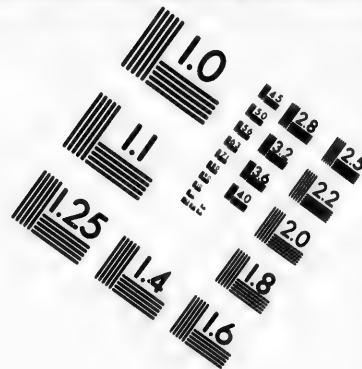
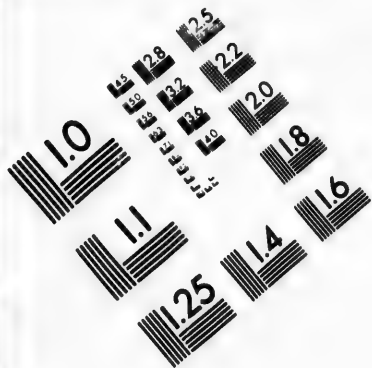
The advanced hour of the day would not allow of our proceeding further; and, after fully discussing our various disappointments, we retraced our steps round the face of the mountain, over the slippery water-courses, and down the



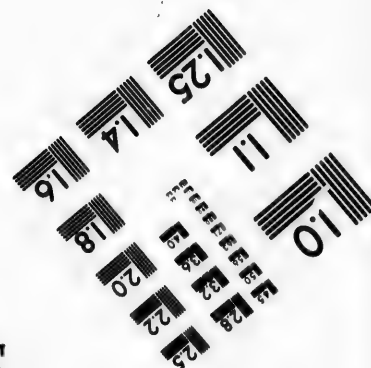
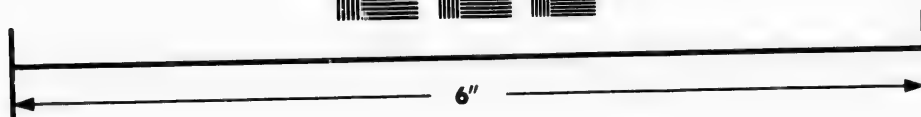
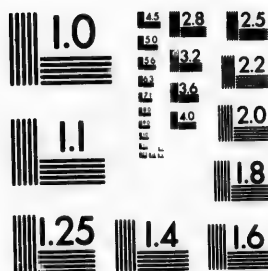
MARIA OF OPTUN.

gully in the rocks, and at last reached the spot where the boat was moored.

Here our departure was delayed by the pleasant discovery of a quantity of whortleberries and a few molte-beer. The molte-beer (*Rubus chamaemorus*) grows at the end of an upright stalk shooting out from the centre of the plant, whose graceful leaves, not unlike those of the strawberry, spread themselves in a compact circle upon the rocky ground. The berry itself, which is about the size of a raspberry, in structure much resembles the mulberry: the colour is a very pale orange, and the beer (berry) has a peculiar flavour, something similar to that of a rotten medlar. The flower is white, and shaped like an anemone, and is developed from a round and tight bud of about the size of the fruit. In the northern parts of Norway these berries grow in great abundance, and are sent down to the south in barrels. I have also seen them in the highlands of Scotland, but only to a very limited extent. Eaten raw, with plenty of milk, they form an excellent dish.



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The declining sun at length warned us of the fast approach of evening, and, quitting the refreshing fruit upon the mossy bank by the water-side, we re-embarked in the boat, and pulled away down the lake towards the huts. As we reached them, a rose-coloured gleam from the western heavens was shedding a soft light upon the snowy peaks, and the calm waters of Gjendin were glittering in the last bright rays of the waning sun.

During supper the exploits of the various parties were successively recounted. Old Joh had accompanied my companion to Leirungsdal, but they had met with a like want of success as had characterised our former day over the same ground. Ascending the steep slope of the glacier, they had explored the innermost recesses of the ice-clad rocks. The strength, endurance, and presence of mind, at critical moments, displayed by Joh, were quite wonderful; and, notwithstanding the fatigues of so arduous a day, the old hunter of three-score and ten was as fresh and lively as any of the party.

After a hearty supper of reindeer venison, we gladly retired to our hammocks and couches of hay—rough resting-places indeed, but none the less welcome after the exertions of the day.

## XI.

A DAY IN THE HUT—ORIGINALITY OF JOH—HIS WHIMS—“QUAD SAI OU?”—REINDEER AGAIN—A HARD RUN—HAIL STORM—VELLING—PACK-HORSES FOR CHRISTIANIA—JOH, A DEER HUNTER—A LATE RETURN—PRIMITIVE REMEDIES—LIGHT MARCHING ORDER—A DANGEROUS CLIMB—THREE REINDEER—A DIFFICULT STALK—HINDING THE DEER—RUS VAND—THE STONE HUT—DIFFICULTIES OF COOKING—A RUSTY POT—A PLANK FOR A BED.

EARLY in the morning the rain had fallen in torrents, and the clouds, which still hung over the mountain tops, would not allow of an expedition in search of reindeer. However, it was rather pleasant to sit down leisurely to our breakfast of trout, fresh from the lake, and marrow from the leg-bones of the reindeer.

There being no particular object in view to entice us out, we rather preferred remaining at home, and devoted ourselves to the domestic operations of gun-cleaning and collecting fire-wood; while the guides found ample occupation in mending their boots. All Norwegian peasants are their own shoemakers and tailors, and never think of going on such an expedition as this without their implements of cobbling, and a supply of spare leather. Writing my journal formed part of my occupation on a day like this, at which old Joh seemed much amused, and wondered how I could write so fast; for, though he could read with perfect facility, writing was not one of his accomplishments.

Joh was a man of considerable talent in his own way, and above all was a most ingenious workman; the hut in which we were living, as also the boat-house and every article of furniture, was of his own handiwork; in fact, he made almost everything he required. His rifles were of his own manufacture, but he still retained the old flint-and-steel locks, holding the percussion system in great contempt; and even if a rifle were given him he would immediately alter the locks to the old plan.

Five consecutive years, both winter and summer, he

had once passed in this little hut, and, indeed, it seemed to be a pet residence of his. His constant dread was lest the floor or walls of his hut should be soiled or injured in any way; and, when he was present, we were always scrupulously careful not to place the cooking utensil upon the floor. An anecdote referring to this peculiarity was told me by the other peasants. A friend of his, who was once staying with him in his hut, happening, while occupied in cooking, to take the pot off the fire, placed it upon the floor, and a black mark was left where it had stood. The old hunter was much displeased, but, without saying a word, he repaired to the boat-house, and, fetching a plane, shaved off the blackened part of the wood. When anything was soiled, in preference to washing or scrubbing, Joh invariably had recourse to his plane.

Notwithstanding all his whims, he was a charming old man,—so thoroughly straightforward and honest. Though the Norwegians have really a great esteem for their own property, they never show it to strangers; on the contrary, they always depreciate what is their own. Old Joh one day, referring to me, remarked: “What do you think Engelskman’s friends would say if they knew that he was living in such a cabin? When he gets home I have no doubt he will tell them what a detestable little hovel mine is.” This I stoutly denied, telling him that I should say, on the contrary, what a neat little house it had been my good fortune to meet with, and how I had enjoyed my sojourn there. The old man’s countenance lighted up as I praised his hut, and he smiled an acknowledgment of the compliment.

It was amusing to listen to the conversation of the peasants, as they worked away at their shoes. One of them would make a remark or ask a question, and the person addressed would immediately answer, in old Norse, “Quad sai ou?” (spelled according to sound)—(What say you?). The remark would then be repeated by the first speaker, who, in his turn, would ask, “Quad sai ou?” obliging the other to repeat his answer. Thus they ramble on, almost every question, answer, or remark, being repeated. Quad sai ou, spoken quickly, sounds exactly like the name of Kossuth, the Hungarian; and hearing, as I thought, his name so often repeated, I at last inquired why Kossuth engrossed the conversation so much.

The inveterate habit of tobacco chewing, which prevails among the Norse peasants, by no means enhances the pleasures of in-door life. Neither by day nor by night is the Norwegian peasant without his “quid,” the consequences of which, seeing that they render a pair of waterproof slippers a *sine qua non*, may be better imagined than described. In such a small hut this habit was an intolerable nuisance, and my companion and I succeeded, though with much difficulty, in putting some check upon the practice.

A walk to Besse seters for a fresh supply of milk and cream passed the afternoon; and, on the way there, I shot seven willow-grouse. Our home-dairy was a small harbour in the river made of stones, and there the milk-can and cream-bottles were immersed, and their contents kept good by the icy-cold water which flowed out of the Gjendin.

To our great disappointment rain was falling heavily next morning, filling us with desponding thoughts, and, above all, bringing before us visions of another day’s shoemaking in the hut. However, towards noon, the weather cleared up sufficiently to warrant an expedition

CAMP OF SIODALEN.





to the fields; and, crossing the river, we commenced the ascent of the opposite cliffs.

As we were toiling up the steep rocks, the three Norsemen deep in conversation, two dark forms, upon the rocks above, suddenly caught my eye. A glance sufficed to show them to be reindeer, and the chatter of the natives was quickly silenced. The deer, after looking over the precipice for a moment, turned away and vanished as suddenly as they had appeared. The wind, blowing from the south, left but little doubt as to the course to be pursued, and, in another instant, we were hurrying on towards the further side of the mountain, in order that, on reaching the summit of the cliffs, we might proceed "up wind" to the spot where the deer had been seen.

Keeping the wind in our faces, when the high ground was gained, we made our way over the barren rocks. Soon we were carefully descending a steep slope, which shelved away towards where the deer would probably be; when, by a simultaneous impulse, we all sank slowly to the ground. At about two hundred yards' distance the two bucks were walking quietly one behind the other. But as quickly as our hopes had been raised were they dispelled; for the reindeer, in another instant, appeared to catch sight of us, and, turning short round, made off at a canter towards the boundless fields behind. One chance of success yet remained, but that was a small one. However, away we went, rushing headlong down the broken slope at the imminent risk of breaking our legs, and, reaching the gully below, ran along it as fast as possible in hopes of cutting off the deer. But all was in vain; when we reached the desired point the deer had gone past, and could nowhere be seen.

Once more then we experienced the frequent disappointments attendant on reindeer-stalking; but hope carried us on, and we soon started afresh. We now separated, Peter and I descending to the outlet of the Bes Vand, or Vatn as the peasants call water; while the others pursued their way along the ridge of rock overlooking the Gjendin Soen. On reaching the extremity of the Bes Vand, we forded the stream by which the lake discharges its transparent waters, and then continued northwards over the rocks, but without seeing any reindeer; and the only living things that came across our path were one or two ptarmigan, and a flock of birds, with long pointed wings, which were unknown to me; but the name which Peter gave them, commencing with field, showed them to be natives of the lofty heights.

No tracks, no freshly-cropped reindeer-flowers, or other signs of deer frequenting these parts, were seen; and a heavy hail-storm coming on confirmed our half-made resolve of returning home. The hail, driven by the sweeping blast, beat hard against our faces, giving us a foretaste of the inclemency of the wintry weather on these lofty mountains; and the desolate expanse of the surrounding fields assumed, under the darkening sky, a still more inhospitable aspect. The Bes Vand, whose soft clear waters reposed calmly in its shelving bed of rock, was the sole object upon which to fix one's gaze, and fall for a time into semi-oblivion of the dreary waste around. Re-fording the torrent we commenced a descent from the fields, and soon regained the regions of vegetation; and, in a short time, were once more on the banks of the Sjø Elv.

During our absence my companion had been well employed in replenishing the larder with trout and

willow-grouse. Towards dark a tremendous fall of rain came on, which, continuing throughout the greater part of the night, caused us some little apprehension; but, fortunately, the roof proved to be sufficiently well constructed to keep out the wet, and our slumbers were undisturbed.

Next morning the mountain peaks no longer shot up in dark masses, for a sparkling garb of snow had overspread their summits. This was the first snow of the season (1st September), and it showed that we had already bidden farewell to the summer, and that bad weather might now be expected. The fields bore a forbidding aspect, and dark ominous clouds disclosed not so much as a speck of blue sky.

The afternoon, then, found us strolling towards the seters in quest of a fresh supply of milk and cream.

This time Marit made us a peculiar kind of porridge called velling. It was made with milk and barley-meal, and was very good, bearing some resemblance to Scotch porridge. Marit said that she had seen a reindeer swim across the lake during the forenoon, which showed that the badness of the weather had caused a disturbance among the deer. As we were looking out of the seter a long file of men and pack-horses appeared in the distance, slowly making towards the seters. Such a novel sight caused all eyes to be fixed upon the caravan. As they approached, the excitement became intense, and many were the speculations indulged in. At last, to our dismay, we made out that Blaker, the son of the proprietor of one of the Smaadal seters, rode at the head of the party. If only he should be coming to stay here, how shall we supply him with food and house-room!

Nothing could have exceeded our relief when, after a short conversation, Blaker turned his horse's head towards the lake, and the whole troop of attendants followed; soon we could see them fording the Sjø Elv, and in a short time they were lost in the distance, as they pursued their way to Christiania on matters of business. This would be our last visit to the seters, and so we settled accounts with Marit and Sigeri; then bidding a last farewell we returned to the shores of the Gjendin.

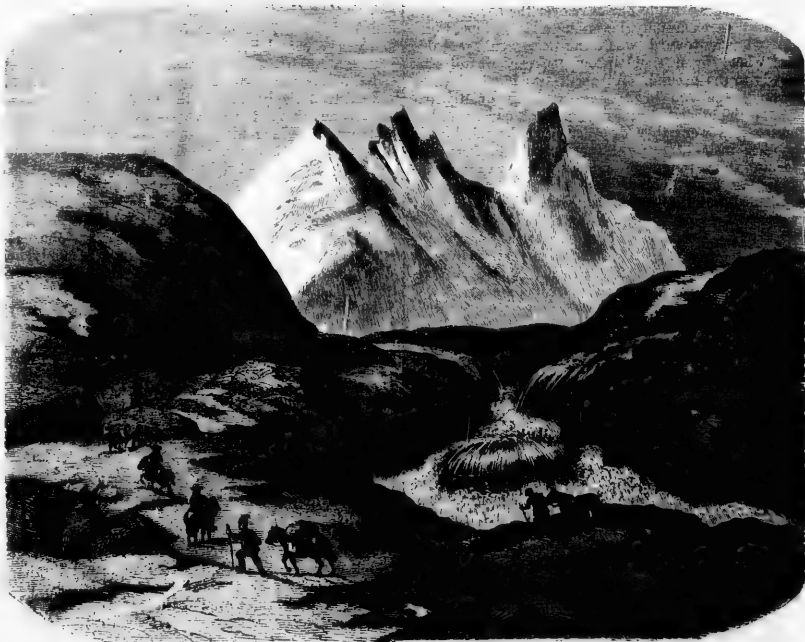
Much doubt as to the plans of the day were caused next morning by the unsettled state of the weather. But at last my companion, Peter, and I, set out for a valley, called Sikkildal, some miles to the east—a part of the country which we had not yet visited. Many willow-grouse rose before us as we wandered through the birch woods by the banks of the Sjø Elv, but, armed only with rifles, we left them in safety.

For a moment we were startled by the appearance of a herd of quadrupeds in the distance. As we drew nearer we found that they were ponies, which were wandering at large over the mountains. So tame were they that they allowed us to approach quite close, and even to pat them; by the brands we perceived that their owners lived at Lillehammer—a large town on the Christiania and Throndhjem road, and distant about sixty or seventy miles.

On reaching an eminence, a short distance beyond, we looked down upon the Sikkildal, winding far into the heart of the mountains. Thick fir woods clothed the steep sides, while a narrow lake wound a serpentine course along the vale. These woods were much frequented by bears, and in this very dale old Joh had waged successful warfare against them, and one evening had killed two large bears.

Unfortunately, driving storms of snow and hail rolled in quick succession over the mountains, debaring us from ascending to the more lofty fields. Long and anxiously did we watch the angry skies, hoping that the dense clouds might eventually pass away and give place to a clear sunshine. But no, the mists only grew thicker, and storm after storm swept the dreary fields. Returning home, therefore, we devoted ourselves to the more homely pursuits of fishing and willow-grouse shooting, much to the joy of Shot, who was always imprisoned in the hut when we were away after reindeer. Two brace and a half of willow-grouse having fallen to the gun, we were in no lack of food for a good supper.

The two others had not returned when we sat down to our willow grouse soup, and as evening drew on, and still they appeared not, we became rather anxious for their safety on account of the storminess of the weather. Ten o'clock came and still they had not yet returned; but, as we were in total ignorance of the direction they had taken, we were quite unable to be of any use to them; and consequently retired to rest, hoping that it might be the death of a reindeer which had detained them. At length, however, at eleven o'clock the door opened and they both entered the hut: the cause of their delay was readily explained when we learned that the provost's son had sprained his ankle very severely, so much so that it was only with great



HOR-UNGERNE MOUNTAINS.

difficulty that he had been able to drag himself home. They also had not met with any sport, having only seen a reindeer calf; but they had been more fortunate in the weather, which with them had been very tolerable. They were much surprised at the news of our intended departure on the morrow, a move which though contemplated for some time previously, had only been hastily determined upon.

During the night our medicinal resources were put to the test, for my friend was suddenly seized with violent spasms. Hot applications in the shape of iron plates heated by a fire hastily kindled, were resorted to, and fortunately with success; and a cup of cold

water was suggested as an additional restorative. Opening the door, I stole down to the river side; the night was beautifully still, and not a sound greeted my ears save the rush of the icy river as it hurried along over its rocky bed. Happily all went well after the draught of cold water, which was an immense relief to me; as, in a region so remote from all help, an illness would have been a very serious matter.

The sun was shining brightly when we rose next morning, and Peter and I at once commenced preparations for departure. I was now to bid my last farewell to my good friend, who, at so much inconvenience to himself, had altered his plans in order to



accompany me to the fields. Throughout the whole time that we had travelled together I had found him a most delightful companion, always cheerful and happy; and to his kindness I felt myself entirely indebted for this latter part of my tour, with which my most vivid and pleasant recollections are associated. It will not, therefore, be surprising that I should take leave of him with feelings of deep regret, especially as this was our final parting: for, while I was to remain on the mountains with Peter, he was to return to Lom, whence he intended to travel direct to Christiania, and thence to Germany.

To old Joh we owed a debt of gratitude for so kindly accommodating us in his hut; for this he refused to accept the smallest payment, but luckily we were able to make him a few trifling presents, such as a pound

or two of English gunpowder and a small telescope, all of which he appeared to value highly.

My horse we resolved to send back to Lom, it being my intention to make straight for the Christiania road whenever I should quit the mountains; and so I left my baggage to be conveyed, together with Shot, to the Ruslien seters, and there deposited to await my arrival. The way to our future quarters leading over most difficult ground, our equipment was very small, and consisted only of our knapsack well stocked with flad-brod, mys ost—a yellow goat's cheese—a piece of raw bacon, some sugar, coffee, and one or two bits of tallow candle. Besides this we each of us carried a rifle, and thus prepared we walked down to the river, over which old Joh ferried us in the little boat.

On reaching the summit we walked along over the



SIS FJORD.

rough stones, by the edge of a precipice overhanging the lake of Gjendin. Gradually the wedge of table-land, bounded to the south by the precipices of the Gjendin, and those of the Bes Vand to the north, contracted to a narrow point called Beseggen. Before us, as we stood at the angle of the wedge, the sharp side of it or eggen (the edge) dipped abruptly down, several hundred feet, till it reached a flat strip of grassy land; on either side a perpendicular precipice descended into the Gjendin Soen and Bes Vand respectively. To climb down the eggen, or edge, was the only means of attaining this grassy plot, from whence one could ascend to the rocks on the opposite side. The shoulder of rock was just sufficiently broken and inclined to render a descent practicable, and, slinging our rifles behind our backs, we began to clamber down the

eggen. A precipice yawned on either side of us, and in front it was but little less abrupt, so that a slip of the foot, or a loss of balance, must inevitably have precipitated us many hundred feet below. At last we stood on the narrow grassy isthmus—

"The landmark to the double tide,  
That purpling rolls on either side."

On the north side, and nearly at the same level, was stretched the calm expanse of Bes Vand, while on the north, a thousand feet below, the waters of Gjendin owned the stern boundary of rock. So narrow was the isthmus, and so perpendicular the precipice of the Gjendin, that standing midway on the grassy plot between the two lakes, one could throw a stone to either.

Curiously enough, there was not the trace of a channel through which the Bes Vand had at any time, however remote, poured its waters into the Gjendin—the outlet of the lake being four or five miles distant in the opposite direction. Here we sat down to our frugal meal of bread, cheese, and butter carried in the oval wooden boxes made for the purpose.

After a short delay we scrambled on up the rocks beyond, and presently reached a ridge overlooking a large sheltered hollow. To the left lay a small tarn, while to the right the massive Besho began to rear his giant form. Sitting down we scanned with eager eyes the ground before us, and presently caught sight of three reindeer upon a patch of grass between ourselves and the tarn. Outstretched upon the rocks we peered over the ridge at the noble animals, considering how we could approach them. The ground, in one almost uniform sweep, fell towards them, and the direction of the wind rendered it necessary that we should cross the bare track immediately before us, as the precipices of the Gjendin to our left, and the Besho to our right, prevented all possibility of making any circuit.

For about an hour we waited in hopes of the deer shifting their quarters; but, finding them motionless, we resolved to run the risk of detection and stalk at once. Emptying our pockets of everything which could rattle, we began to worm ourselves down the bare rocks. A very rough crawl, we for the most part stretched out quite flat, brought us to a large rock, which proved to be the limit of our advance. Here I found the full benefit of the native plan of wearing gloves on such occasions. By this time it was past five o'clock, and the deer were all standing up feeding. Suddenly the sharp crack of the rifles broke the dead silence, and the deer trotted gently off, for a moment making us fear that both our shots had missed. But they had not run more than a hundred yards when one of them dropped gracefully on its knees and rolled over on its side.

A hoarse croak from among the crags of Besho told us that we had not been the only witnesses of the reindeer's death, and presently a large raven was wheeling over our heads screaming and croaking with intense delight. Without delay Peter's tol-knife, the short sheath-knife worn by the peasants of Norway, was at work, and the beautiful, thick skin was quickly stripped from the deer. Seizing the animal by the legs I now drew it off the skin, remarking to Peter that it was a pity to allow it to be soiled by the blood. But this was contrary to the custom of reindeer-hunters, and Peter replaced the deer upon the skin; and when I insisted on its being otherwise, he exclaimed, as he looked round him with an air of bewilderment, "Where then shall we lay the deer?" "Upon the ground," was the simple answer: but the possibility of so doing never seemed to have occurred to Peter, and it was with great reluctance that he acceded to my wishes.

The head cut off and the deer severed in two across the loins, our next care was to seek a place where the venison might be conveniently buried beneath the rocks and stones. Fortunately an ure close by favoured the work, and the venison was soon deposited in a hollow formed by removing the large stones. It was then carefully covered over with a large pile of heavy stones, till scarcely a vestige of it could be discovered as we were sure that the wild animals would make an attempt to get at it.

The tongue was then taken from the head, and also the brains, at which Peter expressed great surprise,

adding that he would not eat brains for anything in the world. The skin was then tied in a roll to Peter's back, and the heart, tongue, &c., having been put into a pocket-handkerchief, for want of a better substitute, we started on the remaining part of our journey.

Before long we reached the brink of a precipitous cliff overlooking a deep valley, in the more open part of which, to our right, lay a long, narrow lake, by whose western shores stood the little hut where we were to pass the night. The steep side of the valley descended, a rough walk of about half an hour along the dale brought us to the lake. Then keeping the water on our right hand, we skirted the shore and clambered along the precipitous sides of a lofty mountain, which, for some distance, left only a narrow practicable path between it and the lake. It was almost dark when we reached a small torrent, which, falling with a loud roar from the rocks above, hastened to mingle its ice-fed waters with those of the lake. Forging the stream we stood in another minute at the door of a small stone hut.

So ensconced was it among the rocks of the hill-side that it was only a near approach that could detect its existence. Opening the little wooden door, the only woodwork about the exterior, and bending almost double as we crossed the threshold, we found ourselves in the interior of a diminutive room. Its appearance was not suggestive of comfort, but for that we cared little so long as there was a roof above us. The bare ground composed the floor of the cabin, which might measure about eight feet square. In one corner was the usual angular fire-place of rough stone, and along the wall opposite to the door stood a bench of three planks, resting upon stone supports; and this supplied the place of table, chair, and bedstead. An iron pot, a wooden bowl, and two large wooden spoons completed the arrangement.

It was already nearly dark, and there was not a moment to lose in collecting a supply of fire-wood; so, depositing the rifles and knapsack in the hut, we hastened out again. But we were above the limit even of birch-trees, and juniper and a few dwarf birches were the only shrubs to be met with. And even these grew not in luxuriant bushes, but, as though to shelter themselves from the piercing blasts of winter, they crept humbly along the ground, concealing their writhing stems along the stones and mosses. It was no easy matter therefore to find the juniper in the dark, and it was some time before sufficient fuel to last throughout the night had been collected.

It is most fortunate for the reindeer-hunter that juniper, the only wood on the mountains which burns when green, attains to a higher limit than any other shrub; simple as it may seem, however, it is requisite to know the right way of laying it on the fire in order to make it burn. The spines of the juniper grow upwards from the branch, and, though it seems to be the natural way to lay it upon the fire with the spines downwards, that they may catch the flame, juniper thus placed will only smoulder; but when laid as it grows, with the spines upwards, it bursts forth into a blaze.

A good fire having been kindled by means of some matches from my oblong brass box, we bethought ourselves of cooking some reindeer-meat for supper. But a great obstacle lay in our way: the iron pot was coated both inside and out with a thick layer of rust—what was to be done? Peter was ready at once, and, filling the pot with water, he hung it over the fire, and then

sat down, saying, very calmly, "By to-morrow morning it will be fit to use."

But the Norwegian peasants have a proverb that "an Englishman must have meat every day;" nor was I, after our long walk, inclined to belie this our national failing, and so I suggested that the pot should be scoured out with sand.

"No," said Peter, "by to-morrow morning it will be quite clean : we will leave it over the fire."

"Come, Peter, we can but try ; so bring the pot down to the lake, where possibly we may find some sand."

Peter was still very doubtful, but, after I had set the example, he worked away in good earnest. Presently his countenance brightened up—to his surprise the rust was already yielding—and soon, with great delight, he showed me that it was clean.

It was quite astonishing how I now rose in Peter's estimation, and he seemed to look upon me as quite a superior being : in fact this exploit with the rusty pot was an era in my field-life with Peter.

A few slices of reindeer's liver were soon frying in the pot, and we made an excellent supper of bread, butter, cheese, fried liver, and coffee. This concluded, we prepared for the night's rest, but the prospects of a comfortable sleep were very remote. A slight shower of rain, having fallen towards evening, had wetted the moss sufficiently to render it unavailable for the purposes of bedding.

Nothing remained but to take up our quarters upon the three planks. Peter taking one of these rested it on two stones, and lay down upon it with his feet against the hearth-stone. To me were left the other two planks, and, lying down on these, I covered myself with the fresh reindeer skin. In about a couple of hours I was awake by the cold, when I found that not only was the fire almost extinguished, but that the deer-skin was quite wet, the animal having fallen down in a small stream of water. Peter was quickly roused, and by our united efforts the fire was once more urged into a blaze ; and I then exchanged resting-places with Peter, and lay down on the single plank by the fire, but not without great apprehensions of suddenly rolling off upon the floor.

But our rest was not undisturbed ; for, as the fire grew low, the cold frosty air poured down the wide chimney and roused us from sleep. With what delight at last was hailed the mist of dawning day as it peered down the rude chimney ; and with what eagerness was it watched as, gradually increasing in brightness, it dimmed the red glare of the blazing juniper !

A more liberal use of the fuel was now allowed, and faggot after faggot was heaped upon the primitive hearth ; and, for the first time after the cold and tedious night, we began to feel a real glow of warmth diffuse itself throughout our chilly limbs.

## XII.

CROSS THE HOR-UNGERNE MOUNTAINS—CHURCH OF LOM—  
A PASTORAL ADDRESS—LAUR-GAARD AND ITS FAIR DAMSEL—  
MARRIAGE OF COLONEL STIGLITH AND HIS SCOTCH FOLLOW-  
ERS—VALD OF GUDTRANDDALEN—HIGHWAY FROM CHRIST-  
TANIA TO THRONDEJEM OR DRONTHEIM.

THE nights are so clear in summer time in the parallels between the Sogne-fiord and Throndejem, that it is possible to travel even over the most difficult roads. Unfortunately, upon the traverse we had now entered

upon, there were no roads and only tracks known to the guides. We found ourselves by sun-rise in the regions of perpetual snow, the lofty peaks of the Hor-Ungerne were gilded by the rising sun to the right, with the still more fantastic-looking pinnacles of the Skagstols Tind to the south. Close by a torrent of icy water precipitated itself into the valley beneath. The scenery from the summit of the pass was of the grandest Alpine character. According to Everest (*Everest's Norway*, p. 243), the peasants have a tradition that these Hor-Ungerne mountains were the offspring of an incestuous marriage, and therefore charged to stone. The name in the Norsk tongue indicates the misconduct of the mother. (See page 444.)

After four mortal hours of wandering over the table land of the Hor-Ungerne and of the Smørstablinder, by numerous lakes and tarns, and amongst rocks and snow, and where the predominant vegetation was reindeer moss, without any change save that presented by fording mountain torrents or crossing the same by picturesque bridges, with just width enough for the horses' feet and no balustrade, we were agreeably surprised on turning a hill to find a hospitable tent erected on the snow. This was a happy idea of one of the party, who had sent on guides in advance to have breakfast in readiness at the middle of the pass. The tent had been struck on a table land, known indeed as Mid fields, between two small mountain lakes, and in front of the Fomeranken, whose green and crevassed glaciers rival in beauty and magnitude the renowned Grindelvolden in Switzerland. The cold was so intense that it was impossible to hold a pencil in the fingers. Never did a glass of sherry appear so opportune as at that moment.

Reinvigorated by rest and refreshment, we descended into a narrow valley enclosed by dark walls, and at the bottom of which the Bøvra—green and cold as the glaciers it flowed from—rolled over its stony bed. It expanded below, however, in the lakes known as the Holduls-vand, where a little vegetation begins to make its appearance, and the olive green juniper mixes with the reddish hue of the dwarf willow. The road at the same time improved so much that we could get into a trot, which we kept up till six in the evening, when we arrived at Præst-sieker, a mountain dairy surrounded by pasturage, and dependant on the parish of Lom. Men and horses were alike harassed by seventeen hours' toil, and we on our part were only too well pleased to stretch ourselves upon the rustic beds of the establishment. The impression of human feet were coarsely carved in the planks at the foot of the bed, and Liva, our host's daughter, explained to us the meaning of those symbols. When a bride took possession of the nuptial bed, custom demanded that she should leave there the impression of her foot. This young girl had remarkably good features, and her pretty face was enveloped in a yellow kerchief according to the custom of the country. A delicious repast, consisting of fresh trout, roast rein-deer and hot spiced wine, lost nothing by being served up by her.

Next day we availed ourselves of the hospitality of the presbytery of Lom, where the king had slept the night previously, and where we likewise received a cordial welcome from the worthy pastor and his family. The prince had arrived at this point wearied and hungry with the long and arduous passage of the mountains, but he was not permitted to escape the infliction of an official address : the pastor claimed his

right to make a speech to regulate in the presence of his congregation.

"In my quality of pastor of this church," he said, addressing the hungry parsonage, "I return thanks to heaven for having permitted the inhabitants of my parish to contemplate the face of their sovereign. As a man, I am happy in seeing my king, and I thank the King of kings. As an old man, I call the blessings of God upon your august head; and, lastly, as presiding over the entertainment, I pray you, sire, to accept of what small things we have to offer."

The speech was neat and brief, but still the last sentence appeared, to the royal traveller, to be the most eloquent.

The church of Lom is a very remarkable structure, built of wood, like all the old Norwegian churches; it is in better keeping than the generality, and it is indebted to this to its worldly pastor, who is a member of the diet, and by his eloquence has won from that austere body the funds wherewith to keep it in order and good repair.

The remainder of the day was passed, partly in car-riole over high uplands, partly in boats on the Waage Vand, which we finally quitted to arrive at a late hour at Laugaard, a station on the River Laugen, near where it is joined by the Sæter Aa. The bridge at this place is said to be one thousand English feet above the sea, and the highest point passed on the next stage is about one thousand eight hundred, descending again, however, considerably to the church at Dovre, which is not more than one thousand five hundred.

The king had stopped at this point to examine, with engineers, some marsh lands in the neighbourhood, which it was sought to reclaim. A land slip had, upwards of a century ago, turned the Laugen from its bed, and been the cause of the loss of nearly three miles of valley and available pasturage. It was now a question of repairing the damage done. The village was full of country people, who had flocked in from all parts to see the king. The men had on caps like the Neapolitan fishermen, which did not harmonise with their coats, which were swallow-tailed, or, as the French would call it, *à l'Angloise*. The women wore tight-fitting wooden jackets, the origin of which has been cruelly traced back to the epoch when their ancestors divided among themselves the spoils of Sinclair and of his adventurous companions. They are endowed with good features, and light and well-made persons, with much natural grace and dignity of manners. This is, no doubt, what captivated a young Englishman, who had come to the Sogne-field, to shoot and fish, but who, while catching trout, had himself been caught by the charms of one of these fair peasants, and had married and settled at Laugaard, where he enjoyed perfect happiness. (For a sketch of a boy and girl of Laugaard, see p. 443.)

The valley of the Laugen narrows into a steep and difficult pass or defile at Kringelen, a little lower down than Laugaard, and in what is designated as Gudbrandsdalen. This was the scene of the massacre of Sinclair and his Scotch followers. In 1611, during the war between Christian IV. of Denmark and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, a body of Scotch troops had been raised for the service of Sweden. The Danes were, at that time, in possession of Copenhagen; and from Calmar, in the Baltic, to the North Cape, the whole coast was occupied by the subjects of Christian IV. The Scotch, therefore, descended on the bold plan of

landing in Norway, and fighting their way across it to Sweden. A portion landed at Thronhjelm, and the rest, nine hundred strong, commanded by Colonel George Sinclair, landed in Romsdalen, from whence they marched towards the valley, ravaging the country on their way. According to the traditions of the country, a peasant, secured by cords, was made to act as guide, but, arrived in the Gudbrandsdalen, he succeeded in effecting his escape, and alarmed the country. This is not likely, as far as the latter part is concerned; the country would soon have been alarmed, and it is more certain that they had time to collect in a small band of some three hundred men, and to select a pass which was most favourable for a conflict between a small number of men and a larger body. Tradition also adds, that a young woman, named Pillar-Guri, who was celebrated as a blower of cow-horns, or alpine cornets, as they have been poetically designated, was stationed at such a point that she could give a first signal when the column should enter the defile, and a second when it had all passed. Above, the ambush had been prepared, and huge quantities of rocks, stones, and even trees, had been collected in the mountain, and so placed that all could at once be launched upon the road beneath. The advanced guard was allowed to pass, the Scotch stopping only a moment to listen to the deep and sinister sound of the horn, but the bag-pipes were ordered to strike up and drown all such untimely signals. When, however, they arrived beneath the awful avalanche prepared for them, it was sent adrift from above, and the majority of the Scotch were crushed to death or swept into the river and drowned; the peasants then rushed down upon the wounded and the stragglers, and despatched them. Of the whole force only two of the Scotch are said to have survived. But accounts differ much upon this point; one being that sixty prisoners were taken and afterwards slaughtered in cold blood. Another is to the effect that Sinclair's wife, who accompanied him on his hazardous expedition, was spared by the avalanche, but her child was mortally wounded, and that while she was wiping off the blood she fell, with one hundred and thirty-four Scotch, into the hands of the pitiless peasants. Tradition also relates that, excited by their success, and still more so by the libations with which they celebrated it, they obliged the unfortunate widow to dance with each of her conquerors until she fell dead. As to the other prisoners, they were made targets of, with the exception of eighteen, who were sent to the King of Denmark. Laing, in his *Norway*, relates as follows: Sinclair's lady is said to have accompanied him, and it is added that a youth who meant to join the peasants in the attack was prevented by a young lady, to whom he was to be married the next day. She, on hearing that one of her own sex was with the Scotch, sent her lover to her protection; Mrs. Sinclair, mistaking his object, shot him dead. The date of this massacre was the 24th August 1612.

It is said that some arms and other trophies taken by the peasantry from the Scotch are preserved in a house near the place of slaughter. A small post with an inscription, but others say a stone, is also said to mark the exact spot where Colonel Sinclair fell. His body was buried without the precincts of the cemetery

We saw a stone, says Professor James Forbes, marking the spot where Sinclair fell, and some not uninteresting relics of the fight, in a neighbouring cottage.

of Kram, the peasants having refused to grant him a Christian burial, and on his tomb is said to be inscribed, "Here lies Colonel Sinclair, who fell at Kringless in 1612, with nine hundred Scotchmen, who were smashed like so many earthen vessels by three hundred Norwegian peasants, commanded by Berdon Segelstad, of Ringboe."

The rest of the Scotch, with some Dutch, were completely successful in their object. They were commanded by Colonel Monnichofen, landed north of Thronhjelm, marched upon Stockholm, which they aided in relieving from the Danish forces most opportunely, and enabled the Swedish monarch soon afterwards to conclude advantageous terms of peace. — *Geyer's Histoire de Suède.*

The river Laagen flows into the Miosen lake, and all tourists, from Dr. Clarke to Barrow, have agreed that the banks of this lake and its feeding river, for a distance of 170 English miles from Tofte in Gudbrandsdalen, afford a series of the finest landscapes in the world, and that it is doubtful whether any other river can show such a constant succession of beautiful scenery.

Nothing indeed can exceed the grandeur of the forest-clad mountains which enclose the rich and charming valley of Gudbrandsdal, through which the river winds its impetuous course. This latter wondrously beautiful valley, to which so sad an interest attaches itself, commences at Lillehammer, and extends up to the foot of the Dovre field, about 186 English miles. The high road from Christiansa to Thronhjelm follows this line of country. First by rail to Eidsvold, thence by steamer over the beautiful Lake Miosen to Lillehammer, through Gudbrandsdal, and over the Dovre field. When we get up as high as the Gudbrandsdalen, the valley becomes more narrow and winding, with towering mountains on either side, cultivated on the lower slopes, and generally covered with pine forests in the upper parts. Here and there the valley widens for a short distance, but no where to a greater extent than six or seven English miles. Beyond this we have the snow-clad table lands, the glacier pressed ravines, and the stern rocky pinnacles of the Dovre field tenanted by reindeer, bears, foxes, and wolves.



BOY AND GIRL OF LAURGAARD.

## XIII.

ACROSS THE DOVRE FIELD—ASCENTS OF SNEESHETTAN—STATION AT TOFTE—JERKIND—CRATER AND LAKE—VEGETATION—GIANTIC BLOCKS OF ROCK—PANORAMA OF THE MOUNTAINS OF SCANDINAVIA.

BEYOND Laurgaard the road is very hilly, as usual, plain being in Norway the exception, hill the rule;

VOL. II.

the scenery is, as a recompense, grand in the extreme, and keeps increasing in wildness. The loftiest mountains—those of the Haalangen field—lie to the west. In one part the road is carried over the shoulder of a mountain, called Rusten, at a great height above the level of the river, which foams through a narrow rocky gorge to the right. As we approached the village of Dovre, with its pretty church, numbers of small farms showed themselves up the sides of the mountains, and below vast forests of pine. Leaving Dovre to the right, and keeping along the banks of the upper Laagen, and gradually ascending, we arrived at Tofte-moen, so called from its proprietor, Mr. Tofte, who, albeit reputed very wealthy, does not disdain to follow the plough, and professing extreme democratic ideas, claims at the same time descent in a direct line from King Harald Haarfager. These contradictions in the same person may be met with, however, without travelling to such remote places as the acclivities of the Dovre field. Mr. Tofte had a weakness for horses, and exhibited a little well-built animal of a coffee colour, with the usual long black mark from mane to tail, and which he said had won the last race; but one of the guides had the cruelty to insinuate that it had only one opponent, and that Mr. Tofte had been so liberal as to volunteer to drive the latter—not a bad hint to pony racers. The limit of Scotch fir in the Dovre field is about 2,870 English feet above the sea; birch ceases about 400 feet higher. The stations are now viewed as Fieldstuen (mountain lodgings), and as such, are rent and tax free.

To the north-east is the so-called station of Jerkind, greatly renowned among travellers as a comfortable residence for shooting, or a starting point from whence to ascend the Sneeshettan. The master is a large farmer, breeds horses extensively, and is quite a genius. The rooms are decorated with his paintings, and his carvings in reindeer horn and wood are said to be admirable. Whether for grand scenery, sporting, or comfort, this is universally pronounced to be one of the most tempting places in all Norway, at which to linger at least for a few days. A man named Per lives in the vicinity, who acts as guide to sportsmen, or on the ascent of the Sneeshettan. In the Dovre field, it is to be remarked, elk are met with as well as reindeer, but they are rare. Ptarmigan are plentiful.

Sneeshettan may be ascended in an easy day from Jerkind; it is three or four hours riding to the base of the mountain, and from thence about an hour and a half's walking to the top, most of it over that peculiar kind of snow-ice which is met with on the highest summits of snow-mountains. Sneeshettan forms the

N.W. extremity of one of those ridges of high snow mountains which rise out of the great table land of moor which separates the east and west declivities of the Scandinavian mountains. It rises much above the snow-line, and contains true glaciers. The mountain itself is very picturesque: at the foot lies a little lake, backed by glaciers, and those again by black precipices, rising above them in the form of an amphitheatre. It is a remarkable instance how much more the height of the snow-line depends upon the accidents of situation and atmosphere than upon latitude, that the table land about Jerkind, which in summer is entirely free from snow, rises to a height as great or greater than those mountains near Bergen, which in a much warmer climate, and a degree and a half farther south, contain glaciers reaching down almost to the sea level.

On the summit of Sneehettan there is a kind of crater, which is broken on the north side, and surrounded on the others by perpendicular masses of black rock, rising out of, and high above, beds of snow that envelope their bases. The interior side of the crater, at the time when it was visited by Sir Thomas Acland, descended in one vast sheet of snow to the bottom, where an icy lake closed the view at a depth of 1,500 feet from the highest ridge. Almost at the top, and close to the snow, were some very delicate and beautiful flowers, of the *Ranunculus glacialis*, in their highest bloom, nor were they the only vegetation; mosses, lichens, and a variety of small herbaceous plants, grow in the same neighbourhood; and lower down, dwarf birch, and a species of osier (dwarf willow?), formed a pretty kind of thicket. The tracks of the reindeer appeared on the very topmost snow. Mr. Laing says, "The most extraordinary feature of this mountain tract is that the surface of the Fell and of Sneehettan to its summit is covered with, or more properly is composed of, rounded masses of gneiss and granite, from the size of a man's head to that of the hull of a ship. These loose rolled masses are covered with soil in some places; in others they are bare, just as they were left by the torrents, which must have rounded them and deposited them in this region." The lamellar decomposition of gneiss and granite in spheroidal masses is, however, a circumstance well known to geologists. Professor James Forbes decided this point, for he says that the blocks on Sneehettan are evidently *in situ*.

Professor Forbes approached the Dovre field by the great road from Christiania, and his account of the field and of his ascent of the Sneehettan is the most detailed that has hitherto been published. He introduces his remarks by some general observations of high interest upon the scarcity of villages in Norway.

With the exception of Lillehammer on the Miosen lake, nothing like a village has been passed since we left Christiania; yet Gudbrandsdal is one of the most populous and fertile districts in Norway. It is a singular peculiarity of the country that villages are almost unknown, at least if we except the west coast, where there is a slightly greater tendency to concentration. When we look at Munch's excellent map, and see it crowded with names, we fancy that the country must be populous. But these spots so named are single houses, or at most two or three nearly connected, where as many families reside, which constitute a gaard (pronounced gore), usually occupied by a peasant-proprietor who, at least, in the remoter dis-

tricts, takes his name from the gaard which he possesses or where he resides, as is common in the Scottish Highlands. This dissemination of houses, this absence of villages—an index in some degree of the peculiar political condition of the country and the universality of landownership—is one of the most singular features of Norway. It gives at first a dreary interminable aspect to a journey, like that of a book unrelieved by the customary subdivision into chapters, where we are at least invited to halt, though we are at liberty to proceed. Another feature is the paucity of churches in most places, although again in others they seem crowded in needless profusion; the last is a very rare exception, but I recollect on the way from Bergen to Christiania passing four in a single stage. I think we did not see as many in the whole journey by land from the Miosen to the Dovre field. They are almost invariably of the homeliest description, trees seem rarely to be purposely planted near them, and what is stranger still, they are usually quite isolated, or with only the *Præstegaard* or parsonage in the neighbourhood. In almost every other European country, the habitations, as a matter of course, cluster round the parish church. The absence of this natural and pleasing combination is another peculiarity of social manners in Norway, and in striking contrast with Switzerland, where the village and the village spire offer a continual landmark to the traveller in all the more populous valleys.

The station-house at Tofte is an excellent specimen of the best class of Norwegian country inns. It resembles closely the houses of entertainment kept by the Swiss peasants of a superior class at a distance from the great roads. Here, as there, there is also something of aristocratic pretension on the part of the peasant-proprietors. As we find in the Valais ancestral portraits of six or eight generations, so in the inn at Tofte we saw several handsome pieces of furniture and other heirlooms, and we learned that our host claims a descent from Harald Haarfager, one of the ancient petty kings of Norway. As an instance of the simplicity of communication, I may mention that at this principal inn, on the most travelled road in Norway, I found it impossible to post a letter for Christiania, although a well-appointed and rapid post-conveyance passes each way twice a week. I was told that at the next station, Lie, it might be done; but I was there again at fault, and had to send a special messenger to some third station with my letter, at double or three times the expense of the whole postage to Christiania!

At Tofte we slept on the third night of our journey, the two first having been passed respectively in the steamboats on the lakes of Miosen and Loma. We spent the morning at Tofte, our carriages already requiring some repairs, and the day's journey to Jerkind being short. From Lie, the ascent of the Dovre-field begins in good earnest, but we had so gradually attained a height of above 2000 feet, that the ascent disappointed me. The valley of Lessee, which we here quit, continues a tolerably level course towards the north-west, and is traversed by the high road to Molde, through Romsdal. The Lessee Vand, a lake at the summit level, is only 2000 feet above the sea, and is remarkable in this respect, that a stream issues from each end of it, the one communicating with the waters of Gudbrandsdal, the other with the North Sea at Molde. And such seems also to be the case with the



Otta Elve, the other great branch of the Laagen, already referred to, which receives water from the Brieddals vand, from which a stream likewise runs into the Stor-fjord, on the west coast. On the whole, the Lemsedal, above Tofte, is the most remarkable indentation in a mountain range to be observed anywhere in Norway. It affords a direct and easy communication from the heart of the peninsula to the North Sea, eluding, as it were, the lofty mountains which it divides—surrounded in all directions with perpetual snows, yet not itself rising to the upper limit of the pine. At Tofte we parted with regret with a young Norwegian on his way to Molde, through Romsdal, who speaks English, and whom we met on board the steamer. With the customary politeness of his countrymen, he assisted us in making out our forbad papers thus far, and in making all arrangements on the journey. On board the same steamer I was addressed by a gentleman from the west of Norway, entirely unknown to me, who, after some conversation, invited me to visit him there, and gave me useful local information. I afterwards experienced the full benefit of his hospitality.

As we ascended the Dovre field to Fogstuen, we were interested in observing the well-defined limits of growth, first of the spruce, then of the pine, and finally of the birch. The hills here are very generally wooded up to the height where these several trees can grow. At the limit of the Scotch fir, the aneroid barometer belonging to one of my companions stood at 27.11—the temperature of the air was at 53°. This may correspond to about 2870 English feet above the sea. I estimated that the common birch reached a height 400 feet greater. We touched granite *in situ* before reaching Fogstuen, which, however, occupies but a limited space. The view of the Dovre field, or plateau, is dreary enough from hence, even in fine weather; in winter or during storms it must be wild indeed. It is a table-land of an average height of 3,000 feet, or rather more, above the sea, from which rise mountains, attaining, in the case of Sneehettan, and possibly one or two others, an elevation of above 7,000 feet; but the greater part are far inferior to this, and of such rounded forms, and spread over such wide surfaces, as to produce less picturesque effect than any mountain chain of the same magnitude with which I am acquainted. Even Sneehettan is not a commanding object, and the table-land rises so gradually to the level of its immediate base, that the eye is singularly deceived as to its real distance, and consequently its real elevation, both of which are greatly underrated. The facility with which the Dovre field is gained would alone diminish its effect, if it had any; but, being entirely devoid of the character of a barrier, and consisting of undulating surfaces of hundreds of miles in extent, and rarely attaining the snow line, it has a character of mediocrity which must disappoint almost every traveller.

The drive from Fogstuen (a single farm-house) to Jerkind is nearly level, over the table-land of the Dovre field. It resembles the moorland scenery of some extensive wastes in the Highlands of Scotland. The inequalities of the surface are filled with swamps and wild tarns; the drier spots are interspersed with stunted brushwood. One lake of moderate size is skirted by the road for a considerable distance: it has almost a picturesque character, from an occasional cliff of overhanging rock, which is here hornblende slate or gneiss, with occasional birch. The level grounds

are nearly covered by rocky debris, but I did not observe angular blocks of any unusual size; tameness of outline is the only characteristic. After passing two lakes, whose waters run eastwards into the Glommen—the greatest river in Norway—the road rather descends for a considerable distance. At length the station of Jerkind comes in sight, towards which the road rises rapidly. Here better pasture appears, and the surface assumes a greener and less inhospitable appearance. The station is, however, in a very exposed position on the last ascent of the Dovre field, and at a height not inferior to that of Fogstuen, or at about 3,100 English feet above the sea. It is a substantial farm-house, with appendages, and has long been possessed by persons of substance. In order to accommodate travellers, who very frequently pass the night here, a separate building has been erected on the opposite side of the road for their occupancy. There are not, however, more than five beds, and we found the management of the house less good than we expected from the high character it has usually borne. I am afraid something is to be attributed here, as elsewhere, to the recent influx of English visitors, who usually pass the night at Jerkind, and sometimes remain for a time in pursuit of game. We preferred, in this respect, some of the inns on the road less known, and offering homelier accommodation. Nor can I let this opportunity pass of expressing strongly a hope, felt by all, I believe, who have travelled in Norway, that our countrymen will take a lesson from the effects visible on the continental thoroughfares, of too frequent instances of English selfishness, arrogance, and belief in the unlimited powers of gold; and that they will display, in this comparatively new country, a degree of considerate moderation in their expectations and their actions which may preserve to Great Britain the prestige of attachment and regard commonly found amongst all ranks of this free, intelligent, and fine-hearted people.

We prepared for the ascent of Sneehettan on the following day, which was the 4th July.

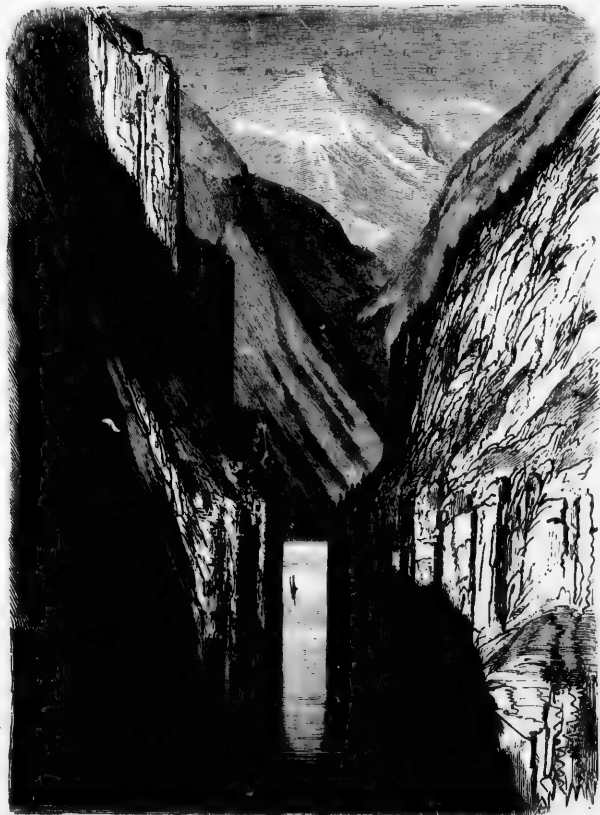
The distance of the base of Sneehettan from Jerkind is reckoned at two Norwegian, or fourteen English miles. The country traversed is characteristic of the Norwegian fields—nearly trackless; the traveller, or, rather, his sagacious pony, must explore his way through swamp and heather—amongst holes and accumulations of loose stones, most dangerous for a horse—across rapid streams, nearly ice-cold; and, worst of all, over numerous and wide patches of still unmelted snow, treacherous even for the foot of man, and in which our ponies floundered up to the saddles. There was little of picturesque interest to redeem the toil of this scramble of four hours' duration. Sneehettan itself was the only object at all remarkable in outline, and it rose before us in a manner so gradual, that it seemed as if we should never reach it.

The changing aspect of the scanty vegetation of this wilderness was the chief evidence that we were really ascending. Soon after leaving Jerkind, the common or white birch is left behind; then willows, more or less stunted, succeed, with juniper. Both these plants cease together, and the creeping dwarf birch, a very pretty spreading undergrowth scarcely six inches high, with reindeer moss, are nearly the only generally-spread plants; but we saw the *ramunculus glacialis* in flower. At length, even these scanty traces of life almost disappeared, and tracks of loose shingle,

freshly uncovered by snow, and steeped in cold moisture, afforded a slippery and uncertain footing to the weary horses. The beds of snow having become so frequent as nearly to cover the plain, we left our horses in charge of a boy on a space covered with slaty debris, and trickling with melting snow, affording a most comfortless bivouac. The level here appeared by the aneroid barometer to be about 1,900 English feet above Jerkind, or almost exactly 5,000 above the sea.

It gives a correct idea of the flatness of the field, that we had only crept up these 1,900 feet in the course of a ride, probably not overrated at fourteen miles.

We proceeded on foot with our elder guide to the ascent of the mountain, which rises with sudden steepness from near the point where we left our horses. At this still early period of summer it was covered with snow, except where the winds had drifted it from the blocks of mica slate which strew its slopes. It was



FIORD OF GUDVANGEN.

now noon, and the heat of the sun (though not very great), had softened the snow, through which we struggled with great fatigue, often sinking quite to the waist, until we gained the firmer slopes. The ascent was both disagreeable and dangerous, the foot sinking at every step amongst the interstices of the blocks already mentioned, threatening dislocation or broken bones. After a tedious and fatiguing scramble, we gained harder footing as we approached the summit, where the walk-

ing was comparatively easy; but the wind, from which we had been sheltered by the mountain during the ascent, blew chilly in our faces, and rendered it impossible to remain for any time exposed to it when we reached the top, which was about three o'clock. We then saw clearly that the form of the mountain is a ridge running nearly east and west, precipitously broken towards the south, and sloping steeply in other directions. The chasm on the south has been compared to

a crater—the mountain ridge bending partly round it like the cliffs of Monte Somma, with which in steepness it may compare; whilst the elevation is much greater. It has been stated that a lake exists in the hollow, but at this time it was no doubt frozen, and concealed by beds of snow; and, according to M. Durocher, a small glacier is lodged under the cliffs of Sneehettan. This also was, of course, concealed by the abundance of the remaining snow. The ridge itself is wildly serrated, and, like the entire mountain, is composed of a rather friable mica slate. The part on which we stood was a cone of pure snow, cleft vertically on the side of the precipice; one point a little to the westward appeared to be a few feet higher, and to this one of our party proceeded, by making a considerable circuit, whilst I vainly attempted to inflame a spirit of wine furnace for taking the temperature of boiling water, for the wind blew rather strongly from the west, and felt bitterly cold—the temperature being 34°. The aneroid barometer stood at 22.53 inches. The cold compelled us soon to quit our position, but not until we had carefully surveyed the panorama of mountains, which for the most part were fortunately still clear, although the gathering clouds towards the north betokened a change of weather, which soon followed.

Sneehettan, for a very long period considered to be the highest mountain in Norway, attains, according to the best observations, a height of about 7,400 Rhenish or 7,620 English feet above the sea. Our observations give a height of 2,600 English feet above the station at the foot, or 4,500 above Jerkind, and 7,600 above the sea; a remarkable coincidence, considering the somewhat unfavourable circumstances in which the observations were made, and that the thermometric correction of the instrument itself is not taken into account. It was first ascended in the last years of the eighteenth century by Professor Esmark, who estimated its height about 500 feet too great. Not many years after, it was ascended by Sir Thomas Acland. Though exceeded by a few hundred feet by the Store Galdhopiggen, belonging to the Ymes field, in the direction of the Sogne fiord, the difference is not sufficient to give a commanding appearance to that range. Some of the forms are, however, picturesque, especially the striking summits of the Rundane or Rondene mountains, to the south-east, which approach 7,000 feet, and the extensive snow-fields, to the south, connected with the mountains of Lom and the Ymes-field. I believe that I saw distinctly the Store Galdhopiggen, and the Glitterind, although the great distance, and the number of other ranges not much its inferior in height, diminish greatly the picturesque effect. Of course, from this elevation the plateau of the Dovre field is seen in all its vastness and desolation. As we are unable to see to the bottom of any of the valleys, the eye can only range from its level to that of the summits beyond. This again contributes to lessen the apparent height of the mountains. The ridge to which Sneehettan belongs runs east and west for a considerable extent. It is well seen from Fogstuen as has been stated, and the impression I then had, that the mountain immediately to the westward, called Skreahog, is little inferior in height to Sneehettan, is confirmed by what I find in Naumann's Journal—that geologist having partially explored the almost untrodden wilderness in that direction, where the level of the table-land of Dovre is higher than in any other part, and several summits belonging to the same chain are, in the estimation of

that writer, not more than 500 or 600 feet lower than Sneehettan.

## XIV.

VALLEY OF ROMSDAL—THE STOR FIORD—LEGEND OF THE WITCH FRANK—SIS FIORD—TOWN OF MOLDE—EIDER-DOWN ISLANDS—CHRISTIANSTAD—OUR PHOTOGRAPHS IN TROUBLE AGAIN—A FAT MUNICIPAL.

THE scenery presented by the magnificent valley of Romsdal, which leads to the fiord of the same name, having upon it the town of Molde, to the west of the Dovre field, is admittedly amongst the grandest and most picturesque of any in Norway. The valley of Romsdal, one of the most picturesque in the world, distinguishes itself from all others that I am acquainted with by the number of its cascades and the abundance of their overflow, by the greenness of its sward, by the transparent colour of the river that flows along its base, the Rom, and which is said to have its origin in the Lessee vand, which supplies the Guldbrandsdal, or Laagen, at the other end, a rare phenomenon in hydrography; and, lastly, by the bold outline of its mountains.<sup>1</sup>

The latter are indeed most remarkable for their fine outline, and the whole route affords subjects of the best description for the landscape painter. The tributary streams, falling into the Rom, are very numerous, and their falls and cascades are highly picturesque. In this land of waterfalls, those in Romsdalen rank among the first for number and beauty, although none of them are of any great height. The river itself abounds in excellent trout and salmon, and the shooting is described as good. Reindeer and bears are found in the mountains, and red deer in the islands off the coast; hares, winged game, and water-fowl are also abundant. Before coming to the station of Nystuen, a horse-path on the left leads to Stor fiord on the road to Aalesund. The scenery of the snow-clad range of the Lang field mountains upon the Stor fiord is but little known; what is known of it, however, attests to its being of the grandest description. The outline of the mountains is more picturesque than in most other parts of Norway, and full of variety; and the Stor fiord, and its numerous tributary streams, possess equal attractions for the sportsman and the angler. At Nystuen, the range of the Broste field begins in their left, and from hence the road rapidly descends; the scenery increasing in grandeur and picturesque outline, and the Rom still foaming along its rocky bed, close on the left all the way. Ormen, the next station, presents excellent quarters for salmon fishing, the river making a picturesque fall, beyond which the salmon cannot pass.

From Ormen to Fladmark the valley is delicious with freshness, the banks of the Rom are fertile and well cultivated, the mountains are still replete with grandeur, and to the right is the lofty-curved peak of the Romsdals-horn, which owes its name to its peculiar form: a horn, spotted with snow, that rises up

<sup>1</sup> Notwithstanding Professor Forbes's authority, which is backed by Jorsell's and other maps, there seems to be some doubt upon this point. It appears in Keilhan's *Amte Karter*, that there are in reality three small lakes, all called *Lejle*, or *Lessee*, and that the *Lejlevoerke*, or *Lejle Jernvoerke Vand*, from whence the Rom has its origin, is at an elevation of 3,078 feet above the sea, 541 feet lower than the *Lejle*, or *Lessee*, Vand, from which the *Laagen* flows.

almost to the heavens, and serves as a landmark far off in the North Sea. The *Handbook* says 2,188 feet high; M. de Saint Blaise says 1,300 metres, that is about 4,000 English feet above the valley alone. To the left are the peaks of Troid-tinderne, or Witch peaks, that rise up like a crenelated wall, at the crest of which stand so many regal statues. The legend is, that these fantastic rocks are so many evil beings, who, wishing to prevent Saint Olaf penetrating into the valley to convert the inhabitants to Christianity, they were turned into stone by the pious monarch. This secluded vale was indeed, at one time, quite an Olympus to the Scandinavian deities, and they continued to hold their ground here a long time after the glad tidings of the gospel had been disseminated over the more southerly regions.

At length the glorious Rom falls into the Sis fiord, a branch of the Romsdal fiord, at a place with the uncouth name of Veblungneset, but which is a capital place for head-quarters while fishing, shooting, or sketching up this splendid stream and valley, and which end at this point. Three bears were killed in one day by a farmer near this in June, 1847. Near here is also the farm where Colonel Sinclair landed with his regiment, previous to their destruction by the artificial avalanche of the Guldbrandsdalen.

A vast mass of peaks, horns, teeth and glaciers, of the most varied and contrasted forms, seem to hem in the Romsdal fiord. Some of these mountains rise perpendicularly from the level of the sea, up to the region of perpetual snow. We know of few other scenes that will compare with this fantastic horizon, which seems as if cut out with hatchets by an army of Titans. A sketch taken of Sis fiord, at the head of the gulf, and from the station of Veblungneset, will give some idea of the boldness of the scenery (*See p. 446*).

We took boat upon this splendid gulf for Molde, and arrived at that town the same afternoon. We found it to consist of one long, straggling street, extending along the shore of the fiord, just as Kirkcaldy does along a bay of the Firth of Forth. There are, however, several handsome villas in the neighbourhood, and the environs are with justice considered among the most picturesque and beautiful in Norway. Everest, speaking of this place, remarks that it commands a view of the snowy Alps that line the whole of its south side, and are the north-west boundary of the Dovre field. I do not remember such a long-extended range of peaks and pinnacles and shattered ridges, except, perhaps, in the Lofodens. And here one rank peeps out from behind another, until they are lost in the distance, and as they mix with the white clouds, we fancy them like hanging cities or castles in the air. Among them Romsdals-horn appears conspicuous.

The little trade which exists at Molde is, as usual, chiefly confined to fish. The steamers call here regularly every week, in passing up and down the coast, and we were thus enabled to proceed by sea, hence to Christiansund. The islands in this short passage were remarkable for abounding in Elder-duck, which is found all along this coast. The habits of this bird are singular. The nest is made on the ground, composed of marine plants, and lined with down of exquisite fineness, which the female plucks from her own body. The eggs are usually four, of a pale olive-green. They allow their nests to be robbed of the eggs and down three times; after that, if further molested, the birds

desert the place. So avaricious of progeny is this duck, that, when plundered of her own, she will sometimes steal the eggs and young of others. When the female has stripped herself of all her down, the male comes in aid—his is white. In the Storching of 1847, a law was passed for the protection of game, wild-fowl, &c., and since then the islands along the coast frequented by these ducks have become a valuable property. Each nest, during the breeding, produces about half a pound of down, but which, when picked and cleaned, is reduced to a quarter. So firm and elastic is this beautiful down, that the same quantity which can be compressed between the two hands will serve to stuff a quilt or coverlet, and, whilst its weight is scarcely perceptible, it has more warmth than the finest blanket.

A short journey, unluckily accompanied by a good deal of rain, took us to Christiansund, a town built upon three islands, and which forms almost a circle round its beautiful land-locked harbour. In entering from the sea not a vestige of a house was to be seen until the narrow passage between the islands was turned, when the town, somewhat irregularly disposed, opens at once as if by magic.

The three islands are named Kirkeland, Nordland, and Inland, and so irregular is the ground upon them, that scarcely any two houses stand exactly on the same level. They are all of wood, and, as usual, covered with red ochre. The population is about 4,000. The trade of the town is fast rising in importance. It consists chiefly of stock-fish exported to Spain and Italy. It is curious that Norway is a protestant country, yet, what would it do if it were not for the fasts decreed by the Roman Catholic Church? It is to be feared that a general conversion to Protestantism, and to disregard of fish diet, would leave the whole length of the coast of Norway without business.

A French tourist declares, however, that the Andalusian sailors are as much attracted here by the black eyes and neat figures of the Christiansund girls as by the stock-fish. Considering the proverbial beauty of the swarthy maids of the long valley of the Guadalquivir, it is hardly likely that the taste of its mariners should be more in favour of the paler flowers of the north. Our artist busied himself in obtaining likenesses, but we regret that, what between the tricks common to the apparatus, or to some other cause, the portraits we have to present at page 461, of two girls of Christiansund, are not only not flattering, but by no means do them justice. Their head-dress consists of a black or violet coloured cap, covered by a red shawl or kerchief. M. Thom, the photographer, got into his customary difficulties here. After having landed with his apparatus, we explored the different streets, and ascended the hills of the town, and after a long and weary hour's perambulation, we found one that dominated town and port. The situation was, indeed, excellent, and all that was wanting was a house adapted for our purposes. This was not such an easy matter to find, for the population had gone in a mass to welcome their monarch, and all the doors were closed. At length we found a fisherman's hut with the door open. Penetrating into the interior, we found the wife in bed with a newly-born infant. The admirable simplicity and infinite confidence of the north manifested itself, however, on this as in other instances, by the most kindly reception. Whilst M. Thom was making his arrangements, we amused the lady of the

house with an account of the enthusiasm with which the young monarch had been received. This so excited her Norwegian blood, that she determined upon getting up and going to see the scene herself, leaving us masters of the house. I, on my part, took a stroll in the neighbourhood. M. Thom, in the meantime, drew the curtains of the now vacant bed, and closing the shutters got up an efficient dark chamber. Just at that moment, as misfortune would have it, the husband came back, and seeing everything thus dark and closed up, he began to conceive the most dreadful apprehensions regarding his wife, who he had not left well, and who he now fancied must be dead. Hastening with tremulous steps to the door, he was met by a blast of collocation that at once convinced him that his worst fears were but too true. Stepping forward, however, he found himself in presence only of the photographer, who not a little embarrassed by his presence, and but slightly conversant with the language of the country, exhausted himself in efforts to make the real condition of things understood. This was not an easy matter, for without any intention on the parts of any one of the actors in this little *quid pro quo*, the position of all had become as equivocal as in the most ingenious drama of the Scribe school. At length, having joined the clamorous fisherman and agitated artist, and helped to explain away matters, and being luckily not in a country where we should have been marched off by a gendarme and charged with felony for half as much, the honest Norse fisherman recovered himself, his wife returned, sat for her portrait and that of her child, and we parted such excellent friends that the hardy sailor insisted upon presenting the artist with a box of matches, so that he might not be caught in the dark another time!

The city of Christiansund presented a banquet to the king which was held at the house of one of the municipals, who did the greatest honour to the body. It is a perfect mistake to imagine that the great men of the city of London monopolise all the good things of the world to themselves, or, at all events, the results popularly supposed to accrue from indulgence in the same. Never, before or since, have we seen a person of such dimensions. Chest, shoulders, and abdomen were rolled into one common ball; but, as is often to be observed in persons similarly circumstanced, his fine and intelligent head rose above his body, as a thing set apart from it—like the well-known mandarin toys. There are upon this, as upon many other matters, extremes of opinion entertained which want correcting. Obesity may be both hereditary and constitutional, as is well-known in some of our noble families. In neither case may it affect the intelligence of the individual. Again, obesity may be the result of gormandising, and the result may be—a pig. But then, again, obesity, coming in the train of a happy, generous, and intellectual turn of mind, may arise also from the combination of the very happiest qualities, tempered off by participation in the amenities of social life. When we see obesity in such a person, we feel inclined to say that what he has taken has done him good, which cannot always be said of the envious and ascetic tribes, who may yet, in their time have partaken of the good things of the world quite as much as the fat man. Public opinion, which is almost unerringly in the right, does justice in these matters. Our great national bard has, in that instance, corroborated the opinion of the public. It is not because a man is fat

that he must necessarily be a pig. It is not necessarily because a man is thin that he must be a wise-acre. But if a thin man eats and drinks like a fat man, we should, with Shakspeare, say to the latter that he is too thin for us.

The avenue of the spot where the banquet was given was adorned with flags, garlands, and pretty women, and we read the following device of the good citizens of Christiansund: "Fidelity, strong as the rock upon which we build our houses."

Royal movements are proverbially rapid. It seems as if they feared that the brilliancy of the thing would be dimmed by being prolonged. People might even weary of fireworks that were carried on from night to morning. Then, again, royalty may have a feeling that a prolonged stay may only entail increased expense. When will royalty find itself at home with the people? We have had, in our own times, the example of a citizen king on the other side of the Channel, but the results were certainly not encouraging for other princes to follow the example.

## XV.

THRONDHJEM OR DROTHNHEIM—NIDAROS OF THE VIKINGS—ASPECT OF THE CITY—THE SEA KING SAINT OLAF—THE CATHEDRAL—OUR LADY'S CHAPEL—SHRINE OF SAINT OLAF—BOURD AND POINTED ARCHES—TRADE OF THE CITY—REVENUE OF MUNKHOLM—LEER FOSSEN OR FALLS—PARALLEL ROADS.

HURRIED off the very same night, as humble individuals in the train of royalty, from Christiansund, we may be excused these involuntary reflections. We could have slept very comfortably at the stock fish town, and enjoyed the effervescent hospitality of its good people, without the hope of putting them to much expense, and certainly with great comfort to our persons, albeit not given to obesity. Fate, however, ordered it otherwise, and by daybreak we found ourselves in the Throndhjem fiord, which, as we first perceived it, seemed to be embayed in a beautiful framework of violet-coloured mountains, all the more distinctly revealed, from the perfect clearness of the atmosphere. It was there that lay the actual city of Throndhjem, the Nidaros of the vikings of old, and it is in its cathedral that their successors must still be crowned. We regret the perversities of modern nomenclature in this instance as in many others. The city in question has been known as Drontheim for several centuries. One party has it Throndhjem, the *Handbook* has it Trondhjem. We have followed, in this instance, the party of the learned philologists; but, as a rule, where a certain version of a name has been long accepted and admitted, we also adopt it. It is only where a less known name has to be dealt with, that we vigorously adopt a correct orthography as far as it is possible.

The aspect of the city, as first contemplated in the early morning, was decidedly imposing. Built in an amphitheatre, on the border of the sea, and at the mouth of the Nid; it detaches itself from its natural framework to spread over beautiful green hills, whilst a chain of mountains gave to it a splendid back-ground.

Throndhjem was founded A.D. 997, by King Olaf Trygvason. The adventures of this king are among the most romantic of all the sovereigns of Norway. Born a prince, his mother only saved his life from the usurper of his rights by quitting the country; they were taken by pirates, separated and sold as slaves. At an early age, Olaf was discovered and redeemed

by a relative, became a distinguished sea-king, or leader of piratical expeditions, married an Irish princess, embraced Christianity, and ultimately fought his way to the throne of Norway in 991. He then became a most zealous and uncompromising missionary in propagating the faith, as Muhammad did Islamism, with the sword; death or Christianity was the only alternative he allowed his subjects. In 998 he destroyed the celebrated Nidaros, temple of Thor and Odin, with the idols of those gods which existed there, and were held in the highest veneration. This temple was a short distance from the present city, and upon its site the church of Flades was built.

Thronthjem was the royal residence and seat of government, and remained the capital of Norway down to the time of its union with Denmark, when Christiania was made the capital. Its population, by the census of 1855, was about 16,000. The city is built round a bay, on the south side of the fiord. It has repeatedly suffered from fire, most of the houses being formerly of wood. The last was in April, 1841, when 350 dwellings were destroyed. Since that all the houses rebuilt are, according to law, of brick or stone. The streets are regular and spacious, with large square water cisterns at their intersection. The architecture of the houses is of the plainest description, and hence, although undoubtedly security and comfort have been attained, still Christiansund no longer offers to the tourist the same character of originality that is possessed by Bergen; all that remains of the picturesque, save some of the public buildings, are the magazines built on piles on the borders of the fiord, and which, joining together, form so many open galleries to the sea.

The cathedral is the great object of attraction. What remains of it reminds one, by its charming details, of that of Rouen, which is saying a good deal for it. The choir is especially elegant, both in its proportions and the beauty of its details; surrounded by galleries and columns of marble, it is separated from the nave by a portico of three ogives of admirable lightness. Ferguson, in his *Illustrated Handbook of Architecture*, relates of this building that St. Olaf built a church on the spot between the years 1016 and 1030. He was buried a little to the south of his own church, where the high altar of the cathedral of St. Clement's now is. Between the years 1036 and 1047, Magnus the Good raised a small wooden chapel over St. Olaf's grave; and soon after Harald Haardraade built a stone church, dedicated to Our Lady, to the westward.

This group of three churches stood in this state in the troubled period that ensued. In 1160, Archbishop Eystern commenced the great transept west of "Our Lady's" chapel. During the next sixty or seventy years the whole of the eastern part of the cathedral was rebuilt, the tomb-house or shrine being joined on to the apse of the Lady church. In 1248 Archbishop Sigurd commenced the nave; it is not certain whether it was ever completed. In 1328, the church was damaged by fire: it must have been after this accident that the internal range of columns in the circular part was rebuilt in the style of our earlier Edwards.

According to Mr. Laing, the west end, now in ruins, was founded in 1248, and at the end of the thirteenth century the whole structure must have stood in all its splendour. The extreme length has been 346 feet; its breadth, 84; but the west end, which contained the

grand entrance, had a chapel at each corner, making the breadth of that front 140 feet. The whole of this west end was highly decorated, particularly the entrance, which had three doors, over which were twenty delicately cut niches in which statues were placed, and judging by the mutilated remains, they were of considerable merit.

The shrine of Saint Olaf was decorated with the greatest magnificence, and long a favourite place of pilgrimage, not only for the Scandinavians, but for pilgrims from all parts of Europe, and in such veneration was he held, that even at Constantinople a church was erected to his memory.

The body of the Saint was found incorrupt in 1098, and also in 1541, when the Lutherans plundered the shrine of its gold and jewels to an immense amount. The ship which carried the greater part of this plunder away foundered at sea on its way to Denmark, and the rest, it is averred, as in many other cases of the spoliation of religious places, was seized by robbers on land. Notwithstanding these monkish legends, it is certain that the Lutherans treated the body of the saint with respect. In 1568 it was removed from the shrine and buried in the cathedral.

King Olaf, saint as he was, was not, as we have before seen, without the frailties of mortals. After being raised to the throne upon the express pledge that he would not disturb the people in their civil rights, or interfere with their religion, he subsequently forced Christianity upon them by the sword. His tyranny and atrocious conduct at length drove his subjects into rebellion, and he was compelled to quit



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the country upon its invasion by Canute the Great, who was thereupon proclaimed king, A.D. 1028. Aided by forces raised in Sweden, Olaf subsequently attempted to recover the throne of Norway, but was met at a place called Stiklestad by the army of Canute, and after fighting with great bravery, was slain, with most of his kinsmen and followers. Such was the conduct and fate of the man whose remains, when canonised, are stated to have performed all sorts of miracles, and to whose shrine at Thronthjem pilgrims flocked for centuries from all parts of Europe! A cross marks the place where Olaf fell, and the Antiquarian Society have also erected a pillar there.

Tradition and history alike recount how often the cathedral at Thronthjem has suffered from fire; and in various parts of the edifice finely carved stones have been built into massive walls, betokening but little regard to architectural beauty or uniformity in repairing the ravages of the devouring element. The transept and east end are the only parts now roofed in and used for divine service.

Even the upper parts of these have probably been rebuilt at various and comparatively recent periods, at least all above the first arches, or those springing from the ground. Mr. Laing conceives that all this higher part has originally been only of wood, and that where the woodwork has been consumed by fire at different periods, the stones of the aisles and arches within the shell now remaining of the west end, have been employed to build up the present walls of the transept and other parts which were originally of wood. Thus, he adds, we may account for the paltry taste and execution of all the upper part of the structure, and for the insertion of cut stone mouldings of arches where an arch could never have been intended; but the stones thus built in have evidently been brought from other places, while all that is below, and could possibly have been injured by any conflagration, is original, and from its antiquity, style, and execution, very interesting. The round arch with the zigzag ornaments, which we call Saxon, is employed in all this old part, and also in St. Clement's chapel.

The present entrance in the north transept is a fine specimen of both; but this simple massive style is mixed with light pointed arches, and adorned with grotesque heads, flowers, and all the variety of ornaments which are usually considered peculiar to a much later period of Gothic architecture, but here the two styles are evidently coeval. It shakes the theory of the Saxon and Norman, the round and pointed arch having been used exclusively in particular and different centuries, and affording ground to determine the comparative antiquity of Gothic edifices. The Norman arch, in its most florid style, is connected with the Saxon, in its most simple and massive form, in a building where the known date of the portion containing this admixture is more ancient than the ascertained date of those English edifices from which the theory is derived.

Upon the left, on entering at the north door, a large and beautiful round arch, highly decorated with the zigzag and other ornaments, was discovered in 1847, and carefully laid open. The general effect of the interior of the cathedral is ruined by the high pews below, as well as those inclosed in the galleries (a French tourist observes upon these, that they have furnished the walls of the temple with a multitude of little boxes in wood, with variously coloured silk curtains, which make the

place look like a theatre). The choir is octagonal, surmounted by a dome of modern construction. The high altar is surrounded by light pillars and open arches extending to the roof. The whole of the choir is most elaborately and beautifully decorated; over the altar is placed a fine east of Thorwaldsen's noble statue of the Saviour. On either side of it are casts of statues of the twelve apostles, which are, however, very inferior as works of art.

The mixture of round and pointed arches which we have before remarked upon, Mr. Laing observes, is very remarkable. The upper row of arches are all round; but in the lower rows only the outer ones, while the inner ones on each side next the choir are fine full-pointed arches. The same peculiarity, he adds, may be seen in Christchurch cathedral, in Dublin.

Considerable sums have been expended within these few years in repairing this fine cathedral. The Norwegians take much pride and interest in its preservation; but it is evident that none of the authorities possess either skill or taste for Gothic architecture, for it has been fearfully "churchwardened;" the richest and most elaborate tracery being carefully choked up with coats of a lead-coloured wash. According to Professor James Forbes, the cathedral is built of bluish-grey chlorite schist, having some resemblance to pot stone, which appears to be easily fashioned and to harden on exposure. The same competent traveller remarks, that the tracery of the octagonal stone screen surrounding the altar has a peculiar and pleasing appearance. But such is the effect of demolition and rough casting without, and of whitewash and boarding within, that it is only piecemeal, as it were, that we can see the one imposing effect which it must have had. The architecture, the professor also observes, has a general resemblance to St. Magnus's cathedral at Kirkwall. The latter is incomparably better preserved, but has a more severe and gloomy character.

Some remains of the royal palace of old still exist south of the cathedral, and on the left bank of the River Nid, and which are now occupied as a military and naval arsenal. The throne of the Norsk kings is also preserved here. There is a museum with a capital collection of birds of the country, as also a theatre; not to mention that, near the Custom-house, is, according to the opinion of antiquaries, the spot where the ancient ore-thing, or assemblage of the people for this part of Norway was held.

The trade of Thronthjem is like the other coast towns of Norway, confined to its exports of dried and salted fish, timber, tar, with some copper from the mines of Romas; and to importing wines, groceries, and other articles of foreign produce, for supplying its own as well as the wants of the neighbouring districts. Of late years, Thronthjem has taken a great lead in ship-building, and has become celebrated for turning out very fast sailing vessels; but they are said to be exceedingly wet. The streets are wide, regular, and well kept (though the pavement is rough), and the houses are substantial, cheerful, with numerous windows, and scrupulously clean. The roofs are very generally of a red colour. The shops are like other houses, but with a name above the door, and a very moderate supply of goods in the windows. Here, as at Christiania, all persons not only take off the hat, but remain uncovered whilst dealing in a shop. There is a great air of comfort and well-being amongst the

people generally, and all classes are celebrated for their good looks.

Opposite the city, in the centre of the fiord, stands the small island-rock of Munkholm, where Canute the Great founded a monastery of Benedictines, in A.D. 1028, the first of that order established in Norway. A low round tower is all that remains of it, and that is within the walls of the fortress. It was in a small, gloomy chamber in this tower that the minister of Christian V. of Denmark, Graf von Greiffenfeld, was immured from 1680 to 1698. It is said he had worn a deep channel in the pavement by walking up and down, and indented the stone table where he had rested his hand in passing it. Great expense has been incurred by the government in strengthening the defences of this fortress, but the place is still the dark, solitary rock which Victor Hugo has described in his *Hans of Iceland*, looking more like a prison-house than a fortress.

The chief object of interest in the environs, after the Munkholm, is the Leer foss, a fine waterfall on the River Nid, and which, in reality, consists of two, the upper one being ninety-nine English feet high by four hundred and thirteen feet wide, according to Dr. Clarke; and the lower fall, which is a thousand yards distant, being eighty-two feet high and one hundred and twenty two feet in breadth. The upper fall is the most picturesque, but salmon fishing is best at the lower.

Professor James Forbes says, that his attention was, for the first time in Norway, forcibly arrested by the remarkable series of natural levels or terraces which stretch, at intervals, for a great way up the course of the River Nid. Such terraces, he adds, may be traced at intervals along most of the western coast. They are concisely, but accurately, described by that admirable observer, Leopold von Buch, and, in later years particularly, have been examined, and then again discussed, by Messrs. Durocher and Bravais, by Mr. Chambers, and many other writers. I offer here no opinion, the Professor continues, upon the origin of the terraces of the Thronhjems fiord in particular; but they are among the best defined I have ever seen, and in one instance were not unnaturally mistaken by me for military outworks, as a field, which includes several of them, perfectly grass-grown, is surmounted by a powder magazine.

Though the oak has ceased to grow in the neighbourhood of Thronhjems, and few kinds of fruit come to any degree of perfection, the aspect of the country is, in summer and tourist time, quite the reverse of bleak, but, on the contrary, cheerful, habitable, and flourishing. Very considerable farming establishments exist in the neighbourhood, and the love of flowers, so characteristic of Norway and its people, is here in the highest perfection. Scarcely a house exists in Thronhjems which has not its windows literally filled with flowering plants, tended by the owners; and so prevalent is this taste, that in all our journeys in steamboats, we were rarely without packages of flowers in pots, undergoing transport from one port to another. The view over the fiord is varied and picturesque. The hills, though not densely wooded, are by no means bare, and though, I believe, some distant hills were snow-covered when I saw them, yet, probably, no elevation of one thousand feet are visible from the shore at Thronhjems. The character, once again, resembles that of our Scottish highlands, where the

sea so frequently flows into the land between hills, forming inlets, which, in proportion to the size of the country, are as long and narrow as the fiords of Norway. That of Thronhjems extends thirty-five English miles before it reaches the ocean to the westward, and it runs inland to the north-east at least as far.

## XVI.

CAMP AT STORDALEN—MOUNTAINEER TACTICS—SOLDIERS' GAMES—LEVANGER AND ITS FAITHS—A DISCONTENTED LADY—CHURCH AT STIKLESTAD—SHAASEN VAND AND VICTOR HUGO'S "HANS OF ICELAND"—THE QUEEN OF SALMON STREAMS.

THE troops of Thronhjems were encamped in the vale of Stordal, also written Stordal, the largest of the lateral valleys on the east side of the Thronhjems fiord. It runs about 60 English miles up the country, and its beautiful stream abounds in trout. There were about two thousand men encamped here, more zealous than well drilled, and the mountains that hemmed in the valley were particularly well adapted for the tactics of Norwegian troops, of which a French tourist remarked with some degree of *naïveté*, that they exist more for the defence of the country than for the invasion of others. If there was any morality in princes and people there could be no want of invasion, and if the wrongfulness of invasion was admitted, there could be no necessity for armies of defence!

The youthful monarch, who had put on his uniform, gave his soldiers the example of privations endured with gaiety, and although he kept them at work almost from morning to evening, he seemed to be much beloved by all, excepting a few septuagenary field officers, who were upset by his activity and endurance. A petty warfare in the mountains gave us a particular opportunity of witnessing the extreme agility of these mountaineer rifle-men, who seemed then to be in their true element; quick and indefatigable, they climb the steepest ravines with the activity of wild cats.

The amusements indulged in by the soldiery bore a stamp of originality even more marked than their mountaineer tactics in war. Their dances were especially curious. The so-called hallingdances can only be executed by consummate artists; it consists of a whole series of feats of agility, which demand as much strength as activity. They are accompanied by a soldier, who plays upon a violin with eight strings; while another holds up a foraging cap at the extremity of his sword in the air; the dancers approach with the most burlesque attitudes, turn round it several times slowly, and then suddenly bound up into the air, like some wild beast of the forest, and try to knock the cap off with their feet. Most of their amusements partake of the same character, more or less burlesque, and yet athletic attempts to imitate the activity of wild animals. Among other absurd amusements, one consisted in two soldiers so interlaced as to resemble a fantastic quadruped, which changed its legs every time it tumbled over. These games of the Norwegian soldiery are represented at page 441.

The Stordals elv is crossed by a ferry at Helle, and we proceeded thence by Sandfærhus, where Colonel Monnichofen landed with his Scotch and Dutch auxiliaries in 1612, at the same epoch that the less fortunate Sinclair landed with his regiment in the Romsdal. Hence we proceeded to Levanger, built at the very extremity of the Thronhjems fiord, or rather upon one

of its extreme prolongations designated as the *Værdals fiord*. The harbour of Levanger is the most sheltered of all the inlets in the eastern coast of the fiord, and is consequently a great place of resort for fishing vessels, and it constitutes a sort of commercial outpost for the trade of Throndhjem. The Swedes, too, come across the "field" in great numbers, when the snow has set in and made the transport of heavy goods practicable in sledges. This fiord affords, in reality, by far the readiest communication with the sea for all the northern parts of Sweden as well as Norway. In addition to being quite as near as the Gulf of Bothnia, the fiord is never impeded by ice, and is consequently navigable at all seasons.

Two large fairs are held yearly at Levanger, one in December, the other in March; and so fully aware are the Norsemen of the great importance of this situation for commercial purposes, that several of the mercantile companies at Throndhjem have establishments here. Nothing, says Laing, could be more interesting than to witness one of these fairs, held on the very extreme frontier of the civilised world—to see the Laplanders and the natives of Finmark, from their unfrequented mountain homes, come hither to exchange the produce of the chase for the few luxuries of civilised life, of which they know the use or value. There is a high way from Levanger to Östersund on Lake Stovsgon in Sweden, and others thence to Hernösand and Stockholm.

The houses are remarkably good and clean; the little parlours, the kitchens and pantries, are like those of an English maritime town, but the streets are unpaved, and frightfully dirty; horses and cabriolets are so general among the country people, that the comfort of the pedestrian is little attended to. We were entertained here at the house of a local magistrate, who had only received his appointment two years before. His wife complained bitterly of her exile, as she termed it, and she was backed in her complaints by her father, who, when she declared that it was always cold in Levanger, joined in, "Yes, yes, my poor child must return to the south, that is to say, to Christiania."

The south, we thought, is like other things, a relative idea, and seeing that the husband was hurt, and was trying to change the conversation, we came to his aid and expatiated upon the pretty house, nice garden, and magnificent landscape beyond.

That garden, exclaimed the dissatisfied dame, produces no fruit but white cherries, and my flowers are frost-bitten in August!

Yet is Levanger a truly beautiful site. It reminds one in summer, by its verdure, its wooded hills and general outline, of the Swiss Canton of Friburg. And to the north is a vast sandy plain where 30,000 men might manoeuvre at their ease. Not far off, on the other side of the Vera Elv, is the village of Stiklestad, where Saint Olaf fell fighting Canute. The church at Stiklestad is of stone, and very ancient. The entrance

gate is a round Saxon arch with peculiar fillet ornaments similar to those in the transept of the cathedral at Throndhjem. The late King Bernadotte visited this place in 1835. What must have been the feelings of this monarch, as he stood on the very spot on which, at the same hour of the day of the month (3, p.m., 31st August), eight hundred and five years before, King Olaf was slain by his subjects.

Our most northerly point was the Namsen: we could not turn our backs upon the country, although getting wilder and wilder at every step, without a peep at the queen of salmon rivers, and having feasted our eyes upon a real live Laplander with his reindeer. The *Snaaran-vand* cheered us on our way. It is a most beautiful lake, situated in a hilly country, and embosomed in vast forests of splendid pine trees. Few persons who have read Victor Hugo's *Hans of Iceland*, would indeed be disposed to leave this lake unvisited. Not far beyond we came to Namos on the Namsen fiord, and into which the renowned Namsen empties itself, and coasting steamers touch occasionally at this remote station.

## XVII.

RETURN SOUTH FROM THRONDHJEM—  
CROSS THE DOVEY FIELD BY ITS  
HIGHEST PASS—THE VAMSTIGEN  
AND ITS GLACIER MARETHOS—  
MAINTENANCE OF ROADS IN NORWAY  
—PRESENT OF THE DOVEY FIELD

We left, on our way back from Throndhjem, by the well-cultivated and undulating high-land of Oust, from the tops of which a scene of vast extent and great beauty presents itself, looking back. In the foreground are the remains of some old fortifications—beneath, the city and its ample roadstead spread out like a map, and beyond was the immense extent of the fiord, bounded by mountains in the distance. To the left, on the banks of the fiord, is seen a small hill, called *Swerroberg*, where the renowned seaking *Swerro* is said to have



GIRLS OF CHRISTIANSDUND.

lived in the latter end of the twelfth century. Beyond this, the church of Meehus constituted a very picturesque object. It is beautifully placed on the crown of a small hill, with the fir-clad mountains towering above each other, broken ground, highly cultivated, in front, and the valley winding away in the far distance to the left. Hence, the road followed the pleasant valley of the Gula. It is highly cultivated and hops are extensively grown, but there are some bad hills to pass. Below Vollen the stream expands into a small lake. At Sakneas is a station for anglers on the Gula or Guul, which here winds its rapid course through a dark ravine; the mountains on either side, and in the distance, clothed with pine and fir to their summits.

Leaving the valley of the Gula, the road ran along high ground by Hov, through rich pastures for some distance, and with numbers of small farms in all directions, and the same mountain pastures and park-like scenery continued past Garlid, where capital carriages can be purchased for eighteen dollars, to Bierkager,

where is much scrub, birch and fir. Next came a steep descent to the Orkla or Orklid Elv, with extensive and splendid views; the river was crossed, and then came a long ascent to Sundbæk, well-known shooting-quarters, beautifully situated above a ravine of enormous depth, and at an elevation of 1,578 feet, with mountains piled above each other all round, covered with a sea of dark pine and fir.

Starting hence up through a thick pine forest, we reached a hilly upland, with much birch and scrub, and passing the stations of Stuen and Ovne, descended into the broad valley of the Vamsa Elv, and reached thence Driostuen, a capital farm, with good accommodation at the northern foot of the Dovre field. The latter part of the road in ascending to this point had been through a narrow and picturesque ravine, and we found ourselves, at the end of our journey, at an elevation of 2,157 feet above the level of the sea.

The road hence to Kongsvold exhibited a striking piece of engineering. It is carried all the way up the valley by the side of the Dovre, being, in many places, quarried out of the face of the rock. This was done to avoid the fearful hill of Vamsstige by which the road was formerly carried.

A steep ascent led us from this last station to the highest point of the Dovre field road, 4,100 feet above the sea. High poles were fixed on each side of the road to mark the way during snow. Mr. Laing passed this way in February. He says: A smothering snow drift came on, and it was scarcely possible to see from pole to pole. I asked the boy who drove the baggage sledge if he was sure we were upon the road. He said they always left that to the horses, on this stage, when the path could not be discerned; that they would not go wrong if not put out of their pace, but left to take care of themselves. The journeying on this elevated plain, enveloped in a cloud of snow, as dense almost as that in which you are driving, makes a sublime impression on the mind. You seem travelling in the sky. What you see and touch of the earth is scarcely more substantial than the snow that is whirling round and above you. It seems all one element, and you alone in the midst of it. And such is, no doubt, the case. In such a puzzle, at such an elevation, and in such a climate, the clouds of heaven and the mountain uplands meet, and you are travelling on snow, in a snow-filled sky.

The last station on this route, on the north side of Dovre field, was Kongsvold; the last station on the south side was Jerkinn, and here we joined our old route where we had left it to proceed to Romsdal and Molde on our advance. If we had reason to be pleased with the kindness and hospitality of the good people at this well-known shooting station on our first arrival there, this pleasure was doubled when we returned for a second time, and with all the feelings upon such a trying journey, of being old friends.

### XVIII.

OVER THE Sogne Field and the Sogne Fiord — Excursion to Borgund Church from Loerdal — Peep at the Fille Field, its Huts and Cottages — Pass of Vindhellv — Glaciers of the Juvvæ — Ascent of Vindhellv — Beauty and Descent among the Fjelds of Sogne — Urnes Church — Northing of Gudvangen Fiord — Hauke Church — The Highest Pass in Europe.

We descended from the Dovre field to Laugard, previously described, whence we took the branch-road

by the Vaage vand or lake, from whence horse-tracks lead across the mountains of the Sogne field. Passing Blaker, the path lay down the valley of the Baver elv, by Kvandesvold and Soeteren Boeverthun to Optun, where we once more arrived at our old quarters. The places mentioned are mere waters or mountain dairies, where it is essential to halt for the refreshment of the ponies and guides, and the journey was alike long and fatiguing enough. The chief relief afforded was a beautiful waterfall in the course of the Baver elv. It was not till we reached Fortun that the road became tolerably good, and we were enabled to get on at a better pace to Skiolden, at the head of the Lyster fiord, which is the extreme north-east branch of the Sogne fiord—the scenery around being alike grand and sombre.

Here we were enabled to take water, a great relief at all times, to Loerdal of the map, and Leirdalsora of the *Handbook*. The latter part of the journey had, however, to be performed on horseback. Soon after leaving Skiolden we saw the magnificent Feigum foss, a fine waterfall, said to be two hundred feet high, and the same stream is said to make another fall of seven hundred feet higher up in the mountains. The scenery was, at every point, so grand as to approach to the sublime. It included the Skagstols Tind, which, according to Forsell's map, is seven thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven feet above the sea, being one hundred and sixty-three feet higher than Sneehattan, which was long supposed to be the highest.

Loerdal is a small town, where boats, carriages, and all kinds of provisions can be obtained, especially for mountain ascents and shooting or fishing excursions, and hence it is much frequented. We, on our side, after duly refreshing the inner man, made this a point from whence to deviate to the southward to Borgund, on the highway to Christiania, to see its church, which is one of the oldest buildings in Norway. The peasants' cottages, on this little excursion, struck us as particularly picturesque. They are built of solid trees, on foundations of rock, generally one story high; when more than that, a gallery is made outside. The roofs are constructed with planks, overlaid with birch bark, and then covered all over with turf. The vegetation upon these roofs is very luxuriant, birch and alder are commonly seen growing upon them; and they are favourite browsing spots for the goats.

The valley descending from the Fille field presents a most remarkable specimen of Norwegian engineering skill. It is carried by excellent stone masonry, supported by iron fastenings, along the left side of a deep picturesque glen, down which the Loerdals elv bounds along. Where necessary, stone bridges and viaducts have superseded the dangerous wooden bridges of olden time. In some places the road is a great distance above the level of the torrent below, and it is scarcely possible to say too much of the grandeur of the scenery. From Maristuen, where the skulls of bears, nailed up over the door, give evidence of the skill of the Norsk sportsmen, the road keeps along the banks of the Upper Loerdal, through a most magnificent pass; enormous masses of rock, in many places fallen from the mountains above, add to the terrific grandeur of scenery, and presents one of the wildest sights in Norway. There is also a fine waterfall at the station of Hoeg.

The further we descend, the more narrow the valley becomes, till arriving at the bottom of a kind of funnel,



a little expanse covered with green sward and dotted with flowers presents itself, and in this cheerful mountain recess stands the dark outline of the church. We were about to say, the pagoda of Borgund. We are not aware if Mr. Holmboe, who has published a very learned work upon the traces of Buddhism in Norway, has satisfactorily established any positive relation between this venerable edifice of wood and the temples of the further East. But certain it is, that the pointed roof, the sculptured water-spouts, and the grotesque ornaments of the Borgund kirke, have a decided Burmese or Chinese physiognomy. Smaller than the church of Hitterdal, this edifice appears also to be more ancient, and a covered gallery, with columns blackened by time, runs all around it. The porches are covered with rude carvings of lions and dogs, buried in arabesques in relief. The church being little used has escaped the Vandalisms and restorations that have been practised at Hitterdal, and the frescoes, somewhat faded it is true, can still be seen upon the walls with the cypher of the Virgin (S. M.) interlaced with red and blue arabesques. Great silver lamps, possibly of Dutch origin, are suspended from the roof, and everything breathes that venerable perfume of times long gone by, and of which the traces are every day disappearing more and more.

This most singular and interesting edifice was built, according to the adepts in such matters, in the eleventh or twelfth century, which is rather a wide range; for the arches and the apse are semi-circular, and it has all the characters of the style of a small German Romanesque church, so far as it could be imitated in wood. The nave measures but thirty-nine feet, the circular apse fifteen by fifty-four. The belfry is of much more recent date, and stands some distance apart.

We could not help, on quitting this curiosity of art, almost wishing that the same fate was in store for it that befel its counterpart near Loerdal, which was bought by the King of Prussia and removed into Silesia, but what would this dark valley be without it! Returning by the admirably constructed series of zigzags which have superseded the old road, so often the scene of frightful accidents, to Husum, we kept along the banks of a river through a beautiful pass, at times so narrow that the road had to be blasted out of the perpendicular rocks, to Midtlyse, with its rude yet picturesque salmon-traps, and whence we arrived weary, but much gratified, at our old quarters at Loerdal. Before arriving at the village of Loerdal, a torrent from the south fell into the river, which we soon afterwards crossed for the last time. Many of the bridges on this stream were very picturesque and truly Norwegian, being entirely constructed of solid pine-trees in the most primitive fashion. The zigzag road, tunnelled and built up at so much expense of labour, money, and skill, is known to the Norwegians, who are justly proud of it, as the screw or pass of Vindhellen.

Before quitting the Fille field, we may observe that the character and costume of the people, on the side we are now describing, are peculiar, and totally different from those on the east side of the field. The women have fair hair, oval faces, and soft gray eyes; many of them are pretty. Their dress is a tight bodice of dark cloth, buttoned up to the throat, and with long sleeves; cloth petticoat, generally dark green; buttons and ornaments of silver. The married women wear a

white cap of very singular form. Those women who have had a child without being married wear a cap peculiar to themselves, and are called half-wives. The maidens wear their hair in a most becoming manner: it is braided with narrow bands of red worsted, and wound round the head—the Norwegian snood.

Loerdal is the best starting-point from whence to visit some of the grandest Alpine scenery in all Norway. The way to the glaciers of the Justedal is by water to Solvorn, in the Lyster fiord, and thence on to Ronneid, where there is a good run to Myklenyr, where horses and a guide can be obtained. A very tolerable bridle-road leads up the valley, the track being along the bank on the Justedal river running through the narrow winding valley of same name. Ascending this fine pass for about a mile, the traveller arrives at the finest of the glaciers, Nygaard. It is seen to the left; and near to the glaciers there is a farm. The Justedal river flows from the glaciers, bringing down with it vast quantities of detritus, which whitens the fiord for about two or three miles from the spot where it flows in. The glacier of Nygaard, with a course of less than four miles, has a breadth of one thousand to eleven hundred yards. Beyond this glacier and further up the Justedal valley, there are other glaciers, and the stupendous mountain of Lodals-kaabe, 6,798 feet high, with its wild dreary scenery, is reached. The glacier of Loerdal is the largest in Norway, its estimated length being five English miles and a-half, and its greatest breadth above eight hundred yards. To the artist this region of the Justedal affords numerous subjects of the grandest description of Alpine scenery, many of the peaks of the mountains being covered with perpetual snow.

We started from Loerdal in the steamer *Frammaes*, which is especially employed in the transit between Bergen and Loerdal, along the Sogne fiord, where it picks up the tourists who have come from Christiania. To such it presents double advantages, for it does not make its way along the middle of the fiord straight to the sea, but it visits its different ialets, and even stops some hours in some of the more picturesque. Wherever we stopped the peasants came on board, and sometimes their cows and horses followed them. Their astonishment at the splendour of the *Frammaes* was something quite indescribable. Yet these peasants of the Sogne are very proud and reserved in their manners. "More than one peasant woman of the Sogne," says a French tourist, "carries her head as high as the haughtiest peeress on the other side of the Manche." There is a remarkable affinity, adds the same authority, in the best English and Norman types and those of Sogne. Dark blue eyes, Olympian profile, imposing height, belong to all three. The pride of these farmers and fishermen still rests upon the Sagas or traditions of olden times, they still speak of the Ganger Rolf (Rollo of Normandy) they know that they are descendants of the ancestors of the conquerors of the Channel Islands, of Norway, and of England, and it is the pride of this consciousness that constituted them the most aristocratic democracy in the world.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Many of the peasant families in Norway have their coats of arms like the landed gentry with us. A professor of Copenhagen found precisely the same coat of arms in four families, corresponding to Sylvania, and the not uncommon one of Wood. Skog in Norway, Du Bois in Normandy, Boyce in England, and Boyis, a branch that emigrated from Scotland in the sixteenth century, in Sweden.

Passing up the Lyster fiord and its branch, the Aardals fiord, we were by noon of the next day at the foot of the glaciers of Jostedal, and lying off the coquettish little church of Lyster. We were joined here by two students, who had just effected the passage of the Jostedal from Lomb. This is a great feat among the students of Christiania and Bergen, who make annual excursions to this particular point. Even the Swedish princes deem it a point of etiquette essential to establish their powers of endurance, that they shall have crossed the glaciers and peaks of Jostedal.

Mr. Milford describes in a few words one of the many views to be obtained in this celebrated mountain-pass. Never shall I forget, he says, the view which burst upon us; I can only compare it to some of the wildest I have seen of Lapland or Siberia, but it was still wilder and more desolate than those. A precipitous wall, or rather an abrupt mountain side, sunk beneath me, and far below, on my right, was a wide sea-green lake, bordered by snowy ridges and peaks, which overhung its waters, and a cluster of small specks in the distance, which my guide told me were a herd of reindeer, added interest to the scene. In front rose the Lodal-knaab, the loftiest mountain of the range, to a height of many thousand feet, between which and the plain where I stood was a ravine filled by a huge glacier, and on my left was the vale of Jostedal. The stream which rushes through it issues by a cataract from the lake, I believe the Stug-so.

Lyster is not the only church at this point; close by is that of Urnaes, which a learned German publication has deemed worthy of being compared with those of Hitterdal and of Bergund; the fact is, that the interior of the church of Urnaes has been respected, and is replete with interest to the artist and the archaeologist alike, but the exterior has not had for an architect a man of bold, creative, and fantastic taste, as he the unknown who designed the sculptures of Bergund, and piled up the steeples of Hitterdal.

On our return we touched once more at Loerdal, and putting the carriages on board for Bergen, we left the steamer to once more venture into the mountain regions on an excursion to the Voring foss, a cataract of such celebrity, that a visit to Norway would be worse than incomplete without having contemplated and thereby identified oneself with its wonders. The first part of our journey was, however, still by water, the steamer taking us down the Aurlands fiord as far as Underdal, where we procured a boat which to navigate the Næroens fiord, the south-western prolongation of the Aurlands fiord to Gudvangen. It cannot be said in praise of the scenery upon this grand fiord—the whole journey presented a moving panorama of the finest description. In many places the dark mountains rise perpendicularly from the water to an enormous height, upwards of 5,000 feet, and are very picturesque in form. Numerous waterfalls are passed, and the atmospheric effects are splendid, and this magnificent scenery increased in grandeur as we proceeded up the Næroens fiord, and the water began to narrow.

The south-east branch of the Aurlands fiord, which leads to the valley of Flaam and its waterfall, is not less worthy of a visit than the Næroens fiord or south-west branch which leads to Gudvangen. The numerous Bauta-stones to be met with afford evidence of this having been a chosen site for courts of justice, or

things or meetings of the people, of sanguinary combats or of secret Pagan rites and sacrificial ceremonies, according as the tourist likes to place faith in one or more of the many controverted views of the significance of these stern and silent memorials of the past. Proceeding further up, the traveller enters the wild and picturesque region of the Svorrostein, through which King Sverre, in the beginning of his reign, effected his hazardous and bold retreat towards Hallingdal and Valder.

The Næroens fiord is the narrowest of all the inlets of the great Sogne fiord, and the grandeur of the scenery will be best judged of from the representations given at page 462, and page 468, in one of which the narrowest part of the fiord is seen, looking down whose precipitous walls of granite, the frail bark appears to those above like a nautilus shell, and in the other the gates of the Gudvangen itself, topped by snow-clad mountains, with the picturesque little wooden church of Bakke in the foreground.

Gudvangen consists of about a dozen houses situated in a very deep and narrow valley, closed in by mountains of immense height. Opposite the station, and high up the face of the mountain, is the Keel foss, a fall of 2,000 feet (a French tourist says 1,000 metres!), but admittedly the loftiest in Europe. There is good salmon fishing in this river up the valley, and shooting in the mountains around; and this, superadded to the grandeur and variety of the scenery, enumbered the station with tourists, and it was as difficult to obtain quarters as at the foot of Snowdon in the height of the season.

## XIX.

PASS OF STALHEIM SKILSTEN—THE VORING DISTRICT—TOWN OF VORING VANGEN—THE GRAVENS VAND—LEGEND OF THE BLACK PLAGUE—UPPER HARDANGERS FIORD—VALLEY OF HEIMDAL—THE WATERFALLS OF NORWAY—GIANTIC AMPHITHEATRE OF ROCK—FOOT OF THE VORING FOSS—ASCENT OF A LONG FLIGHT OF STEPS—THE FALL—BRITISH AUDACITY.

OWING to the previously noticed influx of tourists at Gudvangen we were introduced here to a new mode of punishment for the audacity of a venture into the Norwegian mountains. This was the stolckgaerre, a light cart on two wheels without springs, and as it had to carry the luggage as well as the person, and the narrow cross-seat is either a leather thong or a piece of wood attached to it, the amount of torture is scarcely conceivable, except to those who have been torn along over the steppes of Russia in a low cart, three feet long by one in width, with the knees bolting against the chin.

The sole indemnification was the magnificence of the scenery. What will not individuals undergo to taste of the pleasure of something really new and exciting in nature! It is the gratification of one of the strongest feelings implanted in the human breast. The river, or rather the torrent, of Næroedal is of a limpid green colour, but it and its fishing are barely five miles in extent. At or about that distance the valley narrows, and is shut up by a gigantic protrusion of rock, behind which the stream makes two tremendous falls. The road itself, however, does not stop, but ascends in a serpentine manner, and that after so strange a fashion, that with one curve one has one fall in view, and with the other another; while below is

the enormous bowl into which they pour their united waters, after descending from the heights above.

At each turn the engineers who effected this wonderful triumph of skill have also constructed benches of wood. They seem like the last relics of civilisation in the most wild and appalling scene that it is possible to picture forth to one's self. This viaduct is called the Stalheim Skjeven, and it is the counterpart of the Vindhellen, only that, whilst perhaps less striking in point of boldness or conception, it is rendered more picturesque by the two falls, from which the eye cannot detach itself, and which at the conclusion of the ascent can be both embraced in the same perspective, with the valley stretching far away to the fiord beyond.

Once emancipated from the great basin of the Sogne, and not only the aspect of country changes, but that of the people also. Leaving Stalheim, where there is but poor accommodation, but where, at a little distance off the road, on the north, there is another fine waterfall of a thousand feet—the Seile foss—the road is carried over very high ground, much broken, and with a good deal of wood and heather, old trees, and masses of rock, all highly picturesque; and with a lovely stream, near which the road runs most of the way, is twice crossed. The approach to Vinge, the next station, is preceded by another waterfall of considerable height on the right; the water is separated into two falls, and then split into a succession of smaller ones, forming one of the most picturesque objects of the kind that it is possible to conceive.

Beyond Vinge the same succession of glorious views present themselves, but the mountains gradually become less wild, and more like Westmoreland. Several small lakes are passed on the left, and the road at length descends into the lovely valley of the Rundals Elv, near the head of the Vangs fiord at Vosse Vangen. The intervening district between Lakes Vinge and Vangen is known as the voss, whence the name of the town, Vosse Vangen. It is a good pasturing country, and the farms (with their roofs protected by growing shrubs, or rather green branches sprung from their own cross-beams), have vast ranges of country for their flocks. Vosse Vangen is a small town, quite new, and, what is very rare, surrounding the church, instead of being, as is usually the case, one, two, or even three miles away from it. Situated on the borders of a beautiful lake, like the small towns of the Swiss canton, and in the heart of the most celebrated scenery, Vosse Vangen is a great resort for tourists, and we have no longer a "gaard" attached to a post station, but an hotel—a real hotel. The fishing and shooting are also very good, and so many impediments to enjoy either are not put in the way of visitors as further north.

Our road hence lay through a forest, in a southerly direction, which opened upon a fertile valley, wherein was a large farm, several saw-mills, and, we need scarcely add, plenty of water-power. This gaard was a perfect village, but the valley in which it and its mills were embosomed was, by a contrast not uncommon in Norway, succeeded almost instantaneously by a wild and rugged country or perfect chaos of rocks, beyond which the road made a rapid descent down a kind of precipice, and was then carried, by a wooden bridge, across a torrent, directly below the great fall, known as the Halting foss. A visit to this point was, by itself worth the journey.

VOL. II.

Not far beyond this most picturesque spot, the white house of Vaenden or Orve Vaenden displayed itself on the shores of the Gravens vand, a small lake of only some two miles in width, embosomed among green hills. Here we obtained a boat—as usual, a pleasant change from the jolting process termed carriages travelling—which conveyed us to Graven, a village with a church and goodly station-house, where we obtained saddle and baggage horses to convey us to Ulvig, on the uppermost inlet of the Hardanger fiord.

Travelling on horseback is as tedious an affair in Norway as in some parts of the east. The ponies are small and fat, and never trouble themselves to go out of a walking pace: all the more so, as the guides accompany them on foot, and have no interest in rousing them from their placid progress. As to the Klovhest, or pony that carries the luggage, it has two frameworks of bark of birch, suspended on either side, into which the smaller articles are put, counterpanes and cloaks being placed on the animal's back, between the whole, and made fast with bits of string or rope, and then the pony is allowed to have his own way to get over wooden bridges, cross torrents, or exultate himself from marshes, just as he can, and he does it with a slow step, but unerring certainty. It is quite a lesson of philosophy.

The transit from Graven to Ulvig took, under such circumstances, a matter of four or five hours; yet we had only one mountain range, or rather an extensive "field" or upland, to cross, and then we began to descend towards the Hardanger fiord, through a tolerably fertile country, with luxuriant meadows, interspersed with groves of pine, ash, and oak. Decidedly the climate was improving.

So also on the shores of the fiord, farms, surrounded by orchards in full bearing, and meadows in luxuriant green, gave manifest indications of a different soil and temperature to what is met with on the Sogne fiord. The Hardanger fiord presents, indeed, a general, as well as a local, difference to its great northerly counterpart. Stretching its narrow inlets far into the mountains, still it is itself less hemmed in by precipices, the hills upon its shores are less lofty, and it presents, at almost every turn, some open space which affords shelter to one or more hamlets, and gives room for cultivation, planting or pasturage; or, if very limited in space, nestles the cottages of boatmen or fishermen, a class of persons who derive their livelihood from the waters alone, and from exchanging its products with more favoured localities.

But if the immediate shores of the fiord are less sublime than those of the Sogne, the valleys are, on the other hand, wider and more extensive, and often embrace, at a distance of a few miles in the interior, the strangest sites possible, and the most romantic scenery. It is from the borders of the Hardanger fiord that the abrupt valley of Heimdal, takes its start, and that the slopes of the Odde, the last spur of the Hardanger field, rise up to the rough rents of the glaciers of Folge-fonden—an immense accumulation of ice and snow, from whence a thousand waterfalls take their departure—and at whose base are some of the most fertile little corners in Norway, such as the farm of Bondhuus, and the ancient barony of Rosendal, the patrimony of the Rosenkrone. (See p. 457.)

The great point on the Hardanger fiord is, however, the Voring foss, or "Roaring Fall," and it was to it that we were directing our steps. We obtained a boat

at Ulvig, being at the head of the lake of the same name, and turning up Eid fiord were conveyed by it to the station of the same name, at the entrance to the valley of Heimdal. Being a calm and serene night, nothing could exceed the beauty of this navigation.

The next morning we started on foot to make the pilgrimage of the Voringfoss. It is universally admitted by all who have seen them, that the cataracts of the Voringfoss, in the Bergenstift, and of the Ruikanfoss, in Telemark, are so imposing, and so far surpass all that can be said of them, that they alone fully recompense all the fatigues, troubles, and expenses of a trip to Norway.

Beyond Eid fiord, we came to a little lake, the Eidfiord vand, a calm mirror of a limpid green hue, where we again obtained a boat, and were ferried along for an hour before we came up to the great lime trees and red church of Sæbo, from whence enormous valleys opened to the right and left, that to the left led to the Voringfoss. Crossing a little cultivated plain, the path soon became rugged, and bending to the left up the wild valley of Sysendal, we twice crossed the rapid torrent that rolled along its base, by frail and unstable wooden bridges. As we proceeded, the scenery became wilder and wilder, the whole valley was blocked up by immense masses of gneiss and granite, the bed of the river alone marked, when not tumbling over rocks, by a few stunted birch trees. A moor was then traversed, the river crossed by a frail bridge of pine trees, and we entered upon a path which was a mere smooth white surface on the polished rock, made by the passage of horses and men, and beyond which were a fall, and another accumulation of boulders, and a very steep acclivity, which was ascended by a rough, winding, zig-zag track, in some cases a mere staircase formed by blocks of gneiss, but which was practicable for the horses of the country. We felt much more at our ease, however, on foot. It took us an hour's toil to ascend this gigantic amphitheatre, which rises some eight hundred to a thousand feet above the valley below.

Our way now lay across a moor, from which a fine view was obtained of the snowy Normand's jokul, 5,500 feet high. A deviation was then made to the left of the path, and a few minutes' walk across some marshy moss ground brought us to the river just where the valley seems completely shut up, an abrupt precipice starting up from its very banks to the field above, while to the left is a deep fissure from which the view is robbed by an advancing rocky curtain, while the fissure itself seems like the trace of a giant's sword that had cleft these walls of stone and opened a passage for the water. Far down that dark and hidden fissure rolls the Voringfoss, but there is no getting at it from below, although it seems as if a way could be made at an expense which would be as nothing compared to the magnificence of the scene which would be thus opened to the annual thousands of tourists, artists, and dilettanti who visit this natural wonder.

As it is, the traveler is perforce obliged to ascend the face of the precipice by 1,750 very indifferent steps cut in the rock, and the ascent of which on foot taken two mortal hours, with an exertion for the calves and ankles of a remarkably trying character, except to those who are in full mountaineer order. But what is most remarkable is that the Norwegians make their indefatigable little ponies go up and down this frightful precipice; once or twice we had ourselves nearly turned

dizzy when, entering into a cloud that was sweeping by, we emerged into the light of day just as the veil below was withdrawn or rent, and displayed the black-looking depths below in twofold obscurity from the contrast. What then must such an ascent or descent be to a horse bearing its load or its rider!

It was a long way after we had reached the top of this fatiguing ascent to the Voringfoss. We had before us a vast field or plain bordered on the horizon by the snowy heights of the Gokul or Goklen.<sup>1</sup> The precise spot where the river fell from this plain into the Heimdal beneath was indicated at a considerable distance by a cloud of mist. As we neared this spot of terror, amid brambles, briars, dwarf birch and willow, the mouldering away of which had given origin to a thin coating of soil, on which flowered the *Linnaea borealis*, the *Rubus Arcticus* and *paludosus*, and the charming blossoms of the *Krokbeær*, the waters had carried away large flakes of this spongy mass, and left the rock in naked great white and rounded polished masses. This by no means added to the security of the approach, and it would appear to be almost certain destruction to attempt, without a guide, to find out "the only overhanging stone," from whence a view of the fall beneath is obtained. From any other point it appears as if the tourist would inevitably go along with the fall itself.

The river, which had hitherto flowed tranquilly along the field, suddenly meets at this point the great fissure, which we have descended as seen below, and precipitates itself down it at one single leap. The left bank of the precipice is on a level with the field, the right bank, which faces the spectator, is about five hundred feet higher. A fall of lesser magnitude pours likewise over these rocks, and arrived at the level whence the Voringfoss casts itself, it is absorbed in it, and the rapidity of the two streams seems to be increased with their junction and their apparently united resolve to rush over the deep precipice below.

The height of the fall is said to be 900 feet, and the descent of the very considerable body of water seems to be unbroken; but as another tourist remarks, it is a difficult and perilous task to attain a complete view from the dizzy point where the spectator is placed. This point is about a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet above the top of the fall, but the cliffs on the opposite side being more than double that elevation above the commencement of the fall, if the height be rightly estimated, the precipices on the right bank must be *eleven or twelve hundred feet* above the level of the river immediately beneath the fall. The rocks near the fall are so vertical, that there are no trees whatever on their faces, and it is only at a little distance that the occurrence of ledges in the escarpments admits of a sprinkling of birches. Another tourist adds that a better view of the fall may be obtained from the cliff on the north bank, that is, the opposite side to the usual point of view. To reach this the river must be crossed above the fall, if a boat is to be met with, and there is said to be sometimes one attached to a senter.

The Voringfoss is perhaps more powerful than the Ruikandfoss, but the eye and the mind are less completely gratified: one cannot contemplate the former in all its plenitude and power as one can the latter. The scene, too, bearing the stamp of a peculiar savage

<sup>1</sup> Gokul in Icelandic means a glacier.

grandeur, produces a singular impression upon the mind. The sudden disappearance of this enormous body of water, leaving no other trace of its passage save a light cloud of mist, has also something in it that speaks vividly to the imagination, and leaves an impression never to be forgotten.

A Danish artist exhibited an admirable view of the field of the Voring foss at the Fine Arts Exhibition at Copenhagen, in 1859. Despairing of being able to represent the fall in all its power, the artist had confined himself more to depicting the desolation of the field, dark little lakes embosomed in birch and the white horizon of the desert, whilst to the left the abyss of the Voring foss was alone to be seen, an eagle soaring above it. The effect was particularly striking.

There are said to be two other grand falls, which are little known to tourists, to the north of the Voring foss; one of these is called the Skyttie foss, and is seven hundred feet high, and the other is called the Fambiedals foss. A small ridge of mountain lies between the two falls, but the streams from them afterwards unite and flow down Sirnedal into the north-east part of the Gid fiord.

### XX.

NAVIGATION OF THE HARDANGER FJORD—UNFAVOURABLE WEATHER—CROSS TO VIKOS—EXCURSION TO THE OSTUD FOS OR FALL—OVER THE "FIELD"—THE BRATAN FOS—SAMNANGER FJORD—AN ENGLISH VILLA IN NORWAY—BERGEN.

THE descent of the 1,720 steps was, if possible, more fatiguing than the ascent. No wonder that the Norwegian pony, who had been down many times before, neighed so dolorously; and it was with positive delight that we arrived at the bridge thrown over the Heim elv, which we had crossed before, and which is a structure of surprising strength and boldness. A mass of rocks have been cast down into the torrent on both sides, two stout pine trees have then been fixed into these natural dykes, inclined towards the bed of the river, and above the angle left between them and the banks two wooden causeways have been laid down, strongly fixed to the soil by enormous masses of rock. Only the arch remained to be done. This was accomplished by laying down four deal boards, strongly tied together by bark swathings, and then fastened to the pine trees, whilst above all a row of flat stones constituted a kind of general pavement. Men, horses, and carriages, pass over these kind of bridges, often carried over the most furious torrents with the most perfect safety. By four in the evening we were back again at Eidford vik, after twelve hours' exertions, and where a repast of fresh salmon and trout, with excellent potatoes, awaited us, and fully restored us from our fatigues.

Having accomplished our long-wished-for visit to one of the greatest natural curiosities of Norway, our next object was to return to Bergen. In order to do this with the greatest amount of convenience, we hired a boat wherewith to cross the Hardanger fiord, but the weather proved unlucky. At first, a heavy fog came on, which obliged the rowers to keep close to the left bank of the fiord, and it required the utmost exertions on the part of the stout boatman to keep us from being cast ashore. It then came on to rain, and as one has to preserve the horizontal position in those boats, we were all the more exposed to its influence. Ourselves, our coverings and our baggage, were soon

steeped by the rain and the waves breaking over us; for fog, rain, and the most awful sudden gusts of wind accumulated, and no evil seemed wanting to our odyssey. After twelve hours of incessant toil on the part of the enduring and uncomplaining boatmen, we had scarcely accomplished fifteen miles, and per force had to land at the little island of Hernansholm at the foot of the Folge-fond.

No doubt but that this is a charming spot, when warmed up by a genial summer sun, and the gray stones of its quay are dry, but the very rain trickled cold from the pine trees, the pavement was wet and slippery, and we were glad to take refuge in a house, where an aged boatman and his wife helped to dry us.

Luckily we had accomplished so much of our journey that it only remained to cross the fiord, direct from this point to Vilcoer, to reach a horse and boat road to Bergen—albeit one of a rude and devious character. Accordingly, the next day landing at the above-mentioned parish-church, where there is no station, we had to reach the latter to make our way to Sandmoen. Hence we made a branch excursion to the Ostud foss, another of the celebrated falls of Norway. The water falls perpendicularly four hundred feet upon a ridge of the mountain, from whence it foams in cascades over vast pieces of rock into the valley, altogether seven hundred feet, and the volume of water is immense. The mass of this water, as it falls over the protruding ridge above, produces a beautiful rainbow.

The view of the fiord from the mountain above this fall is splendid, and notwithstanding the soaking we got upon its fair bosom, it was not without regret that we bade farewell to its pretty ports with little schooners lying at anchor, its churches buried amid trees, its hospitable peasants and picturesque villages, and to the magnificent scenery that overtopped the whole.

Starting from Sandmoen, our way lay at first along a green valley, at the end of which the birch and pine-clad rocks rose up like a wall, and we had a just practicable pathway through the woods, on a continuous ascent for an hour, after which we gained one of the usual interminable stony and marshy fields or uplands, crowds of snipes rising up screaming from the little pools as we rode by. It took us four hours to cross this field, when, taking the valley that opened directly before us, we soon found ourselves at Ekeland, and were hospitably received by a worthy old man, who was reading the bible in a corner of his hut, surrounded by ten romping children.

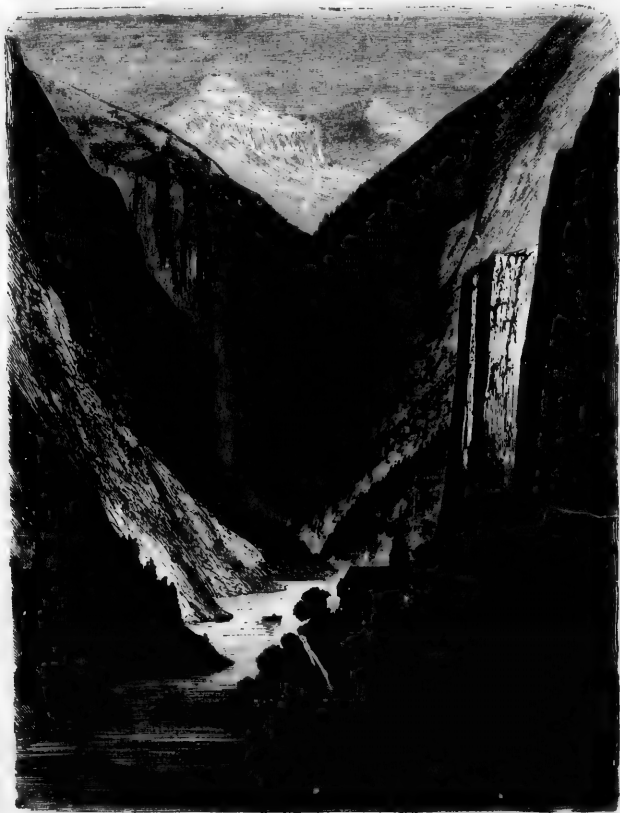
Beyond Ekeland the contrasted configuration of the land presented scenes of exceeding beauty, and we had, among other varieties, to descend a zigzag staircase that terminated in a vast natural circus, into which an enormous mass of water rolled with deafening noise, forming first a little lake, and then a torrent which we had perforce to pass. This was the Bratan foss, and had an elevation of about five hundred feet. Our route hence lay along the valley of the river of same name, sometimes in the water, sometimes on dry land, sometimes amid a chaos of rocks.

The village of Toose, where at last now arrived, stands at the head of the Samnanger fiord—the most northerly inlet of the vast Bjorne fiord, and it is not much more than a couple of Norwegian miles (they are good long ones, one being equal to seven English) across the mountains, as the crow would fly, to Bergen.

It might be done in half-an-hour in a balloon, but as such pleasant means of locomotion are not yet provided, and the mountain barrier that lay between us and the city of the sea kings declared to be impassable, we had no alternative but to take boat, and, for a time, turning our back as it were upon this place of our destination, navigate down the long but beautiful waters of the Samnanger fiord. Landing at Hatvigen, and proceeding thence to Oos, we turned the extreme

southerly point of the mountain barrier, and joined the main carriage and boat road, as it is called by courtesy, from Christiania to Bergen, after it has been carried across the Hardanger and Bjorne fiords, and there remains only two and-a-half Norak, or seventeen English miles, to Bergen itself, to which we could now proceed in a northerly direction.

Our road lay at first over a series of wooded knolls of considerable height and steepness, which were suc-



BAKKE CHURCH.

ceeded by a wild, open country, yet exceedingly pleasing, well wooded with birch and alder, and showing here and there a farm-house or country residence of a proprietor. Among these was one belonging to an English gentleman, who often spends the summer at Bergen, and his property might well pass for an elegant retirement in the Highlands of Scotland, with an excellent garden, well-fenced fields, and pretty natural undulating ground, with dells and knolls, streams and little tarns, over-

hung by beautiful birch trees, and with bold bare hills in the distance. At length, with a salt lagoon on the right of the road, and passing green and cultivated fields, with not a few pretty villas, we entered upon a formal avenue of well-grown trees in full leaf, and by them reached an old gateway, by which we effected an entrance into Bergen, old as its own Sagas, and now wealthy as the Hanse Towns, of which it once formed a component part.



# A BRIEF SOJOURN IN TRIPOLI.

## I.

GREATER AND LESSER SYRTIS—ANCIENT OEA—APPROACH TO TRIPOLI—THE CITADEL AND PASHA'S PALACE—THE MES-  
SHIAN—STREETS OF TRIPOLI—BAZAARS—GREAT MOSQUE—  
COFFEE HOUSES—ROMAN ANTIQUITIES—CONQUEST OF  
TRIPOLI BY THE ARABS—LOTUS TREE AND THE LOTOPHAGI.

THERE is but a limited portion of the littoral of the Mediterranean that in this present day of improved maritime communication remains without the network of steamboats, and which is, in consequence, little visited by tourists who travel for pleasure only. The coast that is thus tabooed, as it were, from civilisation, extends from Tunis to the valley of the Nile, and includes the older regency of Tripoli, now a mere *ayalet* or province of the Ottoman Empire.

Nowhere throughout the whole length of Northern

Africa does the great desert come so near to the sea: the formidable barrier of the Atlas, which from the Atlantic eastwards protects a more or less narrow band of fertile lands, known as Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, from the hot winds of the Sahara, lowers, till it is, as it were, lost in the lesser Syrtis leaving the sands a more or less easy access to the shore, all the way to the greater Syrtis, and to the Cyrenaic peninsula. Hence, indeed, the bad name of these coasts.

"Tres Eurus ab alto  
In brevia et Syrtis urget, miserabile vian  
Illicitque vadis, atque aggero cingit arenam—"

says Virgil, and Lucan repeats:

"per inhospita Syrtis  
Litora per Calidae Libya sitientis Arenis."



TRIPOLI FROM THE INTERIOR.

Nothing could be more figurative. It was so much so indeed, that the old map-makers, even up to the time of Cellarius, in whom the thing can be seen, used to represent the two Syrtis as two great sand-banks, which, with long tail and many arms, resembled some great maritime monster, ready to devour everything that came in its way.<sup>1</sup>

What was formerly the Syrtica Regio obtained in the third century the name of the Regio Tripolitana, from its three principal cities, Leptis Magna, Oea, and Sabrata, which were allied together, just as the Phœni-

cian Tripolis was the metropolis of the three confederate towns of Tyre, Sidon, and Aradus. Cellarius leaves it doubtful which of the three cities became the modern Tripolis. "Postea regionis nomen præcipue cuidam urbi, foran Sabrata, vel Oea, fuit inditum, quarum altera in vicum est redacta, Tripoli vecchia: altera, ex minus illius potentior facta, Christianis piratica sua est infesta." But the preference is generally given to Oea.

Egyptian and Phœnician colonists mixed, from a very early period, with the Lybian tribes that dwelt in these inhospitable lands, and among whom we find the Lotophagi, who lived about Syrtis minor. After which, the country became successively subject to Cyrenica or Pentapolis, to the Greeks, to Carthage, to Rome, to the Vandals, to the Arabs or Saracens, to Charles V., and to the Knights of Malta. The Turks took the

<sup>1</sup> The name has been generally supposed to be derived from the Greek *syrtis*, to draw; but it seems more likely to have come from the Arabic *syrt* or *sart*, a desert, from the desolate and sandy shore, by which the neighbourhood of the Syrtis is still characterised. The word was, indeed, synonymous with *vadosa*, "full of banks and shallows."

country from the latter in 1551. The population, at the present day, consists of Arabs, Moors, Berbers, Turks, Negroes, Jews, and Franks, and is supposed to num' or about a million and a half. The Arabs call the country Bahr al Abyad, or the "White Sea," from its sandy character.

With a favourable wind the traveller can cross from Malta to Tripoli in about forty-eight hours. The shore is low and not perceptible till close upon it, but the mountains of the interior are visible from a long distance. When at length the littoral itself is discerned a kind of crescent is perceived, the base of which is occupied by the city, while to the east is a dark forest of date-trees that seem to bathe their roots in the sea; but to the west there is naught, save a sandy, barren and naked tract.

It is well known to every tyro in travel that the cities of the East, so captivating and imposing without, are by no means so within. This is the case with Constantinople, Smyrna, Jerusalem, Bagdad, Alexandria and Cairo. Tripoli constitutes no exception to the rule. A chaplet of rocks invites the construction of a mole to protect a naturally good harbour for small vessels, but the lazy Turks have left what their Roman predecessors did towards uniting the islets by solid masonry just as it was, and the mouths of sundry old guns with dismantled carriages, or no carriages at all, still peer ominously through the embrasures of the marine fort. Allah Kerim! for the rest! It is probable that the barbarian pirates of a century ago practised their villanies on the open sea, with the same sham defences at home. The lapse of time has made known the true value of these. (See p. 481.)

The beautiful cities of the East must be read of at home; to visit them is to be disappointed. It was probably the same illusion, produced by distance and by the fantastic and ferocious aspect of the rovers of Salee, and the corsairs of Algiers and Tripoli, that acted upon the imaginations of European sailors and gave to them so terrible a renown. How much have travel and intimacy taken from these absurd pretensions! What of the Salee and Rabat and the Tripoli of the present day! We have described the first, we shall now proceed with the second. As to Aljezirah, it is now the semi-civilised Algeria.

The extreme whiteness of square flat buildings covered with lime, which in this climate encounters the sun's fiercest rays, is very striking. The baths form clusters of cupolas very large, to the number of eight or ten crowded together in different parts of the town. The mosques have in general a small plantation of Indian figs and date-trees growing close to them, which, at a distance, appearing to be so many rich gardens in different parts of the town, give the whole city, in the eyes of an European, an aspect truly novel and pleasing. On entering the harbour, the town begins to discover dilapidations from the destructive hand of time, large hills of rubbish appearing in various parts of it. The castle, or royal palace, where the pasha resides, is at the east end of the town, within the walls, with a dock-yard adjoining, where the bey (the pasha's eldest son, and heir to the throne) builds his cruisers. This castle is very ancient, and is inclosed by a strong high wall which appears impregnable; but it has lost all symmetry on the inside, from the innumerable additions made to contain the different branches of the royal family; for there is scarcely an instance of any of the blood royal, as far as the pasha's

great grandchildren, living without the castle walls. These buildings have increased it by degrees to a little irregular town. (See page 469.)

The arrival of Christians in the harbour occasions a great number of people to assemble at the mole-end and along the sea-shore, the natural consequence of an African's curiosity, who, never having been out of his own country, finds as much amusement at the first sight of an European, as his own uncouth appearance affords to the newly arrived stranger. It consequently, after our arrival here, was not easy for us, during some minutes, to draw off our attention from the extraordinary group we perceived.

It may be remarked here that the Mughribis, or people of the west (whence our "Moors") pronounce the *p* as *b*, and the *a* very broad, more so than in Syria and Turkey, hence the pa-shah (pasha), "vice-roy" of the Persians and Turks, is written by all old travellers "bashaw."

The city of Tripoli is, or rather has been, surrounded by a prodigiously strong wall, and towers, which are now in bad order; but persons of judgment in these matters say, that with repairs only, it might be made one of the strongest fortifications. The sea washes this town on three sides; and on the fourth a sandy plain, called the Meshiah, joins it to the rest of the country. On the east it is divided from Egypt by the dreary deserts of Barca, where none reside except occasionally the wandering Arab.

Not far from this spot it was that idolators paid divine worship to their deity Jupiter Ammon, under the figure of a ram; and here stood the famous temple dedicated to his name, which few could approach, on account of the burning sands, which still divide the inhabitants, or islanders, of this sandy ocean from the rest of their species. Ages pass without a traveller attempting to cross these burning seas. This city is much less than either Algiers or Tunis, neither of which states have been Moorish kingdoms quite four hundred years. About the year 1400, three different bands of soldiers, under the protection of the Grand Signor, settled at Tripoli, Tunis, and Algiers, and from them these people sprung. This state soon became very flourishing, and continued so till the rigorous siege it sustained from the Spaniards, who attacked it, under the general Don Pedro de Navarra. Since that period, though harassed by the Spanish and the English, and latterly by the French, it has continued in the possession of the Turks and Moors, and governed by a Turkish pasha. It was tributary to the Porte for a long series of years, until freed from this yoke: it afterwards remained entirely under a Moorish sovereign. The town is so uneven with accumulated rubbish, on which they often build without removing it, that the thresholds of some of the street-doors are on a level with the terraces or tops of houses not far from them. The streets are narrow, but nearly double the width of those at Tunis and Algiers. There is only one kind of vehicle used here for conveyance, and that kept only by a few of the great Moors, for the females of their families. It is a sort of palanquin, entirely inclosed with linen, and placed on the back of a camel. The one belonging to the pasha is very richly and elegantly adorned, inside and out, and is merely for the purpose of conveying the ladies belonging to his own family to their country residences. None of the ladies belonging to the royal family ever walk in the streets, except when they go to their mosques, to fulfil a vow,

or make an offering, which they frequently do on various occasions, but with the greatest circumspection. They go out as late as eleven or twelve o'clock at night, attended by a considerable guard from the castle. A number of black female slaves and Moorish servants form a large body, in the very centre of which the princess or princesses walk, with their own particular attendants or ladies encircling them. The guard continually announces them as they go, to give timely notice of their approach. They have with them a great number of lights, and a vast quantity of burning perfume, which is carried in silver fillagree vases, and also large silver ewers of rose and orange-flower water, to damp the burning perfume, which, during their walk, produces a thick cloud around them, composed of the finest aromatic odours. Either of these accompaniments, besides the vociferous cry of the guards, is fully sufficient to indicate the approach of the royal party, in time to leave the way clear for them; and this is particularly necessary, as their law decrees no less a punishment than death for any person who may be in the streets and remain there while their ladies are passing by, or for any man who may look at them from a window. Of course every place is perfectly free from spectators before they come near to it.

Women of a middle station of life generally go out on foot, but hardly ever without a female slave or attendant. They are then so completely wrapped up, that it is impossible to discover more of them than their height, not easily even their size. They have a covering called a baracan, which is about one yard and a half wide, and four or five in length. This conceals them entirely, and they hold it so close over their face as scarcely to leave the least opening to see their way through it. The Jewesses wear this part of their dress nearly in the same way; but they hold it in such a manner as clearly to discover one eye, which a Moorish woman dares not do if she has a proper regard for public opinion, as her reputation would certainly suffer by it.

Merchandise is usually carried on the backs of camels and mules, and the dust they raise in these dry sandy streets is intolerable. The town stands on a foundation of rock. Here and there are a few remains of pavement, some of which are very ancient, and appear evidently to be Roman. They do not excel here in shops, the best of these being little better than booths, though their contents are sometimes valuable, consisting of pearls, gold, gems, and precious drugs. There are two covered bazaars, or market-places, one of which is very large, and built in four aisles, meeting in a cross. These aisles are fitted up with shops, built on each side of them, containing every sort of merchandise, and having a way in the middle for purchasers to walk in. Several parts of this place are nearly dark, and the powerful smell of musk makes it very unpleasant to pass through it. The other bazaar is much smaller, and has no shops in it. Thither only black men and women are brought for sale! The very idea of a human being, brought and examined as cattle for sale, is repugnant to a feeling heart, yet this is one of their principal traffics.

The exterior of the great mosque, where the deceased relations of the royal family are buried, is extremely handsome. It stands in the main street, near the gate of the city which leads to the country, and almost opposite to the palace. Before the door of this mosque there is a second entry of neat lattice wood-

work, curiously carved, with two folding doors of the same work: a great number of beautifully coloured tiles, with which the bottom of the lattice work is set, gives it an appearance of delicate neatness very pleasing to the eye. Over the doors of all the mosques are long sentences from the Koran sculptured and painted; those over the door of this mosque being more richly gilt and painted, and the sculpture much handsomer than in any others in the town. There is another mosque at no great distance, having a door of most curious workmanship, carved in wood by the Moors. We stopped to look at it, but could not enter the building, it being the time of divine service. The appearance of the Moors at prayer was as solemn as it was strange. They were at that part of the service which obliged them to prostrate themselves and salute the earth: the whole congregation was accordingly in this posture, absorbed in silent adoration. Nothing seemed capable of withdrawing their attention for a moment from the object they were engaged on. The eye was alternately directed from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth again, uncaught by any objects around, unheeded even by each other. They seemed wholly enwrapped in the prayers they offered up in this humble manner from the ground. There are no seats in the mosque, no desks, nor hassocks, nor pews; the people stand promiscuously together, without distinction of rank or dress. The women are not permitted to attend public worship; they go to the mosques only at midnight.

The coffee bazaar is where the Turks meet to hear and tell the news of the day, and to drink coffee: it is filled with coffee-houses or rather coffee-kitchens, which within are very black with smoke, and in which nothing but coffee is dressed. No Moorish gentlemen enter these houses, but send their slaves to bring out coffee to them at the doors, where are marble couches, shaded with green arbour. These couches are furnished with the most rich and beautiful mats and carpets. Here are found, at certain hours of the day, all the principal Moors, seated cross-legged, with cups of coffee in their hands, made as strong as the essence itself. The coffee served to the ladies of the castle has sometimes in it a quantity of cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg. The Moors, when at these coffee-houses, are waited on by their own black servants, who stand constantly by their masters, one with his pipe, another with his cup, and a third holding his handkerchief, while he is talking, as his hands are absolutely necessary for his discourse, he marks with his forefinger of his right hand upon the palm of his left, as accurately as we do with a pen, the different parts of his speech, a comma, a quotation, or a striking passage. This renders their manner of conversing very singular; and an European, who is not used to this part of their discourse, is altogether at a loss to understand what the speakers mean.

One of the grandest arches of antiquity stands yet entire at the Marine. The old arch, as the Moors term it, was built so long ago as A.D. 164, by a Roman who had the control of the customs. He erected it in honour of, and during the joint reigns of Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Aelius Verus. Marcus Aurelius, on the death of Antoninus Pius, with whom Lucius Verus likewise reigned, took him also as his colleague in the empire, though Lucius Verus had proved so vile a character that Antoninus did not nominate him at his death. When, in 161, these two emperors began to

reign, they changed their names, which accounts for the great number of initials in the inscriptions on the arch. When this arch was built, there were few habitations nearer this place than Labeda, the Leptis Magna of the ancients, which is about three days' journey from Tripoli. Lucius Verus was at this time rioting in the woods of Daphne at Antioch, and committing all kinds of outrages throughout Africa; and the Romans having strayed to the spot where Tripoli now stands, to hunt wild beasts, found under this arch a welcome retreat from the burning rays of the sun at noon-day. It is thought, by all good judges, to be handsomer than any of the most celebrated in Italy, as the temple of Janus, though built of marble, and esteemed one of the finest of these edifices, has only a plain roof. This arch is very high, but does not appear so, being from the great accumulation of sands carried thither by the winds, exactly as deep beneath the surface of the earth as it is high above it. It is composed of stones so exceedingly large, that it seems wonderful how they were conveyed hither, considering there are neither stone nor stone quarries in this country; and it is no less extraordinary, in such a country as this, how they could be raised to form this immense arch. No cement has been used to fasten them together, yet so solid are they that the hand of time, in its continual ravages around it, has left this monument of antiquity uninjured. The ceiling is of the most beautiful sculpture, a small part of which only remains in view, as the Moors, blind to its beauties, have for some time filled it up with rubbish and mortar, to form shops in the interior of the arch. On the outside are enormous groups of whole-length figures of men and women, which those who are versed in antiquity can easily explain; but they are too much worn away by time for others to understand them. So little inclination is there to search for antiquities, that those which remain are in general undisturbed. Europeans are often tempted to bring these antiquities to light: and they might doubtless make great and useful discoveries; but the Moors and jealous Turks will not permit them to disturb a stone, or move a grain of sand, on such an account; and repeated messages have been sent from the castle on these occasions to warn Christians of their danger.

Without the walls of the town are frequently found pieces of tessellated pavement, known to have been laid down two thousand years ago. At Labeda very considerable remains of Roman buildings are still standing nearly buried in the sands. So grand were the Roman edifices, that from Labeda, seven granite pillars of an immense size were, for their beauty, transported to France, and used in ornamenting one of the palaces of Louis XIV. At Zavia, which is but a few hours ride from hence, an amphitheatre, built by the Romans, is still standing entire, with five degrees of steps; its interior is one hundred and forty-eight feet in diameter.

When we reflect, that on the northern extremity of Africa, the Grecians founded Cyrene and settled other colonies, while the Phœnicians built the city of Carthage, afterwards conquered by the Romans,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Towards the end of the fourth century, Tripoli, then the ancient city of Oen, was obliged, for the first time, to shut its gates against an hostile invasion; several of its most honourable citizens were surprised and massacred; the villages, and even the suburbs, were pillaged; and the vines and fruit-trees of their rich territory were extirpated by the savages of Getulia. The provincials implored the protection of Count Romanus, who had

with all the kingdoms of Numidia, and that this is the same spot on which Tripoli, Algiers, and Tunis now stand, it is no wonder that Roman vestiges are yet to be found here, notwithstanding the neglect and destruction of the Arab, who is careless of the preservation of works of art. Most of the cities and towns in the kingdom of Tripoli exhibit many interesting remains which prove their antiquity. Bengazi, which is a very short distance from Tripoli, governed by a bey, or viceroy, under the Pasha, is the ancient city of Berenice, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, 284 years before Christ. Near to Bengazi, at Derne, which is also governed by a bey from Tripoli, in the village of Rasem, are considerable ruins of a tower and fortifications built by

long exercised the military command of Africa; but they soon found that their Roman governor was not less cruel and rapacious than the barbarians. As they were incapable of furnishing the four thousand camels, and the exorbitant present which he required, before he would march to the assistance of Tripoli, his demand was equivalent to a refusal; and he might justly be accused as the author of the public calamity. In the annual assembly of the three cities, they nominated two deputies, to lay at the feet of the Emperor Valentinian the customary offering of a gold Victory, and to accompany this tribute of duty, rather than of gratitude, with an humble complaint, that they were ruined by the enemy and betrayed by the governor. The count, however, long practised in the arts of corruptive, had taken care to secure the venal friendship of one of the ministers of Valentinian; and, by a repetition of the same means, where they could most avail, continued to avert the vengeance of the emperor from his own guilty head to the innocent sufferers. The president of Tripoli was publicly executed at Utica, and four distinguished citizens were put to death, by the express order of the emperor. On Genserich's invasion of Africa, Tripoli was included in the Vandal kingdoms; and, when this monarchy was subverted by Belisarius, it was one of the five stations in which the Roman general established dukes or commanders.

After the standard of Muhammad had waved victorious in the east, Abdallah, the lieutenant of the Caliph Othman, at the head of 40,000 Mussulmen, contended, in the vicinity of the city, with a numerous army of the imperial troops, for the dominion of Africa. Their ardour was abated by a painful march. They had pitched their tents before it; a reinforcement of Greeks was surprised and cut to pieces on the sea-shore; but the fortifications of Tripoli resisted the first assaults; and the Saracens were tempted by the approach of the prefect Gregory, to relinquish the labours of the siege for the perils and losses of a decisive action. It is reported that his standard was followed by 120,000 men; were it so, the regular lords of the empire must have been lost in the disorderly crowd of Africans, who formed the numbers, not the strength of his host.

For several days the two armies were fiercely engaged from the dawn of light to the hour of noon, when the heat and fatigue compelled them to seek shelter and refreshment in their respective camps. The daughter of Gregory, a maid of incomparable beauty and spirit, is said to have fought by his side. From her earliest youth, she was trained to mount on horseback, to draw the bow, and to wield the scimitar; and the richness of her arms and apparel was conspicuous in the foremost ranks of the battle. Her hand, with 100,000 pieces of gold, was offered for the head of the Arabian general; and the youths of Africa were excited by the prospect of the glorious prize. Zobeir, a young and noble Arab, advised Abdallah to retort the offer on the imperial prefect. At the same time, he recommended that a part of the Mussulmen forces should lie concealed in their tents, while the remainder kept up the usual morning contest with the enemy. When the weary troops of the empire had retired to prepare for the refreshment of the evening, unbribed their horses, and laid aside their armour, on a sudden the charge was sounded; the Arabian camp poured forth a host of fresh and intrepid warriors; and the long line of the Greeks and Africans was surprised, assailed, and overturned. The victory was complete, and Tripoli opened its gates to the conqueror. Gregory fell by the sword of Zobeir; but the enthusiastic warrior disdained to claim the reward proposed at his own suggestion; nor would his achievement have been known, had not the tears and exclamations of the captive maid, on seeing him, proclaimed what his own modesty had concealed.

the Vandals. On the coast near Tripoli is the Island of Jerbi, known to be the Meninx of the ancients. This island has been in the possession of the Pasha of Tripoli from the time that the Moors, by burying nearly the whole of their own army and that of their enemy in the sea, drove from it the Dukes of Alva and Medina-Celi, in the fifteenth century. From the Island of Jerbi they bring to Tripoli great quantities of fruit, of nearly the size of a bean, and of a bright yellow when fresh. This is the produce of a tree which grows there, and is said by a French author to be the lotus of the ancients.<sup>1</sup>

The Moors call it the karub, and with the seeds or stones of this fruit they weigh diamonds and pearls; the value of the diamond is ascertained by the number of karub stones.

It is also known as the carob-tree, although the true word is karub. Its botanical name, *Ceratonia siliqua*, has been derived from *keras*, a horn, in allusion to the long horn-like pods of this plant, which contain a sweet fœcula, for the sake of which they are often imported from Spain under the name of the Algaroba bean. This last name is a slight alteration, by the prefix of the Arabic article al, of the Arabic name of the tree, karub. It is generally considered to be the locust-tree of scripture; and in Spain, where the seeds are eaten, it is called St. John's bread. Ignorance of eastern manners and natural history induced many persons to fancy that the locusts on which John the Baptist fed were the tender shoots of plants, and that the wild honey was the pulp of the pod of the karub or jujube, and whence it had the name of St. John's bread. There is better reason to suppose that the shells of the karub pod might be the husks which the prodigal son desired to partake of with the swine. The seeds or beans were often resorted to during the peninsular war as food for the British cavalry horses.

The karub-tree is a beautiful evergreen, with a massive circular and expansive head, and as it generally grows apart, and more or less isolated on grassy plains, it adds much to the beauty of eastern scenery, inviting to rest by its shade, and giving a park-like aspect to the native plains. This is especially the case in Cilicia Campestris, and in some parts of Northern Syria.

<sup>1</sup> He says, "Sur la côte de cette île, on trouve un arbre appelé par les anciens *Lotus*, qui porte un fruit, de la grosseur d'une fève, et jaune comme du safran, qui a un goût à exquis, que les Grecs disaient que ceux qui en avaient une fois goûté, oublièrent leur patrie!" And as the ancient *Lotophagi* (a people so called from their feeding on the fruit lotus) are known to have been that race of inhabitants who lived near the Lesser Syrtes, where this island is, it is more probable that this was the fruit known by the name of lotus than the jujube (or jujube) or the date, which are found all over Africa, and which some writers have thought to be the lotus.

The celebrated Mr. Bruce says, that Gerbi or Gerbo, is the Meninx of the ancients, or the island of the *Lotophagi*. Ulysses visited this country on his return from the Trojan war.

Not prone to ill, not strange to foreign guests,  
They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feast.  
The trees around them all their fruit produce,  
Lotus the name; divine nectareous juice!  
(Thence call'd *Lotophagi*), which who so tastes,  
Inassate riots in the sweet repasts;  
Nor other home nor other care intends,  
But quits his house, his country and his friends.

*Homer's Odyssey*, Book ix.

## II.

OASES OR WADIS—ARAB TRIBES—BETYLINS AND KADALIES—AN ARNOUT CONSPIRACY—HOUSES—FANDUKS OR INNS—BATHS—AUBERGEROUS SANDS—RISE OF THE KARAMANLIS—PASHA'S PALACE—A MOORISH REBELLION—GREAT MOSQUE—GARDENS—FATE OF A FAIR CIRCASSIAN—A HAUNTED CASTLE—CAMELS—MOSQUES IN THE DESERT—STORY OF A SAVID'S DAUGHTER—DEATH OF HAMET THE GREAT.

A CONSIDERABLE city in the neighbourhood of Tripoli, of the name of Bona, is built entirely with the ruins of Hippo Regius,<sup>2</sup> and is little more than a mile distant from the place where that ancient city stood. The desert adjoining Tripoli, and leading towards Egypt, still bears the name of Barca,<sup>3</sup> given it by the Romans on account of the fierceness of its inhabitants at that time. The couriers from Tripoli cross these deserts in their way to Grand Cairo, mounted on dromedaries, which the Moors esteem much swifter than a horse. The couriers are obliged to be fastened on with cords, to prevent their being thrown off by the fleetness of the animal; and owing to the extreme difficulty of passing these dreary regions, the couriers can seldom quit their caravans, and are generally from twenty-five to thirty days on the way from Tripoli to Cairo.

On this part of the desert, towards Egypt, are islands of inhabitants environed by oceans of sand, which completely separate them from each other, and from the rest of the world. None attempt to approach their habitations through the burning regions which surround them. Among these islands, called by the ancient geographers, oases, was that of Ammonia, where lived the worshippers of Jupiter Ammon,<sup>4</sup> a region which we defer to another opportunity to describe. Only a few islands in this part of the desert are known to the caravans, where they stop in case of extreme necessity for refreshment and repose, after the hardships of a journey more dreadful than can be conceived, and which would not often be completed, but by the help of the compass and a knowledge of astronomy. The vast and sudden shifting of the sands, levelling mountains in one spot and raising them in another, so completely varies the aspect of the way,

<sup>2</sup> Hippo Regius is famous for having been the episcopal seat of Saint Augustine, who died here whilst it was besieged by the Vandals, in the year 430. A council was held here in the year 393, Saint Augustine at that time being only a priest. This city is mentioned by Ptolemy, Strabo, Pliny, and Mela; Silius Italicus also speaks of it.

<sup>3</sup> The country of Barca is said to have derived its name from the ancient city of Barca, built according to Herodotus by Battus, son of Arcesias, King of Egypt, and afterwards destroyed by Amasis. This country is very barren, and full of rocks and sandy plains.—*Herodotus*, lib. iv.; *Strabo*, lib. xvii.; *Ptolemy*, lib. iv. c. 4; *Pomponius Mela*, lib. i. c. 8.

<sup>4</sup> Ammon and Hammon, a name of Jupiter, worshipped in Lybia. He appeared under the form of a ram to Bacchus, who, with his army, suffered extreme thirst in the deserts of Africa, and showed him a fountain. Upon this, Bacchus erected a temple to his father, under the name of Jupiter Ammon, i. e. the sandy, with the horns of a ram. The temple of Jupiter Ammon was in the deserts of Lybia, nine days journey from Alexandria. It had a famous oracle, which was consulted by Hercules, Perseus, and others, but when it pronounced Alexander to be the son of Jupiter, such flattery destroyed its long-established reputation. The word oases or ausesis (*Strabo*, ii. p. 120) is supposed by some to be derived from the Coptic *Quah*, a resting-place; by others from the Arabic *Hawa*, a habitation, and *Si* or *Zi*, a wilderness; but it is more probably derived from the Arabic *Wadi*, a well; such places are now called, and which the French and others write as *Ouadi* and *Oasis*.—*Quintus Curtius*, lib. iv. c. 7; *Arrian*, lib. iii. c. 2; *Strabo*, lib. i. c. 17; *Pausanias*, lib. iii.

that the traveller, bewildered, knows not where he is except by such aid. Other islands are also here, where the inhabitants will probably be insulated from the rest of the world to the end of time. Close to these deserts is Pentapolis, a country of the Cyrenaica,<sup>1</sup> where stood the five cities of Appollonia, Cyrene, Arsinoe, Ptolemais, and Berenice. This part of Barbary, once called, from its great fertility, the granary of the Romans, is recently much fallen off. The failure of its produce is attributed to the want of rains, which were formerly much more copious and frequent in this country than they have been of late years. The steep mountains of Ghuvian are the only ones seen on a clear day from the city of Tripoli, and seem to be a long ridge of high black hills. These, and the sands, are inhabited by numerous tribes of Arabs, among which are those of the Tarhona, Bu-ajila, Auar-shifana, Auar-gamma, Auar-ghaad, Auar-iyana, Auar-fellah, Aulad Bu Saif, and Beni Aulad, and others. These Arabs form three classes: the first, those who come from Arabia; the second, the Arabs of Africa; and the third, the wandering Bedawin or Bedouins. The first two are equally warlike, handsome in their persons, generous in their temper, honourable in their dealings, grand and ambitious in all their proceedings when in power, and abstemious in their food. They possess great genius, and enjoy a settled cheerfulness, not in the least bordering on buffoonery. Each of these tribes are governed by a chief, whose title is Sheikh, by whose laws all those under him are directed, judged, and punished. Each family has a chief of its own kindred, whose authority in the same manner extends to life and death. Their trade is war. They serve as auxiliary troops to whoever pays them best: most of them are at present considered as being in the interest of the Pasha of Tripoli. The Bedawin are hordes of petty wandering merchants, trading with what they carry from place to place. They manufacture a dark cloth for baracans, and thick webs of goat's hair, used to cover tents, which they sell to the Moors.

These Bedawin, in the spring of the year, approach Tripoli from the Pianura, or plain, adjoining the town. Here they sow their corn, wait till they can reap it, and then disappear till the year following. During the stay of these people in the Pianura, the women weave, and sell their work to the Tripolitans. They pitch their tents under the walls of the city, but cannot enter the town gate without leave; and for any misdemeanour the Bedawin may commit, their chief is answerable to the pasha. Besides being divided into

hordes, each family is governed by its own chief, in the same manner as those of the Arabs. The Sultans, or Kings of Fezzan, are tributary to the Pasha of Tripoli. The Moors of Fezzan are of a dark copper colour, almost black. They are many shades darker than the Tripolitans who inhabit the countries at a small distance from Tripoli; for the Moors in the city and suburbs of Tripoli are, in general, white. To each of the cities belonging to the pasha he sends a viceroys with the title of Bey, and to the lesser districts a governor, who is denominated a Kaid (or Kay-id) pasha. The disunion among the Moorish princes preventing the pasha from attending as rigidly as usual to those governments, the Kaidas are suffered to neglect going out to their different kaidaliks till it is absolutely necessary for the pasha to receive his tributes, which are then, for want of time, taken by force from the people. Where the Kaidas have remained at their posts, they have found the Moors loyal to the pasha, and have gathered the tributes easily; while the Moors, who are harassed at other kaidaliks, have become troublesome and dangerous to the state. Among these kaidaliks are those of the Meshiah, Tajura, Mezzurata, Messata, Zavia, Zuarna, and others. Near the Meshiah is a large district of land, under the jurisdiction, and in the possession of a priest. This district is called the Sayid, which was the name of its former priest, and means lion. It is a sanctuary which cannot be violated by the pasha himself. The life of a murderer within its walls is sacred. He may be starved out, by his friends being prevented from relieving him, but he cannot be taken thence by force.

The great fast of the Ramadan is kept with extreme or rather with excessive punctiliousness at Tripoli, and the Oriental proverb, when a thing is wished for, that it is desired as the moon of Bairam, or the feast that succeeds to the fast, is in few places more real than it is here. An odd incident occurred at this epoch during the last century (about 1753) which had nearly involved the city in a great disaster. An Arnaut, who had been sent upon an expedition from the Sultan, with some small vessels, and between five and six hundred men on board of them under his command, put into the harbour of Tripoli for provisions, sometime before the fast of Ramadan. The government, though much more energetic than it is now, was still, like the Moorish states, very weak. Many people were greatly discontented, and this man finding several of the chief officers displeased with the pasha, and ripe for rebellion, and having also observed that a part of the fortifications near the sea, for the want of a few days' labour, rendered that part of the city easy of access, formed the extraordinary idea of attempting, with his handful of people, the capture of Tripoli by surprise; and had not one of his emissaries committed the most grossly ignorant act that can be imagined, he would most probably have succeeded in this strange undertaking. He tampered with some of the great people, who tired of the reins of the pasha, or of the manner in which he held them, and instigated by the hope of gain from the spoils of the government, determined to favour his plan. Amongst these was the sheik. Without the concurrence of so capital a personage, it is not probable that the Arnaut would have undertaken this enterprise. Late one evening, he landed the greater part of his crew, under the walls of what the Moors call the Spanish castle, at the decayed part of the fortifications, and took possession of it.

<sup>1</sup> The Cyrenaica, so called from the city of Cyrene, was also denominated the Pentapolis, from the five cities it contained, which, for several centuries were in a most flourishing condition. The successors of Battus, first king of this state, reigned for upwards of three hundred years, after which period it became a commonwealth, and had many sanguinary disputes with the republic of Carthage about the limits of their respective territories. Tasso's idea of the Cyrenaica is both just and happily expressed:—

Bodi e Creta lontane inverso 'l Polo  
Non scema; e pur lungo Africa sen viene,  
Sul mar culla e ferace; addentro solo  
Fertil di mostri e d' infedele arme.  
La Marmarica rode; e rade il suolo  
Dove cinque cittadi ebbe Cirene;  
Qui Tolomita; e poi con l'onde cheta,  
Sorgor si mira il fabuloso Lete.

— *Gerusalemme Liberata*, c. 15.; *Blaguer's Letters from the Mediterranean*, vol. ii. p. 8.



The guns on that side, which had lain neglected and out of use for years, exactly commanded the pasha's palace. These the Arnauts immediately set about putting in order. The port-holes since that time have been filled up, and no guns placed on that side of the castle. This fort being left without a proper guard, the Arnauts found an easy admission. They got into it unobserved, and immediately proceeded to place in it a great quantity of ammunition from their ships, and about ten o'clock at night, during the Ramadan, when all the great Moors were assembled in the coffee bazaar, the chief Arnaut sent one of his people with a message to his friend the sheik, and ordered the man to take particular notice and bring word back who of the great people were at the bazaar. This man, probably intoxicated and not clearly understanding his master's project, when he got up to the sheik, who was surrounded by everybody of consequence in the place, was struck by a most extravagant idea, and while he was delivering his message, secretly pulled out a pistol, and shot the sheik dead at the instant. Such a violent step, of course, spread a general alarm. The man was despatched at once by the hands of the people round him. The greatest part of the Arnauts were immediately cut to pieces; the rest saved themselves by flying on board the ships in the greatest disorder. Their chief escaped, after several hours, to one of the Christian houses, where he remained concealed some days, and afterwards by the help of a disguise got into a vessel.

The houses of the principal people of Tripoli differ from those of Egypt, which, according to the customs of the east, are mostly built three and four stories high: here they never exceed one story. You first pass through a sort of hall or lodge, called by the Moors a skiffah, with benches of stone on each side. From this a staircase leads to a single grand apartment, termed a gul-phar or sky-light, which has (what is not permitted in any other part of the building) windows facing the street. This apartment is sacred to the master of the mansion. Here he holds his levee, transacts business, and enjoys convivial parties. None even of his own family dare enter this gul-phar, without his particular leave; and though this seems arbitrary, yet a Moorish lady may, in this one instance be said to equal her lord in power, as he cannot enter his wife's apartments, if he finds a pair of lady's slippers on the outside of the door, but must wait till they are removed. Beyond this hall or lodge, is the court-yard, paved in proportion to the fortune of the owner. Some are of a brown cement, resembling finely-polished marble, others are of black or white marble, and the poorer houses only of stone or earth. The houses, either small or large, in town or country, are built exactly on the same plan. The court-yard is made use of to receive large female companies, entertained by the mistress of the house upon the celebration of a marriage, or any other great feast, and also, in cases of death, for funeral ceremonies performed before the deceased is moved to the grave. On these occasions, the floor is covered with mats and Turkey carpets, and is sheltered from the inclemency or heat of the weather by an awning, covering the whole yard, for which the Moors sometimes incur great expense. Rich silk cushions are laid round for seats; the walls are hung with tapestry, and the whole is converted into a grand sala. This court-yard is surrounded by a cloister, supported by pillars, over which

a gallery is erected of the same dimensions, inclosed with a lattice-work of wood. From the cloisters and gallery, doors open into large chambers not communicating with each other, and which receive light only from this yard. The windows have no glass, but are furnished with jalousies of wood curiously cut: these windows produce a gloomy light, being admitted through spaces a quarter of an inch wide, and crossed with heavy bars of iron; and as they look into an inward court-yard, they are well calculated to calm the perturbed mind of the jealous Moor. The tops of the houses, which are all flat, are covered with plaster or cement, and surrounded by a parapet about a foot high, to prevent anything from immediately falling into the street. Upon these terraces, the Moors dry and prepare their figs, raisins, and dates and date-paste. They enjoy on them the refreshing inbath, or sea-breeze, so luxurious after a parching day, and are here seen constantly at sun-set, offering their devotions to Muhammad; for let a Moor be where he may, when he hears the marabout announce the prayer for sunset, nothing induces him to pass that moment without prostrating himself to the ground—a circumstance surprising to Europeans, if they happen to be in company with Moors, or walking through the streets at that hour. From the terraces the rain water falls into cisterns beneath the court-yard, which preserve the water from year to year in the highest perfection. No other soft water is to be had in this country. There are innumerable wells. Fresh water is everywhere found near the surface of the earth, but all of it is brackish and ill-flavoured.

There are no rivers near, and consequently a long dearth of rain may possibly occasion a plague. The rains fall incessantly for many days and nights, and ceasing suddenly, not a drop more of water descends for several months together. The inside of the cisterns is made of a composition resembling marble, and often occupies as much ground as the size of the court-yard. (See 476.) The guard-house, which is known by the name of the Sandannar, is near the middle of the town, where an aga, or captain, is always stationed with a guard. This aga sends a party of soldiers through the town, accompanied by a pack of dogs in a starved state, who save the men the trouble of pursuing the people they wish to apprehend, for with a word the dogs rush forward, seize the unfortunate victim, and keep him pinioned to the ground till the guards come up.

One of the handsomest of the Moorish fanduks or inns is very large, with a square area in which is a well and a gabiya, or marble reservoir for water, for the convenience of the Moors to wash in before prayers and meals. Round the area is a number of small rooms, each for the goods or merchandise of the person or persons who may sleep in the apartments over it. The camels, horses, and mules of the travellers are ranged round the yard. When a stranger arrives, a Moor dusts the floor of an empty room, and spreading a mat, which is all the furniture allowed, leaves the guest in quiet possession of it. Those who can afford it, are expected on quitting it, to leave a small gratuity to the porter, and none can get out or into the fanduk till the adan, or dawn of day, when a Moor unlocks the gates. The baths, which are large, are built chiefly of marble, and every hour in the day till sunset are crowded with ladies, who go there also to adorn their persons. They take their throwmen and slaves with

them. Each lady requires several attendants after she has bathed; one of her women washes her hair thoroughly with orange-flower water, and another is ready to dry it with a powder she has just prepared of high scented perfumes, composed of burnt amber, cloves, cinnamon, and musk. She divides or plaits the hair into small tresses to the number of at least fifty—a long operation, giving a great deal of pain; and additional sufferings are endured from the plucking out with an instrument all the uneven hairs of the eyebrows, and then painting with the greatest nicety the eyebrows and eyelashes with a black composition laid on with a silver or gold bodkin.

The people of Tripoli procure gold from the sands of the Syrtis. Their mode of procedure is to gather up handfuls of sand, put it into a wooden bowl, and wash it with several waters, till all the gold, which is so much heavier than sand, remains at the bottom. This residue is then tied in little bits of rags of about the size of a small nut, and brought in that state to Tripoli. These small parcels are known by the name of matagal. Their average value is about that of a Venetian sequin, or ten shillings and sixpence. The merchants melt them into bars or ingots. It is obvious that if the process of obtaining gold from sand by means of quicksilver, and recovering the quicksilver by distillation was known, that a much greater quantity might be obtained.

On approaching the castle of the pasha, the first intrenchments are passed, escorted by the pasha's body-guards. The castle is surrounded by a wall upwards of forty feet high, with battlements, embrasures, and towers, in the old manner of fortifications, and is of ancient architecture, much disfigured on the inside by irregular additions made by the different pashas to contain the numerous branches of their families. Having passed through the gate, you enter the first court-yard of the castle crowded with guards, waiting before the skiff or hall, where the Kayah sits all day. This is the highest officer belonging to the pasha and the most in his confidence. He is invested with supreme power whenever the pasha is absent. No subject can approach the pasha on any affairs but through him. A number of guards with

black slaves and mamlukes attend him. Through this hall is a paved square with a piazza supported by marble pillars, in which is built the messeley or council chamber, where the pasha receives his court on gala days. It is finished on the outside with Chinese tiles, a number of which form an entire painting. A flight of variegated marble steps lead up to the door of it. The nubur, or royal band, performs with great ceremony before the door of the messeley every afternoon, when the third marabut announces the prayers of lazzeri at four o'clock, and on the whole of Wednesday night, being the eve of the pasha's accession to the throne. No one on any account can pass the music while it plays, and the pasha's cha-uses must attend during the performance. The nubur is never played but for the pasha and his eldest son, when they go out with the

army, or on any public occasion. Before it begins, the chief or captain of the cha-uses, who, in this instance, must be considered as a herald, goes through the ceremony of proclaiming the Pasha afresh. The sounds of the nubur are singular to an European ear; they are composed of the turbuka, a sort of kettle-drum, the reed, and the timbrel; the turbuka belongs to the Moors, and the reed and timbrel to the blacks.

The numerous buildings added to the castle form several streets, beyond which is the bagnio, where the Christians slaves are kept. There are a number of Maltese, Genoese, and Spanish within it, but none of any other nation.

No gentlemen are permitted to approach nearer the harem, or ladies apartments, than the bagnio; hence ladies are conducted by eunuchs through long vaulted passages, so extremely dark, that it is with great difficulty the way can be discerned. On entering the harem a striking gloom prevails. The court-yard is grated over the top with heavy iron bars, very close together, giving it a melancholy appearance. The galleries round the court-yard, before the chambers, are inclosed with lattices cut very small in wood. The pasha's daughters, when married, have separate apartments sacred to themselves: no person can enter them but their husbands and attendants, eunuchs and slaves; and if it is necessary for the ladies to speak in presence of a third person, even to their husband, father, or



INTERIOR OF A HOUSE.

brother, they must veil themselves. The great number of attendants filling up every avenue, renders it almost impossible to proceed from one apartment to another.

In the year 1714, one Hamet, a native of Karamania (Karaman), in Asia Minor, and hence designated as the Karamanli, and surnamed by the Moors Hamet the Great, who was Boy or Prince of Tripoli, made himself master of the place during the temporary absence of the pasha, by putting all the Turks who were in the city to death.<sup>1</sup> He contrived, without any disturbance, to clear Tripoli, in the space of twenty-four hours, of all the Turkish soldiers, amounting to several hundreds of disciplined troops. At his palace, not far from the town, he gave a superb entertainment, and invited all the chiefs of the Turks to partake of it. Three hundred of these unfortunate victims were strangled, one by one, as they entered the skiff, or hall. This skiff is very long, with small dark rooms or deep recesses on each side, in which a hidden guard was placed. These guards assassinated the Turks as they passed, quickly conveying the bodies into those recesses out of sight, so that the next Turk saw nothing extraordinary going on when he entered the fatal skiff, but quitting his horse and servants, met his fate unsuspectingly.

Next day, the Turks who remained in this city, were (no doubt by order) found murdered in all parts, and little or no inquiries were made after those who had perpetrated such horrid deeds. Only a few stragglers remained to tell the dreadful tale. Great presents were sent by the pasha to Constantinople to appease the Sultan, and in a day or two no one dared to talk of the Turkish garrison, which, in a few hours, had been totally annihilated. Having in this dreadful manner freed himself and his family from the Turkish yoke, and having succeeded in keeping the Sultan in humour, he caused Tripoli to remain entirely under a Moorish government, for which the Moors still call his reign glorious.

The great mosque, in which is a grand mausoleum for the reigning family, is by far the handsomest in this city; the rest are neat, but very inferior to it. The Moors oblige everybody, women as well as men, to go over it barefooted. They take their shoes off at the entrance, and deliver them to their servants. This custom of taking off their shoes at the door is of less consequence, as the floor of the mosque is entirely covered with beautiful mats, over which are laid rich Turkey carpets. The building is large, lofty, and almost square. The walls, to within three feet of the ceiling, are lined with handsome figured china tiles placed uniformly: the ceiling is ornamented in the same manner. The sixteen marble columns have thin iron rods, painted blue and gilt, reaching from one to the other, and forming a large chequer through the whole edifice, about six feet below the roof, from which are suspended in festoons antique lamps with long silver chains, some of them very large, with silver

flagree vessels for incense, and painted eggs hung on silken cords. On three sides of the mosque are square bow windows grated with iron without glass. On the side toward Mecca is a pulpit of marble resembling alabaster, with a flight of fourteen steps, inclosed with a marble balustrade: this pulpit is covered with Chinese tiles. Over it is a small alabaster dome, supported by four white marble pillars which rest on the pulpit, and the outside of this dome is entirely covered with gold. Near to this pulpit is a small arched recess or niche in the wall, to which the Imam descends from the pulpit to pray, with the sheikh on one side of him, and the kayah on the other. The Imam always prays with his face towards Mecca, as other altars are opposite to the east. There is no seat, bench, or resting-place in the mosque.

The windows on two sides look into a cloister which surrounds the mosque: on the third side they open into a neat white stone building resembling a mosque in appearance, but which is the mausoleum called the Turbah. It is filled with handsome tombs of all the relations of the royal family, excepting those who have died out of town, as it is against the laws here for a corpse to be brought in through the gates of the city, though all are carried out of the gates of the city that die in town. The Christians' burial-ground is close by the sea side without the marine gate: there is no way to it from the country but through the town, and the corpse consequently cannot be carried there, but by crossing the sea before the harbour's mouth. If a Christian die in the country, fond of money as the Moors are, there is no sum that would prevail on them to let the body pass the gates; no resource remains but a sea-voyage to procure its interment.

To return to the Turbah or "dome," it is throughout of the purest white marble, and is filled with an immense quantity of fresh flowers, most of the tombs being dressed with festoons of Arabian jasmine, and large bunches of variegated flowers, consisting of orange, myrtle, red and white roses, &c. They afford a fragrance which those who are not habituated to such choice flowers can scarcely conceive.

The tombs are mostly of white marble; a few being inlaid with coloured marble. Those of the men are distinguished from the women's only by a turban carved in marble, placed at the top.

As the windows of the great mosque are very low, and made deep, the light is everywhere faint, which adds much to the solemnity of the place, and affords a most pleasing relief from the strong glare of light without. Owing to the perfumes of orange-flower water, incense, and musk, added to the great quantities of fresh flowers, and the agreeable coolness of the place, on our entering it from the burning, dusty street, it seemed to us a sort of paradise. Its extraordinary neatness, solemnity, and delicious odour, struck forcibly on the imagination.

An English lady, to whom we are indebted for letters written during a ten years' residence at the court of Tripoli, in the latter part of the last century, gives the following narrative of a visit to a garden, in the neighbourhood, as also of the last days of Hamet the Great.

During the absence, at Morocco, of the ambassador from Tripoli, his son, who is about twenty-five years of age, invited a party of Christians to his father's country residence, the grounds of which, owing to the taste of its owner, who has visited most of the courts in Europe,

<sup>1</sup> Karamania, the capital of which is Konyah, the ancient Iconium, was the seat of the Seljukian Empire, and the chief place of the Turks in Asia Minor, for some time before the Osmanli chiefs rose into power at Brusa, and extended their empire thence to Adrianople and Constantinople. We have, at Tripoli, a remarkable remnant of Turkoman, not Turk, origin, in the Kal-Oghlu, "sons of the servant" (of God), who constitute the chief population of the country immediately round the city, and are, in Baron de Krafz's words, "la pierre d'achoppement de toutes les tentatives d'indépendance nationale."

are in much better order than any of the plantations near it. It is a wilderness of sweets, beneath thick orange groves, through which the sun's beams but faintly shine. White marble channels with rapid clear streams of water cross the gardens in many directions; and the air in them is fraught with the scent of oranges, roses, and Arabian jasmine, whose thick shade forms an agreeable contrast with the burning atmosphere surrounding them. In the centre of the largest garden, nearest the house, is a most pleasant gul-phar, built at a considerable height from the ground. The floor, walls, and window-seats are lined with Chinese tiles of lively colours: the windows are placed round it, through which honeysuckles, orange flowers and jasmine make their way. The shrubs reflect through them everywhere the most lively green, and fill the whole with the richest perfume.

These gul-phars are for the use of the master of the mansion and his friends, as they cannot visit him in the dwelling-house on account of the female part of the family, who are, therefore, never expected; but the ladies of this family do not confine themselves to that rule, and it is feared that some fatal consequence will result to them for trespassing, in so many instances, the narrow limits of indulgence allowed to Moorish ladies. The ambassador's son spoke English, talked much of his sister, but in a manner that spoke his fears for her, and his disapprobation of her conduct. It has been already observed, that it was apprehended her uncle would put her to death. An event which appears to us of such enormity, takes place here without hesitation or inquiry. The head of the house, whether father, brother, or husband, having the power of life and death relative to the female part of his family, has only to get a taskera of the pasha, which is a small bit of paper with his signature, giving leave to the person who requires it, to put to death the object of his anger; and this fatal paper is procured with the greatest facility.

This ambassador, a few years since, possessed a favourite Circassian slave, who lived at a garden a little distance from the family residence. He thought her conduct reprehensible, and after having often threatened and as often pardoned her, she at length fell a victim to the rage of a Mameluke belonging to her lord.

This wretch was an enemy to his master, and an unsuccessful admirer of the fair Circassian. Hearing that his master was engaged at an entertainment given by the Christians, he came to him late in the evening, and worked on his imagination till the fatal taskera was obtained. The Mameluke immediately rode off full speed to the garden where she resided, and had departed on the wretched errand but a few moments, when the visible alteration and the agony in the countenance of the ambassador, led his friends soon to the supposition of the cruel orders he had issued, and he was easily persuaded to countermand them. He sent horsemen with every inducement given them to overtake the sanguinary Mameluke, and arrest his hand from the murder he was so eager to perpetrate. They reached the garden a few seconds after him; but he, knowing of a breach in the garden wall, had, assassin-like, entered that way to prevent alarm, and found the fair Circassian walking solitarily in the garden at that late hour. At the sight of him she fled, having long considered him as her destined murderer. She, in her terror, climbed up the garden walls, and ran round the

top of them. Those who were sent to save her saw her run in vain. They forced the gates and entered them; in the meanwhile, twice they heard a pistol fired, and soon after the dying groans of the unfortunate female, whom the Mameluke, to prevent explanations, had stabbed to death, after having discharged two pistols at her.

The ambassador having given orders for her death in a moment of despair, and from accusations against her which he probably thought exaggerated, seems never to have been happy since, and from the accumulated anguish he suffers through the conduct of the ladies of his own family, it is generally supposed that he will not return to this country. He is considered as extremely tenacious of his honour, free from bigotry, and possesses an enlightened understanding. The two latter qualities disqualify him for comforts in his own country.

Not far from this ambassador's gardens are the remains of an old building, called the castle of Lilla Zenobia, it having remained in her possession after the death of her father, Hamet the Great. It was within this century a very grand palace, where the court of that sovereign was kept; in one corner of the gardens belonging to it is a very large mound of earth, covering the bodies of several hundred massacred Turks, who were buried in that spot at the time her father subdued the Turkish garrison. This is the palace the Turks were invited to by Hamet the Great and murdered. The fatal recesses in the skiffar, which were the receptacles of the murdered Turks, are still entire, as is the skiffar through which the Turks passed in their way to the interior of the palace. Lilla Zenobia has been dead many years, and the building has been neglected, and suffered to go to ruin. It is said that Turkish ghosts hold here their midnight haunt and revels. The Moors say it is so full of such company, that there is no room for any other. There are but a few of the inferior apartments, and one grand room (said to be that where the pasha gave audience) still standing. It is without floor or roof; the walls have some remains of painting still fresh in colour, and many ornaments are yet visible; and part of the ceiling lies in the middle of this spacious room, grown over with grass; the gates are immensely large and formidable. Having explored every part of this ruined castle that was passable, we returned to the ambassador's gardens to take refreshments: thither the Christians' servants had arrived, with the remnant of such provisions as they had saved from the eager grasp of the famished Moors. The city had been long distressed for corn, and a considerable crowd had gathered round the servants imperceptibly, and attacked the loaded mules as they were passing through the town gate. In a few moments no eatables were left, except some few dishes of pork, a food which the true Mussulman looks on with horror: the rest was seized by a number of hungry wretches, who tore it with a savage fury from each other. Not an article was lost but eatables—food was all they contended for. They fought together for the crumbs that fell on the ground; to such an extremity had hunger brought them.

The starved objects we passed this morning in the streets were shocking to behold. A total want of rain occasions this dreadful distress for the present, and we fear a famine will soon be at the height here, while, surely, of all calamities is the most horrid: the great must pay for it, but what the poor will suffer must agonise every feeling heart.

During our ride we were struck with the singular appearance of the country at a small distance from town. In Barbary, the burying-places are out of the cities, in the manner of the ancients; and the numerous burying-grounds, from the shape of the tombs, resemble roofs of houses, and appear like little towns in miniature. The large mausoleums, belonging to people of distinction, represent capital buildings, proportionate in size to the little towns by which they are surrounded. In some of them lights are kept constantly burning, with the choicest flowers, the fragrant of which strikes you on approaching the tombs. The numerous Moorish gardens appeared to be so many woods of oranges; and these, added to detached plantations of olives and dates, formed a scene totally different to what is met with near the capitals of Europe. We alighted at a farm: the ladies were admitted into the house, where we had fresh and sour milk, and dates just gathered from the tree of the most beautiful transparent brown, and having the appearance and taste of fruit preserved in the highest manner. Some of the same refreshments were procured to be sent to the gentlemen in the garden. The Moors were obliged to secure a camel, which with much difficulty was prevented attacking our horses while they stood in the yard; though the camel is, with very few exceptions, perfectly mild, this having a young one unable to feed itself was the cause of its ferocity. The camels' milk is drunk here by consumptive people: it is extremely salt and ill-flavoured, richer than cows' milk, and of a red colour. The young camel, when a few weeks old, is remarkable handsome. Nothing can be more distressing than to hear its cry at that age, as its voice then so exactly resembles the cries of a young child, that it is impossible to be distinguished from them. When they are grown up, their voice is very loud and rough, and when angry, they make a particular rattling in the throat that cannot be mistaken, which is a lucky circumstance, as it is a warning of their intention to bite; for, from the size of their mouths, and their never wearing a muzzle, a bite is nearly fatal. Fortunately, they are, in general, so inoffensive and tractable, that they commonly go without bridle or halter, and a single straw in the hand is often the only weapon used to drive them along with a burden of nine hundred-weight.

The dromedary seems to be used in this country only for the courier or post. The Moors never dress their camels with bells, as is done elsewhere; and though these animals show no emulation for dress, they are evidently pleased, and hasten their steps when accompanied by their master's song; they, therefore, sing to them while they drive them. This useful patient animal will sustain many days' thirst when traversing, heavy laden, the burning sands; but in town, where it is cooler, and during the winter, he can remain some weeks without drinking, living on the water he has within him, preserved in a reservoir, whence he conveys it into the stomach at pleasure. The last time the bey was encamped, a camel was opened for the water it contained, when several gallons were found in a perfect state. The camp was at that time in want of water, the people having a very short allowance of it, and dying daily, when the bey made use of this costly expedient, as a camel is very valuable. The flesh is eaten by the Moors, and they say it is exceedingly good.

Continuing our ride to the sands, we had a distant

view of two of the most capital mosques in this kingdom, situated at some distance in the desert, where criminals take shelter, and are safe as long as they can stay in a certain district round them. This district extends to a quarter of a mile, and sometimes to two or three miles, according to the mosque it belongs to, and cannot be violated even by the pasha. All persons may be apprehended if seen in the act of procuring food for the culprit, in which case he is either starved to death or forced by hunger to surrender. One of the marabouts we saw to-day is called the sayid, the history of which is related by the Moors with a number of fictitious circumstances. The word sayid, which in Arabic means lion, was given to a Moor, who, with little more assistance than his own courage and strength, drove all the lions from that part of the country, and his son was the marabut of this place. The name of marabut is given both to the mosque and to the saint, or holy man, who resides at it; and the simple story of the sayid, related as a fact, is as follows:—

Hamet Pasha went, as customary, on particular occasions, to visit this mosque or marabut. In the hurry and confusion of the family of the sayid, during the visit the pasha honoured them with, and in bringing him all the refreshments in their power to procure, he got a momentary sight of the marabut's eldest daughter, said to be one of the most beautiful women at that time. He was so much struck with her appearance, that he directly told the marabut his fortune from that hour was made by sending his daughter immediately to Tripoli, as he was determined she should be the first lady in his seraglio. The aged and religious marabut, far from being pleased at the honours offered him on such terms by his sovereign, expostulated, and made great objections to his orders, when the enraged pasha told him, that if he did not send his daughter richly dressed and perfumed to the seraglio that very night, by morning there should not remain a vestige of himself, or any part of his family. Saying this, he departed, and left guards to see his orders executed.

The unfortunate marabut, unable to extricate himself or his lost child, loaded her with gold and jewels, and dressed her in the richest clothes she had; she having acquiesced in his wishes of taking a deadly potion to save her from the violence of Hamet Pasha's passion. He wept over her and led her to the door of his house, where he ordered the bridal song to be sung over her before she quitted her home.<sup>1</sup> He then placed her in a linen couch on the back of a camel handsomely ornamented, such as the ladies of this country travel in, and gave her up, with tears, and heavy imprecations on the pasha's head, to his officers.

A numerous suite of attendants, in addition to those the pasha had left, arrived to conduct her to the castle. On her arrival there, she was immediately carried to the royal apartments, where not long after the pasha hastened to receive her. But on entering the room he was struck with horror and surprise on perceiving a beautiful corpse stretched on the floor, stiff and cold. He found not the least mark of violence upon her, and he knew no one had been suffered to enter the apartment after her arrival but himself. He had probably heard of the curses her father sent him, by the attendants, who came with her, which did not fail, with

<sup>1</sup> Moorish women who die before they are married are buried in wedding clothes, and the bridal song is sung over the corpse before it leaves the house.

the reproach of his own conscience and the superstitious ideas of the Moors, to throw him into the greatest agitation, and he seemed to be nearly in the same state as the sacrificed victim laying before him.

At the dawn of day, Hamet Pasha set off to the sayid, and asked the marabut if he could any way account for the suddenness of his daughter's death? The marabut returned for answer, that his daughter had honour enough to receive a deadly poison from his hand before her departure from his house, and that now he had but one favour more to entreat of the Prophet Muhammad, who had so mercifully saved his child in the moment of distress, which was, that he would strike him, Hamet Pasha, blind. This misfortune actually happened to the pasha four or five years before his death; but, in the fable, the Moors say it happened at the instant the marabut implored Muhammad, and call it, of course, the vengeance of the sayid. But Hamet the Great was advanced in years when he lost his sight, and finding from this unhappy circumstance his power decreasing rapidly, he determined not to outlive his consequence, and the great name he had acquired amongst his subjects. He employed himself in regulating all he wished to have done before his death, naming his own son Muhammad for his successor, and immediately afterwards he ordered one of the youngest pages of his gul-phar to attend him thither, where he spent many hours in close retirement. As soon as they entered the apartment, the pasha desired the page to give him his pistols. He bid the youth stand close by his side, and if one pistol missed fire, to be ready instantly to deliver the other to him at the peril of his life. The pasha shot himself dead with the first pistol, in the presence of his adopted son, Bey Abdallah, before either of them were collected enough to prevent the catastrophe. Bey Abdallah was at that time a child about eleven years old.



STREET OF THE CONSULS.

into the earth. They are situated on each side of the street, at about thirty yards' distance. They were designed for magazines to lay up corn in; and they say it will keep in them perfectly good a hundred years. Happy were it for the inhabitants of this country if these caverns were filled now as they were formerly, when the country was so rich in the produce of corn that it was hence exported to many parts of the world, and prized almost above any other. The barley, when sown here, yields twice as much as it does in Europe. When it grows properly, they reckon twenty-five and thirty ears for one an ordinary produce, while in Europe fourteen or fifteen is considered as a good return.

We have the use of a large Moorish country-house, on the skirts of the sands; and though the grounds be-

longing to it are not in the best order, yet they are in the style of all African gardens—a mixture of beauty and desolation. The orange, citron, and lime trees are in their fullest bloom; their branches covered with flowers, are at the same time bending down with the weight of fruit ready for gathering. The Arabian jasmynes and violets cover the ground; yet, in various parts of the garden, wheat, barley, water-melons, and other still coarser plants are indiscriminately found growing. The high date tree, with its immense spreading branches implanted round the gardens near the walls. The branches of this tree, which extends fourteen

feet, grow from the top of it, furnished with close leaves from two to three feet long. Each bunch of dates, which resembles monster bunches of grapes, weighs from twenty to thirty pounds. The tree grows nearly a hundred feet high. From this tree the Arab gathers the richest nourishment for his family, and from its juices allays fevers with the freshest lackaby, and cheers his spirits with that which has been longer drawn. They extract the juice from the tree by making three or four incisions at the top of it. A stone jar which will contain a quart is put up to each notch; the jars put up at night are filled by the morning with the mildest and most pleasant beverage, and, on the contrary, the contents of those jars which are put up in the morning and left till late in the day become a spirituous strong drink, which the Moors render more

### III.

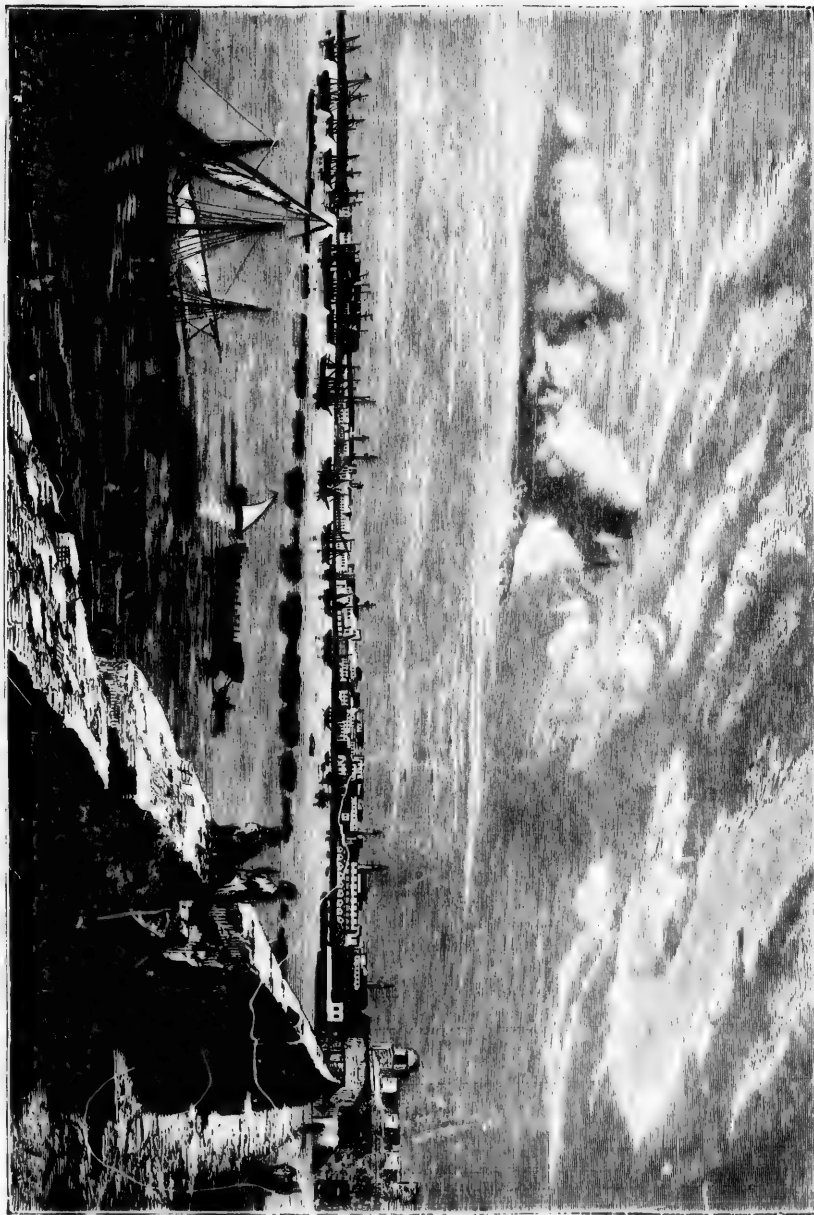
CORN MAGAZINES—MOORISH GARDENS—THE DATE TREE—OLIVE GROVES—LIFE IN THE HAREM—STORY OF LILLA AMANI—ATTACHMENT OF TWO SLAVES—NEGRO DANCE.

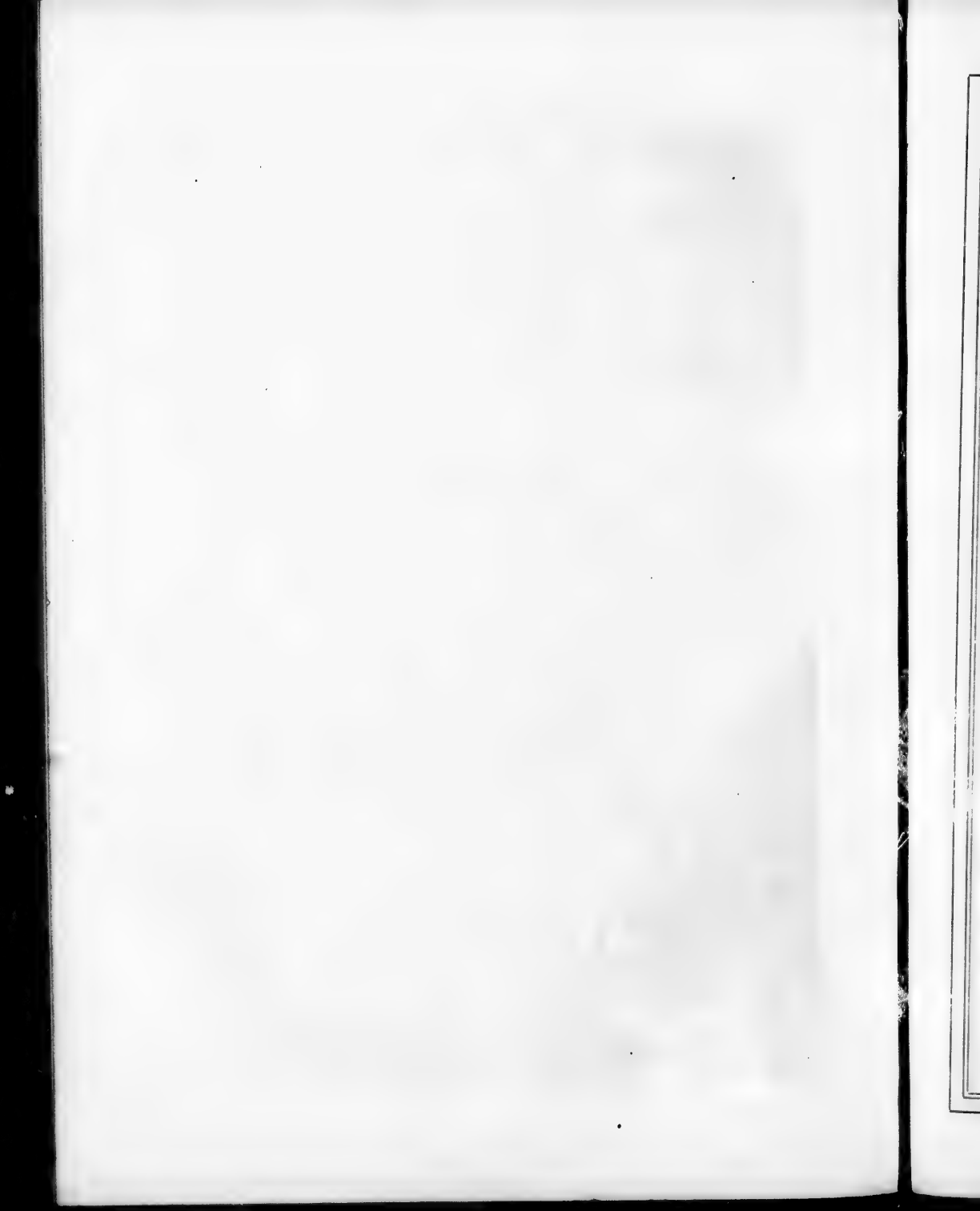
ON our way home we passed through a street noted for its corn wells, or rather caverns, dug very deep



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HARBOR OF TRIPOLI





perniciously strong by adding heaven to it. The tree will yield this juice for six weeks or two months every day; and, after the season, if taken care of, it recovers in three years, and bears better fruit than before it was bled, as the Moors term it. It is customary, in noble families to have the heart of the date tree at great feasts, such as weddings, the first time a boy mounts a horse, the birth of a son, or the return of an ambassador to his family; thus condemning this valuable tree from yielding further profit, for as timber it is of very little value. The heart lays at the top of the tree between the branches of its fruit, and weighs, when cut out, from ten to twenty pounds; it is not fit to be taken out before the tree has arrived at the height of its perfection. When brought to table its taste is delicious, and its appearance singular and beautiful. In colour it is composed of every shade, from the deepest orange and bright green (which latter encompasses it round) to the purest white; these shades are delicately inlaid in veins and knots in the manner of the most curious wood. Its flavour is that of the banan and pine; except the white part, which resembles more a green almond in consistence, but combines a variety of exquisite flavours that cannot be described.

The best dates, called by the Moors and Arabs *tapanis*, when fresh gathered have a candied, transparent appearance, far surpassing in richness any other fruit. In these gardens the Moors form no walks, only an irregular path is left, which you trace by the side of the numerous white marble channels that cross it with rivulets of water, as I have before described to you, through an almost impenetrable wood of aromatic trees and shrubs. The sweet orange of Barbary is reckoned finer than those of China, both in flavour and beauty; and the next best is a small red orange which grows at Maïta, almost crimson within. Cherries are not known here; and pease and potatoes only when cultivated by the Christians. Water melons, as if ordered by Providence, are particularly excellent and plentiful. Many owe their lives to this cooling and grateful fruit, when nearly expiring through insupportable heat. The pomegranate is another luxurious fruit of this country. The Moors, by pressing the juice through the rind of it, procure an exquisite drink. The Indian and Turkey figs are acknowledged to be extremely good here. There are two sorts of apricots; one which is remarkable for its large size and excellence, while the other, with the musk melons and peaches, is very indifferent. There are several sorts of fine plums and some very high-flavoured sweet grapes, which, if cultivated in quantities for wine, would render this country rich in vineyards, from the ease and excellence of their production; but Muhammad has too expressly forbidden wine to Mussulmans to admit of its being made in their presence, for even the sight of it is repugnant to the laws of the Koran. There are delightful olive woods near us, but when the olives are ripe it is inconvenient to walk under the trees on account of the olives continually falling loaded with oil. Near to these woods are marble reservoirs to receive the oil the Moors extract from the olives, and from these reservoirs they collect it into earthen jars; it is as clear as spring water, and very rich. The natives who can afford it are so delicate in their taste of oil, that they allot it to their servants when it has been made eight or nine months, and yet when a year old it often surpasses the finest Florence oil. The walls which surround the houses and gardens of the

principal people, divide this part into a number of narrow roads in all directions; beyond them are date trees, interspersed with fields of barley and high Indian corn. If to spaces of sand, separated by olive plantations, sun-burnt peasants, and camels without number, are added a burning sun and the clearest azure sky, a just picture may be formed of this place. The deserts adjoining, though singular in appearance, seem frightful from the frequent and recent examples we have had of their victims. A party arrived from them yesterday so exhausted that they would have died on the road if they had not been instantly relieved by the Moors. Four of their companions had perished the day before for want of water and from the excessive heat.

The gul-phars and best rooms in the country houses are sometimes delightfully relieved by a considerable stream of clear flowing water, conducted in a marble channel through the middle of them. The floors and sides of the apartment are finished with coloured tiles, and the ceilings carved and painted in Mosaic. In the inner court belonging to the house is a *babiya*, or reservoir, continually filled with fresh water from the wells near it, and which flows through it into the gardens; it is surrounded with a parapet of marble, and a flight of marble steps leads into it. There is only a broad walk left round it, which is paved or terraced, and into which the best apartments belonging to the house open. This circumstance affords a refreshing coolness to the house, and is most delightful during the extreme heat. (See p. 476.)

The life and adventures of a Georgian beauty, as related by the lady before mentioned, a near relative of Mr. Consul Tully, will serve to give an idea of the position of females in a Moorish seraglio far more satisfactorily than any amount of description. The fortunes of the young Georgian, and which are common to most of the females provided for the harems of the great, derive additional interest from the circumstance of her having been wife to Haji Abderrahman, a Moorish ambassador who resided some time in England, and was reconducted to Tripoli by Captain now Admiral Smyth.

This Georgian lady related the events of her life in the most interesting manner. We saw her by appointment: she was evidently dressed with studied attention, and looked particularly beautiful. She wears the Moorish dress, not by choice but compulsion, as she observed with a sigh, that she was compelled to lay aside the Georgian habit when she embraced the Muhammadan faith, on the day she was married. She had dispensed with as many of the Moorish artificial additions to her dress as she could. Her jewels were brilliant from being all polished (the Moorish ladies often wearing them in a rough state), and what other arts she had used were not in opposition to nature, but successfully employed to improve her appearance; but any compliment paid to her person seemed much to distract her with the unhappy recollection, as she termed it, of her beauty, at the time Abderrahman purchased her. Her expressions of regret on this occasion, puerile in another, proceeded entirely from her education. She is sensible and amiable, of a very fine figure, tall, with blue eyes and beautiful small white teeth. Her countenance, though lively and spirited, is the picture of innocence itself. She was as superbly dressed as the Moorish costume would permit, and had for the outer covering a blue transparent *boracan*, fastened at the shoulders with a large cluster

of brilliants, with several rows of very large pearls hanging from it. She had double gold bracelets on her arms; her cap was entirely of gold, with a binding of black over the forehead set with jewels hanging over the face; and she had six large rings in each ear, set with diamonds, pearls and other precious stones. Two black slaves remained at her feet the whole time we were with her: when she removed from one place to another they rose up and followed her, and laid down at her feet again when she sat down: two other blacks constantly stood behind her. No Moorish lady keeps up near so much state as the Georgians and Circassians.

Abderrahman remained a widower for a few years with several children, and, rather than take a wife amongst the Moorish ladies, preferred looking out for a Georgian or Circassian slave. Thinking she would behave with more attention to him than a woman, through the fear of being sold again, or put to death, he therefore determined to go himself to the Levant to choose one for himself, and bring another with him for his nephew.

In his researches he met with two sisters equally handsome. Their being so nearly related would have deterred many Moors from taking them, from being both intended for one family; but Abderrahman, ever benevolent and kind, and unlike the jealous Moor, hoped to excite affection by becoming the constant theme of two so nearly related, if fortunate in his purchase; and he determined to wait for a proof of this before marrying the Georgian he intended for himself, or persuading his nephew to marry the other. Strange to relate, the bargain was made for both, in her own hearing, with her father; and her price was greater than her sister's, by possessing the acquirements of drawing, singing, and music. Equal care had been bestowed on their accomplishments, for on these is placed a Georgian's hope on the birth of a female infant. He views her only with the idea of future gain, and beauty without accomplishments would raise her no higher in the market than a common slave. Every nerve is therefore strained to excite natural and artificial graces, to make her excel in vocal and instrumental music, in all elegant works, and everything which can add to the fascination of her person.

She spoke with enthusiasm of her country, as a garden in the richest quarter of the world, where the choicest fruits and flowers grow spontaneously. The inhabitants make the finest wines and as much as they please, without consuming half the grapes that grow without cultivation, and overrun their hills. But it was not without some emotion she described to us the hard lot of her handsome countrywomen: born to a life of slavery, chains await them in the cradle. In this first affecting state, the unnatural parent with impatience views the rising beauties of her infant. Every growing charm fills her with rapture, not excited by that maternal affection which should characterise the mother, but inconceivable to believe, by the sordid idea of how much gold every heightened charm will bring her, when her child is put up to be bought by the best bidder. She expects offers from a number of different Turks who come to purchase these unhappy beauties, not for themselves, in which case the mother having seen the man but for hours, might still recommend to him the fate of her offspring; but no, the Turk purchases for the merchant he deals with, or worse, to carry her to the next market, where he expects a

handsome profit on his fair prize by putting her up to sale to a crowd of crafty traders. Those fair creatures whose parents may cherish feelings uncommon to the generality of people there, or whose vast riches may make them decline, or not think of selling their children, even those few are exposed to a lot as bad or worse, as they are frequently carried off by parties of Turkish robbers, who make incursions into their country, to seize on such unhappy people as fall in their way, and by that means procure beautiful women at a cheaper rate. These sons of rapine watch for those who incautiously stroll too far in their walks accompanied only by a few female attendants. They ride up to them in full speed, seize on their wretched prey, and placing them behind them like a bale of goods, ride off with the same celerity; all which they do too quickly to admit of a discovery in time to redeem the unhappy captive, who has frequently many days' hard travelling to undergo in this manner, over barren deserts, before they reach any habitation.

These ruffians show their unfortunate victims no other indulgence than that of keeping them free from bruises and hunger; and that from the motive of a cattle-driver, who considers that a broken limb or a meagre appearance would spoil the price of his beasts at market. But the hardship and fatigue these fair creatures endure in this first of their journey often prove fatal to a frame too delicate to bear it, and rob the plunderer of his prize.

The first moment he thinks himself safe from pursuit, he incloses his wretched victim in a sack, which he carries with him for that purpose, to preserve her from the rays of the sun and other injuries.

Amnani is the Moorish name the Georgian received on her marriage with Abderrahman. She was about seventeen, and her sister younger, when they embarked with him from Alexandria. His attention at first was paid to her sister, and she herself was neglected. On their arrival at Tripoli, her sister beheld with perfect indifference the preparations making at Abderrahman's for her reception, while Amnani could not conceal her tears when the day was named for her removal to the house of Sidi Mustapha, Abderrahman's nephew. The first stern look, she said, she had ever received from Abderrahman, was on this occasion, when he bid them both withdraw, and for several days they heard no more of him. They talked over their misfortunes, and shuddered with the fear of being sold again, particularly Amnani, who had regarded Abderrahman with partiality.

At their next meeting, he presented her sister to his nephew, and desired Amnani to consider herself as the mother of his children, and to prove her regard for him by her attention to them. At this most happy period of her life, as she termed it, her courage almost forsook her: she fancied herself altered in her person, which seemed not yet to have recovered from the ravages of a sea voyage: she feared also a greater change from suddenly quitting a life of luxurious ease, where every indulgence and attention had been most profusely allowed her. To keep herself cheerful, and improve her looks, required now her utmost exertions, in order to convince the friends of Abderrahman, who were her enemies, that she was wholly taken up with the charge of the family. All of them were very young, except the eldest daughter, who was near her own age, and a great favourite with her father. The Georgian could not speak a word of Moorish, and was

besides a Christian<sup>1</sup> brought into a barbarian family, where the only enlightened person she could talk with was Abderrahman. Her first days were spent in endeavouring to divert Abderrahman's vigilance from perceiving the many malicious traits she suffered from the female part of his family, as she thought his displeasure, however excited, might only serve to irritate them, and consequently increase her own difficulties. Their continual visits, or rather examinations, she would gladly have dispensed with; and though she was treated, by Abderrahman's order, with every mark of attention, yet in her precarious situation, as his slave, she was obliged to pay the greatest deference to their counsels, though often against her interest, till she gained sufficient confidence with him and Lilla Uducia, his daughter, to become more the mistress of her own proceedings. Abderrahman soon afforded her this advantage: he seemed to think all he could purchase for her was inadequate to her merit, and insufficient to show his attachment to her; and as a proof of the unbounded confidence he placed in her, he allowed her an indulgence quite novel to the Moors, that of writing to her friends, and receiving letters from them; but this was not granted her till after her marriage, which took place, with great pomp, in twelve months after her arrival at Tripoli, on the birth of a son who is now living, and for whom she confesses a distinguished fondness, by the circumstance of his birth having so soon terminated her captivity, made her Abderrahman's wife, and placed her on a level with the first ladies in Tripoli near the sovereign's family. Abderrahman introduced her to his relations as a person to be respected as himself, and had her presented to Lilla Kebbiers, who, from Abderrahman's long and faithful services to the pasha, gave her a most flattering reception. Finding herself perfectly happy at home, a favourite at the castle, above the power of those who might wish to annoy her, and respected by the country, she appeared now at the zenith of her happiness, when

she received news from Georgia that her parents, by some unexpected losses, were reduced to the greatest distress. Amnani regarded her father with the strongest affection for the education he had given her, and almost lost sight of his cruelty in selling her. At this time Abderrahman, owing to a commencing scarcity in Tripoli, which has prevailed ever since, felt, in common with others, a great deduction in his revenues, and his increasing family made him very anxious to lessen his expenses.

Amnani was generous and timid, she brooded, therefore, over her family misfortunes in silence: her

lyre was laid by, her songs were cheerless and her looks grave, and often an involuntary tear spoke her unhappy. She was not aware of the danger of her silence till she perceived it from Abderrahman's looks. He lamented the change in her manners, without inquiring into the cause of it: this alarmed her, and she determined to acquaint him immediately with the source of her grief, without seeming to impose on his liberality, which to her was unbounded, nor to give up easily her parents, whose sufferings she could not bear to think on without agony.

While making up her mind to this explanation, Abderrahman was unexpectedly nominated, for the third time, ambassador to Sweden. So sudden was this embassy, that the day he received the proposal from the pasha, before his return to his house, the news of his appointment had already reached the unhappy Georgian, and then an ambassador's flag was hoisted in the harbour for his

departure. He found her more dead than alive. She told him the cause of her first distress, light in comparison to the present, in too short a time to explain it. He cautioned her to be aware of offending him a second time, by not making him her only confidential friend. The few hours that remained were obliged to be spent in audiences with the Pasha and transacting business, leaving a very short space of time to take leave of his family. To console Amnani for the distress she had brought herself into, on parting with her, he left her in his absence an unlimited power over all that belonged to him, and entrusted her to his brother,



IRRIGATION WELL.

<sup>1</sup> The Georgians are all Christians of the Greek Church, and take their name from their patron St. George.

only to demand protection if wanted, but to be under no subjection—a circumstance most uncommon, as Moorish ladies are generally exposed to the vigilance of the husband's family in his absence.

Not long after his departure, one of his favourite children, by the first wife, died. The Georgian dreaded, and with reason, that the different branches of the family would attempt to injure her in the ambassador's opinion, with respect to the management of the child; but, as she expressed it, their malice blunted its point against Abderrahman's heart, without piercing it. She neglected (as is the custom here) to break and destroy the choicest of the furniture or looking-glasses in her house at the death of this child, for which she was much blamed, and said to have shown great disrespect to the family. All her enemies had persuaded themselves that she had, upon the whole, behaved so ill in his absence, that her destruction was inevitable at his return. Contrary to their expectations, however, when he arrived, Lilla Annani was loaded with fresh presents, her brother sent for from the Levant, and her father and mother provided for. Abderrahman's attentions to her have never in the least diminished, and she often expresses her gratitude that her former wishes were not realised of being disposed of to a sovereign; and with reason, when she compares her situation with that of the three queens or wives of the late pasha at Tripoli, who are imprisoned, or obliged to live in the castle for the rest of their days.

Ship-loads of unfortunate blacks are frequently brought to Tripoli: they are carried to the bazaar, or market house, where they are bought by the rich people of the place, who occasionally sell them immediately to merchants waiting to re-ship them for other parts. We this morning saw a number of them, as we were going through the inner court-yard to the harem of a Moorish house of distinction. Two remarkably fine figures among some newly purchased blacks, a beautiful woman and a well-looking man, arrested our attention. By their gestures, it was easy to perceive they laboured under some very deep distress: the moment, therefore, our first compliments of meeting the family were over, we inquired the history of these unhappy people, and the reason of their present apparent despair. We were told they had given a great deal of trouble to the merchant's family, so that they were obliged to be watched day and night, and all instruments put out of their way, as they were at first continually endeavouring to destroy themselves, and sometimes each other. Their story will prove that there is friendship and fidelity to be found even among savages. The female, who is certainly beautiful for a black, is about sixteen, her hair long, full, and shining like jet, her teeth beautifully even and small, and their whiteness more wonderfully striking from the contrast of her face, which is of the deepest black complexion. Her stature is tall, and fuller than that of the blacks in general. She is esteemed to be handsomer than any one that has been brought here for years. This beauty (probably the admiration of her own country) had bestowed her heart and her hand on the man who is now with her. Their nuptials were going to be celebrated, when her friends one morning missing her, traced her steps to the corner of an adjacent wood; and immediately apprehending she had been pursued, and that she had flown to the thicket for shelter (the common and last resource of escape from those who scour the country for slaves), they

went directly to her lover and told him of their distress. He, without losing time to search for her in the thicket, hastened to the sea-side, where his foreboding heart told him he should find her, in some vessel anchored there for the purpose of carrying off slaves. He was just easy enough in his circumstances not to be afraid of being bought or stolen himself, as it is in general only the unprotected that are carried off by these hunters of the human race. His conjectures were just. He saw with distraction his betrothed wife in the hands of those who had stolen her. He knelt to the robbers who had now the disposal of her, to know the price they demanded for her; but all he was worth did not make him rich enough to purchase his female friend, on whom the high price of two hundred nabooes (near a hundred pounds) was fixed. He, therefore, did not hesitate a moment to sell his little flock of sheep, and the small bit of ground he was possessed of, and then disposed of himself to those who had taken his companion. Happy that they would do him this last favour, he cheerfully accompanied her, and threw himself into slavery for her sake. This faithful pair were sold with other slaves to the African whose house we were in. The woman was to be sent off from this place with the rest of the merchant's slaves to be sold again, she having, from her figure and beauty, cost too much money to be kept as a servant. The merchant meant to keep the man, on whom a much less price was fixed, as a domestic in his own family.

This distressed pair, on hearing they were to be separated, became frantic. They threw themselves on the ground in the way of some of the ladies of the family, whom they saw passing by; and finding it was the daughter of their master, they could not be prevented from clinging round her to implore her assistance, and their grief could only be moderated by this lady's humane assurance that she would intercede with her father not to part them. The master, too compassionate in so hard a case to make use of his right in keeping either of these unfortunate slaves by force, expostulated with the man, showing him how easy his own blacks lived, and telling him that if he remained with him and was deserving, he should have many more indulgences. But the black fell at the merchant's feet, and intreated him not to keep him if he sent his companion away, saying, if he did, he would lose all the money he had paid for them both; for that though knives and poison were kept out of their way, no one could force them to eat, and that no human means could make them break the oath they had already taken in the presence of their deity, never to live asunder. In vain the merchant told this slave, that the beauty of his companion had raised her far above the price of those bought for menial servitude, and that she must soon become the property of some rich Turk, and consequently be separated from him for ever. This barbarity, the black replied, he expected, but that still nothing should make him voluntarily leave her; adding, that when they were parted by force it would be time enough for him to die, and go, according to their implicit belief, to their own country to meet her, as in spite of those who had her in their power, he knew she would be already gone thither, and waiting for him to join her. The merchant, finding it quite impossible to persuade him by words to stay, would not detain him by force, but he has left him at liberty to follow the fortunes of his companion.



Among a number of these new purchased slaves ordered into the apartment where we were, was the beautiful female black. For some time her attention was taken up with us, but the novelty of the sight did not keep her many minutes from bursting into the most extravagant grief again at the thought of her own situation. She ran from us, and hiding her face with her hands, sat down in a corner of the gallery, while the rest of her companions standing round her, frequently pulled her violently to partake with them of the sight of the Christians, at whom they gazed with fear, amazement, and admiration. But in these slaves just driven away from their native soil, hunted like animals from the woods where they had flown for shelter, and enticed from their dearest connections, the sight of white people must naturally inspire every sentiment of disgust and horror. However, by the time they were a little convinced that their dread, at least at the Christians present, was needless, some of them became quite pacified, and were ordered to make up a dance. The ablest amongst them took the lead, the rest, touching the tip of each other's hand and foot, according to their mode of dancing, formed a line, when each, with the greatest exactness and utmost grace imaginable, repeated the steps and actions of their leader in perfect time (*See* p. 502). But neither intreaties nor threats could prevail on the unhappy black to join in this dance. She sat inconsolable by herself, and continued many days in the same sullen condition; and all we could learn on leaving the house concerning this unfortunate female, lately so happy in her own country, was, that she was destined with her husband, or rather lover, to embark in a few days on board a merchant vessel, the owner of which had bought them both, with several others, to sell them at Constantinople.

It is somewhat sad to find a lady writing so late as in the latter part of the last century, of the natives of the great empires of Central Africa as "savages," because the abominable practice of slavery obtains among them. The allusion to the fact, as a curious one, that friendship and fidelity is to be found among them, is even still more astounding. As if the moral sentiments and human passions were not as strong in the black as in the white man! The prejudice would at any time have been more worthy of an American than of an English lady, and happy it is that the progress of geographical knowledge has now put all excuse for such foolish notions out of field, for it is impossible for any one to read of the power, population, and vast industrial, agricultural, and natural resources of the great empires of Negroland, as given, for example, in our synopsis of *Barth's Travels*, and not to feel, despite their disreputable slave-hunts, that it is only from ignorance that we speak of negroes as we do, and that, on their part, there is only ready communication wanted, in order that they should gradually be made to take the place that is due to them among the different prominent populations of the globe.

## IV.

ROMAN TRIUMPHAL ARCH—ARCHES OVER THE STREETS—CONSULS STREET—TRIPOLI IN THE TIME OF THE REGENCY—FAMILY DISSENSIONS—AN ELDER BROTHER MURDERED BY A YOUNGER—A FRATRICIDE'S HARK.

A RUM of Roman times presents itself immediately on entering the town by the Bab al Bahr, or Sea Gate.

It is a triumphal monument, consisting of an octagon cupola, supported by four arches, with the same number of pillars. The whole built, without cement, with enormous stones, sustained by their own weight. This monument was ornamented with carvings, figures, festoons, and warlike trophies, within and without; but the greatest part of these relieves are destroyed; there remain only a few scattered and unconnected parts, which still show the ancient beauties of the work. On the north and west sides are the remains of an inscription, which, having been the same on both sides, was restored by M. Nissen, the Danish consul, by comparing them, and uniting and placing in order the fragments of both. Mr. Tully, British consul, at that epoch, prevailed upon the pasha, who seems, between family revolts, the encroachments of the Arabs, and the daring of pirates, never to have had a day's quiet during a long rule, to have the shops and rubbish removed out of the arch, which had almost choked up the inside and concealed the beautiful ceiling. Haji Skandar (Baron de Krafft) speaks of the same monument in more recent times, as disfigured remains belonging to the period of the Decline. The streets of Tripoli, present a remarkable peculiarity, by their extreme narrowness, even in the East, the country of narrow streets, as also by the peculiarity, that at brief intervals, in some cases almost every ten paces, the opposite houses are united by arches about a yard in width, the object of which seems to be to keep the said houses apart, and prevent any dangerous approximation. This style of building is satisfactorily shown in the sketch given of the street designated as that of the Consuls, at page 480.

Baron de Krafft, writing of the palace or citadel, with its accumulated masses of ruinous structures, edifices, galleries, dungeons, and subterranean passages, says, one would fancy oneself in the castle of Udolpho, and it would be impossible to peruse there the gloomy pages of Anne Radcliffe without shuddering. Who can narrate the lugubrious dramas enacted within those dark precincts, when the eye of Europe was not there to watch the proceedings of the independent princes of the regency? Only two years ago, an old well within the citadel was cleaned out, and was found to be full of crania and other human bones.

There have been, however, eye-witnesses to these horrors, even at a time when there were European consuls tolerated rather than residing at Tripoli; for, at that epoch, they had not only little or no power or influence, but, according to Mr. Tully's sister-in-law, they were positively placed under an amount of surveillance and constraint that would not be submitted to in the present day by any European of independent spirit. It must be premised that, at the epoch we are now writing of, the so-called royal family of Tripoli consisted of Ali Karmanli, the pasha; Hassan Bey, his eldest son; Sidi Hamet, the second son; and Sidi Yusuf, the third son. The chief ladies of the court were, Lilla Halluma, wife of the pasha; Lilla Udusiya, eldest daughter; Lilla Fatima, second daughter; Lilla Aisha, wife of Hassan Bey; Lilla Zenobia, eldest daughter of Hassan Bey; and Lilla Hawviya, wife of Sidi Hamet. Sidi Yusuf, or "Lord Joseph," although the third son, aspired to the regency, and, in order to carry out his designs, he affiliated himself with some of the discontented Arab tribes of the neighbourhood. The anonymous author of the *Letters from Tripoli* relates that, upon one oc-

casion, they had been away for a short time at the pasha's palace in the country, and that, on their return, all was calm and quiet. But it was not destined to remain long so. The pasha, the bey, and Sidi Hamet went to the marabout's together; and, during our late visits to the castle, we have found Lilla Halluma and the princesses happy, in comparison to what they were when we left town. There was only a little anxiety apparent to know how Sidi Yusuf was engaged whilst out of Tripoli; but that no person in or out of Tripoli could divine. It was thought by the family that Sidi Yusuf went out only to gather his tributes from his kaidaliks; but it was suspected by many that he was going about to the chiefs of the Arabs to engage them in his interest against his father and the bey. After his return, he remained at the pasha's garden in the meshiah, and at the palace at which we were, whence he went at different times, apparently in the most amicable manner, to visit the rest of the royal family at the castle; and no one suspected the scene he meant so soon to bring forward. Sidi Yusuf's success in a plot so diabolically laid against the bey, is amongst those wonders which cannot be accounted for. Tired of waiting longer for the annihilation of the bey, he came to town, more determined and better prepared to complete the dreadful act than he had been before. He brought with him his chosen blacks, whom he had well instructed. The moment he entered the castle, he proceeded to his mother Lilla Halluma's apartments, to whom he declared his fixed intention of "making peace" with his eldest brother, and entreated her to forward his wishes by sending for the bey to complete their reconciliation in her presence. Lilla Halluma, transported with the idea of seeing her sons again united, as she flattered herself, in the bonds of friendship, sent instantly to the bey, who was in Lilla Aisha's (his wife) apartment, a confidential message informing him that his brother Sidi Yusuf was with her without arms and waiting to make peace with him; that she would herself join their hands together; and that, by the pasha's head, the bey, if he loved her, would come to her directly unarmed. The bey, actuated by the first impulse, armed himself with his pistols and sabre, to obey the summons.

Lilla Aisha, knowing the impartial tenderness of Lilla Halluma for all her children, was sure no open danger could threaten his life: her only apprehensions were from secret plots, but this the bey would never listen to. At the present moment, Lilla Aisha trembled for fear a report of the bey's passing through the harem to Lilla Halluma, with so hostile an appearance, so contrary to the rules, might give a pretext for the bey's being treacherously assaulted by Sidi Yusuf's people; she, therefore, observed to him, that, as he was going to his mother's apartments, where it was at all times sacrilege (according to the laws of Muhammad) to carry arms, his going there armed, after the message Lilla Halluma had sent him, would seem as if he meant to assassinate his brother, and thereby draw the vengeance of the castle upon him. The bey, after hesitating a moment, unarmed himself, embraced Lilla Aisha, and was departing, when she threw herself at his feet, and, presented him his sabre, entreated him not, however, to depart wholly defenceless; and she would not let him go till he had yielded to her supplications. When the bey came to his mother's room, she, perceiving his sabre, begged of him (assuring him his brother had no arms) to lay

it aside before they entered into conversation. The bey, to whom there could not appear the smallest reason for suspicion, willingly delivered his sabre to his mother, who placed it upon a window near which they stood; and she, feeling convinced of the integrity of the bey's intentions, and being completely deceived in those of Sidi Yusuf, led the two princes to the sofa, and seating herself between them, held a hand of each in her's; and, as she afterwards declared to us, looking at them alternately, she prided herself on having thus at last brought them together to make peace at her side.

The bey, as soon as they were seated, endeavoured to convince his brother, that, though he came to go through the ceremony of making peace, yet there was not the least occasion for it on his part; for that, as he had no longer sons of his own, he considered Sidi Yusuf and his brother as such, and would always treat them as a father whenever he succeeded to the throne. Sidi Yusuf declared himself satisfied, but he observed, that, to make Lilla Halluma completely happy, there could be no objection, after such professions of friendship from the bey, to seal their peace with sacred oaths upon the Koran. The bey replied, "with all his heart;" that "he was ready." Upon which, Sidi Yusuf rose quickly from his seat, and called loudly for the Koran—the word he had given to his eunuchs for his pistols, two of which were brought and put into his hands; when he instantly discharged one of them at his brother, seated by his mother's side. The pistol burst, and Lilla Halluma, extending her hand to save the bey, had her fingers shattered by the splinters of it. The ball entered the bey in the side: he arose, however, and seizing his sabre from the window made a stroke at his brother, but only wounded him slightly in the face; upon which, Sidi Yusuf discharged the second pistol, and shot the bey through the body.

What added to the affliction of Lilla Halluma at this tragical event was, that the bey, erroneously supposing that she had betrayed him, exclaimed after being wounded, "Ah! madam, is this the last present you have reserved for your eldest son!" From her favourite son, what must these words have produced in the breast of the mother! Sidi Yusuf, upon seeing his brother fall, instantly called to his blacks, saying, "There lies the bey—finish him!" In a moment they dragged him from the spot where he was yet breathing, and discharged their pieces into him.<sup>1</sup> Lilla Aisha, hearing the sudden dreadful sound, broke from her women, who endeavoured to keep her from the sight, and springing into the room, clasped her bleeding husband in her arms; while Lilla Halluma, in endeavouring to prevent Sidi Yusuf from disfiguring the body, fainted over it from agony of mind. Five of Sidi Yusuf's blacks were at the same moment stabbing it as it lay on the floor; after which miserable triumph of their master, they fled with him.

This wanton barbarity, in thus mangling the bey's remains, produced the most distressing spectacle. Lilla Aisha, at this sight of horror, stripped off all her jewels and rich apparel, and throwing them into the bey's blood, took from the blacks the worst baracan amongst them, making that serve for her whole covering. Thus habiting herself as a common slave, and ordering those

<sup>1</sup> The bey had eleven balls in him when he died; one in his head, three in his left arm, and seven in his side.

ARMS OF THOPOL.





around to cover her with ashes, she went in that state directly to the pasha, and said to him "that, if he did not wish to see her poison herself and her children, he must give immediate orders that she might quit the castle, for that she would not live to look on the walls of it, nor to walk over the stones that could no longer be seen for the bey's blood, with which they were covered."

As Sidi Yusuf left the castle he met Bey Abdallah, the great kayah, a venerable officer, the first in power, and beloved by the people. This officer, seeing the dreadful state in which Sidi Yusuf was, expressed his fear that something fatal had happened. Bey Abdallah was known to be particularly attached to the pasha's family, and, from his religious principles, could not be supposed to approve of this day's deeds. The moment, therefore, Sidi Yusuf saw him, he stabbed him to the heart, and the kayah instantly expired. Sidi Yusuf's blacks, who were following him, threw the body into the street, before the castle gate, and the hampers (the pasha's guards), who were standing by, conveyed it to his unhappy family. It was buried at the same hour with the bey. Sidi Yusuf had been three times into town to perpetrate this dreadful deed. The last time, he came at an hour he expected to find the bey unarmed and alone; but meeting him, on the contrary, armed and surrounded with his people, he kissed his hand, and after paying him the usual compliments, returned disappointed to his residence at the pasha's garden. On the 20th of last month he, however, accomplished the act, and nothing could then equal the confusion of this place. The people hurried in distressed groups through the streets, with their families and cattle, endeavouring to reach the city gates and quit the town, not knowing where the scene of havoc at the castle would end; and numbers crowded into our house besides those who had a right to shelter there from being under the protection of the flag. One of our dragomen met Sidi Yusuf with his trowsers and bernus stained with blood. He was followed close by his blacks, and riding full speed from the castle through the city gate, dreading at the moment the vengeance of the people. Various were the reports, of the bey's existence for several hours. When the people were certain of his death, they began to arm, and passed through the streets in great numbers; the Arabs and Jebelins, or mountaineers, with their long guns and knives, and the Moors with their pistols and sabres, making to the inhabitants a most terrific appearance; each dreading to meet an enemy in his neighbour, and not knowing what party he was of.

The general alarm in town made it necessary to shut the consular houses. Ours had been closed but a few minutes, when two of the bey's officers hurried in despair to the door, and intreated us to let them in; expecting, as they said, to be massacred every moment by those attached to Sidi Yusuf, for being the favourites of their late master. One of them was Sidi Hassan, the nephew of the ambassador, Haji Abderrahman. His feelings for the fate of the bey were so acute, that he would have sunk on the floor had not our people supported him. In a moment after he entered our house, the bey's funeral passed, and Hassan instantly rose to join the procession, determined (as he said) to pay the last attention in his power to the Bey's remains, by supporting his coffin<sup>1</sup>; though he thought it so hazar-

dous, that he had not the least expectation of reaching the grave alive. He called to the other officer to accompany him; but he declined it, saying it was only sacrificing their lives to no purpose; and Hassan went by himself.

The bey was buried at three o'clock in the afternoon: the short space of little more than four hours had witnessed the bey in the bloom of health, in the midst of his family, murdered and buried!

The colours at the consular houses were hoisted half-mast high, as soon as the bey's death was announced; and all the ships that were in harbour fired minute-guns till he was interred, when the colours were hoisted up and the ships fired a salute of twenty-one guns.

The bey's widow freed every slave that followed his remains, but the people were so panic-struck, that the Moors of the highest rank seemed afraid to follow the body, and few accompanied it besides those who were ordered by the pasha to do so.

So little judgment could be formed of the pasha's state of mind at this critical moment, that the sheikh could not act in any way without sending first to the castle for orders, and waiting to hear from the pasha until he thought the town unsafe. Such was the agitation and dread the whole mass of people were in.

As soon as the bey was interred cha-ushes went through the town, proclaiming an order from the pasha for every one to be silent, not to assemble in the streets on pain of his displeasure, and to fear nothing. The cha-ushes words were, "To the bey who is gone, God give a happy resurrection;" and "none of his late servants shall be molested or hurt." But to the surprise of everyone, with this order no bey was proclaimed, which was unprecedented, as at the moment a pasha or bey expires, his successor is expected to be announced.

Sidi Hamet was from Tripoli when this shocking catastrophe happened, but was in town before night, and brought with him from Mesurata a chief of the Arabs (sheikh Alieff), and several hundreds of his people. They were encamped round the town during the night. Before Sidi Hamet reached town, however, the pasha had sent one of his confidential officers to Sidi Yusuf, desiring him to come to the castle. On word being brought that he was afraid, the pasha sent him his beads<sup>2</sup> to serve as a pledge for his safety. But even with this safeguard, Sidi Yusuf would not trust himself within the town.

When Sidi Hamet arrived with his Arabs, he went immediately to the pasha, who was so much alarmed at seeing him come into his presence armed, that he expressed his displeasure at it; but Sidi Hamet observed that he had that moment seen the officers whom the pasha had sent with his beads, to render the person of Sidi Yusuf sacred, after he had cut the bey in pieces! "This, then," said he, "is a moment when no person or action can be understood; every way is dark and uncertain, and therefore requires a strong guard, for fear of stumbling."

Sidi Hamet retired to his apartment, where, fatigued with travelling and overcome with agitation, he fainted upon the sofa. This accident happening so soon after his arrival at the castle, gave rise to a report that he had been poisoned, and threw the town again into confusion for some hours during the evening.

<sup>1</sup> This action, besides being deemed by the Moors as expiation for crimes, is likewise considered the greatest respect that can be paid to the departed.

<sup>2</sup> The beads by which the pasha says his prayers are considered so strong a talisman in the hands of the greatest criminal, that they render his life sacred while they are in his possession.

Were I not writing from a country where the ideas and manners are so totally different from those you are accustomed to, I should almost fear that you could not credit the following account of Sidi Yusuf's conduct. The grave was scarcely closed over the brother he had mutilated, when he sent to town for Jews and a *turbuka*,<sup>1</sup> to make a feast at the pasha's garden, where he was. The sounds of music, firing, and women hired to sing and dance, were louder than at the feast of a wedding. This was soon known at the castle, when, during the atrocious circumstance, the pasha retired, giving orders for no one to approach him till he called for them. From one of our rooms, which commands a view of a covered gallery leading to the pasha's apartments, we saw him seated in deepest thought alone!

Hamet, the second son was elected bey in succession to his brother, and to the exclusion of Sidi Yusuf, but the latter did not the less continue to act, not only in independence but in overt hostility against both pasha and bey. All the family turmoils did not prevent the leaders of the consulate paying formal visits to the assassin's wife, just as much as to any other lady of the court, and the account given of such a visit made shortly after this act of fratricide is very characteristic.

In going to Sidi Yusuf's house, we passed through some subterraneous passages almost entirely without light; and the superstition of the Moorish women with us (who were convinced that we should meet the ghost of the bey at every dark corner we passed) did not serve to enliven our minds, which were depressed with the fear of meeting more animated beings than spirits. When we arrived at the entrance of the last of these gloomy passages, a door nearly all of iron, securely fastened, prevented our advancing further till our names were reported. After some time, we heard the eunuchs advance, push back the iron bolts, and, with great difficulty, remove two immense heavy bars, with which this pass had lately been guarded, to screen the guilty heart from the vengeance of all but its maker. As soon as this gate was opened, a lantern, carried by one of the eunuchs, gave just light enough to discover a part of their formidable figures and the glare of their arms; but when they held it up to take a better survey of those to whom they had given entrance, it shone fully on their faces, which, black as jet, were rendered more striking by the fierceness of their eyes and the whiteness of their teeth, and thrilled us with horror, while we reflected, as we followed them closely through the gloom, how lately their hands had been stained with the blood of the bey. We rejoiced when we saw daylight again, and found ourselves at a greater distance from these murderers. The firewomen and blacks, who were sent to meet us, took us to an apartment, where we waited for the princess, Sidi Yusuf's wife. The floor of the apartment was covered first with Egyptian matting, over which were Turkey carpets; and, before the sofa, were laid over the carpets quilted satin mattresses with gold flowers. The sofa was crimson velvet embroidered with gold, and the cushions were of gold tissue. Contrary to the taste of the country, this room was not hung with tapestry, but nearly covered with looking glasses, and gold and silver fire-arms, trinkets, and charms. About the room were a number of large costly cabinets of mother-o'-pearl, tortoiseshell, and ebony, some mounted

with gold and others with silver. Before the *sedda*, where the couch or bed is for sleeping, four silk curtains richly embroidered were hung, one over the other. Upon the whole, the apartment was grander than any in the castle, except that of Lilla Halluma.

In a few minutes after we were here, the wife of Sidi Yusuf entered the apartment superbly dressed. An etiquette was observed when she entered which we have not seen practised in this place before; her people ranged themselves regularly on each side, her white attendants nearest to her, and her blacks the farthest off, forming a double line, through which we passed to meet her. It was the first time we had seen her. She is of Turkish extraction, young and handsome, but nothing soft in her manner, and her face has too much of the fierceness of a Turkish countenance to be pleasing. She was very reserved at first, but grew more familiar afterwards, and was so importunate with us to wait for Sidi Yusuf, who she said was expected every minute, that we quite despaired of quitting her before his arrival. When we parted, and before we got to the end of the galleries belonging to her apartments, we heard him with his blacks entering the court-yard below. The eunuchs who were with us wished us to return; but we desired them to go on, and soon reached the outside of Sidi Yusuf's harem, when the eunuchs quickly closed the tremendous door after us at the end of the subterraneous passages, with as much grating and difficulty as it had been opened.

On our return from Sidi Yusuf's we went with Lilla Halluma's women directly to Lilla Hawviya the bey's wife. The contrast was striking between the bey's apartments and those which we had just quitted. Here every countenance was open, and the servants looked easy and free from suspicion. Lilla Hawviya received us in the most courteous manner. Though this was merely a visit of form, a consciousness of her own dignity had satisfied her, without manifesting any outward sign of etiquette or ceremony that could be dispensed with. Her dress was more costly than usual, and she wore some additional jewels. She was engagingly affable but not cheerful; for who, as she said, can trust Sidi Yusuf? and she trembled for her husband's safety. We had not been long with her before the bey came in. We saw him cross the yard as we entered the galleries. He was then going to his father's levee; but Lilla Hawviya sent to tell him we were with her, and he returned to her apartment.

Sidi Hamet has never been out of Tripoli, nor is he in the habit of conversing much with Christians; yet his behaviour was mild, polite and courteous. His dress alone bespoke him a Moor. His manners to his family were not less affectionate and delicate than those of the most polished European. Lilla Hawiasha, his favourite sister, wife of the rais of the marine, came in to the apartment: as soon as she entered she went up to the bey and kissed the top of his turban, which instead of not deigning to notice, as is the custom of the country, he directly saluted her cheek and offered her his chair; this she did not accept, but made a sign to her blacks, who instantly brought her another. Chairs, which do not enter into the list of furniture for a Moorish sala, had been previously brought in for us, and it was the first time we had seen in Moorish company all the guests sitting on them. As soon as Sidi Hamet was seated, they brought him coffee and a pipe ornamented with gold, coral, amber, and silver.

<sup>1</sup> A sort of drum.



Moors of distinction hardly ever sit in company without their pipe and coffee. If they visit you they are immediately presented with both.

As this was a visit of etiquette, all the ceremony of coffee, sherbets, and perfumes were served, although we had already partaken of them at Lilla Halluma. The bey did not leave the apartments till a very few minutes before we went away, which was at sunset; he must therefore have been absent from the pasha's levee, for which he must have accounted to him, as the omission of this ceremony by the princes, without some particular reason, is considered a great mark of disrespect.

Sidi Hamet conversed with his wife and sister in a manner which showed he considered them as rational beings: he told them the news of the day, and heard their opinions on different subjects with a complacency uncommon to the Moors. He desired Lilla Uduisiya to send her women for some new gold bracelets for the feet that were making for her in the castle, which the Jews came there to manufacture. They were brought for us to see; the pair weighed nearly five pounds of solid gold curiously wrought, and from their weight they have literally the effect of fetters; but a Moorish lady walks very little, and with great caution when she wears them.

When we left the apartments of the bey, Lilla Hawisha, the rais of the marine's wife, accompanied us through the harem as far as the house allotted for the black female slaves. This place, though within the precincts of the harem, is farther than the ladies are accustomed to go. In consequence of this, a circumstance occurred that might have proved very serious, had it happened to any other than the parties concerned. From the long time we had spent with Lilla Hawisha, we were considerably beyond the hour appointed for us to quit the harem. The consul came to meet us as far as this place, a liberty, I believe I may safely say, that would not have been permitted to any Christian but himself; but the Moors look up to him as answering the title they give him of "Buwi" (protector), while they call his daughters, "Bint el bled" (children of the country). Lilla Hawisha's terror and surprise at finding herself so fully exposed to the eyes of a Christian, is easier conceived than described, in a country where the laws make it death for a Moorish lady to be seen by a male stranger. She instantly veiled herself and retired; but declared all the fault was hers, as it was indiscretion to wander so far through the harem, without sending to the house where the blacks are, to warn them of her approach. She intreated us to come again soon, and smilingly said, she should take care no such accident should happen in future.

#### V.

**FURTHER CONSPIRACIES—THE CITY OF TRIPOLI BESIEGED—SIDI YUSUF'S WIFE AND FAMILY TAKE REFUGE IN A SANCTUARY—A MATHON'S HEROISM—A NOCTURNAL BIRMISH—CURIOUS INCIDENTS OF CIVIL WAR.**

The arch-traitor Sidi Yusuf did not remain long quiet. His next move was to get his second brother, Hamet Bey, to assist him in deposing the pasha, their father; he being in that case nominated bey till Hamet's son should have attained his majority. Hamet Bey would not listen to so unfilial a project, besides he probably felt that Yusuf, who had made away with his elder brother, and who now proposed to

make away with his father, would feel very little compunction in getting rid of Hamet himself and of his child, if they were the only remaining obstacles that lay between him and supreme power. Finding, however, that his vile proposals were not entertained, Sidi Yusuf immediately left the town, and, placing all his family at one of the country residences in the Meshiah, he addressed himself to the sheikhs of the Arabs, promising them large rewards, plunder, and future immunities and advantages, if they would help him to obtain the pashalik. At the same time, he threatened those who should hesitate with spoliation and massacre. This done, he fortified his country house, and abided his time with occasional visits to the town and place.

Among the subterranean passages, says the writer previously quoted, through which we passed, belonging to the pasha's and to each of the prince's harems, and communicating with other parts of the castle, the bey has caused those leading from his harem to be closed up. This singular order was occasioned by the following event. During the fast of Ramadan, about a fortnight since, the bey went to pay a visit to his sister, Lilla Fatima, the widow of the Bey of Derner, who had sent for him. On entering the apartment, the bey perceived an Arab woman sitting in the room, wrapped in a dark baracan; this did not strike him particularly, but the terrors of Lilla Hawiya his bride, who was there, and had purposely unveiled herself, surprised him; and she, at the same instant, made a signal to him with her eyes, to leave the room, which he directly did. Lilla Hawiya followed the bey as soon as she possibly could, and informed him, the figure in the dark baracan was Sidi Yusuf, disguised as an Arab woman. She said it was the third time he had been conveyed in disguise into Lilla Fatima's apartments, for the purpose of meeting the bey there, and hearing his sentiments; and that she had seen the same figure each time, but never discovered it to be Sidi Yusuf till the present moment, when an awkward plait in his baracan showed her a part of his countenance, after the bey had entered the apartments. On this account, the bey had all the subterranean passages that led to his harem securely closed. The bey's precautions can never be too great, while events continually prove Sidi Yusuf's intentions to ascend the throne at any price; the following illustration of which this day has furnished.

This being the first day of the feast of Bairam, Sidi Yusuf came to town to pay his compliments to the pasha and bey, an etiquette which could not be dispensed with while Sidi Yusuf keeps up the least appearance of cordiality with his father and brother, as one of the strongest of their religious tenets is that of reconciling all differences at the feast of Bairam, and the least neglect or coolness at that period is considered as a declaration of open hostility. When the princes were at the pasha's levee, it was noticed that Sidi Yusuf was uncommonly agitated, and was eagerly pressing to get near the bey, as if to speak to him in private, which could not easily be accomplished, as the brothers were too much at variance to accost each other without ceremony. Sidi Yusuf at length came up to one of the bey's most faithful attendants, who, with the keen eye of affection as well as of duty, watches over the safety of his master in all critical moments, and desired him to tell the bey, that when their father's court was over he would go to the bey's gul-phar, where he much wished to be permitted to say a few words to him.

The attendant excused himself from going at that moment, by observing to Sidi Yusuf that the bey was speaking with his father, and he durst not interrupt them. Sidi Yusuf finding this man unwilling to deliver his message, sent another Moor, and in a few minutes after the brothers were proceeding to the bey's gul-phar, whither they were instantly followed by the infamous marabut Fataisi, and several of Sidi Yusuf's people; which this attendant perceiving, instead of accompanying them, he went directly to the bey's chief cha-ush, and told him to go instantly up with his blacks and take possession of the gul-phar to clear it from intruders.

as the bey was gone there with Sidi Yusuf. The cha-ush lost no time, but on his arrival he found that Sidi Yusuf's blacks, after the princes had entered, had already crowded round the door of the gul-phar, with their chief (Sidi Yusuf's cha-ush) at the head of them. In consequence of the information he had just received, he ordered Sidi Yusuf's cha-ush to draw off his blacks and leave him room to pass, but finding it impossible to prevail on Sidi Yusuf's blacks to permit them to gain a foot of ground without open hostilities, which at such a moment would have proved fatal to his master's life, he had recourse to stratagem to effect his purpose. He took the hand of Sidi Yusuf's cha-ush, as if in a friendly manner, and contrived by one squeeze to dislocate the man's little finger, the excruciating pain of which deprived Sidi Yusuf's cha-ush of all strength, and, knowing he was usurping a post for which if he said a

word he might be cut to pieces, he led off his blacks directly, and left the door free to the bey's cha-ush.

Sidi Yusuf, who was already in the gul-phar with the bey, on seeing the apartment on a sudden so completely guarded, not by his own cha-ushes and blacks, as he had expected, but by those of the bey, rose quickly from his seat, and with his marabut (Fataisi) took instant leave of his brother, who has for the present escaped any mischief intended him, through the vigilance of his watchful attendant.

Thus foiled, Sidi Yusuf made another attempt to get his father, the pasha, into his hands, whilst his

followers plundered the gardens and country residences of both the pasha and bey. The town was now put in a state of defence, and the Arabs were called in for further protection.

At half-past ten the next morning, Sidi Yusuf appeared for the first time in open hostilities against his family. All the atrocities he had as yet committed received a ten-fold addition of guilt, by their having been achieved under the mask of friendship. On the appearance of Sidi Yusuf the second day, all the consular houses were closed, as were the shops and the houses of the inhabitants, who turned out with their arms and ranged themselves in the streets.

The pasha sent forces out early in the morning, to preserve the villages of the Meshiah from the further ravages of Sidi Yusuf's people. In the afternoon they brought in the governor or kayid of the Meshiah, who was carried to the castle to be strangled, but he is yet living. This man, instead of assisting the people and protecting them, had given every assistance he could to Sidi Yusuf. When the kayid arrived at the town gate, the pasha ordered his cha-ushes to proclaim Sidi Yusuf a rebel, and that it should be lawful to seize him wherever he could be taken, excepting in the marabouts or mosques, which may not be violated.

A noble Moor came into town in the evening of the twenty-second, and pretended not to have joined Sidi Yusuf, or to have approved of his measures; but he returned again to him early in the morning, and a short time after his departure, a quantity of

provisions and ammunition was stopped at the town gate, which he had endeavoured to send out to him.

About an hour before noon, Sidi Yusuf's people attacked the town. We saw Sidi Yusuf for some time seated as kayid of the Meshiah in the Pianura, in the place the kayid should have occupied had he been present. Just at this moment, the kayid of the Meshiah was brought into the castle-yard to be strangled; but he was remanded back. This is the second time in one day that he has undergone the terrors of being put to death.

The pasha has sent round the coast to collect the

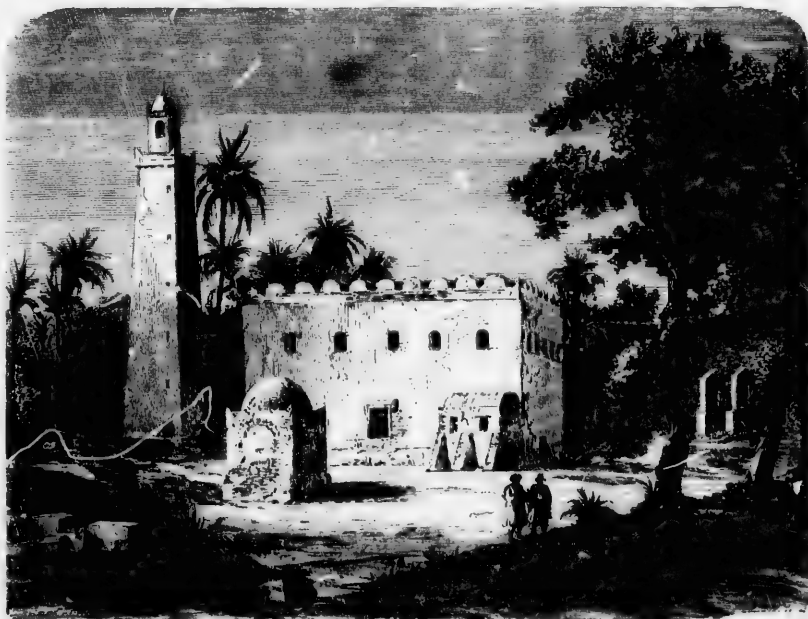


TRIPOLITAN GARDENERS.

Arabs. We saw a number of horsemen at a very great distance, approaching from the west: this circumstance gives courage to the people here, who were much cast down. The cannon from the town were fired at Sidi Yusuf's people during the whole of the day, which had the desired effect of keeping them back. But, though the firing was incessant, it did little execution on either side. Sidi Yusuf lost only five men, and a few horses belonging to the town were killed, notwithstanding there were upwards of three thousand shot fired. The cannon were not even mounted upon carriages: and they were fired by a Russian so badly, that he frequently pointed them into the sea on his left, instead of into the Pianura exactly

before him. This account, I assure you, extraordinary as it appears, is true, for we saw every one fired.

From the situation and strength of the English consular house, it was at this critical juncture considered as the only safe asylum among the consular houses. It is very large and chiefly of stone, being built for the bey's residence many years ago. The side of the house which commands the harbour, Hamet the Great employed to contain a part of his garrison, having shut up all communication thence to the house, in which at that time resided two of his queens. This part was afterwards restored to the building. It is now considered strong enough to make a tolerable resistance, and is favourably situated, being isolated on



MOSQUE AT TAJURA.

three sides. On the fourth, it is joined only by Moorish houses, not sufficiently high to annoy it, therefore the flat terracing at the top of the building is very safe, being inaccessible except from the inner part of the house; so that, in the midst of the present troubles, we can in general walk on it with security. It is built exactly on the plan of all Moorish houses, with a square area in the middle, and a piazza, which supports an open gallery into which the apartments lead.

As soon as Sidi Yusuf arrived within sight of the town, the Greeks, Maltese, Moors, and Jews, brought all their property to the English house. The French and Venetian consuls also brought their families; every room was filled with beds, and the galleries were

used for dining-rooms. The lower part of the building contained the Jewesses and the Moorish women, with all their jewels and treasures. There was likewise a great quantity of jewels in the house belonging to the pasha, which were in the possession of some of the consuls, to be returned him at a future time. All these circumstances rendered it highly necessary to guard the house as much as possible, for which purpose a number of Slavonians, and other sailors, with small cannon from the Venetian ships, were ready with their arms to be stationed on the terraces.

Sidi Yusuf discontinued his assault upon the town about six in the evening. His people retired out of sight, and the cannon from the town ceased firing;

but it was expected he would return in the dead of night. The cry of the town-guard was without interruption till day-light, and at our house the consuls watched by turns the night through.

It did not prosper well with Sidi Yusuf—the fratri-cide—after this futile attempt. The chief Arab tribes declared against him; and his distress for provisions and clothes became so great that he was obliged to place his wife, Lilla Hawiya, and child under the protection of a marabut.

The pasha was induced, from a relation of their sufferings, to offer the princess an asylum for herself, her mother, and her son, at the castle; but this alleviation to her distress Lilla Hawiya would not accept: she says, she is ordered by Sidi Yusuf to remain at the marabut till he comes to take her from it, or till she hears he is dead. If the latter misfortune should take place, Sidi Yusuf has ordered her to take his infant to the pasha and go herself to the castle; if she be still permitted to profit of such an asylum. These being the last directions given her by the prince, she says, nothing but death will prevent her strictly following them. No person can force her from the marabut; but they might starve her to death there, as it is lawful to prevent the conveyance of either food or clothes to those who fly to these sanctuaries, by which privation criminals must either die or deliver themselves up, when nature can resist no longer. After this princess had refused to quit the marabut, the pasha, touched with her sufferings, and those of his little grandson, permitted clothes and provisions to be carried them from the castle.

The pasha, wishing, however, to make terms with his rebellious son, sent out his chief officers, the kay-tayib, the kayah, the rais of the marine, and the sailaktar, to treat with him before he quitted his gardens to attack Tripoli. On his mother-in-law being informed that it was intended they should be poisoned on the present occasion, she called to Sidi Yusuf from a gallery that surrounds a marble court-yard, and stretching out her arms with his son in them, declared she would drop the infant into the yard, unless Sidi Yusuf swore at that instant not to violate the laws of hospitality at her house, he being then at her gardens. "Let these officers fall," said she, "in any other manner, but not now; they are come as friends, and under your avowed protection, to see you under my roof." Her determined manner prevailed, and for that time these devoted people escaped with their lives.

A desultory warfare now ensued, all the more desultory as the pasha was supposed to be at the bottom favourable to the cause of Sidi Yusuf, and opposed to the pretensions of his second son, Hamet Bey. Skirmishes were carried on by night as well as by day on the Meshiah or Pianura, as the Franks term the great open plain, and all that was passing could be seen from the terrace of the consulate.

It was one of those clear still nights known only in the Mediterranean: the bright beams of the moon from a brilliant sky distinctly discovered to us the greatest part of the Meshiah with every object in it. The silence in the town was striking; nothing denoted

a night of cheerful relaxation after a long day's fast in Ramadan, at which time the Moors are seen in their yards and on their terraces, profiting by the few hours relief they can enjoy from sunset to sunrise, to prepare them for another day's abstinence. The greatest part of the inhabitants were without the ramparts guarding the town, and the rest of the Moors, instead of being sitting on their terraces, were, by their fears and the pasha's orders, retired within their houses. In the streets no objects were visible but the town guard with their hungry pack of dogs, prowling about in vain for some strolling victim to repay them for their vigilance. Near us not a sound broke upon the ear but that of the slow-swelling wave that washed the walls of the town; while, at a great distance on a calm sea, the white sails of the passing vessels were distinctly visible by the clearness of the night. Opposed to this calm were the confused screams and the incessant firing in the Pianura and in the country round, accompanied by the loud song of war and the continual beating of the tambura, or drum, to call the Moors and Arabs to arms. Frequent parties of Moorish horsemen and foot soldiers, we distinctly saw by the light of the moon, passing with swiftness over the sands in pursuit of the Arabs. The death-song breaking from different parts of the country, often announced to us the loss of some distinguished person on either side, who at that moment was numbered with the slain.

Some curious incidents characterised this internecine war, which derive interest as marking the Moorish manner of thinking and acting in war.

A party of Arabs carried a fine mare with its murdered master to Sidi Yusuf, who asked them why they had killed a man not fighting against them, as he had ordered that none but those armed against him should be molested; on their replying they had killed him for the sake of his mare, as the soldiers were so much in want of horses, Sidi Yusuf ordered the animal to be brought forward, had it shot in their presence, and desired them for the future to observe his orders better. Another extraordinary event was, that a Tripolitan, one of the pasha's people, having, on going out of the town, met with an old friend who was fighting on Sidi Yusuf's side, the latter began to reason with him, and endeavoured to persuade him to join Sidi Yusuf; but the Tripolitan told him to profit of that moment in which they were speaking amicably to save himself, for he considered it now his duty to take his life if possible whenever he should meet him afterward; on which the Arab instantly departed. The third circumstance, not less singular than the two former, was that the bey, after he had given orders for his soldiers to go out against his brother, perceiving Sidi Yusuf's people busy in carrying away their dead, prevented their going, saying he would not have the enemy disturbed till their present work was over.

At this time a reward was publicly offered to the Arabs, by the pasha's orders, before they quitted the town, of two thousand sequins to any one of them who brought in Sidi Yusuf's head. We saw Sidi Yusuf's men gathering up the sand on the plain and throwing it by handfuls towards the town. The meaning of this action was to show their contempt of the bey's people, and to excite them to come out. When the guns fired from the castle the Arabs ran off; but as soon as the balls fell, some of them returned and fired their pieces at the balls as they lay on the ground, hallooing and

<sup>1</sup> This respect for sanctuaries is descended from the most ancient times. Alaric, at the sacking of Rome, enjoined his soldiers to spare the blood of those who should have taken refuge in any holy place.—Chandler's *Present State of Morocco*, vol. I., p. 185.

hooting at the town for having missed their aim; when the pasha's horses were taken out to water at the wells, an Arab, in the pasha's pay, mounted one of the very best of them and rode off at full speed to Sidi Yusuf. The bey was at the same time so distressed for horses that he sent to one of the consuls for one to replace that taken off by the Arab.

The beautiful Zenobia, the wife of Sidi el Bunny and favourite of the late bey, is at her husband's garden out of town. Sidi el Bunny is one of Sidi Yusuf's generals, consequently he is fighting against the pasha. Zenobia has been continually sending secret intelligence to the castle concerning him; and she gave notice to Kayid Muhammad, to send thirty men to a garden where her husband is, to assassinate him. What a part for a wife to act! but with such extreme immorality as her character presents, such crimes are compatible.

## VI.

ARRIVAL OF A TURKISH PRINCE—HE USURPS THE REGENCY OF TRIPOLI—THE KARAMANLIS OBTAIN SUCCESSION FROM TURKEY—SIDI YUSUF USURPS THE THRONE—A PASHA IS SENT FROM CONSTANTINOPLE—FALL OF THE KARAMANLI FAMILY—MOSQUE AT TAJURA, A SUPPOSED CHRISTIAN CHURCH—RAVAGES OF THE PLAGUE—MEDICAL PRACTICE—FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

AN interlude of a peculiarly Oriental character occurred in the midst of this prolonged civil war. One fine evening a fleet of Turkish vessels was seen unexpectedly to arrive and anchor in the harbour. Soon the news came that a Turk named Ali ben Zul was on board, and that he was the bearer of the sultan's firman to depose the pasha and mount the throne himself. The incident is thus related by the eye-witness before quoted.

There cannot be a stronger proof given of the degree of consequence attached to the sultan's firman, than the manner in which the Tripolitans have bowed their heads to it on the present occasion; for as the pasha and the bey at last ventured out of the gates defenceless to Sidi Yusuf, the pasha might have let Sidi Yusuf in, as he at one time intended to do, with his forces, to have driven the Turks off; but under the idea that the sultan's firman cannot be resisted, all has been submitted to.

By half-past six this morning, the officers of the frigates we are to go with were with us: they congratulated us on the ease with which the Turkish troops had been permitted by the Moors to enter the town, without harassing it with a battle; but everything is to be dreaded from the ferocity of the Turk, who, known to be a great enemy to the Christians, will always endeavour to insult them, except when restrained by interest. We breakfasted in a party of thirty, most of whom had passed the night in hourly expectation of the Arabs entering the town from the land-side, or the Turks from the sea-side. Before we had finished our breakfast, we were summoned to the terrace, to see the Turk come up from the Marine in the character of pasha: for, by this time, every person in Tripoli doubts the authenticity of the firman.

On the Turk's landing, all the Moorish flags were immediately changed for the Turkish colours; everywhere the crimson flag, with the gold crescent in the middle, displayed itself. As the Turks advanced, we saw them drive, with violence, the Jews from every part of the town, not suffering them to remain in sight

while the Turkish pasha passed by, who was attended by a great number of Turks. The castle music, and the same corps of cha-uses which had for so many years announced to us the approach of the pasha and bey, preceded him; all the Turkish vessels saluted him, and the batteries at the Marine fired, till he reached the castle. In his suite, we had the satisfaction to see the rais of the marine, who they last night said was strangled.

The despair and confusion of the Jews cannot be conceived: they expect to be stripped of their property, and happy for them if they save their lives by discovering all their treasures.

Everything is quiet in the Meshiah; and so few of Sidi Yusuf's people are seen, that it is thought by some of the Moors, he has determined to go to Tunis with the pasha and bey. Others say, he is collecting more Arabs to make head against the Turk, whom he speaks of and considers only as a ruffian.

Both the pasha and the bey may be said to have fallen sacrifices to the fatal effect of believing in destiny. When the unexpected news arrived at the castle of a new pasha being already in the bay, accompanied by a strong Turkish fleet, these princes were so paralysed with the thought of what they considered impending fate, that they seemed to wait, without attempting to make any resistance, till the storm reached them. When it was known that the Turk, who had arrived in the character of a sovereign, was possessed of the sultan's firman, the pasha and his ministers appeared motionless, and ready to bow their heads to the irrevocable decrees of the Porte. After some time, however, doubts were entertained of the validity of the firman, and of its having been obtained from the sultan; orders were therefore issued from the castle for the sheikh and rais of the marine to collect all the force they could, and oppose the Turk's landing; but neither the pasha nor the bey came out to animate the people, who feared, without a chief, to resist the man who in a few hours might hold their lives in his hand. An hour and a half passed after these orders were issued from the castle, without any appearance of their being put into execution. Messages were again sent to the sheikh and rais of the marine to arm, while neither the pasha nor bey approached near a window or gallery of the castle to see what was going on, or to show themselves to the people. From eight in the evening, the time was passed in fruitless messages from the pasha to his ministers, till midnight; when the firman was sent from the Turk on board the fleet, with great ceremony, to the castle, and the pasha ordered to quit it, or receive his death there.

The pasha, the bey, and the bey of Bengazi went off, accompanied by a tribe of the Nuwiya, headed by their chief, Sheikh Alief. This officer confirmed the accounts given us, of the pasha having fainted three times in his way from the castle to the gates of the town. He felt severely for not having sent the females of his family, at any risk, to the Meshiah, which it was now too late to do; but they comforted the pasha by reminding him that all royal female captives must be safe according to the tenets of their Prophet, who forbids their being in the least annoyed in cases of war. The subsequent conduct of the Turk and his men, however, proved the pasha's fears just, and themselves to be banditti, and not authorised from the Porte; for, contrary to all Muhammadan laws, they took not

only from all the ladies of the castle, but even from the pasha's daughters, their jewels and every valuable article they had about their persons, and of those ladies who were not detained in the castle few had more than a baracca to cover them. One of the princesses, Lilla Fatima, had the courage to resist the ruffians, and declare, that as she was a pasha's daughter, she would submit to death rather than leave the castle in such a state. They yielded to her remonstrances, and afforded her some more of her clothes. Lilla Halluma, who was very ill, was carried out in the arms of her blacks, to whom she had formerly given their freedom, for all the slaves in attendance were detained at the castle, male and female, for the Turk's service, or to be sold. These blacks, some living within the castle and some in the town, now gratefully flocked round their afflicted mistress to offer their services to her at this unfortunate moment. They bore her from the castle, accompanied by the widow of the late murdered bey, and these two royal fugitives are now secreted in town, but as yet we know not where. The late bey's beautiful daughter the Turk has detained in the castle, having declared his determination to marry her, and place her on the throne; but his intentions, instead of affording consolation to the family, can only distract them, as everybody seems convinced that this usurper, who calls himself Ali ben Zul, and has risen under sanction of some of the pashas to a command in the sultan's navy, was noted for his piracies, and has formerly been considered as the chief of a banditti of Arnauts, a people who are the refuse of the Turkish dominions.

This Turk put into the harbour of Tripoli with his ships several times lately, in his expeditions from the Porte to Egypt, which afforded him an easy opportunity of becoming acquainted with the dissensions in the pasha's family, and consequent disorder of the kingdom. Ali ben Zul, perceiving the general confusion, determined to profit by the defenceless state of the country, hoping to silence the sultan's ministers by the rich presents he will send hence, amassed by murder and rapine.

At this crisis the old pasha, with his son Hamet Bey, joined their forces with those of the rebel Sidi Yusuf, and thus united and backed by the Arabs, they made several ineffectual attempts to recover the city, but being discomfited they at length repaired to the Bey of Tunis to ask his assistance. The old pasha remained at Tunis, but Hamet Bey and Sidi Yusuf, so lately at deadly variance, returned to Tripoli with auxiliary forces, and they succeeded in driving the usurper away.

By the decrees of the sultan, the Bey of Tunis, and Ali Pasha, the Bey of Tripoli, and Sidi Yusuf, were jointly to share the throne of Tripoli; but soon after the two princes had cleared Tripoli of the Turks, Sidi Yusuf executed one of his schemes against the bey, which completely shut him out from regal power; and this was accomplished in the following singular manner.

The bey, warned by his friends or by his own apprehensions, had for a long time since his return to Tripoli, avoided quitting the town but in company with Sidi Yusuf, from the fear of the latter acting inimically to his interest whilst absent, or preventing his entering the town again on his return. But the two princes being out in the Meshiah together, Sidi Yusuf, on a dispute with his brother, left him, reached the gates of the town some minutes before him, and without further

ceremony closed them against the bey; he then ordered him from the walls to retire to Derner, of which, he said, he permitted him to be bey; adding, that on his refusal, he should be sacrificed before the walls of Tripoli. The bey having no other resource, turned about with the few people he had with him and went to Derner, of which place he is the bey, leaving his brother, Sidi Yusuf, quietly seated on the throne as pasha of Tripoli.

A disposition in the bey to give up his kingdom quietly, seems to promise him a happier life in this retreat than he has before experienced; while he need not envy Sidi Yusuf the throne, accompanied as it must be by dreadful reflections. Every object around must daily and hourly remind him of the late bey's murder, perpetrated in the same room in which he himself first drew breath, and which room still remains shut up in testimony of the dreadful scene performed within it.

Thus it was that Tripoli fell twice before Turkish corsairs, once when Dragut Rais expelled the Knights of St. John in 1651; and secondly, when Ali ben Zul captured the place from the descendants of the first vassal or semi-independent regents. The rule of the last was, we have seen, brief, and the reign of Yusuf Pasha, who succeeded, was not altogether so bad as might have been expected from the series of crimes and usurpations by which he paved his way to dominion. It would be, perhaps, more just to say, that where so much evil and corruption existed, that Yusuf, who enjoyed a very long reign, was not worse than his predecessors, for though he administered public affairs with no very gentle hand, he was credited with more liberal views than most of the rulers of that unhappy country; property was to a certain extent respected, and commerce improved, the markets well supplied, manufactures encouraged, and population was increasing. As time elapsed, however, his natural proneness to avarice and cruelty manifested themselves more than ever, and at length after a reign of forty years, he was shut up within the walls of his palace by his revolted subjects, and was obliged to abdicate. Hence arose a civil war between two of his descendants, which lasted three years. The Porte at first espoused the cause of the third son, Ali (his two elder brothers being dead), and who was in possession of the town of Tripoli; but being unable to force him upon the Arab Sheikhs in the country, who had attached themselves to the cause of Em Hamet, son of Hamet Bey, who had retired to Derner, considered by Captain Beechey to be one of the most favoured towns on the coast, as far as its site is concerned; a fleet was sent to carry off Ali, and to place a chief—Askar Ali, or "the soldier Ali"—appointed from Constantinople. Em Hamet, unable to survive the fall of his family—the Karamanli chiefs of Tripoli—killed himself; but the last descendants of the race are refugees in Malta, and they have still a strong party in the country, who render Askar Ali's sway almost powerless beyond the walls of the capital, notwithstanding that many of the Arab tribes have acquiesced in the rules of the Turks, the renowned Ghumas—Auar ghuma, Auar shifana, Auar-iyema, and Auar fellah, having been the last to uphold their independence.

These tribes were induced to give in their submission mainly through the instrumentality of the Consul-General of France; the country which he represents having, in accordance with the see-saw policy which is unforta-



ately everywhere practised in the East, deemed it to be its interest to support the existing pasha, and therefore to do everything in its power to consolidate his rule, simply because the ex-royal family have sought and obtained refuge under the British flag at Malta.

Baron de Krasik looks upon these Bedawin as the true Lotophagi, and he deems these, with some degree of plausibility, to be neither devourers of Karub beans, nor suckers of jujube, but simply date-eaters—"rotab" having, he says, been transposed into "lotob."

An excursion in the country in the time of the reign of the Karamanlis was not precisely what it is in the present day. We shall illustrate our sketch of the Mosque of Tajura (see p. 496) by a characteristic account of a visit made to that site which is about nine miles to the east of Tripoli, and where at the cape of the same name is a castle that has always played a prominent part in Tripolitan rebellions. Our party for this excursion consisted of twenty, and though our guards or dragomen and servants, with those belonging to the other consuls who went with us, amounted to more than that number, yet it was not thought safe to go without some of the hampers, or pasha's guards, from the castle, which was granted for our further security. The place where we dined was an olive grove, with grounds belonging to the pasha's first minister, Mustapha Scrivan, where Moors are stationed to take care of his lands. Mustapha Scrivan's eldest son, and a sheriff of Mekka accepted of an invitation to join the party, accompanied us with our attendants and dined with us, sharing the amusements of the day, which were rendered more pleasant, as their presence gave greater security to our excursion by contributing to keep the Moors and Arabs in order.

For some miles after we left the town of Tripoli, the soil the greatest part of the way was a white silver sand, the brilliancy of which, in a long journey, is often fatal to the eyes of the traveller. This appearance is peculiar to the sands and deserts nearest Tripoli; their extreme whiteness makes the contrast between them and the deep red sands brought by the khamsin or hot winds from the interior, too striking to pass unnoticed.

In our ride, where the foliage of the Indian fig was in abundance, the roads, fields, and other inclosures, to which it served as fences, made a most extraordinary appearance. This immense leaf grows here to the length of sixteen or seventeen inches, and eight or nine in width; its consistence renders it nearly the substance of wood: while it is young, it is of a beautiful green, growing without stem, one leaf out of the other. This extraordinary shrub forms a hedge of fourteen or fifteen feet high, and eight or nine feet thick, making a much stronger fence than either brick or stone walls. This being the season for it to blossom, its appearance was truly curious; every leaf was set close round the edge with the full blossoms of the fruit, which were orange colour tipped with crimson; and the shape of the leaves forming large scollops, the extreme brightness of the sun gave the hedges and fields an appearance of being everywhere richly decorated in festoons of gold and red.

The cultivated grounds we passed were not laid out with method or design, but were inclosures of trees of all sizes and qualities, and placed in all directions, among which the towering date-tree was everywhere conspicuous, displaying close to its summit luxuriant branches of the ripe date, resembling amber: cabbages,

turnips, wheat and barley, grew in variegated and confused patches beneath them. The gardens of people of distinction, by being chiefly confined to the orange, lemon and citron trees, made a most beautiful appearance, heightened by the effect of the sun.

At the distance of a few miles from Tripoli, the greatest part of the Moors we met had on no other garment but the red cap and the dark brown baracan of web or woollen, which served to cover them from the shoulders to the middle of the leg, placed in ample folds, according to their own taste, around their bodies, but leaving the right arm and shoulder exposed. Corn, bits of tin, and beads ornamented the women's heads, and a lighter baracan, generally black, wrapped tightly round them, composed the whole of their dress. These women stared at us as much as we did at them, and did not seem over diligent to conceal their features from our party, but were careful in covering themselves when the Sheriff of Mekka, or Mustapha Scrivan's son, or any of the guards who were with us, approached them.

Just before we reached Sahal, we stopped to look at a small mosque in a village that was open at the time we passed. It was remarkable for its great neatness, and the gay china tiles with which it was lined throughout. The floor was covered with bright Tunisian carpets; and the pulpit, with the steps ascending to it, was of the brightest marble; yet the congregation that came to this neat little mosque was wholly composed of the unclad peasantry of a mud village. To nothing, however, are the Muhammadans more attentive than to the beauty and cleanliness of their mosques and burying places.

When we first arrived at Sahal, we stopped only to examine the olive plantations, where we were to dine, and found, as had been described to us, that the olive trees formed a shade impenetrable to the sun's rays, and promised us a delightful shelter from the atmosphere, which was getting now intensely hot; but we still continued our ride to view a salt lake in the midst of the sands, called the Lake of Tajura, not far from the village of that name. At this time it was nearly dry; but when full, it covers a mile and a half of ground, and is in most places half a mile across. When this lake is dry there remains a bed of salt round the edge as hard as stone; it is broken with great difficulty, and brought in bars to Tripoli. This lake produces a great deal of salt, and is the chief place whence this article is taken which is exported from the kingdom: it is much finer, both in flavour and colour, than the salt from the two famous lakes of Delta, on this side Alexandria. The beds of these two extraordinary lakes are a sort of ditch, from ten to twelve miles in length, and near a mile in width; they are dry nine months in the year, but in the winter there comes from the ground a deep violet-coloured water, filling the lakes to five or six feet. The return of the heat dries this water up, and there remains a bed of salt above two feet in thickness, and so hard that it is broken by bars of iron. They procure from these lakes thirty-six thousand quintals of salt every year, a quintal being about one hundred and twenty pounds weight.

The Lake of Tajura is nearly surrounded by sands, but on approaching the village of Tajura there appeared innumerable small clusters of trees at considerable distances from each other. In the middle of each clump the sands carried thither by the winds lay in a

conical form, nearly as high as the tops of the trees, presenting an appearance of having been brought there by human exertion for some particular purpose.

The Muhammadan peasantry, though slaves to their lords in everything but name, appeared contented and happy. Whole families were lying round the doors of their cottages, laughing, smoking, singing, and telling romantic tales. They brought us out fresh dates, bowls of new milk, and jars of sweet labaky.

In these mixed circles of peasants, it was worth while for persons more refined than the Moors to observe, through the rudeness of their manners, the attentions paid from the young to the aged, and from the son to the father. But Moors, Turks, and Arabs are remarkably kind to their children; and, in return, children are eminently obedient and affectionate to their parents, and submissive to their superiors. It was easy to discern in a moment, by his manner, when a young man was speaking to his father, his superior, or an older man than himself: to each he used a different sort of marked respect, both in his gesture and words.

Our admiration of the village marabut, or mosque, near Sahal, gave an offence to the Moors, which had nearly proved more serious than we at the time imagined. Several Moors came up to us on our leaving the marabut; but when spoken to by the guards, and seeing two persons of such distinction with us, a sheriff of Mekka and the son of the first minister, they retired, though evidently much discontented. Several other parties advanced to us, one after the other, and retired in the same manner: we thought little more of this circumstance, and continued our ride. Several hours afterwards, while we were dining under the olive trees at Sahal, some Moors appeared at a distance, apparently from the curiosity they in general have to see Christians. They hailed us with a compliment paid here from inferiors, that of "Salam alaikum" (may there be peace between us), and received from our party the appropriate answer to it of "Alaikum salam" (there is peace between us). Our servants carried to them, as usual, dishes of meat, and the Moors greeted us often in return with the expression of "Allah bark" (God prosper you). This cordiality seemed to speak all well. As the number of the Moors increased, we perceived their good-will towards us declined, and from the time we had finished our repast and prepared to mount our horses, till we nearly reached the town, they followed us, murmuring and expostulating with our dragomen; and it certainly was owing to the rank of our two Moorish friends who were with us, that they did not molest us. As a proof of their hostile intentions, the Governor of Sahal reported this circumstance to the pasha yesterday, saying, the Moors would have attacked the Christians if he had not prevented them in time. As we did not know exactly the extent of our danger, we arrived in town satisfied with having spent a very agreeable day.

The Baron de Kraft paid a visit to the same mosque, which he had been told was an old church built by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century; but he satisfied himself, by close examination of the building, that there were no grounds for such a supposition. He believes this mosque to be, however, of great antiquity, dating possibly from the time of the first eruption of Islamism, and that hence it may have been used as a church by the Spaniards during the epoch of their domination in this country, which circumstance, he

thinks, may have given origin to this legend. Our illustrations, as are also the others referring to Tripoli, are from drawings made from photographs taken on the spot.

In common with most Eastern cities, Tripoli has suffered at various periods from the ravages of the plague. Of this disease, which carried off so great a number of the population of that city in 1785, the writer above quoted makes the following mention.

The plague now (June 28th, 1785) depopulating this place is said to be more severe than has been known at Constantinople for centuries past, and is proved by calculation to destroy twice the number of people in proportion to those who died of the same disorder lately at Tunis, when five hundred a day were carried out of that city. To-day upwards of two hundred have passed the town gate.

Our house, the last of the Christian houses that remained in part open, on the 14th of this month commenced a complete quarantine. The hall on entering the house is parted into three divisions, and the door leading to the street is never unlocked but in the presence of the master of the house, who keeps the key in his own possession. It is opened but once in the day, when he goes himself as far as the first hall, and sends a servant to unlock and unbolt the door. The servant returns, and the person in the street waits till he is desired to enter with the provisions he has been commissioned to buy. He finds ready placed for him a vessel with vinegar and water to receive the meat, and another with water for the vegetables.

Among the very few articles which may be brought in without this precaution is cold bread, salt in bars, straw ropes, straw baskets, oil poured out of the jar to prevent contagion from the hemp with which it is covered, sugar without paper or box. When this person has brought in all the articles he has, he leaves by them the account, and the change out of the money given him, and retiring shuts the door. Straw, previously placed in the hall, is lighted at a considerable distance, by means of a light at the end of a stick, and no person suffered to enter the hall till it is thought sufficiently purified by the fire; after which a servant, with a long stick, picks up the account and smokes it thoroughly over the straw, still burning, and, locking the door, returns the key to his master, who has been present during the whole of these proceedings, lest any part of them should be neglected, as or the observance of them, it may safely be said, the life of every individual in the house depends.

Eight people in the last seven days, who were employed as providers for the house, have taken the plague and died. He who was too ill to return with what he had brought, consigned the articles to his next neighbour, who faithfully finishing his commission, as has always been done, of course succeeded his unfortunate friend in the same employment, if he wished it, or recommended another: it has happened that Moors, quite above such employment, have, with an earnest charity, delivered the provisions to the Christians who had sent for them. The Moors perform acts of kindness at present, which, if attended by such dreadful circumstances, would be very rarely met with in most parts of Christendom. An instance very lately occurred of their philanthropy. A Christian lay, an object of misery, neglected and forsaken; self-preservation having taught every friend to fly from her pestilential bed—even her mother! But she

found in the barbarian a paternal hand : passing by, he heard moans, and concluded she was the last of the family ; and finding that not to be the case, he beheld her with sentiments of compassion, mixed with horror. He sought for assistance, and, till the plague had completed its ravages and put an end to her sufferings, he did not lose sight of her, disdaining her Christian friends who had left her to his benevolent care.

The expense and the danger of burying the dead has become so great, and the boards to make the coffins so very scarce, that the body is brought out of the house by friends to the door, and the first man they can prevail on carries it over his shoulder, or in his arms, to the grave, endeavouring to keep pace with the long range of coffins that go to the burying-ground at noon, to take the advantage of the funeral service. To-day the dead amounted to two hundred and ninety.

July 1, 1785.—The cries of the people for the loss of their friends are still as frequent as ever ; not a quarter of an hour passing without the lamentations of some new afflicted mourner. No more prayers are said in town at present for the dead ; but the coffins are collected together and pass through the town-gate exactly at noon, when the ceremony is performed over all at once, at a mosque out of the town, in their way to the burying-ground. The horrors of the melancholy procession increase daily. A Moor of consequence passed to day, who has not missed this melancholy walk for the last fifteen days, in accompanying regularly some relic of his family. He is himself considered in the last stage of the plague, yet supported by his blacks he limped before his wife and eldest son, himself the last of his race. The riches of his family become the property of the pasha, no one remaining to claim them, as does all other property except what returns to the church ; lands or houses of this description annexed to the church, in possession or reversion, being deemed sacred both by prince and people in all Muhammadan states : therefore, by whatever means the property is acquired by those who give the reversion of it to religious foundations, those riches are transmitted unmolested to their direct male issue. Mecca and Medina are the places generally preferred for such dotation ; the cave at Mecca, in which the angel Gabriel delivered the Koran to Muhammad, and the tomb of Muhammad at Medina, rendering these places sacred above all others. They gave the name of *vacaf* to this settlement, for which they pay a very small acknowledgment yearly till the extinction of the issue that holds it, when it all devolves to the religious foundation on which it was settled.

Women, whose persons have hitherto been veiled, are wandering about complete images of despair with their hair loose and their barancas open, crying and wringing their hands and following their families. Though a great deal of their grief here by custom is expressed by action, yet it is dreadful when it proceeds so truly from the heart as it does now, while all those we see are friends of the departed. No strangers are called in to add force to the funeral cries : the father who bears his son to-day, carried his daughter yesterday ; his wife the day before ; the rest of his family are at home languishing with the plague, while his own mother, spared for the cruel satisfaction of following her offspring, still continues with her son her wretched daily walk.

Since the beginning of this dreadful infection, which is only two months, three thousand persons have died

in this town (nearly one-fourth of its inhabitants), and its victims are daily increasing. It must be observed, that the Moors, in all maladies, have great disadvantages, arising from the manner the people here treat their sick. I believe it to be often a doubt, whether the patient dies of the malady he labours under, or by the hand of those attending on him. They seem to have but a slender knowledge of physic : fire is one of their chief remedies ; they use it for almost everything—for wounds, sickness, colds, and even for headaches, they have recourse to a red-hot iron with which they burn the part affected. They perform amputations safely, though in a rough manner ; but in all kinds of diseases, such as fevers, &c., it is thought one-fourth die of the disorder, and three of the remedies made use of. They will give fat boiled up with coffee-grounds to a child of three months old for a cough ; and to a man in a high fever, a dish called tarahia, made of red pepper, onion, oil, and greens ; or a dish called bazzeen, a kind of stiff batter pudding, dressed with a quantity of oil, and garnished with dried salt meat fried, known by the name of kadeed. When a person is thought to be dying, he is immediately surrounded by his friends, who begin to scream in the most hideous manner, to convince him there is no more hope, and that he is already reckoned amongst the dead ! The noise and horror of this scene cannot surely but serve to hurry the patient, worn down already by sickness, to his last state. If the dying person be in too much pain (perhaps in a fit) they put a spoonful of honey in his mouth, which in general puts him out of his misery (that is to say, he is literally choked) ; whereas, by being treated differently, or even left to himself, he might, perhaps, have recovered. Then, as according to their religion they cannot think the departed happy till they are under ground, they are washed instantly while yet warm, and the greatest consolation the sick man's friends can have is to see him smile while this operation is performing, as they look on that as a sign of approbation in the deceased of what is doing ; not supposing such an appearance to be a convulsion, occasioned by washing and exposing to the cold air the unfortunate person before life has taken its final departure. This accounts for the frequent instances which happen here of people being buried alive ; many of the Moors say a third of the people are lost in this manner.

A merchant, who died here a little while ago, was buried in less than two hours after they thought he was dead. In the evening of the same day, some people passing by the burying ground heard dreadful cries, and when they came into the town, they reported what had happened. As this man, whose name was Bio, was the last buried there that day, his friends went in the morning early to look at his grave, which they opened, and saw him sitting upright ; he had torn off all his clothing, but was suffocated.

When they prepare a body for the grave, those who can afford it fill the ears, nostrils, and under the eyelids with a quantity of camphor, and the richest spices they can procure, and burn a great quantity of aromatic herbs under the boards the body is washed on. They then dress it in the best clothes they have, and put on it all the gold and jewels they can spare. An unmarried woman is dressed as a bride, with bracelets on her hands and feet ; her eyebrows painted, and the hairs plucked out that they may look even. When dressed, the body is wrapped up in a fine new piece of white

linen brought from Mecca, where it has been blessed. The poorer Jewesses will work night and day till they have amassed money enough to purchase a piece of linen, which remains by them till wanted to bury them.

The coffin is covered, if a woman's, with the richest laced jilecks or jackets they have; if a man's, with short caftans of gold and silver tissue. At the head of a man's coffin is placed his turban, made up as handsome as possible, and as large as his rank will allow. The turbans, to those who are versed in them, clearly point out the description of the persons who wear them. By their fold, size, and shepe, are known the ranks of military and naval characters, the different

degrees of the church, and the princes from the sovereign. A turban worn by a hadji is different from others, and a green one can be worn only by a shereef of Mecca. The size then of the turban is increased according to the rank of its wearer, and whether he belongs to the military, the navy, or the church, is known by the folds of his turban. At the head of a woman's coffin is fastened, instead of a turban, a very large bouquet of fresh flowers, if they are to be procured; if not, artificial ones. The body is carried often by its nearest relations, who in their way to the grave are relieved every moment by some friend or acquaintance of the deceased, or some dependent on the family, all of whom are so very anxious to pay



NEGRO DANCE.

this last respect in their power to the remains of the departed, that the coffin is continually balancing from one shoulder to another till it reaches the burying-ground, at the risk of being thrown down every moment.

A space is dug very little more than big enough to hold the body, and plastered with a composition of lime on the inside, which they make in a very little time as neat as china-ware. The body is taken out of the shell, and laid in this place, where prayers are said over it. The iman of the parish accompanies from the house to the grave. When the body is laid in the earth, the pit is covered with broad deal boards,

to prevent the sand from falling in. They bury very near the surface of the earth; which is the more extraordinary, as they know that an immense number of dogs from the country come in droves every night to the graves of their departed friends; and yet there is not any people who hold their own dead, or those of any other religion, more sacred.

It is the custom here, for those that can afford it, to give, on the evening of the day the corpse is buried, a quantity of hot dressed victuals to the poor, who come to fetch each their portion, and form sometimes immense crowds and confusion at the doors: this they call the supper of the grave.

# RUSSIA.

## A VISIT TO ST. PETERSBURGH.

### I.

APPROACH TO THE CAPITAL—THE NEVA AND ITS INUNDATIONS—QUARRYING THE ICE—CHRISTMAS TREES—ADVENT OF SPRING—EASTER FESTIVITIES—CHURCH MUSIC.

We left Berlin for St. Petersburg early in the month of March. At starting we had already spring weather; but beyond Coslin (travelling through Pomerania) the elevated ground was still covered with a thin layer of snow, whilst in the low grounds a thaw suc-

ceeded to the slight frost of the night. The same temperature continued along the coasts of the Baltic, in the country between Dantzic and Königsberg, and throughout Lithuania and Courland to Riga. Here the Dwina was still covered with ice; but it was beginning to break up, and we did not traverse it without danger. Above Riga winter still prevailed; the whole country was covered with snow, which became so deep after we passed Derpat, that we



TOWN SLEDGE.

were obliged to place the carriage upon a sledge. A few posts however before reaching St. Petersburg the snow suddenly disappeared, and we had to fasten on the wheels again and abandon the sledge. This phenomenon is said to be not unusual, from the peculiar warmth of this small extent of country.<sup>1</sup>

In St. Petersburg we still found snow, and instead of the droshkies we saw only sledges in the streets. (See above.) It seemed as if winter were about to re-

commence; the temperature was from fifteen to twenty-five degrees below freezing point, and continued so till the middle of April. The two principal disadvantages which the city of Peter the Great has encountered, and which it will continue more or less to labour under, are, the intensity of the cold of its climate in winter, and the low and swampy character of the country in which it has been placed. For six months in the year, its port cannot be entered, by reason of the ice, and it can never be supplied with provisions for the consumption of its inhabitants at proportionate prices with those of

<sup>1</sup> *Travels on the Shores of the Baltic, &c.* By S. S. Hill.

cities whose neighbouring fields produce wine and oil, or even bread and cheese, like our own. Nature, it must be confessed, however, has bent her stern character before the labours of men and the arts of civilised life, more here than in any other land possessing a similar climate. But there are bounds beyond which the elements will not cede to enterprise, ambition, or caprice. The greatest indeed of the apparent obstacles to the city's progress, arising out of the low character of the country, has been in a wonderful manner overcome; for, incredible as it appears, all the splendid show of palaces, and the noble quays, and public and private edifices of the modern capital of Russia, are built upon piles sunk in the mere morasses upon which the city stands; and there remains on this account nothing but the unproductive character of the land about the town to regret.

But in another respect the position of the town, taken in conjunction with the effects of the climate, has appeared to some to leave it exposed to dangers which threaten even its sudden and utter dissolution. There are occasional swellings of the waters of the bay and the Neva, caused by the winds on the one side, and the heavy rains on the other; and these are sometimes so great, that the whole town becomes inundated to the depth of from six to twelve feet above the level of the streets. Every provision has been made to negative as much as possible all the effects of this inconvenience. Sineches, or watch-towers, have been erected in all parts of the town, upon which watchmen are stationed, provided with the means of making signals by night and by day of the rise of the waters, inch by inch, when an inundation is threatened, which enables everyone to retire to his house, and seek the upper stories, in time to avoid the consequences of being suddenly overtaken by the rush of the invading flood. The same watchmen, serve too, to give the earliest alarm of fire, which is of more frequent occurrence in every town of Russia than in any other towns in any part of the world, partly arising from the quantity of wood used, even in their brick and stone buildings, and partly owing to the method of warming their houses by stoves set in the midst of the building, and yet more, perhaps, from a certain carelessness habitual to the people.

In relation to the inundation, it is even said by some not wholly visionary alarmists, that the entire city, with all its edifices, from the palace of the sovereign to the meanest habitation, is yearly exposed to the danger of being swept from the very surface of the soil, without scarce leaving one stone upon another to record to future generations the glory of its short reign.

That such a catastrophe, indeed, is even possible, is sufficient to excite speculations; but that it is probable, as some of the inhabitants aver, and whose alarm has been echoed in a style of mixed pathos and humour by some foreign writers, can scarcely be believed. To produce, it is said, this great calamity, it is but necessary that two circumstances of occasional and one of annual occurrence should happen at the same time. These are the rise of the waters only a few feet above the base of the houses, a violent gale of wind from the westward, and the breaking up of the ice of the Lake Ladoga and the River Neva. Anyone who knows anything of the irresistible force of large masses of ice driven before the wind, could not indeed reflect without terror on the consequences to this city, should its edifices ever be placed by these inundations at the mercy of the fields of floating ice that may be driven before

the westerly gale. Yet, those who have speculated upon the probability of this calamity, have not perhaps given sufficient weight to a circumstance which must go far to counterbalance these dreaded effects. It must be remembered, that the open bay can only be covered with floating ice when the great lake above the capital, increased by the numerous rivers which at the time of the melting of the snow fall into it, is pouring out the superflux of its waters, covered with ice also, and with such force as must at least greatly check the onward course of the western waters and of the ice which they bear, though it should not at the same time check the rise of the inundation. Thus the chances of such a calamity seem too remote to be a just cause of dread to the population.

Regular roads are marked out on the ice of the Neva for sleighing during the long winter, and these are even decorated at places with evergreens and lit up at night by lanterns affixed to poles. An appearance of bustle and activity is also kept up during the winter season by the transport of ice. This is cut or rather regularly quarried like stone on the Neva and the canals, in masses of about a yard and a half in length, and some two or three feet in thickness. This polygon is placed upon one of those simple sledges which the Russian peasant constructs so ingeniously himself, and with his small but patient and hardy horse he is never in want of work during an almost arctic winter. (See p. 512.) Not a nobleman, nor even a merchant's house but that has its ice-cellar. Thus, instead of the long files of carts bearing fire-wood which announce the arrival of winter, these are succeeded in winter by files of sledges bearing each its huge block of ice. The driver takes his seat upon his own merchandise, but his thick coat of sheep-skin protects him from cold.

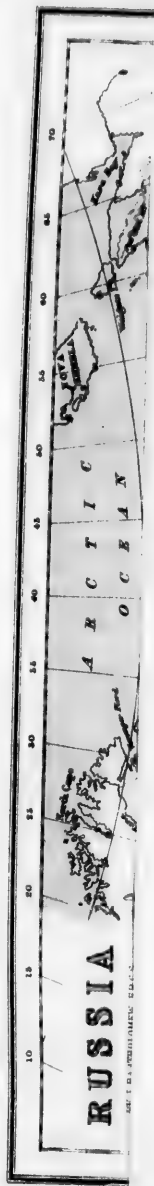
The long period of winter is by no means one of dulness in the capital of Russia. First of all, stores have to be laid in at the Sennia market, where the bustle among the mountains of frozen provisions, sheep, pigs, poultry, salmon, sturgeon, sterlets, and a hundred other things, that seemed to have been seized by the frost in the last convulsions, and moulded into the strangest shapes, is something wondrous to behold. It must not be supposed from this, however, that fresh provisions are not to be obtained during the winter in St. Petersburg. The contrary is the case. But they are obtained at a much lower price at this great anti-hyemal market, and they keep perfectly well, so long as they are not exposed to a high temperature.

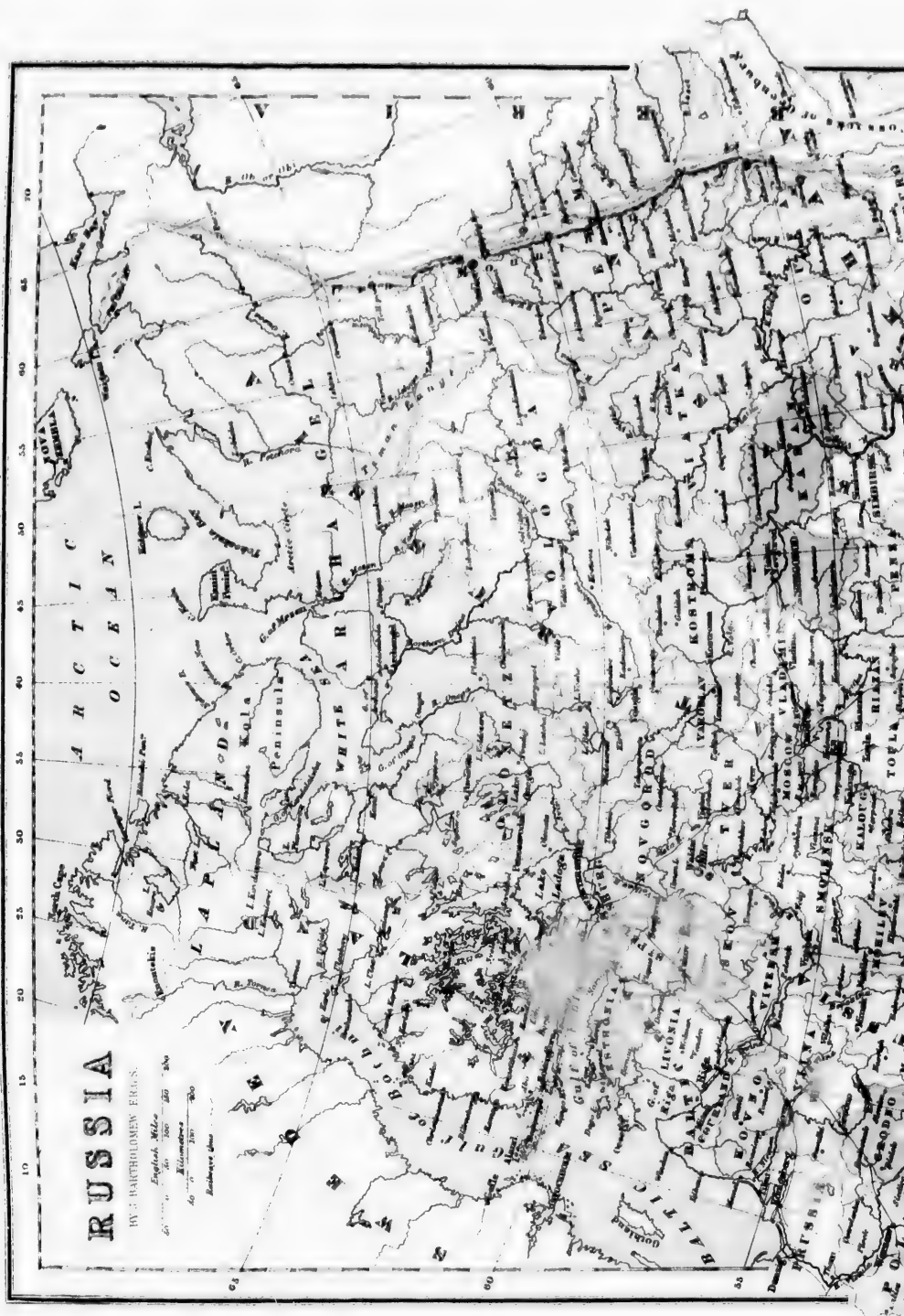
Another market, of a more graceful character, heralds the eve of Christmas. The Christmas-tree has been introduced into Russia, as with us, from Germany. For the week preceding this great Christian festival nothing is seen in the streets of St. Petersburg but moving trees: one would fancy Birnam Wood in its progress to Dunsinane. This temporary market is held at the Gostinnoi Dvor, a vast bazaar in the Nevsky perspective. Thousands of young evergreens are brought thither from the forests of the environs, and the demand for them is prodigious, for no family is without its Christmas-tree. On the morning of the 24th, the bazaar is one mass of verdure: all day long the carriages of the aristocracy and the sledges of the middle classes keep succeeding one another, till at night nothing remains.

The room at home, where the same great festival is held, is carefully closed to the young people till evening, when, at a given signal, all rush in, accompanied by the



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# RUSSIA

BY J. BARTHOLOMEW FRANKS.

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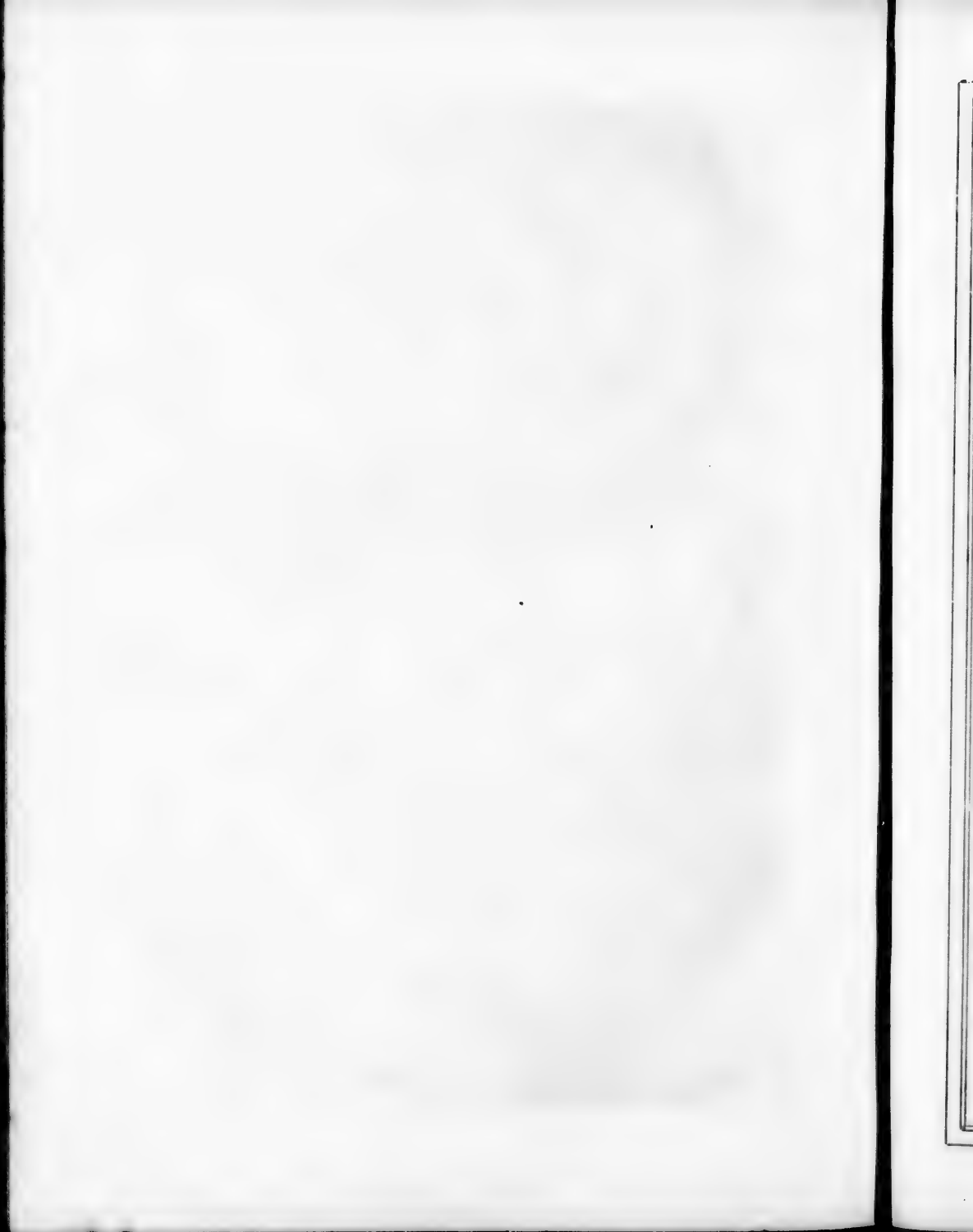


Latitude East 40 From Greenwich





CHRISTMAS TREE.





delighted elders. Handsome young girls, youths in the old Russian boots and the uniform of the Imperial colleges, rush behind the youngsters, but in advance of their parents and their more sedate guests. The saloon itself is brilliantly lit up, and one or more trees are set out upon a long table. Little wax candles are burning from the branches, which sustain an infinite variety of presents. The table is also covered with books, albums, toys, pictures and works of art. There are portraits by Zarenko, landscapes by Timon or Zichy, sporting scenes by Svertchkoff, and pastels by Robillard. After the first moment of dazzling surprise is over, lots are drawn, and the delighted young people testify their gratitude by kissing the hands of their parents. (See p. 505.) The perpetual somovar follows, and a pleasant dance terminates the festival which inaugurates those grand receptions in which the princely luxury of the nobility delights to display itself. (See p. 513.)

Toward the end of April spring appeared. Until then I was lodged in Vasil Ostrof, on the right bank of the Neva. One morning it was announced to me that the breaking up of the ice in the Neva was about to commence; that in a few hours the bridge of boats would be dismantled, and unless I transported myself directly to the other side of the river, I should be cut off for several days from the main part of the town: I crossed over, therefore, immediately. In a few days the snow completely disappeared; the sledges vanished, and were replaced by droshkies, which were more numerous and more necessary than ever, for the streets were nearly everywhere a morass, almost impassable for pedestrians. The pavement in St. Petersburg is extremely bad, and all the efforts of the authorities have not yet produced any satisfactory amendment, although in several places every variety of paving has been tried. The nature of the ground and climate undoubtedly present great difficulties; but in seeing the labourers engaged in mending the pavement, it is difficult to understand how such wretched work is tolerated.

On the Sunday before Easter all the members of a Russian family assemble, generally late in the evening, and remain together until midnight, to visit the churches. I joined a family, from whom I had received an invitation. About half-past eleven o'clock we left the house: all the streets were illuminated, in a way which I have only seen in St. Petersburg and Moscow. Along the trottoirs on both sides of the street, in addition to the lamps, and at intervals of four or five paces, are bowls filled with burning tallow and turpentine, which produce a peculiar magical illumination of all objects.

The streets were full of people on their way to the different churches. We went to the Post Church, and found places in the gallery, whence we could survey the whole interior. The building became gradually filled with the faithful, each carrying an unlighted taper in his hand; everything was silent and sombre, and it was only in the centre, around the tomb of Christ, that tapers were burning. At a quarter before twelve one priest appeared, then others, and the simple and imposing chanting of the litanies commenced, with the constantly repeated "Gospodi pomilui!" (Lord, have mercy upon us!) in chorus. This simple chant, sung without any accompaniment by several fine male voices, proceeding from the only lighted part of the church, has a truly impressive

effect. The priests are engaged in their functions around the tomb of the Lord, which is at length carried into the sanctuary; then the roar of cannon announces the hour of midnight, and the commencement of the new and important day. The chorus of priests, in loud and joyful tones, sounds the "Christos voskres!" (Christ is risen!); the doors of the ikonostas open; at that on the left the woman standing nearest among the people lights her taper at the consecrated one presented to her by the priest. The neighbours receive the light from her; and thus it spreads in erratic sparks on all sides through the church, which is soon illuminated by a thousand lights.<sup>1</sup> And now begins the solemn mass, with the chorus of the priests.

The music of the Western Catholic Church, particularly in Italy, has acquired a secular and profane character, which is heightened by the instrumental accompaniment, and the singers, male and female, dressed in the first style of fashion, in the choir, who not unfrequently sing bravuras with embellishments and cadences of their own. Even the church music of Beethoven and Mozart too often partakes of this light and florid character: the style of the theatre transferred to the church. Some of the stricter pontiffs have endeavoured to prevent this, but in vain: little improvement is likely to be effected, until instrumental music is entirely prohibited in the churches: even the organ ought not to accompany the singing of the priest and chorus, but only that of the congregation.

The choral music of the Protestant churches is admirable; the compositions of Sebastian Bach will always be regarded as masterpieces; but in general the music appears to me too simple, monotonous, and cold.

The music of the Russian church is well adapted to produce deep religious emotions, which is manifestly the object of all church music. In its present state it is not very ancient. Throughout the whole of the Eastern Catholic Church—formerly also in Russia, and even among the Staroverzhi (ancient believers), who retain tenaciously all the old forms down to the most insignificant details—the church singing is entirely different from the Russian of the present day. It is entirely in unison; and in the execution the nasal tones predominate, as throughout the East, and even among the Muhammadans, so that the general effect is by no means pleasing. The melodies, however, are for the most part very beautiful.

In the reign of Catharine II. the church music was reformed in Russia. The old melodies were adapted for several voices, and persons were sent to Rome to collect the most ancient Christian melodies, which had been preserved there principally in the Sistine chapel, and thus the present music was formed and brought into use. New compositions, also, particularly those of the Russian composer Bartniauaki, were intermingled with the liturgies. Schools were everywhere instituted for teaching music to the priests; and it is a proof of the great musical capacity of the people, as well as of

<sup>1</sup> On Easter Thursday also, I was told the Russians all bear wax tapers in the churches. During the reading of the Gospel the person standing nearest lights his taper at that of the officiating priest, and communicates the light to his neighbours, which is soon diffused throughout the whole church. Each person takes the taper (the light of the Gospel) home with him. What a simple symbol!

their excellent discipline, that within fifty or sixty years this mode of singing has gradually extended over the whole of the immense empire. How often have I heard in simple village churches the admirable singing which I had become acquainted with in the capitals! After this short digression, I return to my narrative.

The mass proceeded quietly, until shortly before the consecration of the elements, when suddenly the shawl of a woman in the thickest part of the crowd took fire. It was a moment I shall not easily forget. A cry of terror ensued from a thousand voices, a fearful tumult, and rushing towards all the outlets of the church! The priests instantly shut the ikonostas behind them. However the danger fortunately was soon over, and the fire was extinguished by the bystanders. The terror was greatest and the danger most imminent near me, in the choir of the gallery, which was crowded almost exclusively by ladies of the higher class: I have used the term "imminent danger," because, in fact, there was only one small staircase down to the body of the church. After an interval of ten minutes all danger was over, quiet was restored, and the service continued to the end.

On entering the street again I found universal rejoicing. All who met greeted, embraced, and kissed each other, with the joyful exclamation, "Christos voskress!" and the answer, "Vo-istino voskress!" (He is risen indeed!) It was about three o'clock; all the houses were open, and everybody out of bed; visitors entered them, and were everywhere received with the Easter greeting, and conducted to the tables loaded and decorated with all sorts of dishes, the consecrated bread and cheese being first presented. I met a friend, General von M—, in front of his house: his servants received him in the hall, and he embraced and kissed them all without distinction; then the family met us with embraces and kisses; it looked like a joyful meeting after a long absence.

It was only when day broke that each one sought repose. At eleven o'clock I went to see the Grand Parade. By the intercession of a friend I obtained, under the portal of the Winter Palace, a favourable place for witnessing the whole. It was glorious weather, and the magnificent troops were drawn up in a long line. The Grand Duke Michael first appeared, galloping along the line, and was received with loud hurrahs from a thousand voices. After a little while the emperor came out of the palace, and walked to the troops; an immense shout of joy received him. He was in the uniform of the Don Cossacks, which became his handsome form better than a modern uniform. He stood in the centre before the troops, and then a number of private soldiers from all the regiments stepped forward and surrounded him. He went up to each in turn, gave the Easter salute, embraced and kissed him. It was a scene of striking grandeur! Every year, on the same day, for centuries, this public jubilee has been renewed, to commemorate the resurrection of Our Lord. The feeling of their equality before Him pervades the whole people; all, high and low, embrace each other as brethren; and even the ruler of a quarter of the globe, the temporal protector and head of the church, salutes the lowest of his subjects, and acknowledges thereby the religious tie which binds him to his people, by a community of faith, love, and loyalty.

## II.

PROMENADE ON FOOT—ADMIRALTY SQUARE—MONUMENTS—  
—GREAT STREETS—NAVAL PERSPECTIVE—IMAGINATIVE  
DRAWINGS—GAY SCENES—ISTOBYCHNIKES—DROSHKIES—  
BETHNIKS.

St. PETERSBURGH has been justly described as a wondrous city, which rose up at the fiat of a mighty despot, from the midst of pestilential swamps, where scarce a hundred and fifty years ago, the solitary seabird alone found a home—where disease and death followed each man who placed his foot on the ungrateful soil. There the great Peter, on the bodies of a hundred thousand victim serfs, defying all natural obstacles, resolved to build his future capital; and lo! as if at the command of a magician, stately palaces, gorgeous temples, and splendid buildings appeared; and St. Petersburg now rivals all and surpasses most, of the older cities of Europe. At many miles distance the lofty dome of the Isaac Church may be seen reflecting back the sun's rays in a ball of glowing yellow light; and on approaching nearer, other domes and spires, and cupolas, and minarets open to the view, varying in colour, and sparkling with gold and silver stars.

Walking is very unfashionable at St. Petersburg, unless it be upon a public promenade at a particular hour, or within a public garden into which carriages are not admitted. The distances to be made are generally too great to be conveniently passed over on foot, whether we are engaged in the inspection of such objects as usually attract the attention of the stranger, or in any other business whatsoever. Nevertheless we chose to walk in preference to taking one of the vehicles called droshkies, which are to be seen waiting for hire in many places, as more favourable to our immediate purpose.

Issuing from the street in which our hotel stood, we came directly upon the grand public place of St. Petersburg, called the Admiralty Square. This great place is in form nearly semicircular, and is about a verst, or three-quarters of a mile in length, and about half a verst in breadth. To give some idea of its grandeur and extent it will be sufficient to mention the several chief edifices which form its several divisions, with the objects of art which here present themselves to the admiration of the stranger.

The most remarkable of the buildings are those of the Admiralty, the Winter Palace, which is the habitual residence of the sovereign, the Senate House, the Etat Major, and the cathedral of St. Isaac. The buildings forming the Admiralty, which are all inclosed within walls and surrounded by avenues of trees, stand in the middle of that side of the square which is formed by the ever-flowing Neva. The Winter Palace, facing the river, and the building of the Etat Major in the rear, form the upper wing of the square; and the Senate House and cathedral of St. Isaac, with some other public edifices, form the lower wing.

Upon the square appear also the two most remarkable monuments of the city—the famous equestrian statue of Peter the Great which adorns its lower division, and the monumental column of Alexander, which is in the upper division.

From the side of the square opposed to the river, radiate the three principal streets of the capital, from all of which throughout their course may be seen the slender and gilded spire of the Admiralty, rising from the centre of the several buildings. After crossing the

great place we entered the chief street, which is called the Nevski Perspective, and is that in which there is the greatest movement and commerce, and that which presents the most remarkable of such characteristic scenes of this metropolis as are calculated to attract the first attention and interest of the stranger.

It was a little before the busy hour of noon that we turned into the grand promenade, and great commercial thoroughfare of St. Petersburg. An idea of the effect produced on a stranger upon entering this street for the first time, might only be conveyed in description by designating it a double line of lofty palaces, with a wide and well-paved space between them, and freed from the sameness incident to too great regularity by some variety in the style of the buildings, and by evidences at every step, that it is the centre of commerce and the seat of the more active and wealthy of the industrious inhabitants of the capital.

The first thing that strikes the stranger, after his eye has dwelt for some time upon the prospect before him, is the display of paintings suspended from the walls of the houses, or covering almost every shutter, from the ground floor, sometimes, even to the highest apartments of the buildings; and, at the same time, the paucity of writing, to indicate the trades and professions of the citizens. These paintings are, perhaps, the first of the traits of the character and customs of the middle ages surviving in Western Europe, which the traveller will observe in Russia, and of which the barber's pole seems the last relic in this way left among ourselves. Thus, here, as well as in other parts of the town, the trades and avocations of the tenants of the different apartments of the buildings, are significantly indicated by these signs. Instead of disfiguring the fronts of the houses by large bow-windows for the exhibition of the tradesmen's wares, as in our great thoroughfares, almost every article for sale, even upon the ground floor, is represented in these indicative paintings. If, for instance, we would purchase groceries, it is not necessary that we should be so learned as to read the Russian equivalent for our term, to guide us; we have only to look out for a sign, and we shall not search long before we find a picture with tea chests and sugar-hogsheads, very likely accompanied by amusing drawings representing the production of their contents, from the negro grinding the cane, and the Chinese rolling the tea-leaves, till they severally become articles of commerce in retail; and even up to the shopman vending them from behind the counter within. If we wish to buy shoes, we have but to look about, till we see the painting of some aproned artisan, probably a story or two high, busily at work with the awl, while another is represented in the act of trying on. If we want a cup of coffee or tea, we soon find a shutter crowded with the representations of coffee-pots, tea-pots, and cups and saucers, and have only to enter, to be served with some of the best in the world, of tea especially. If we desire to refresh ourselves with a glass of wine, a dozen painted bottles meet our eye in a moment; and we see waiters pouring out the generous beverage, and bibbers holding up the sparkling glass to search for the insect's wing, which certain *bon vivants* among us are so delighted to discover. A London alderman, indeed, could not walk far up the Nevski Perspective, without discovering as many indications of good substitutes for turtle, if not of the shelled amphibious animal itself, as might reconcile him to any reasonable term of banishment from the

table of the Lord Mayor. Horses, carriages, equipages of every kind figure here; in short, everything for sale or hire, from a pin to a column of marble, or from a go-cart to an equipage fit for an emperor; and for all which, indeed, I felt quite as grateful, during my stay in the Russian capital, as every simple peasant must be, that from his cloddy occupation finds his way to the metropolis of his country. More than once, indeed, when unattended by a cicerone, I had to draw the tradesman from behind his counter to point out the article I was in want of, from among the many that were upon his sign: and it may be said, to the credit of the Russian artists, that much more rarely than might be expected, is a painting mistaken by the passenger for the representation of any other thing than that for which it is intended; at least, only one instance came within my experience. Upon this occasion, I was in company with a friend, and when we had pointed out to the shopman what we thought represented a pair of gloves, he presented us with a pair of breeches. But the mistake was easily corrected; for, such is the discernment natural to all who profit by their intelligence, that we had only to thrust our hands instead of our legs into the breeches, and we were understood in a moment.

While we were occupied, upon this first occasion, in examining the amusing pictures in passing, we arrived at the bridge of Anishhof, which is at about the termination of the most frequented part of the Perspective, without perceiving the change that was taking place in the great thoroughfare. But when we turned to retrace our steps, we soon found ourselves confounded with many passengers, promenading or hurrying to and fro; and we now observed the broad carriage-way half filled with equipages of the several varieties of the country.

I was unprepared for the brilliant show which the Nevski Perspective now presented. Upon the foot-pavement, which is about equal in breadth to that of the Boulevard des Italiens, at Paris, were promenading many well-dressed personages of both sexes, about a third part of the men being in uniform; and, at every instant carriages were driving up to the pavement to discharge their freights of elegantly attired ladies, attended sometimes by city beaux with frilled shirt and slender cane, and at others by female servants, who were the sole dowdily dressed persons to be seen.

The sun perhaps rarely shines upon a more brilliant living spectacle than that which the Nevski Perspective exhibits at this hour, in the gay month of July; and, as if the bright orb would make amends to this northern people for the paucity of his rays during two-thirds of the year, when he does favour them with his summer beams, his ray is scarce anywhere warmer; and the *beau-monde* of St. Petersburg, know well how to appreciate, and make the most of, the short summer they enjoy.

Strangers in this capital are often surprised at the predominance of uniforms in the streets or upon the promenades. At this time, however, the Imperial Guard, and the quarter-part of the garrison of St. Petersburg, amounting to 60,000 men, were encamped at Krasno Selo; and, therefore, there were not so many to be seen now as at other seasons. Nevertheless, as every public functionary, or *chinovnik*, of every grade, wears a uniform of some kind or other, and as the greater part appear in full dress in the streets, the proper *bourgeois* attire will always appear to be in the

minority. Among the novelties, he will at one moment see a staff-officer in his carriage and four, dashing along under the escort of a well-mounted body of Cossacks, and the next, he will pass by two or more Circassians in company, richly clad, and as proudly treading the pavement as if it were the fine soil of their native hills. A few, also, of the *bourgeoisie* are to be seen in the caftan or long-girdled pelisse, and with unshorn chins. But there is perhaps nothing more truly picturesque and at the same time characteristic of the country, than the appearance of the *ivoshtchiks* or drivers of the *droschki* and other vehicles. They wear universally the caftan, and their beards, and a low four-cornered cap, which is peculiar to themselves. They are always smartly dressed too, and they are a real ornament to the streets and public places of the capital.

But there is a novelty to the stranger of another kind, to be seen here, as well as upon all the carriage-ways of the towns throughout Russia, caused by the method of driving the horses, which, until one has become accustomed to the sight, and acquired the false taste from which it arises, is unpleasant to look upon. When there are two horses, one of them is attached within shafts, just as we attach a single horse, but the other, has the traces by which he draws merely hooked upon the left side of the vehicle. The horse in the shaft runs directly upon his course; but the other, instead of being allowed to pull in the direction in which he runs, has his head and his whole body turned by the off-rein, in the direction of about forty-five or more degrees aside from the course which he is actually making, and which the horse in the shaft is drawing. Thus this horse is running sideways, instead of in a straight direction; and, when this is first observed by the stranger, it appears as if the animal had broken the gear which attaches him to the carriage, and was merely dragged along by his fellow-quadruped. Yet such is the conventional law of fashion in the country, that the elegance of the whole equipage, as it conveys the noble or rich citizen, is considered in a great measure to depend upon the number of degrees from the direct line of the course of the vehicle, at which the side horse is made to appear to run. But it is yet still stranger, that even foreigners, to whom this method of driving seems at first so grotesque, as to be even painful to behold, after a few months, not only cease to condemn, but even admire and imitate it.

The common *droschky* is a vehicle quite peculiar, also, to the country. If it were introduced into England, it would instantly obtain the name of the rocking-horse. The seat for the passengers is placed, as seamen would say, fore and aft, instead of athwartships; and sometimes, when there is only one passenger, and sometimes when there are two, we are seated just as we sit upon a horse; and it is not much larger than that which we first strode across in the nursery. When there are two passengers, they commonly sit after the manner that our ladies sit on horseback, and one on each side of the fore and aft seat. There are other kinds of *droschki*, however, though they are usually very small, in which, you may sit almost as comfortably as in a gig.

Among the novelties to a stranger, in the streets of this capital, are, also, certain armed men called *buthniks*, whose office may be said to correspond to our street police. Their manner of performing their duties, however, is more like that of soldiers encamped. They

are formed in parties of three, and they live in small wooden, detached, and movable houses, which are usually placed near the corners of the streets at which the men station themselves. They by turns keep watch, sleep, and perform the culinary offices during the twenty-four hours. When on watch, they wear a uniform composed of a grey coat faced with red; and they carry each an enormous battle-axe, or weapon like that of a Roman lictor, the handle of which, as they stand erect, rests upon the ground, while the metal portion, unless the *bushnik* be tall, appears in a line with his bearded and fierce visage. This weapon is, indeed, of such dimensions, as to seem rather intended for ornament than for use. And, in truth, any disorders in the streets of this capital are it is well known, of such rare occurrence, that it is even said that the edge of the formidable weapon has never been stained.

When we had seen enough of the grander public thoroughfares, we took one of the *droschki*s of the rocking-horse description, and after a drive through some of the less remarkable thoroughfares of the city, returned to our hotel.

### III.

CHURCHES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.—KAZAN CATHEDRAL.—CHARACTER OF THE MASS—DAURATIONS—PICTURES—VIRGIN OF KAZAN.—CITADEL OF ST. PETERSBURGH.—CHURCH OF ST. PETER AND PAUL.—IMPERIAL TOMBS.—VIEW FROM THE TURRETS OF THE CITADEL—SCENE UPON THE RIVER.—PETER THE GREAT'S COTTAGE—EXCHANGE—COSTUME OF THE MERCHANTS.

THE day after the tour and general review of the town described in the last chapter, I was occupied, in company with the same new acquaintance, in the examination of such of the churches of St. Petersburg as have the greatest reputation for their architectural merit or their decorations. It will suffice to make in this place a few such general remarks as suggested themselves during our visit to the Cathedral of Kazan. This was at this time the most important of the finished churches of the modern Russian metropolis, and that where the ceremonies of the great festivals were still celebrated, in awaiting the completion of the cathedral of St. Isaac.

The Russians are, certainly, as far behind the elder nations of Europe in the character of their architectural edifices, as they are in advance in planning and constructing towns; and any one disposed to enter upon a critical examination of the architectural merits of the Kazan cathedral, might easily find more to excuse than to admire. But we are not about to make more than such few remarks upon this choice specimen of modern native architecture, as the restraints upon the free exercise of genius, which the church of which it is one of the temples imposes, and such as force themselves upon us by the imitation which we appear to see of St. Peter's at Rome.

The Kazan cathedral, in conformity with the established custom of the Greek, and which has been retained in the Russian church, and is rarely disregarded, in the larger temples especially, is constructed in the form usually designated the Greek Cross, of which all the four arms are of equal length. By this restraint upon the free hand of art, architectural beauty has been in this, as in other instances, in a great measure sacrificed. The church stands at a sufficient distance from the street to admit of a wide space in front of it, and is placed in the centre of a semi-circular colon-

nade. In this colonnade, indeed, consists chiefly the imitation of St. Peter's, which by foreigners in Russia is usually spoken of as if an attempt had been made to produce such another church as the great temple of Romish worship in Italy. In truth, there is but one more particular, in which these edifices force us into drawing any comparison between them, and that more properly regards circumstances that are independent of the edifices themselves. It is the anomalies which mark both their situations, in regard to the towns in which they stand, and even to the immediate buildings by which they are surrounded. The Kazan cathedral stands about half a verst from the Admiralty Square, upon the Nevski Perspective, the remarkable character of which we have just seen. The position of St. Peter's, among the dirty irregular and poor buildings which surround it, is well known. Now, if it were possible to persuade the adherents to the rites and forms of worship severally practised within these temples, to get over the scandal which might attach to worshipping in a building in the figure of a cross of the wrong form, and after this, to win over a legion or two of such accommodating saints as the calendars of both churches might supply, and persuade them to tear up from their foundations the supposed great prototype temple at Rome, and its copy at St. Petersburg, and transfer them, each into the place of the other, then would both edifices be worthy of the cities they severally adorn, and both cities be worthy of the temples that adorn them.

As far as regarded the exterior of the Kazan church, we were satisfied with a mere glance, and we were not here insensible of the imitation. But as soon as we were within the edifice, we no longer recognised anything but the original and brilliant appendages to the Greek forms of worship.

The form of the Greek cross is decidedly a disadvantage also to the effect produced in the decorations of the church, and in the ceremonies which the Greek and Russian rituals require, as well as in that of the grand whole. In the present instance, indeed, this is more especially the case. In the rites of the Russian church, even more than those of the Romish, it is necessary, on account of a portion of the religious offices being performed concealed from the view of the people, that there should be one especially holy altar, which must face the east. Thus, in order to accommodate the position of the church to that of the street, the grand altar has here been thrown upon the left arm of the cross, which both spoils the effect as you enter, and interferes with its proper relation to the dome and cupolas without.

The first show of the interior of a Greek, a Russian, or a Romish temple, and the forms of the offices of religion in the act of performance, are, to a Protestant's observation, much the same. You suddenly find yourself in the midst of more or less gaudy decorations, and signs and symbols of events in sacred history, and the representation in one form or other of spiritual and material beings, often even from the Creator, in the well-known figure of a gray-bearded old man, down to the meekest mitred or shaven-crowned saint, that has acquired sufficient celebrity to get into the calendar of the church, or to obtain a place for his mouldering bones, cased in glass, beneath one of the altars upon which the mass is performed.

As soon as we had obtained a first impression from the interior of this church, we began to examine the

details of its decorations; and, as there was no mass at the time performing, and but very few worshippers were within the church, we had ample time to do this, undisturbed ourselves, and without disturbing others.

The first thing that caught our attention, as it will probably catch that of everyone who may for the first time enter a Greek church, was the show of pictures, of which numbers were hanging about the vicinity of the principal altar, and the extraordinary manner in which they are encased. The whole of the paintings, indeed, are almost always, with the exception of the face and hands, entirely encased in plates of silver or gold, as it appears to the observer, and which is often so far removed from the canvas as to half conceal even these features of the sacred person represented.

Little as these decorations might be to the taste of those of a church of more simple forms of worship, yet we may find cause to exult, that our certainly nearer sister, of the Christian family, in some essential particulars, than the Italian church, has at least advanced a step towards discarding the practice of decorating her sacred buildings with representations of divine personages; for, although we find pictures in abundance, yet we find no sculptured images within her temples.

Our attention was first called to the principal altar of the cathedral. Some steps here conduct to a broad estrade, beyond which a screen shuts out the view of the sanctuary, or holy of holies, called the "ikonostas," into which the priests alone enter during divine service. This screen, however, is not closed during the whole of the ceremonies; but while it is closed, the priests at intervals appear before the people, making their exits and entrances by small doors, of which there is one on either side the ikonostas.

We observed that the whole of the screen was covered with such pictures as those above-mentioned, and was glittering with gold. Beyond this, and over the screen, which does not reach to the roof of the building, appeared above the altar, the image of the great source of light in the heavens, represented emitting his accustomed abundant rays. Above this curtain was concealed the proper altar-piece of the church.

We now turned to the western arm of the cross, or nave of the church opposed to that of the chief altar, and where the architect has been most profuse in the decorations. Here there are double rows of polished granite set upon brass bases, with gilded Corinthian capitals. Between these were seen hanging the flags of all the nations whom successive emperors have humbled in the field, from those of the warlike inhabitants of the Caucasus, to those of the politer races beyond the western boundaries of their empire. The church contains also the remains of the gallant Kutusoff.

After occupying ourselves for about half-an-hour in the examination of objects of interest in the wings of the church, we returned to the centre, where we found an augmentation of the numbers of the devout, awaiting the mass, for which preparations were commencing at the grand altar. The first thing that now struck us, was the greater proportion of men on their knees before the pictures, than are usually seen in the Romish churches, and the next, the greater appearance of warmth in the manner of those whom we saw engaged in the performance of their worship, than we are accustomed to observe in any Romish country.



When the more devout, indeed, are in the act of prayer, we cannot but be reminded of the Moslems in their sublimely simple and unadorned temples. The same genuflections, the same bowing down of the head, even till the forehead touches the ground. And it were well, perhaps, if, like the Moslems, they had no other picture before them, than that which the mind strives to conceive, in its efforts to comprehend and figure all perfection.

As we observed the Russians engaged in their humble worship, we remarked that one of the encased pictures, which was of the Virgin, had a larger share of their adoration than the rest; and upon inquiry, we learned that this was a picture of peculiar sanctity, of

the Virgin of Kazan, the patron of this cathedral. It had formerly hung in a church in the city of Kazan, the former capital of the Tartars; but, being an object of the special veneration of the Cossacks, it had been brought by one of the ancient czars to Moscow, and afterwards by Peter the Great transferred to St. Petersburg, where it remains still the object of veneration to this race of equestrian shepherds, whose soldiers, it is said, offered at the altar which it guards, all the spoils that fell to their share, after the campaigns which succeeded the burning of Moscow. It is distinguished from the rest of the paintings of the Virgin, by a greater abundance of jewels and precious stones about the casing, which forms the covering



(SEE PAGE 5.)

above mentioned. Although we are of other ways of thinking, and perform our duties in a manner we deem more becoming the higher degree of civilisation which we trust we have attained, and, though we say, when we see riches shut up in temples, and of benefit to no one, that "Gold put to use more gold begets," yet we cannot refuse our admiration of this devout trait in the character of this people.

The citadel of St. Petersburg was among the earlier of the public works which we visited. After passing the Troitskoi bridge, above the Admiralty Square, and a bridge which unites the isle upon which the fortress is built with the larger island of Aptekarskoi, which here forms the right bank of the Neva, we reached the entrance, and we found no difficulty in obtaining

admittance. This fortress, by its position upon the island which it occupies, by its batteries, which mount a hundred guns, and by its garrison of a thousand men, is strong for all purposes of defence of its own turrets and bastions; but it is too remote from the vulnerable portions of the city, to afford protection against any hostile attacks, either by the river, or upon the quarters exposed to the cannon of an invading army. The city, however, is tolerably secure from attack by the river, on account of the difficulties already mentioned, arising from the shallowness of the water, and the intricacy of the channel of the Neva. There is not, as we have seen, water enough for a frigate equipped to pass this bay, nor can the channel be discovered but by means of marks which may be at any time removed.





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Within the walls of the citadel is the mint, in which the treasure of the country, in any time of danger, might be guarded. Here also stands the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, within the vaults of which lie the remains of the emperors, and of several of the imperial family of different epochs, beginning with Peter the Great, the ashes of whose predecessors repose within one of the churches in the Kremlin of the ancient capital of Russia. The spire of this church is similar to that of the Admiralty, and is seen at a great distance. The tombs within are extremely simple, and worthy of being imitated by many of the royal families of other lands. The remains of the departed lie in vaults beneath the church, and over these, on the floor of the nave above, are placed tombs or sarcophagi covered with palls of red cloth, upon which are simply embroidered in gold letters the words, "His Imperial Majesty," or "His Imperial Highness," with the mere name; and even, in some instances, there is no more than the initial letters of the name and title.

There are many trophies of victory within the church, in the form of the keys of towns and fortresses, crescent moons, suns, eagles, and numerous flags, among which latter, the most precious to the Russians seem to be those of the Swedes, which Charles XII. designed to plant upon the towers of the Kremlin at Moscow. There are also in this church a number of the ingenious pieces of workmanship of Peter the Great.

We ascended to the turrets of the citadel which overhangs the Neva. This position commands a fine view of the more remarkable portions of the town. No mean buildings nor smoking manufactories and warehouses break the range of palaces and noble edifices which line the bold quays of the broad, clear, and rapid Neva. As we stood upon these turrets, we had opposite to us the Winter Palace, the palace called the Hermitage, the theatre, and the Marble Palace, and also the stately groves of trees that form the Summer Garden. As we turned towards the right, our view embraced all those edifices upon the same side of the river which have been enumerated as forming the square of the Admiralty. Turning further in the same direction, we had before us the great edifice of the Exchange, which is placed at the point at which the river divides into two nearly equal streams, which, after forming an island, upon which is built a considerable portion of the town, fall into the broader waters, at the distance of three or four versts from each other; and beyond this were seen several noble edifices, which contain museums and chambers dedicated to the arts, of which they themselves are remarkable monuments. But, turning towards the left hand, the eye might range from the line of these elegant and cheerful buildings to forest scenes, where the river seems to be issuing from the swamps and lakes out of which it proceeds.

The scene upon the river is that alone which bears a resemblance to anything we meet with elsewhere. Gaily painted boats appeared here passing and re-passing the stream in every direction; and four wooden bridges, two of which severally span the two branches of the river below, and the two grand stream above, with their passengers crossing and recrossing, all added rather to the liveliness of the scene, than to the beauty of the standing prospect. A fine stone bridge was at this time also in the early stage of its construction, opposite the lower wing of the Admiralty Square.

After inspecting the fortress, we visited a cottage in

this vicinity, which was built and inhabited by Peter the Great. It has but three small apartments. One of these was that which was appropriated for the reception of the ministers, another was Peter's bed-room, and the third was a private chapel. It is full of evidences of this monarch's taste and ingenuity. There is also a boat shown here, which is said to have been constructed by this extraordinary man. In that part of the town which is upon the Island of Vasilie, there is even a museum designated by this prince's name and appellation, which is especially appropriated to conserve a choice portion of his numerous works of art, among which are lathes and tools, which are said to be the same with which he performed numberless works that must have required a knowledge of several distinct arts, any one of which would have taken the whole life of almost any other man to acquire. In truth, every place that Peter ever inhabited, every spot of earth that was the scene of any of his exploits, or of the exercise of his creative genius, is still full of him. If we admire a palace, it was Peter founded it; or it has risen phoenix-like, from the ashes of one that he placed there before it. If we see a public garden in which the citizens recreate themselves during their short season of summer, we need scarcely ask to whom they owe the inestimable blessing they enjoy; we may be sure it was Peter that planned it, and planted the first trees. All the great roads, the canals, everything in this part of the empire more especially, date from the age and epoch of Peter, and, with the social institutions which he framed, proclaim to a wondering world the master-hand that created them.

Had such a man appeared in a somewhat darker age, but in whom personal vanity was predominant over every other passion, so great superiority above the ordinary geniuses of the human race, could not have failed to hand his name down to future generations with the honours of some of the eastern deities, before whose images millions continue still to bow and bend the knee. But it was happy for Russia, that her uncivilised hordes fell so opportunely under the government of one, the motive of whose life was their progress and their improvement; and, we may say, for the world, that so large a portion of the human family was thereby brought at least within the circle in which the light of science cannot shine long in vain.

On the same day we visited also the Birsha, or Exchange, at the hour at which the merchants meet. Arrived at the point of the island above mentioned, we stepped from our boat upon a fine flight of stone steps which conduct to a broad quay in face of the building. The edifice itself resembles the Bourse at Paris, from which it was no doubt designed. Upon the quay stand two large columns about a hundred feet in height, to which are attached, near their summits, the representations of the prows of ships in bronze. These are of course imitations of the rostrum columns on the Piazza del Popolo, at Rome. Their appearance to a stranger, at a distance, is unspeakably grotesque, but well in keeping with the character of the place that they are intended to decorate.

Finding no one upon the quay to whom we could address ourselves for the occasion, we directed our steps towards the door of the Birsha, and we were soon mingled with the busy throng within the building. There seemed to be much business transacting, if we might judge from the earnestness with which the merchants were conversing with one another. Some-

times a pocket-book was taken out, and a memorandum made; and at other times agreements, as they seemed to us, were quickly scribbled upon desks, of which there were an ample number in the hall: but as we knew no one, and no one knew or addressed us, all that had life or soul in what we saw, was but a dumb show to our senses. It may, however, be mentioned here, that the greater part of the foreign trade is carried on, and nearly all the ships belonging to the port are owned by, foreigners, chiefly English and Germans.

There were nevertheless two things that were intelligible to our senses, and interested us—the Russian merchant's costume, and the spiritual ingredient which we saw for the first time mixed up with commercial affairs; but with the usages and the character of the people we were among, in whose most ordinary transactions this is constantly seen, we were yet but little acquainted. Some of the native merchants were dressed in the caftan, and all, except probably a few that mix more than the rest with foreigners, wore long beards.

The other usage, one might expect to find almost anywhere, rather than upon the supreme mart of worldly affairs. We had overlooked, as we entered and mingled among the crowd, a little altar placed near the entrance, upon which there was a light burning, till we saw the merchants recognise its presence. Some only crossed themselves as they passed it by; others from time to time approached, and made their genuflections with bows and crossings: and, if we might judge from the apparent earnestness with which their incidental worship was performed, their petitions could not have been for anything but the success of the business which they had come to transact. Nevertheless, their worship appeared to us as much out of place here, as a commercial negotiation would be in the nave or the aisles of a cathedral.

Nothing further interested us in the Birsha; and we retired without having exchanged a word or a look with anyone among the busy throng; but also, as we trusted, without having caused any derangement in any transaction of that day.

The next of the commercial marts of importance in St. Petersburg, is the Gastinnoi Dvor. This is a grand depository and place of sale for merchandise for the most part by retail. It is an establishment of a thoroughly national character, and is to be found in every considerable town in Russia. It resembles the bazaar of the Turks and Arabs and other eastern people, and has numberless warehouses, stalls, shops, and sheds. The building in St. Petersburg is of colossal dimensions, and is situated upon the Nevski Perspective, and forms the angle between that great thoroughfare and one of the larger streets that pass across it, at the distance of more than a verst, or about an English mile from the Admiralty Square.

Wherever the number of foreigners that are intermingled with the population, as is the case in the modern capital of Russia, is sufficient to give to usages of society rather a foreign tone, there is perhaps nothing so well adapted to give a stranger an idea of the character and customs of the classes which are the same throughout the land, as the markets and marts of retail. The building itself, of this great commercial depository, is by no means an ornament to the grand street in which it stands, though it is well placed for all the purposes of the retail trade. It has two stories. In the upper of these are deposited the goods for the supply of the retail dealers and the country merchants; but in the lower

are found only such goods as are for the retail trade of the town. The whole is surrounded by a colonnade, beneath which are some of the best shops, for the sale of every article of home production, and for some articles which are the produce of China and Persia.

It was about the busy hour of noon that we came beneath the colonnades of this great and universal bazaar. It presented to us the first scene we beheld after our arrival in Russia, if we except the iavoshchiks and their droshkies, that was so thoroughly national and original, as to give us that sort of impression so much sought after by travellers, and sometimes called the romance of their travels. The retail merchants were nearly all attired in their picturesque caftans, with caps on their heads, and they wore long beards.

In some particulars the Gastinnoi Dvor is very different from the bazaars to which it has been above compared. In the eastern bazaar all is still, save the light sound of the sandal upon the unpaved ground, as the purchasers move slowly from stall to stall, even when the alleys are crowded. The drowsy vendor, seated with his legs under him upon his carpet spread out upon the counter, with a little rail before him, and smoking his chibouk, requires often a second, or even a third demand, before he will trouble himself to reach an article of his goods that you express a desire to purchase. But at the Gastinnoi Dvor you no sooner come upon the colonnade of the building than two or three of the native merchants pounce upon you with offers of goods, which they declare to be not only the best and cheapest in the world, but just exactly those which they are sure you are at that very moment in search of.

It would have been agreeable to us to examine some of the goods that were of native manufacture; but we found this impossible, on account of the importunity of the vendors. When we but cast an eye towards the shelves of one of the stalls, they approached us, and poured forth a torrent of eloquence that seemed more suited to an impassioned harangue than to a petition to purchase wares. Once or twice we halted to look at the contents of a stall, secure, as we hoped, from these importunities, by the merchants having their hands full of business with their customers; but we no sooner stopped than others from the opposite side of the alley rushed from their seats, and seized us by the arms, to draw us to their several stalls. Nevertheless it was not easy, nor perhaps right, for us to exhibit anger; for such was the manner in which they acted this seemingly rude part, and apologised when rebuked, that any ill humour on our part would have seemed quite out of place.

When we had seen enough of the stalls of the colonnade, we penetrated to the inner lanes of the building, which are numerous; and we found everywhere the same characteristic of originality, and all the trades classed as distinctly as in a Turkish bazaar.

From this we returned to our hotel.

#### IV.

WINTER PALACE—GRAND RECEPTION ROOM—HALL OF ALEXANDER—HALL OF ST. GEORGE—HERMITAGE—MARBLE PALACE—STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT—ALEXANDER COLUMN—ACADEMIES OF SCIENCE AND ART—ACADEMY OF MINES.

WHEN we visited the Winter Palace, we found, upon coming to the entrance, that both the grand stair-

case, and several of the apartments, were undergoing alterations, and that strangers were not at present admitted. But while we were holding a parley with the porters, by the aid of an interpreter, a young student who had been engaged in copying some of the paintings in the palace, happened to descend the grand staircase, and, seeing a party of foreigners in difficulty, politely offered his aid, which was gladly accepted. After leading us to another door of the palace, with a very little delay he procured us tickets of admission, and at the same time politely further offered to accompany us to view the interior of the grand edifice.

The Winter Palace was originally built by Peter the Great: but it has been destroyed by fire, and reconstructed during the present reign. The paintings, however, that are within it, which are the most precious of the works of art which it contains, are the same that adorned it before the fire, from which they were timely saved, with many other objects of value.

The first room that we inspected was a grand hall in front of the palace, which is used as the reception-room of the sovereign, upon great state occasions. It has a throne in it, and is decorated with numerous statues, imitations of ancient vases, and furniture and decorations, generally of the most magnificent description. Beyond either end of this hall there is another spacious apartment. One of these is called the hall of Alexander, and the other that of St. George. The hall of St. George is decorated, for the most part, with paintings representing the ancient battles of the Russians with the Swedes and Turks. In the hall of Alexander are many paintings of the battles during the campaigns of 1812 and 1813. There is also an equestrian painting of Alexandria; and there are full-length portraits of the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, of the same epoch; and there is another of the Duke of Wellington. In one of the rooms there were two portraits which we were told were excellent likenesses of the two Russian generals of the last generation, Kutusoff and Sawara.

It will suffice merely to mention one other apartment of the palace into which we were introduced, which chiefly excited our interest, on account of its decorations being at once characteristic of the Russian people, and illustrative of the effects of the rigour of the climate, and the means resorted to, to supply by art what the sparing hand of nature has withheld. Upon entering the spacious and lofty chamber at the back of the palace, we found ourselves suddenly in a perfect shrubbery, amidst the living plants of all the climes, and half the countries of the earth, in the centre of which a fountain was throwing up its column of fresh water, which descended in sparkling showers into a wide reservoir beneath. Chandeliers were hanging in all directions, and coloured lamps were seen mingled with the foliage of the innumerable plants in such numbers as, when lighted at night, must render the effect transporting. We quitted the palace full of interest in the characteristic features of the country which we found it exhibit, and with lively impressions of the magnificence of the Court of the Czar.

The next place to this is the Hermitage, which was built by Katherine II., and was formerly united with the Winter Palace by long covered galleries. This was where Katherine used to retire after the business of the day, and where, putting aside at once all the cares of state affairs, and the restraints of court etiquette, she was accustomed to gather around her such of the

men of her time as were most remarkable for their genius or learning. And it was here that that interchange of knowledge took place which may be said to have originated those memorable acts of that Princess's reign, which form the second grand era in Russian nationality and advancement.

We were introduced, also, into a private chapel in this palace, the decorations in which form a remarkable instance of the profuse use of gold without violating the chaste and simple style, which is so often abandoned for a style of decoration ill suited to private chapels of worship especially.

There is a library in this palace, founded also by Katherine, containing, besides all foreign works of celebrity, 10,000 volumes in the Russian language. Some of the copies of Voltaire's works are said to have notes in them, in the author's own hand. Several of that great writer's original manuscripts are, it is also said, stored among the treasures of this library.

The garden attached to the palace, we were told, still remains precisely as it was left by the Empress; and a theatre within it is also standing, and unchanged by time. The Hermitage is now, however, regarded merely as a gallery of painting and sculpture, of which it contains a numerous collection. Of paintings there are about four thousand, a great portion of which were collected by Katherine herself; and there are thirty thousand prints. The specimens of sculpture, which are also numerous, are, for the most part, copies from Greek originals.

The next of these imperial edifices completes the line of palaces along the quay of the Neva, and is called the Marble Palace, on account of the second and third stories of it, which are set upon a lower story of granite, being constructed of, or cased with, marble. It has nothing otherwise very remarkable in its structure. It was the only royal edifice we saw in St. Petersburg that gave us the impression of neglect and decay.

Of the monuments, properly so called, of this capital, it will suffice for our purpose merely to notice the two most remarkable,—that of Peter the Great, and that of the Emperor Alexander, both of which, as already mentioned, adorn the grand square of the Admiralty.

The equestrian and colossal statue of Peter the Great is familiar, indeed, to all of us, by its thousands of copies. It is eighteen feet in height, and is set upon a block of granite, which was found in a morass near St. Petersburg, of the enormous size of fourteen feet in height, thirty-five in length, and twenty in breadth, which makes the full height of the monument, measuring from the ground, thirty-two feet. The horse is represented rearing at the very edge of the rock, and Peter as governing the animal with his left hand, and pointing with his right to that ever-flowing Neva, whose desert banks, at his command, became the seat of magnificent palaces, and a populous city. The act in which the horse is represented, crushing a serpent beneath his hind feet, also forms an allegory well illustrative of the power of Peter over the apparent destinies of his unenlightened subjects.

The Alexander column must be pronounced a wonderful production of labour and art; yet some of the party with whom I inspected this great work, as well as myself, turned from contemplating it with feelings of depression and disappointment. Let us see of what it consists, and what are its dimensions, and then inquire why that which we are ready to acknowledge to be so

far above the ordinary efforts of art, should not inspire us with a sense of the merit of all who had any share in its construction.

This monument consists of a shaft cut out of a single block of red granite of no less than eighty feet in length, resting upon an enormous block, also of granite, of twenty-five feet in height, and of nearly the same number of cubic feet, with a massive capital supporting the statue of an angel bearing a cross raised high in the air, as an emblem of the triumph of the late Emperor over the enemies of his country and of religion, in which double character the Russians are wont at all times to regard their enemies. The full height from the ground to the top of the cross is stated to be one hundred and fifty feet. Among those who have looked upon this column with the eye of an artist, some have found fault with the very same parts of the work which others have either delighted to dwell upon, as instances of exact and happy conformity to the rules of art, or of an equally happy disregard of them. Be the merit, however, of the work: what it may, we were satisfied that the feelings above mentioned, which we experience, were produced by the substitution of the ethereal being which the vast mass supports, for the figure of the sovereign in whose honour the monument is erected. Again, it must be observed, that whether a celestial messenger, placed in such a position, be, or be not, in an allegorical light, the most proper that could be chosen to produce the impression intended, we cannot behold so vast a mass of solid substance set up to support the figure of one of the beings, which we may believe to exist, though we do not know of what substance created, and from the regretted rarity of whose visits we retain so imperfect an image, without perceiving an incongruity in the design, which conveys a painful or depressing impression. It may be also remarked, that perhaps no allegorical figure whatsoever should be permitted to engross the whole idea which an artist has embodied in any great work.

This nevertheless magnificent monument is already damaged, though to what extent is hardly known. A rent has opened in the upper limb of the shaft, resembling a crack in a pine tree, and, doubtless, from the same frost which will rarely permit even the tall offspring of her own realm to pass its several ages, and return again to the ground, without similar instances of the power of a varying temperature over all that exists within its influence. Thus, it could hardly be expected that even a piece of the oldest of the rocks that compose our planet, and which must have had to contend more with heat than cold, now taken from the even temperature of the ground in which it was found, could bear uninjured the violent and sudden extremes to which an exposure to the air must subject it in this climate.

The capital of Russia possesses an Academy of Science founded by Peter the Great upon the model of that of Paris. Besides an extensive library of upwards of 100,000 volumes, this academy contains a Museum of Natural History, an Egyptian Museum, an Ethnographic Museum rich in the implements and dresses of the northern tribes, and a botanical collection. In the Museum of Natural History is preserved that astonishing specimen of animated nature, the mammoth, belonging to a species of the elephant, extinct, at least, before the historic period of the world commences, and which has afforded to the students of natural science so fertile a field of interesting suppositions concerning

the condition of the earth, and of its inhabitants, before our own species began to cultivate and beautify its surface.

We saw this museum, as well that above mentioned, under great disadvantages. We had some difficulty in obtaining admittance: and, when we were admitted, we were accompanied only by our interpreter and an excessively stupid attendant, whose answers to the questions put to him seldom exceeded the most provoking of all replies upon similar occasions—"I know nothing about it."

The mammoth is stated by the guide books to be sixteen feet in length, without including the tusks, and nine feet in height. The bones of this gigantic animal, with even a part of the flesh, were found on the banks of the River Lena, in Siberia, in the latitude of 70°, on the occasion of a mass of ice separating itself from the great body of which it must have formed a portion from the hour that the creature was imbedded in it, and, it may be, even from an epoch anterior to the appearance of the proud biped who now domineers over all creatures, perhaps but for his brief day, to disappear like his brute predecessors, and be heard of no more.

This skeleton was not found entire, but has been so skilfully restored, that it is difficult to tell the real bones from the imitation. There was a piece of the skin of the animal lying upon the boards upon which the skeleton stands, weighing thirty English pounds; and the quantity of thick hair with which it is still covered should be sufficient to save some naturalists such speculations as have ended in giving to Siberia a tropical climate, after our globe became cool enough for the existence of organised beings. The skeleton of an elephant of ordinary size has been placed beside that of the mammoth, to make the disproportion between them the more apparent.

The Academy of Arts in St. Petersburg, contains but one picture by a native artist of sufficient celebrity to be the subject of interest to visitors to Russia, though there are several original paintings of the Italian school, and many copies of the first among the Italian and other artists, of various degrees of merit.

The subject of the native painting is the destruction of Pompeii. The picture occupies nearly the whole of a wall that forms one end of a broad gallery, and the figures represented appear as large as life. The opinions of this *chef-d'œuvre* of the Russian school, and its talented author Brullov, are various, in relation to certain rules of art, or impressions, whether imaginary or real. It must at least be allowed to be a magnificent production, whatever may be the discoveries of the nice observers or connoisseurs that visit the Academy.

The Mining Academy of St. Petersburg is an institution of great interest; and it were perhaps well if it were made the model of some institutions that might be with advantage established in Great Britain. Youths intended to be employed in the civil service of the mines belonging to the government in the different parts of the empire, receive an especially adapted practical education for the purpose, either here or in some one of the several branch establishments of the institution which have been formed in other parts of the country. Thus, in place of the study of the theory alone of those branches of science of which their future pursuits render it necessary they should acquire a competent knowledge, they have but to descend to the caves beneath the building of this academy, to be



transported into the midst of the type of the practical operation of the works they are designed to superintend. There, in a series of model mines, furnished with everything required in the interior of the several descriptions of mines in Russia and Siberia, they have the means of perfecting their knowledge, both of the theory and practice of the art of mining in all its branches.

The museum attached to this institution contains a thousand objects of the highest interest, and many articles of great intrinsic value. There is here a block of malachite, weighing above 3,000 lbs., and valued at £18,000 sterling, and many pieces of native gold, one of which was marked 88 lbs. Russian, which would be about 10 lbs. English. There is also a piece of platina marked 24 lbs. Russian, or about 32 lbs. English, and also ten diamonds, of 90 carats each. There are models, likewise, of portions of the Ural mountains, and of lakes and mines, and of all the mechanical instruments and chemical apparatus used in the process of mining. Some of the models of mines in glass cases are highly curious, and are filled with miners of the different classes, following every one his special occupation, in excavating, carrying, or wheeling the ore.

## V.

RUSSIAN FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.—PECULIAR CONSTITUTION AND WIDE INFLUENCE OF THE INSTITUTION.—IMPRESSIONS RECEIVED FROM A VISIT TO THIS REMARKABLE CHARITY.

THE most remarkable of the social institutions of the Russians, of a purely moral character, is the Vospitatelni Dom, or House of Education, which is the Foundling Hospital of the country, and, as peculiarly Russian in constitution and purpose, merits especial attention. This charitable asylum, indeed, on account of its extensive influence, forms an important feature in the social economy of the Russian people. The principle upon which it is based is, that the state recognises the right of every infant throughout the empire, abandoned by, or deprived of, its natural protectors, to receive public support during childhood, and even provision against want when arrived at mature age; and the practical application of this principle is commensurate with the liberality in which it originated.

The Vospitatelni Dom of St. Petersburg was founded by the Empress Katherine, in 1770. At first it supported no more than about three hundred children at the same time, but it has kept pace with the increase of the population of Northern Russia; and the number of children now annually received amounts to nearly ten thousand, and the standing number partaking of the benefits of the institution is about thirty thousand. Within this central edifice are the children only that are under the age of six weeks of both sexes, and the girls above six years. All the children at the first of these ages are sent out to nurse among the peasants, and the girls alone return for their education when they have attained their sixth year. The boys are sent for the same purpose to a branch establishment at Galahina. The number of the younger children in the central department, at this time, was six hundred. The whole expenses of the institution are estimated at about 5,000,000 roubles a year, which is provided for by special taxes, and the profits upon an accumulated capital arising out of donations received severally from all the sovereigns of Russia since its foundation.

I was accompanied, on a visit I made to this asylum, by Mr. Marshall, an English gentleman, and, like myself, only a traveller in Russia. After passing the centre gate of the building, and crossing the broad court, we approached the chief entrance, where, finding a sentinel, we inquired of him, as well as we were able, for we had no interpreter, where we should find the governor; but we were not able to learn anything more than that we could not pass. We were not long, however, at a loss to know what to do; for a young man, who was crossing the court, and who afterwards informed us he was one of the medical gentlemen of the establishment, seeing us staring about, came up and addressed us in French, and after inquiring and learning our wants, conducted us to the office of the director, a German baron of one of the Baltic provinces, who gave us immediate permission to inspect the institution, as fully as we pleased, and as the gentleman we had so opportunely encountered volunteered his further services to aid our inquiries, we cheerfully accepted them, and commenced our inspection of the more important offices and apartments of the noble edifice. It will suffice to mention such only as most excited our interest.

The building is of great extent, and with its courts, gardens, and dependent offices, is said to cover no less than twenty acres of ground. The apartment where we first came in direct contact with the children was that appropriated to the earliest cares towards the new-born infants. It consisted, properly, of a succession of chambers across the building, with a common passage through the centre of them. As we entered the first, the scene was touching and interesting. The room was furnished with many beds, set equidistant from one another; and, at our appearance, twenty or thirty young women, all dressed in a simple loose robe of the chastest white, and girdled at the waist, and wearing caps, started from the beds upon which they had been sitting, with infants at their breasts, or in their arms, and remained standing as long as we were present. They were evidently all from the country, from their smiling, fresh and happy countenances, which we especially remarked. The matron of the institution, a woman of riper years, soon made her appearance, and, as she accompanied us, she informed us the age of the children, with the time they had been in the asylum, and such other matters as she thought would most interest us, and she evidently took great pride and pleasure in so doing.

Some of the young women were the mothers of the children they were nursing, such an arrangement not being against the rules of the institution. Young mothers, indeed, are very wisely encouraged to enter the asylum and suckle their own offspring.

We, the two strangers, were both under the impression that we had heard a great deal about the almost universal ugliness of the Russian women, but there was nothing, in the sample of peasant girls before us, to confirm this. They were, in general, indeed, very young, few of them probably exceeding one or two and twenty. We remarked, however, that though they were smaller than the average of our women, they more resembled the peasant girls of our rural districts, than the German peasant girls resemble any of our women from which we supposed that they were less exposed to field labour than the German women of the humbler classes.

We passed through the several chambers without

finding any variation, until we came to the last, save in the age of the children, which was less in every one we entered successively, and in the temperature of the atmosphere, which was warmer as we proceeded, and was regulated with the greatest exactness, to meet the age and strength of the children. But in this last chamber we witnessed a refinement in the arrangements of the charitable institution which I do not think can be exceeded within any asylum in any country in the world. There were here several copper cradles, floating in basins of their form, which were filled with warm water. These were for the purpose of raising infants of premature birth. The double cradle thus formed was enveloped in woollen coverings, by which the temperature within was kept at the same degree for the new-born infant as that in which the child exists before its birth, but which was daily diminished, by faster or slower degrees, in proportion as the time of the birth was nearer or further from the natural period of parturition.

As our obliging friend explained this to us, the matron removed an upper covering from one of the cradles, and then withdrawing a thin gauze curtain which was beneath this, exposed two infants tranquilly sleeping in the damp heat. We could not perceive that they breathed. The kind-hearted woman, however, told us that they were doing well. They had been two days, she said, in the institution, always sleeping, excepting when at the breast, to which they were put wrapped in hot damp woollen cloths. Of those thus brought in, it might be almost said before they were born, she informed us more than half lived at least until the end of the first term of six weeks; that they remained in the institution, and nearly the whole of those that survived the two first days. Never might the words of King David, "For we are fearfully and wonderfully made," impress the truth they proclaim more strongly upon us than when we might be contemplating the chances of life for those tender babes, exposed to fortune the most adverse under which any of our species could come into the world.

We were next brought to the great dining hall; and, as it happened, at the hour at which the children of the ages above six years were at dinner. The baron was present here; and, as soon as he saw us enter, he politely came to serve as our guide in this part of the Asylum. Here we saw the girls that, from six to twelve years of age, for some of them, were near twelve years of age, passed their short sojourn in the heated chambers we had just left, now after their return from the country, assembled to receive their proper education and the other benefits of the institution. According, however, to the statistics of the establishment, not much above one-third of the children which enter the central edifice, attain the age at which they properly commence their education. But when we consider the character of the climate of St. Petersburg, which is perhaps the worst in Russia, owing to the position of the town being between the great lake above it and the sea, and to the dampness of the surrounding morasses in summer, and, when we hear, that of the children in the healthiest districts, and even of those of our own country, as I believe, not above half attain their seventh year, we are less inclined to place this great mortality, as it might at first appear, at any want of care from the foster-nurses and attendants of the asylum. Neither can it proceed from any deficiency of medical attendance, there being no less than a dozen professional

gentlemen attached to the institution, who are under the obligation of frequently visiting all the children out at nurse, at any distance whatever at which they may be placed.

About a thousand girls were now sitting at two or three long tables in the body of the room, and at a circular table round a broad niche at the upper end. The first thing that struck us was their dresses, which were of different colours, which upon inquiry we found distinguished the degrees of rank to which they belonged in regard alone to their birth. Those who occupied the table in the niche were the children of nobles, generally military officers; and with these sat the teachers of the institution. Thus the Russian law, whatever the poverty of the parent, holds the right of nobility in the child inalienable, even in a charitable asylum. These, however, are generally the children that necessity, and not desertion on the part of their parents, has brought into the asylum; and it is this chiefly which distinguishes the institution of the Russians from those which seem based upon the same general principles in several other countries. We could not, however, when we considered the unceremonious manner in which we had introduced ourselves, consistently make very nice inquiries concerning the way in which the children were taken, or the influence of the honours by which they were distinguished, or the future to which they were destined.

As we walked about the hall, we observed them to partake of several dishes, one of which was rice, and another dish called *stchec*. The latter is an eminently national dish. It is something between a stew and soup, and is properly composed of beef and cabbage. I was at this time unacquainted with it, but afterwards found it among the more wholesome, as well as agreeable to the taste of any of the dishes of which I have ever partaken in any country. I believe that its introduction into England, especially if accompanied with the delicious sweet rye-bread eaten here, provided it were cooked as in Russia by slow boiling, would much diminish our consumption of deleterious drugs prescribed in place of a receipt for the better preparation or better choice of our food. Their beverage was a kind of beer called *quass*, made from fermented meal, and which I may say at this time, is wholesome, refreshing, and fattening. It has usually a little tartness, and is rarely liked by strangers, who, if Englishmen, are apt to compare it with sour beer. Upon our expressing a wish to taste this national beverage, the baron ordered a tumbler of it to be brought to us. Mr. Marshall first drank a little, and finding it not to his taste, seemed rather to disappoint the worthy governor, in expressing himself not quite satisfied with its flavour. Seeing this, I put it to my lips, with a determination to like it if it were possible, and was agreeably surprised to find I could, without any strained compliment, extol it very highly. Indeed, during my stay in Russia, I rarely afterwards drank anything else. The baron was extremely pleased that one of the foreigners found the beverage which his great family drank, agreeable, and taking in his hand the same somewhat large tumbler from which we had drunk placed it to his mouth and drained it to the bottom.

When the dinner was concluded, the children rose from their seats simultaneously, but at what sign we did not observe, and now turning their faces to the upper end of the hall, they crossed themselves, and commenced a hymn of which they sang with the peculiar

RECEIVING THE MATRONS.





melody of the Russian sacred music. At the conclusion of this, they all rushed towards the several doors, in a manner that left no room to doubt, whether they were going to the garden which was attached to the edifice, for recreation, or to their studies. Upon this, we took leave of the benign guardian of the countless thousands of children that had been reared under his superintendence, for he had been for many years at the head of the institution.

In fine, we learned that all except the sons of serfs, which are at the disposal of the crown, and generally sent to the imperial manufactories, were, after the completion of their education, allowed the free choice of their pursuits in life; and, indeed, that the care of the directors of the asylum was even extended to placing them, both boys and girls, in the several positions to which their education, which has generally been directed by the talent they have displayed, has seemed to qualify them.

Thus, out of this institution, from the boys proceed manufacturers, merchants, teachers, artists, and even priests, all perhaps as well disposed to respect for the laws, and to love of their country, so essential to the advance of civilisation, as any Russian subjects in any class of society; and from the girls, the most useful women, in every way of life which best suits their sex, the abilities they have displayed, and the consequent direction of their education, from menial servants, even up to governesses in the most noble families.

Nor do the benefits of this noble asylum towards those that are reared in it end here. Even the marriage of the girls is anticipated, and upon the day of their nuptials those of the ordinary classes receive 120 roubles, and those who have raised themselves to be teachers, either within or without the institution, receive 1,000 roubles.

In short, we left the house of charity with impressions concerning its moral effect upon society, very different from those usually entertained of institutions in our own country, which bear the nearest resemblance to the *Vospitatelni Dom* of the Russians. It should be remarked, however, that illegitimate birth is not looked upon in Russia with the same feelings as in England, and, that it is probable, that for every child that owes its birth to the security which this institution affords against the shame that might otherwise have awaited the mother, there are twenty reared that would have perished if the institution had not existed.

## VI.

THE EMPRESS' FETE—THE WORLD AT PETERHOFF—LESSER FESTIVITIES—A ROW TO YELAGIN—GARDEN ISLANDS—PETERHOFF—CONSECRATION OF THE WATER—AN EDITION IN THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS—THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY—BATHS—RESTAURANTS.

THE fete of the empress is a great day with the people of St. Petersburg, as well as with foreigners who make a holiday of it and an excursion; the imperial family celebrating the festival at Peterhoff, in company with as many thousands of the inhabitants of the metropolis as could find means to convey them to the scene of rejoicing; and as it appeared that no more could go until the boats that had departed returned, and which it was said would scarce give time to those who went by them on their second trip to witness all the diversions of the day, I determined, instead of following the rout, to join the quieter portion of the citizens, whom I learned were gathering to unite in

a lesser display of all the ordinary excitements to joy, upon one of the islands on the opposite side of the Neva.

I was accompanied on this occasion by a German gentleman, who was likewise a stranger in St. Petersburg, and in the same position as myself; and it was yet an early hour, when we drove off for the place of the lesser festivities.

After passing to the opposite side of the grand arm of the Neva, we crossed a narrow portion of the island of Vasilicostrow, which divides the current of the great river into two parts, and alighted on the banks of the Little Neva, or northern arm of the grand river, where we took a boat and proceeded, amidst a busy scene of gaily decorated craft, towards the centre of the appointed place of the festivities upon the island of Yelagin.

The prospect around us, as we floated upon the broad Neva, presented nothing of the native scenery which the banks of rivers in high latitudes commonly exhibit, consisting almost entirely of dark-coloured and stunted fir trees. An Englishman might easily here have believed himself to be upon the River Thames, far above all the larger bridges, and the day to be one of the spare holidays enjoyed by our industrious citizens of London and Westminster. Lofly and broad-spreading trees, with their luxuriant foliage, everywhere shaded the green pasture with which the ground was covered, and upon which some sheep were seen grazing at intervals; and gay parties in the boats, with happy faces, and in their best attire, were seen everywhere greeting each other as they recognised acquaintances, or were heard singing tunes, not the less joyous because heard more frequently in "Holy Church," than in places less sacred, and at times of relaxation and enjoyment.

When we came to the place of landing, such was the number of boats and people there gathered, that we had some difficulty in getting on shore. Upon effecting this, however, we found ourselves at once amidst a crowd of the citizens of the capital.

We hear so much in other parts of Europe, of the Russian mujik, or man of the peasant or labouring class in his sheep skin, and of the citizens generally in their castans and flowing beards, that my companion and myself were surprised on this occasion to find that the dresses purely European were at least predominant. It might, indeed, have been supposed that the celebration of the empress' fete was almost confined to the various classes of foreigners so numerous at St. Petersburg, or that there was some connection between the European costume and good humour, which had brought together all who had adopted the one, to enjoy in each other's good company all that was concomitant with the other.

A military band was playing in the centre of a large open space, around which there were walks shaded by groves of trees, among which were placed small booths and kabaks or spirit stalls, without order, and without exhibiting anything characteristic of the people, or different from the similar places of resort of the continentals generally. There was nothing that our own holiday folks would call a show; and, in relation to commerce, there was nothing exhibited worth the least notice. In fact, we should have returned after half-an-hour's promenade, had we not heard that the government had provided an exhibition of fireworks, which would be well worth seeing.

We had to wait, however, until near midnight before these were displayed; but we were not disappointed in what we now witnessed, as far as quantity and quality were concerned; yet, as there is no night in the 60th degree of latitude on the 14th of July, they were necessarily exhibited in full day; and their effect was rather to gratify the ear by strange cracklings in the air, than to delight the sense which rejoices in the brilliant night exhibitions at Vauxhall.

We retired from the gardens about midnight, upon the whole pleased with this first acquaintance which we had the opportunity of making with the citizens of the metropolis of the country with which we had both the intention of acquiring a more intimate knowledge.

Another traveller<sup>1</sup> thus describes the scene, and sums up his impressions. It is a fête day, and the population of Petersburg is pouring in living streams along the banks, or gliding over the broad Neva in row-boats, towards "The Garden Islands," which, like those whereon the city stands, were rescued from an unhealthy swamp, to form the retreat of the wealthy and the resort of pleasure's votaries. The "Garden Islands" are five in number, one of which (Vielgin) is an imperial chateau. The others are dotted over with fantastic villas, of Chinese, Gothic or Italian styles.

To Vielgin, as the centre of attraction, we made our way in a frail boat, rowed by Cossacks from the banks of the Don. It was a balmy evening, and the setting sun was already throwing the long shadows of the trees over the water, not, however, as a prelude to darkness, for here, in summer, soft twilight (usurping the throne of inky night) sheds its pale light around, and gives a dreamy mystery to objects which in the broad glare of the mid-day sun possess neither interest nor beauty.

As we approached our destination, a low murmur of ten thousand voices, or the strains of music, mellowed by distance, came wafted on the breeze. At length, amidst a crowd of boats, we reached the land, and mingled with the joyous multitude. Who, while gazing around, would have thought that he looked partly but on a throng of wretches!—that their lives and property were in the hands of one man, who might at any time deprive them of either or both! Yet so it was; and no one born in other and freer lands could have left that scene without feeling that the slave who has known no higher estate may dance merrily to the jingling of his fetters, or pass through life without feeling the weight of his chains.

The island is laid out in walks and drives, along which, on foot or in carriages, from the street, drudges to the magnificent equipage of the noble, promenaded thousands of people. Here and there small circles of soldiers, with the "zapovala," or leader, in the centre, sang their wild but harmonious national songs. Some of these were highly amusing. The zapovala addressed the group in singing threats or questions, entreaties or arguments, according to the nature of the song, accompanying his voice with grimaces, leavings, and dances, and an occasional blow on a small tambourine, performing these movements with an accuracy of time quite astonishing; some in the circle

replying, or the whole joining in chorus with extreme vivacity and no ordinary talent.

Punch, with his ever-attentive nonsense, conjurors, and jugglers, drew admirers around them; while a hundred tents and booths were crammed full of gull folk, sucking their tea, flavoured with a slice of lemon, through lumps of sugar previously deposited in their mouths; a characteristic method of imbibing the decoction of something peculiar to the Muscovite.

As ten o'clock approached a general movement was observed towards the water's edge; for on an opposite island fireworks were to be let off. By good luck we found our boat, and with difficulty obtained a favourable position for seeing the display of pyrotechnical art. Chinese lamps of varied colours hung in festoons on steamers and barges moored for the purpose. After pushing or struggling, bawling or pulling, scolding or laughing, each endeavouring to get the best place, the boats were at last jammed into a compact immovable mass. All noise was now hushed, for a signal rocket flashing through the air was followed by sparkling fountains of fire, and scintillating stars; and then by the bombardment of a castle with thousands of rockets and fire-balls; a wind-up flattering to the tastes of the *braves Russes*. On our return to Petersburg we found the streets illuminated by pans of fat with large wicks in the centre, placed along the edges of the foot pavements.

On the morning of the 15th we took steamer for Peterhoff, the St. Cloud of St. Petersburg. The palace, about which there is nothing remarkable, is situated on an eminence; the sloping bank of which has been arranged with water-works, considered by many people to be as fine as those of Versailles.

This being the second day's fête of the Empress (of which the one at the islands was the first), we saw these fountains in full play; and the effect was very beautiful. There are an immense number of *jets d'eau*, issuing from the mouths of dolphins, frogs, &c., or pouring out of vases held by nymphs. The principal jet gushes from the mouth of a lion, stretched open by a colossal Sampson in bronze, eighty feet in height.

The gardens and grounds are neatly laid out; and a small river and lake made the most of. The stream is about three miles long, planted on each bank with trees. Here an effective illumination took place in the evening. The trees were filled with Chinese lanterns. The borders of the stream, the margins of the lake, and the islands on it, were lighted up; and the outlines of some castellated houses traced with coloured lamps.

At about ten o'clock a procession of carriages moved gently along the avenue: the first, a "char-à-banc," contained the emperor and empress, some of the Imperial family, and royal visitors. The rest, about thirty in number, were filled with ladies, and gentlemen of the court in brilliant uniforms. The fête closed with fireworks, arranged with elegance and taste.

At periodical seasons, a curious ceremony takes place in Russia, called the consecration of the waters,<sup>2</sup> which

<sup>1</sup> *The Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Crimea*, by Charles Henry Scott.

<sup>2</sup> What can be more imposing than the blessing of the waters of the Neva, on the day of the Epiphany! A magnificent octagon temple rises on the surface of the river, opposite the Winter Palace. In the centre of this temple, a large opening made in the ice affords a view of the water. A cannon-shot gives the signal. A



is in fact a commemoration of the baptism of Christ. In the observance of this, at St. Petersburg, the Neva is the river consecrated, while at Moscow it is naturally the Moskwa.

"About nine o'clock, on the occasion of the accession of the late Emperor Nicholas to the throne, a procession of ecclesiastics, consisting of more than four hundred prelates, priests, chief deacons, and deacons, issued forth from the 'convent of miracles,' and walked towards the river, escorting the royal family. This procession took almost the same road as that on Palm Sunday, by which formerly, in ancient Muscovy, they celebrated the entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem. (The Saviour was then represented by the Patriarch, who, cross in hand, was seated on a mare, whose bridle was held by the Czar himself, supported by his principal ministers. The procession used to go from the Kremlin, to the church of Vassili Blagennoi, and then on to the Lobnoie-Misto, situated in the same place.) On the occasion to which we now refer, the train turned round the church, and descended towards the river, where the consecration of the waters was to be performed with much pomp, and in the presence of the whole population. After the ceremony, the festival of the patron saint was just beginning, when suddenly they saw the Emperor appear at the entrance, having on his left the Grand Duke Michael, on his right, the Grand Duke Constantine; the three brothers were clasping each other by the hand, while their countenances beamed with joy. The crowd was enthusiastic, caps were flung into the air, thunders of applause broke forth, the citadel resounded with prolonged shouts of 'Hurrah, the Emperor, hurrah, Constantine!'"

The Grand Duke Constantine, believing the coronation to have been fixed for the 15th, had arrived from Warsaw the day before, without having apprised his brother of his intention. An aide-de-camp hastened to announce him to the Czar; Nicholas, who was employed in dressing, and thought that the visitor was his brother Michael the Grand Duke, would have excused himself for a few minutes; but the aide-de-camp seemed embarrassed. Nicholas looked inquiringly at him, and the officer answered to the look, "The Czarovitch." The Emperor with a joyful exclamation ran to meet his brother; Constantine seized his hand and kissed it with a low bow; but Nicholas embracing him warmly made the deepest protestations of respect and gratitude.

long procession is then seen emerging from the palace, composed of the archbishop and his clergy, the high dignitaries of the court, pages, officers of the guard, and followed by the Emperor, surrounded by the members of his family. Every one is in full uniform, and bare-headed. Whilst the procession proceeds towards the temple the crowd rushes in disorder, and soon the banks of the Neva, and the Neva itself, are lost to view, covered with the dense mass. It is fortunate that at this period the ice of the river is six or six feet deep. The ceremony commences. A solemn silence enables the prayers of the archbishop, and the melodious response of the court chorists, to be heard. At last, the prelate takes the cross and plunges it in the water which rises at his feet. The cannon then roars anew. The Emperor tastes the water, which is consecrated, in a golden cup that he receives from the hands of the clergy; after which he returns in silence to the palace. From this moment the people have the coast clear; they precipitate themselves with frenzy towards the temple, carrying patches to be filled with the holy water. It is a struggle, a tumultuous crowding, a péle-mêle which it is impossible to describe. Some individuals even plunge into the river; mothers bathe their children in it. I have mentioned also to what extreme the Russians carry out the fanaticism and ridicule of these superstitions. (See page 521.)

Schnitzler, from whom the above is somewhat shortened, describes at full length the coronation, with its magnificent attendant pageantry, and then proceeds to say, "It was when the ceremony of crowning him was over that the most interesting scene took place. Whilst the singing continued, the Emperor and Empress received the congratulations of the princes and princesses of their family, the high clergy and principal personages of the court. The mother of the Czar was the first who would have approached—he prevented her and hastening forward, embraced her and received her blessing. Maria concealed her tears on the breast of her son; perhaps, she was thinking of that other son so fondly loved, of whom death had bereaved her. It excited the sympathy of all. Hardly had the Empress mother torn herself from her son's embrace, when Constantine was seen bending the knee before that younger brother who had replaced him on a throne to which, by birth, he had himself been called. Nicholas fell on his knees, pressed him to his heart, and forgot for a moment his part as a crowned king, to obey the impulse of nature. Their august mother returned and blessed them; every one was moved on beholding this scene, in comparison with which, all the rest was formal and languid. The Grand Duke Michael, his lovely consort Helena, Princess of Wurttemberg, and the young heir to the throne, presented in succession their congratulations, and the clergy, without leaving their places, bowed thrice before the consecrated couple."

"Ambassadors from eastern and western courts, envoys from Georgia, Circassia, Mingrelia, the Kirghiz, Kaizaks or Cossacks, the sovereigns of Daghestan, and of other parts of Asia, were assembled on this grand occasion. In the description of the accompanying festivities, a curious account is given of a banquet offered the people of Moscow by the Czar. Two hundred and forty tables were spread on the plain of Devitché Polé, covered with a variety of dishes, whilst wine and beer were poured from fountains erected 'for the nonce.' In the midst of all was a tent where the Emperor and his court were assembled. A hundred thousand mujiks, or Russian peasants, pressed round the place of entertainment. At noon, at a signal from the Emperor—who said graciously to them, 'My children, all this is yours,'—the mujiks darted on the feast, and under their ravages disappeared in a few minutes, tables, clothes, dishes, meats, and fountains!"

Marriage in Russia is a purely religious act; the ceremony is touching, generally taking place in the evening, and preserving traditions of the olden time. Formerly neither father nor mother could be present, they were supposed to be at home absorbed in grief at the loss of a beloved child; this point of etiquette is, however, no longer so strictly observed. A pulpit is brought forward in front of the altar bearing the liturgy, and it is placed upon a handsome carpet. The bride and bridegroom, each attended by a page of honour, and their friends, take their places in front, the minister behind, and the choir on the sides. One portion of the ceremony is peculiar, and is represented in the illustration at page 629. At a certain period, the chorists chant a loud hymn, the bride and bridegroom take a lighted taper in the left hand, the minister places another in the right, and then taking a hand of each united in his, he thus leads them three

<sup>1</sup> *Russia and her Cears*, by E. J. Binkason.

times round the pulpit, the pages of honour following, all the time holding a crown of silver over each of their heads.

Vapour baths are not a mere object of luxury with the Russians but a matter of necessity. All classes of society make use of such with the utmost regularity. These hygienic establishments occupy vast spaces. They are of three descriptions or classes, and costing from three kopeks to fifteen, or from three-halfpence to sixpence. The arrangement is the same for all, only females have their own compartments, but in the higher priced every person can also have his own compartment. The vapour is obtained by throwing water upon heated plates of iron, and a different temperature is obtained by wooden stages. The higher-priced baths are luxuriously and often tastefully decorated with carpets, mirrors, and rich furniture, and they are brilliantly lit up in the evenings, especially in winter time. We have given a sketch of the crowd besieging the entrance to one of these baths. Saturday is the day upon which they are most frequented, and long lines of soldiers, mujiks, women, and of the working classes may be seen on such occasions presenting themselves at the doorway with their packet under their arms.

Restaurants abound in St. Petersburg, some of them are first-class establishments of their kind. Dussant, Borrel, Vair, and Douar enjoy a well-merited reputation. Their saloons are spacious, handsomely furnished, and well lit up. The attendance is paid by Tartars dressed in black with white cravats, in other respects good Mussulmen, and, generally, speaking Russian, German, and French. The prices vary from a rouble upwards. The establishments of Wolf, of Dominique, and of the Great Vauxhall, at the railway station, are also in high repute. After the restaurant come the *traktir*, a word which a French traveller believes to be a corruption of *traitier*. The *traktir* is as much a national institution as the "public" is in our own country, and the *café* in France. Some of these establishments are kept in splendid style, but still they are essentially Russian; the attendants wear their long hair divided in the middle, the perpetual tunic, and the un-failing boots. The chief article of consumption is tea; and business and pleasure alike are transacted in the presence of the perpetual *somovar*. Dinner, and a very good one, too, preceded by ardent spirits, and ham, tongue, sturgeon or sterlet, dry and smoked, with the oleaginous roe of the latter (*caviare*), as appetisers, are to be obtained. There is also always some kind of music going on, from a monumental organ down to a hurdy-gurdy. The Russian cannot find repose without his organ of hearing being put to tortures by barbarous sounds, although a great appreciator of vocal music. Ivan Turghenieff, of Moscow, in his entertaining little book, called *Russian Life in the Interior, or the Experiences of a Sportsman*, gives a lively and characteristic description of a village *traktir*, as also of the musical feeling among the peasants. (See p. 531.)

### VII.

THE TRAKTIR OR TAVERN—A RUSSIAN HOST—THE RAVINE OF KOLOTOFKA—THE WHITE ROOM—TURK IACHKA—THE "SAVAGE GENTLEMAN"—A VOCAL CONTEST.

THE little village of Kolotofka was formerly the property of a lady surnamed in the country *Strygaikha* (one who clips or shaves), on account of her

sharp and ready humour; it now belongs to some German from St. Petersburg. This village is situated on the eastern slope of a barren hill, cut from top to bottom by a frightful ravine. Yawning like an abyss, and torn up by the fury of the spring and autumn floods, this ravine runs right through the main and only street of the village, dividing the poor little hamlet into two parts, which, though face to face, are far from being on that account neighbours. A few meagre hazel trees maintain a precarious and hesitating existence on the irregular banks of the horrible and tortuous canal. The bottom, which seems to be a composition of various kinds of sand, is of a dry and copper-coloured tint, and covered with immense clayey boulders. It is to be confessed that the locality is far from an inviting one, and yet there is not an inhabitant within a circle of fourteen miles who is not familiar with the road to the village of Kolotofka, and who does not pay it a willing visit, and that pretty often too.

At the point where the ravine enters the village, a few paces from the narrow cleft which forms its commencement, stands a little square house quite apart from the rest. It is thatched, and boasts a single chimney, which rises from the middle of the roof; it possesses only one window, and that at the back of the house, like a Cyclops's eye looking down upon the ravine, which on winter nights, lighted from within, is visible from afar through the thick and frosty mist—the pole-star of many a belated peasant. Above the door is nailed a blue sign-board; and as this cabin is at once the tavern and place of general rendezvous, it assumes the title of *Pritymni Rabatchok* (Little Tavern of Refuge.) I daresay that in this tavern with the euphonious surname, the grain wine is sold at the same price as in every other; but it is, notwithstanding, much more frequented than any establishment of a similar kind in the whole district. The reason of that is, that the host is Nicolai Ivanytch.

Nicolai Ivanytch—not so long ago a well-formed, handsome young fellow with fresh countenance and curly hair—now a man of remarkable rotundity, gray head, moist, perspiring face, and possessing an eye always animated by a fine geniality of expression, and a deeply-furrowed brow—has been established at Kolotofka for more than twenty years.

Nicolai Ivanytch, like the majority of tavern-keepers, is a man of quick and penetrating mind; he is not distinguished by any particular politeness, but, without being communicative, he possesses the unconscious art of attracting customers, who seem to love to sit by the bar under the calm clear-seeing look of this phlegmatic personage. He is endowed with admirable good sense; he knows accurately the mode of life of every proprietor in the district, of every citizen and every peasant, as well as the state of their affairs. In difficult conjunctures there would be wisdom in consulting him, but as a circumspect man he is far from desiring so great an honour, much preferring to remain under the shadow of his bar; it is consequently only by distant hints, uttered apparently by accident, that he puts his customers on the path of reason and good sense, and these only such of his customers as he takes a genuine interest in. He is learned in everything which it is important for a Russian to know—horses, cattle, building-timber, bricks, delft-ware, hides and leather, songs and dances.

When his tavern is empty, he generally sits like a

sack of wheat on the ground before the door of his cottage, his slender legs drawn under him, and in this position exchanges greetings with all the passers-by. This man has seen much; he has survived ever so many poor country gentlemen, who, if they did not look in as they passed to rinse their throats, at least provided themselves with their annual supply of brandy at his house. He knows everything that is going on within a circle of a hundred versts, and, so far from letting slip a word which might indicate what he knows, no one could even guess that he was quite intimately acquainted with a thousand little secrets beyond the suspicion of the police commissioner himself. He closes his lips, smiles, drinks, and passes the drinking cup. The neighbours have great respect for him; even his excellency M. Stcherepetenko, the most distinguished proprietor in the district, so far as civil rank is concerned, does not fail, every time he passes, to salute him with an air of consideration. Nicolai Ivanytch is clearly a man to be relied on.

He once induced a cattle-stealer to restore a horse which he had stolen from the courtyard of one of his acquaintances; one morning he brought to their senses the peasants of a neighbouring village who had unanimously determined not to recognise a new overseer. Do not imagine, however, that his conduct in these matters is regulated by devotion to his neighbours; he wishes, in fact, only to prevent what might afterwards disturb his repose. His wife, a woman of firm and agile step, with a quick eye and thin nose, has lately become rather stout, like her husband. He has a blind confidence in her, and she keeps the keys of his strong box. The turbulent drunkards are afraid of her; she is pretty firm with them; although, in general, plenty of noise is to be had from them, but little money. She decidedly prefers the silent, morose, and moderate drinkers to those who are habitual and reputed drunkards, who are sure to quarrel with one another.

It was a July day, oppressively hot, and I climbed the hill with difficulty in the direction of the Pritymni Rabatchok, on a footpath which ran along the slope of the ravine of Kolotofka. The sun ruled in the heavens like a merciless tyrant—terrible, implacable, unavoidable; the air was impregnated with a suffocating dust. I was tormented with thirst; there was neither spring nor stream at hand. At Kolotofka, as in the majority of steppian villages, the peasants, for lack of springs and wells, have accustomed their stomachs to a muddy marsh liquid. But who would be so bold as to honour with the name of water a liquid so disgusting? I resolved to pay a visit to Nicolai Ivanytch, and enjoy a glass of beer or kvass.

I believe I have said that at no period of the year is the aspect of Kolotofka pleasing; but under the pitiless rays of a July sun, it excites a feeling more than usually melancholy; the heat has shrivelled and calcined the brown and dilapidated roofs of the huts, and burnt up the scanty herbage of the hideous ravine; and the poor village flock—a flock dusty and wan, which does not, I assure you, remind one of Holland or the Tyrol—among which large and meagre fowls stalk about—droop and languish under the sickly atmosphere. The sun strikes perpendicularly on the gray walls of an old ruin, the remains of an ancient seignorial mansion, a ruin where flourish luxuriously the nettle, the burian, and the wormwood. The marsh, with a black surface, speckled with the down of geese, seems to be evaporating its last moisture under the burning heat; near

the embankment which incloses it, and, resting on the dry shrivelled earth, the sheep breathe with difficulty, and, gasping for air, press languidly one upon the other, hanging their poor little muzzles as low as possible as if to let the fiery torrents which the sun darts upon them pass over their heads.

Worn out with fatigue, I approached at last the dwelling of Nicolai Ivanytch, causing an astonishment on the part of the children which partook more of stupidity than anything else, and a discontent among the dogs, expressed in violent barking, which seemed to do them some serious internal injury on the spot, for they were at once seized with violent coughing, and began to twist about as if they were the victims of convulsions. I reached the tavern, however. As I approached there appeared on the threshold a man of small stature; his head was bare, and from his whole appearance and manner I could discover the eccentric man.

"Come! hallo, come, will you?" he stammered, raising his eyes and long eyebrows with considerable effort. "Come, Morgatch; what are you after? you creep and creep along, while people are waiting for you inside. Come!"

"Well, well, here I am, here I am," replied a small fretful voice, and from behind the house there emerged a little lame man. He was clothed in a cloth tobuika, in pretty good condition, one arm passed through the sleeve, and the other loose. A pointed hat hung over his eyebrows; his little yellow eyes were restless, and round his thin lips hovered a forced, a reserved smile; his long pointed nose jutted out like a ship's prow.

"I am coming, my friend," he continued, steering for the tavern-door; "but why call me in that fashion, and who is waiting for me?"

"Why call you?" replied, in a tone of friendly reproach, the tall man; "ah, Morgatch, what a droll fellow! you are asked to enter a tavern, and you wish to know why! Those who are waiting inside are good and right jovial fellows. There is Turk-Iachka and Diki-Barin, and the contractor of Jizira. Iachka has taken a bet of a large measure of beer that he can sing better than the contractor—you understand?"

"Will Iachka sing?" said Morgatch, sharply; "you are not deceiving me, Obaldui?"

"I am not a liar," replied Obaldui, haughtily.

"Your question is rude. There can be no doubt of Iachka's singing, I should think, when he has made a bet on it. Are you such a blockhead as not to see that? and such a brute to tell me I lie?"

"Well, well, let us go in, Simplicity; let us go in, and have done."

They entered.

I suppose that very few of my readers have had an opportunity of making acquaintance with our country taverns; we sportsmen go everywhere. Their exterior aspect is that of a hut, and their interior arrangements are extremely simple. There is first a little passage of somewhat gloomy character, and this leads into a large room, called in Russ *beelaia izba* (white, that is, clear room), divided into two by a partition, behind which no one who is not a member of the family is allowed to pass. In this partition, above a large oak-table, representing the bar, is cut an opening of greater breadth than length. Along the sides of this table are arranged, in several rows, the liquors in process of consumption; on the floor, just behind the opening, lie sealed bottles, arranged according to their names. The anterior part

of the room—that devoted to visitors, is furnished with a single bench, running round the wall, two or three empty casks, and a table in the corner, under the holy image. Village taverns are, for the most part, gloomy enough, and you rarely ever see on the naked beams of which the walls are composed, the coarse images called *luboknyia* (bark) so strongly coloured, and which no hut in Russia could want.

When I entered, I found already assembled a pretty large company.

At the bar, his huge body almost filling the entire opening in the partition, was Nikolai Ivanytch, pouring out two glasses of *eau-de-vie* with his white flabby hands to his two friends, Morgatch and Obaldui. Behind him, in a corner, and just half seen, was his wife, keeping evidently a watchful eye upon her lord and master.

In the middle of the room was a thin man of about twenty-three, clothed in a long blue nankin kaftan. He had the air of a factory workman, and his colour was far from indicating very robust health. His large restless gray eyes, his straight nose and flexible nostrils, his white sloping brow, his yellow curls, pushed behind his ears, and his lips, somewhat inclined to thickness, but fresh and expressive—all revealed a fiery and impassioned nature. He was in a state of great agitation; he opened and shut his eyes, and breathed unequally, and his arms trembled as if suffering from an ague-fever. And indeed he had a fever, that neuralgic fever so well known by all those who have to sing or speak in public. It was the artist Iachka. Near him stood a man of about forty, with low forehead, thick cheeks, horizontal Tartar eyes, nose short and flat, square chin, and black and brilliant hair. Without moving his body, he looked slowly round him like an ox under the yoke. This man went by the name of the Savage-Gentleman, Diki Barin.

Opposite him, on the corner of the bench under the images, was seated the rival of Iachka, the contractor of the town of Jirdra—a man of moderate height, but well formed, about thirty years old, with a face covered with red spots, flat and crooked nose, slightly wall-eyed, and possessed of a fine-silken beard.

"What is the matter, now?" cried Obaldui, after tossing off a glass of *eau-de-vie*. "What do you wait for! Let us begin. Hallo! Iachka!"

"Yes, yes; come, commence," said the tavern-keeper in a tone of encouragement.

"Good; let us begin," said the contractor, in a calm and confident tone, smiling at the same time; "I am ready."

"And I too; I am ready," muttered Turk Iachka, not without some hesitation.

"It is time," exclaimed Diki Barin, in gruff, dictatorial voice. "We shall draw lots: you will draw," he added, addressing Morgatch.

Morgatch, pleased to play a part in all this, smiled, seized the cap with both hands, and shook it well.

There was a profound silence; the two lots struck against each other. I watched attentively the faces of those present—all expressed the highest anticipation. Even Diki Barin knitted his brows. Morgatch plunged his hand into the cap, and pulled out the contractor's lot. There was a stir in the assembly. Iachka reddened; the contractor passed his hand through his hair.

"What shall I sing?" he said, with some emotion.

"What song you please," said the tavern-keeper,

slowly crossing his arms on his breast; "one does not ask one song more than another; sing what you like best to sing, only take care to sing well, and we shall pronounce our judgment conscientiously."

"Yes, conscientiously," added Obaldui, as he licked the rim of his empty glass.

"My friends, give me a little time to collect myself," said the contractor, playing with the fur collar of his coat.

"Bah, bah! no more off-putting and excuses—begin," said Diki Barin, resolved to hear only, and speak no more. The contractor mused a moment, shook his head, and moved towards the centre of the room.

Before describing the musical contest which took place on this occasion, it will not be out of place to say a few words about each of the personages of my narrative.

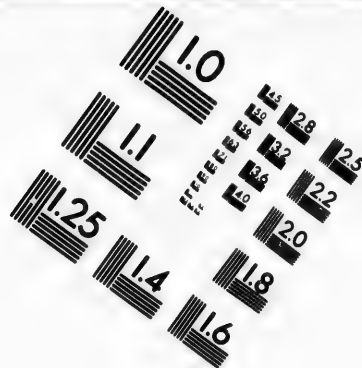
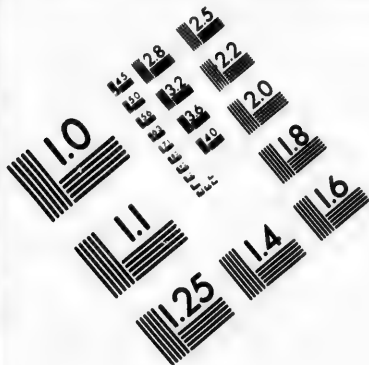
Let us begin with Obaldui. His real name is Eygraft Ivanoff, but in our districts he never receives any other name than Obaldui, a sobriquet of which he is himself quite proud. It is suitable enough for this good-for-nothing brawler, this middlesome maverplot, whose features, like his long arms and tongue, are in continual agitation. He was at one time a serving-man—a habitual drunkard, whom his masters had dismissed to take care of himself; and though he never has any occupation anywhere, and never receives a kopeck from a single soul, he somehow finds the means of amusing himself at the expense of others. There are a great many people of his acquaintance who treat him to tea and brandy, though they could not themselves tell why; for he is never in the least amusing. On the contrary, he disgusts everybody by his stupid talk, his mosquito-like pertinacity, his nervous restlessness, and his loud hollow laugh.

Morgatch has no trait of resemblance with Obaldui. The name Morgatch, or the Winker, is a nickname this man has received no one can say why, for he does not wink more than any other person. The Russian people are naturally disposed to dub every one with some sobriquet, and the man who lives in twenty places runs great risk of having twenty nicknames, and of course it would be a wonder if all of them were equally just and appropriate. In spite of my desire to know something about the history of Morgatch, there still remain, as the people who make books say, many points in his life enveloped in thick and impenetrable darkness. All that I know is, that he was once coachman in the house of an old lady without family, that he ran away with three of the best horses committed to his care, was not to be found for a whole year; that, having probably convinced himself of the dangers and miseries of a vagabond life, he returned of his own accord in a dreadful condition, lame, haggard, and in rags, but repentant and beseeching pardon at the feet of his mistress; by his exemplary conduct, caused his past faults to be forgotten, regained by degrees the favour, and afterwards the full confidence of the lady, became steward of her property, and on the death of this excellent person found himself free, and enrolled among the *odnovortsi*. He afterwards became a farmer on the lands of a neighbouring proprietor, made his fortune, and now lives in the enjoyment of easy circumstances.

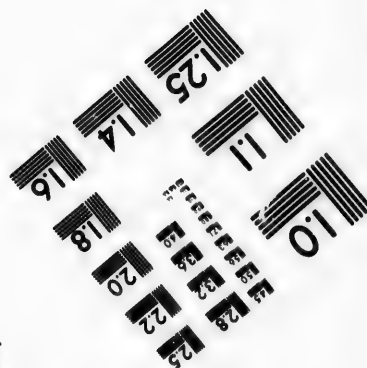
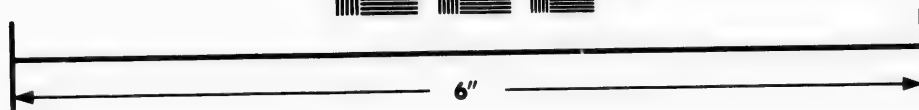
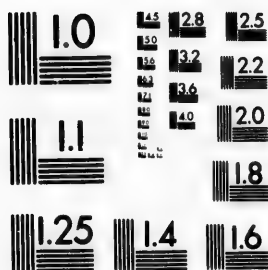
He is a shrewd fellow, full of practical wisdom. His moral character is neither good nor bad. He is a clever speculator, has a good knowledge of human character, and does not fail to show it on occasion.

RUSSIAN MARRIAGE.





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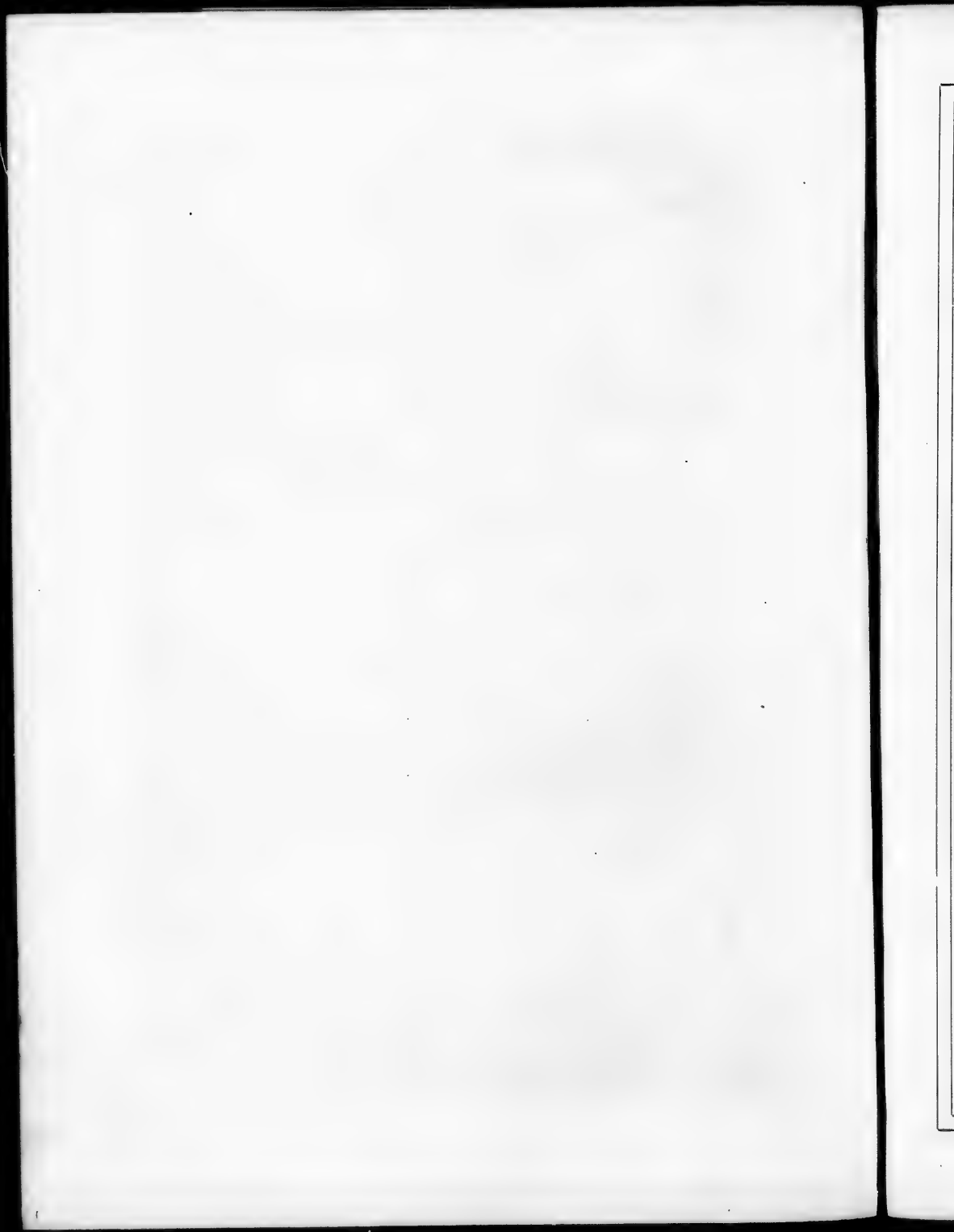
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He is circumspect and bold, in case of need, like the fox; he will sometimes chatter like an old woman, but without ever saying a word he does not intend to say, although he induces other people to utter what they would fain have kept concealed. He does not assume the look and manner of a fool, like so many cunning fellows of his kind, and indeed he would find it difficult to play this part; for I have never seen eyes so piercing, so sparkling with intelligence, as the small roguish eyes of this honest peasant. He never looks you straight in the face, but sideways, up or down; in short, in every other direction.

The Contractor is a contractor, and goes by no other name in this part of the country; he will supply you

with goods of every kind, from beef, fish and candles, to bricks, stone, lime, and wood for a house; he will let you a house or sell you a hunting dog, provide you with a stock of lucifer matches or of stewpans.

To pass to Turk Iachka, or Iakoff, his rival in singing. The sobriquet of Turk he has received from the fact that his mother was a Turkish woman, brought as a prisoner into Russia. This man, despite his coarse external appearance, is in soul an artist—an artist in every sense of the word. He is engaged in a paper manufactory belonging to a merchant in the neighbourhood.

As regards the Diki-Barin, I shall not be so sparing of details—the high civilisation of the present age



TRAKTIR OR PUBLIC HOUSE.

having had the singular effect of spreading a taste for savages. I ought to premise that the character of this man is more enigmatical, less savage, and less lordly than the title he bears would at first incline us to believe.

The first expression which the appearance of this man produces, is the feeling of a brute force—a rude, massive, tremendous indomitable power. He seems endowed with the physical robustness and health of a Hercules; he looks as if he were cut out of heart of oak, only in this heart of oak there is life sufficient for ten men. If my reader does not wish to see him presented as Alcides, I have much pleasure in recommending him to his notice as a bear; but, again, I must inform him that my friend the bear is far from

being without grace—that, on the contrary, there is an incontestable and unmistakable grace in his appearance and manner, which proceeds, as I believe, from the sweet and placid confidence he has in the power of his ursine humanity. It is very difficult to guess, at first sight, in what social category we ought to place this personage. One can only describe him by negatives; he is neither a domestic servant, nor an *odnovovet*; nor a man of business, nor a ruined or retired lawyer; still less is he a gentleman, a John Lackland—the victim of his own folly, or a sportsman, or a poacher, or a boxer, or a parasite. He is what he is, a man of overwhelming physical power, of an inoffensive disposition, who does what he pleases, and to whom one always yields without thinking about it. No one can

tell to what his affection for our district is owing; some have expressed the opinion that he is certainly descended from an *odnovoretz* family, and that he must have been in the army, or at least in the civil service, in the administrative, if not in the judiciary department. The fact is, no one can give any positive information about him, and he alone could write his history, if he knows how to write—and even this is still his own secret. As regards conversing with him, it is easy to see that he is naturally silent and morose.

My readers may still ask, what are his means of living? One thing appears certain; he has no profession, no trade, no business. He never goes to anybody's house, he does not seek the acquaintance of anybody, and yet he is never in want of money, and takes nothing on credit. I cannot say that he is modest—that would not be the correct expression, but he is always peaceable; he lives like a man who is independent of all authority, and has made up his mind, once for all, to take no notice of anybody. When speaking of him, people never employ any other designation than the sobriquet of Diki-Barin; but when addressing him, they call him Perevleoff. No one has ever remarked that he endeavoured to lord it over the poorer people, and nevertheless he possesses great influence throughout the district. He is obeyed without a grudge, although he has not the least right to give orders, and indeed never allows the slightest suspicion to escape him that he has any idea of the sort.

He says a word, gives a sign, and he is obeyed. Such is the privilege of power; the idea that it may advance, makes us draw back; the idea that it may compel, causes us to come. He very seldom drinks a. y liquor, and never speaks to women; but is madly fond of vocal music, whether it is a man or a woman who is singing.

The character of this man attracts the attention much more powerfully than any enigma, than any inscription, than any mystery created by the faculty of infinite combination living in the human brain; for a man, as a theme for study and examination, is an abyss that cannot be fathomed—he is something almost infinite, for he comes from God himself. It seems to me that in Perevleoff lie hid extraordinary forces which he keeps sternly chained in the depths of his soul—well knowing that if ever they should rise and break forth into the world without, they would instantly become intoxicated with the free air, and dash and shatter him to pieces against the opposing forces that met them in the external world. And I much deceive myself if, in the life of this man, there has not happened something of this kind; if, taught and enlightened by experience, after having with difficulty saved himself from some tragical fate, he does not pitilessly, despotically, keep himself under a constraint and a surveillance which absorb all his time, and all his faculties. What has struck me most in Perevleoff, is this feeling of an immense natural force, an innate ferocity—the impulses of which, suppressed with great difficulty, now and then suddenly appear in his look—joined to a goodness of heart just as natural: two qualities which I have never seen united in any other person in the same degree.

The contractor, standing between the counter and the corner he had been sitting in, with his eyes half-shut, began, in a very high falsetto, a national air, which I heard for the first time, and which certainly cannot be compassed, except by a voice capable of reaching, with equal purity, the very highest notes. His voice was

sweet and agreeable, though in some places thin; he played with it as a girl would with a toy sparkling with rubies; the sound appeared to come from the clouds, and to remount and descend unceasingly; and from these elevated heights rained clouds of dazzling melody, floating and undulating in the air, from which would dart points like shooting stars, and lose themselves in the silence. . . and after these pauses, which hardly left him time to draw breath, he would resume with a sweep and a boldness that carried away the soul.

In the rapid evolutions of his execution, sweet and strong notes succeeded each other, and the perfect art which he showed in managing these transitions, interested me more than all his shakes and roudades, wonderful as they were for the musical purity and skill displayed in them. Every connoisseur would have been delighted to hear what I was listening to; a German alone might have been dissatisfied. His voice was a Russian *tenore di grazia*; it would have been enjoyed and appreciated at Milan, or at Venice, or at Naples, and, as a light tenor, at Paris. His theme was a merry dance-air, the words of which, so far as I was able to catch them amidst the interminable fortitudes and shakes, seemed to be those of a national love-song.

All listened with attention. He evidently felt that he had before him judges of experience and ability; and he did not spare himself. In fact, the district which I inhabit can count by the hundred acute connoisseurs in music; and the reputation of the large town of Sergievskoe, which stands on the Orel high road, is far from being accidental or unmerited—the reputation which it enjoys throughout Russia, as the locality which has produced the sweetest and most charming specimens of vocal melody.

In spite of all his efforts, the contractor sang for some time without producing any very powerful effect on his audience; he wanted a chorus to sustain him in the refrain. At last, after a very difficult passage on a marvellously high key—a passage which made even Diki-Barin smile with pleasure, Obaldui could no longer contain himself, and uttered a loud shout of delight. A rapturous shudder passed through all. Obaldui and Morgatch began to follow the contractor in a low tone, to take the part of chorus, and when the singer's voice rose alone, they whispered and muttered to each other: "Magnificent! That's the thing, that's the thing!—Yes, yes, well done!—Ah! ah! capital!—Ah! Iakoff has no chance!—The devil! ah! ah!" and many other polite exclamations of the same sort.

Nicolai Ivanytch, seated on a corner of his counter, wagged his head approvingly to the right and left. Obaldui made a thousand grimaces, shrugged his shoulders in the most convulsive manner, and stamped his heels on the floor with a supernatural energy. Iakoff's eyes were red and inflamed, he trembled like a leaf, and a restless vague smile played on his face. Diki-Barin never changed a feature of his countenance, and sat motionless in his seat; but his look, fixed on the singer, bore a remarkable sweetness of expression, though his lip was curled as if in disdain.

Encouraged by these evidences of the general delight, the virtuoso rose into a perfect whirlwind of song, executed such roudades, such wonderful shakes, and poured forth such cataracts of sound, that, when at last, pale, exhausted, and bathed in perspiration, he uttered his last notes, which seemed to be lost in the infinite heights of space, a general shout of rapture rose

at once from all quarters of the room. Obaldui threw himself on the neck of the contractor, and pressed him in his long bony arms; on the broad fat countenance of Nicolai Ivanytch shone a "uddy glow, that took twenty years from his age; Iakoff shouted as if he had lost his senses, "Molodetz! molodetz!"—(Capital fellow). Even my poor neighbour, the ragged mujik, could not resist the general enthusiasm, struck his fist on the table, cried, "Ah gha! Ah gha! it is beautiful; devil take me, it is capital!" and spat boldly to the other side of the room.

"You have given us a treat, brother," cried Obaldui, without quitting his hold of the exhausted singer; "and what a treat! what a treat! You have certainly gained the victory, brother! Iachka need not trouble himself trying—"

"Leave him alone, leave him alone, I tell you, tire-some blockhead!" cried Morgatch; "don't you see he is tired almost to death? You marplot! you are always making a fuss. You're like the bath-leaf, or the fly in the honey—there's no getting rid of you."

"Well! let him sit down," replied Obaldui; "I am going to drink his health," he added, going up to the counter. "I expect you will pay for it," nodding to the contractor, who returned a sign of consent.

"You sing well, brother! I say *trell!*" said Nicolai Ivanytch, in the tone of a man who knows the importance of what he is saying. "There, now, it is your turn, Iachka; pay attention, brothers! don't be afraid, keep up your heart, Iachka! We shall see, we shall judge. You have heard for yourself, you have owned yourself that the contractor sings well, really well, upon my word."

"He sings very well, very well," added the tavern-keeper's wife.

"Capitally, gha, ah gha!" bellowed the mujik.

"Ah, the wriggler! the polecka! what the devil is he doing here?" cried Obaldui immediately, and approaching the boor, he pointed his finger at him, and burst into a loud shout of laughter; "pol-ka, gha, badea, ponai, gha, the wriggler! Come, shuffler, where have you fallen from?"

The unhappy mujik trembled; he was just going to rise and leave the room, when the brazen voice of Diki-Barin thundered—

"Will that animal not leave a body in peace?"

"I—I am doing nothing," muttered Obaldui.

"Hold your tongue! And you, Iakoff, begin."

Iakoff rose, muttered some unconnected words, and appeared overwhelmed with agitation. All eyes were upon him—the contractor's more anxiously and fixedly than the rest; there was observable in his countenance, too, beneath his natural assurance and the triumphant expression which his recent success had created, a vague restlessness for which I could see no motive, observing, as I did, the great timidity displayed by his rival. He leaned back against the wall, and kept perfectly motionless.

The singer sighed, drew a long breath, and commenced. The first note promised little; it was feeble, unequal, and did not seem to proceed from his chest; it appeared rather to come from a distance—from without—and to have been thrown by chance, as it were, into the midst of the attentive audience. It produced a singular effect upon all of us; we looked at each other, but each seemed to redouble his attention, and determined not to lose a note of this second part

of the concert. He went on—his voice becoming clearer, fuller, and firmer; he grew animated, and his song rose and swelled, and carried every soul along with it. It was of a remarkably melancholy character, and began thus: "O! there's many a path leads to the prairie."

I have rarely heard a voice of such exquisite freshness. Weak and broken at first, with a sickly tone that was far from pleasing, it afterwards revealed sentiment so profound, passion so true—such a mixture of power, sweetness, youth, and a charming abandon, with tones of poignant sorrow, as to search and shake the soul of every listener. The whole power of the Russian soul—naturally good, warm, and ingenuous—breathed forth in this voice, which went right to the heart of every one, awaking the national melancholy with the magic of its notes. He had now lost every trace of his former timidity, and gave himself up with his whole soul to the enjoyment of his own singing. He had completely forgotten his rival and his audience. There was something genuine, national, large, invigorating, ineffably sweet, in the tone of his voice, like the breeze that sweeps across the boundless steppes of our country.

My ear was struck with the sound of stifled sobs. It was the tavern-keeper's wife. Iakoff cast a rapid glance at her, and his voice continued not less sonorous and impassioned. The breast of Nicolai Ivanytch was palpitating with delight; Morgatch's eye glowed and dilated; Obaldui, stupefied, sat with his mouth open; my neighbour the peasant could not restrain his sobs; while, on the iron countenance of Diki-Barin, under his long eyelashes, stood two large tears, ready to burst and flow down his cheeks. Iakoff's rival sat with his fist clenched against his forehead, and without making the least movement.

I do not know how all this would have ended, overpowered as we all were by these feelings, had not Iakoff suddenly concluded with a shrill note of an extraordinary delicacy, boldness, and purity. No one shouted or spoke—no one moved; we seemed to be all waiting for the return from the skies of this wonderful, ravishing sound. Iakoff opened his eyes; he seemed astonished at this silence; his look appeared to ask the reason of it. It was not long before he understood it—the victory was gained.

"Iakoff," said the Diki-Barin, placing on his shoulder a hand trembling with emotion; and he could not utter another syllable.

We were all as if petrified with astonishment. The rival of Iakoff rose, went up to him:

"You have won; yes, you have won," he said, with an agitation painful to behold, and left the tavern.

This rapid movement, this sudden opening and shutting of the door, broke the enchantment which lay like a paralysis upon body and soul; every one found his tongue, and the room began to resound with the usual chat. I left the room and walked home.

I was descending with rapid strides the side of a ravine, when, from a distance in the valley, the shrill voice of a child suddenly broke the stillness of the night. "Antropka, Antropka; a, a, a." More than thirty times did the name of Antropka strike on my ear, but no answer was returned. At last I heard a voice, weakened by distance, shout in return:

"What?"

The voice of the first child, full of malignant gloom, replied :

"Come here, you demon ; come here, you devil."

"What do you want me for?" answered the other, after a silence of two minutes.

"Come here, aunt is going to whip you ; they're waiting."<sup>1</sup>

### VIII.

MOSCOW AND ITS GREAT BAZAAR—RUSSIAN SHOPEKEEPERS—POSITION OF WOMEN—POPULATION OF MOSCOW—CHANGE IN ITS CHARACTER—MANUFACTURING LABOURERS—FORMATION OF A CITIZEN CLASS—GERMAN CORPORATIONS AND RUSSIAN ASSOCIATION—RUSSIAN ARTISANS—MILITARY SERVICE—THE DYVONNIK OR DOOR PORTER—THE BUDOSHNIK OR POLICEMAN—THE ISTOISHCHIK OR DROSHKY-DRIVER.

On the other side of the great square at Moscow, which extends before the two large gates of the Kremlin, commences the Kitaigorod, the first building in which is the immense warehouse or bazaar, called also gorod. I believe a person might walk for an hour without traversing all these innumerable passages, with their rows of booths on both sides. It is a fair that lasts the whole year ; but one not well acquainted with it does not easily find what he wants ; for every kind of merchandise has its own row of booths : leather goods, cotton, linen, etc. ; and the stranger may consider himself fortunate if in his wanderings he soon arrives at the booth he requires. These bazaars are found in every town in Russia : they are manifestly of Oriental origin, but quite adapted to the spirit of association of the Russians. The Gostinot Dvor in Moscow surpasses, as might be supposed, all the others ; and it would be difficult to find in the whole world, under the same roof, a stock of goods surpassing this one in the variety and richness of the different articles. Everything imaginable is to be had here, of course at a good price : there is, however, great pressing and tempting of customers. In most of the booths are boys of twelve to fifteen years of age, in long cloth kaftans, generally blue, who are trained to decoy the passers-by. As soon as you approach the booth, the little rascal comes smirking up to you, and tries with wheedling gestures and expressions to entice you in : he stops the way, places himself before you, and only yields reluctantly step by step as you pass onwards. On the confines of his own department he makes another desperate effort, seizes hold of your body, clings to the skirt of your coat or arm, and tries to force you into the booth. If, however, you still resist, he suddenly desists, and walks away, to hunt down the next passer-by in the same manner. You, however, escape from one, only to encounter the assault of the next no less zealous little brat ; and if you unluckily chance to stand in the middle between two booths, you are attacked on both sides.

Women or girls are never seen as shopwomen in Russia. Even in the modern milliners' and fashionable shops, French, German, and other foreign women wait upon the customers ; I never observed Russian. Among the young workwomen sewing and embroidering may sometimes, indeed, be seen Russians also ; but they do not appear as saleswomen, at least not of millinery.

<sup>1</sup> *Russian Life in the Interior ; or, the Experiences of a Sportsman.* By Ivan Tourgenieff, of Moscow. Edited by James D. McKeljohn.

The St. Simonians went to Egypt to discover the free woman ; had they gone to Russia they would perhaps have returned better satisfied. In a constitutional country the king reigns, but does not govern ; in a well-organised family the man reigns, but the wife governs. In Russia, at least in Moscow, the reverse of this is the case ; here the wife reigns, and the man governs. The female sex in Russia occupies a peculiar position, different from that which they hold in other European countries : it varies, however, according to rank. In the case of the Mujiks, or peasants—of whom there are about 100,000 in Moscow—the women work much less than the men ; even the work in the houses is generally done by the men, who carry wood and water, and light the fires,<sup>2</sup> while the wife looks on, walks about, carries the children, &c. With the bourgeoisie, particularly the merchants and artisans, the wife does nothing the whole day ; she takes not the slightest trouble with the housekeeping, nor has any idea of the life and duties of a German housewife. The husband does everything, even directing the housekeeping. Among the rich, the females are educated mostly in the different boarding-schools, and receive an education much superior to that of the men ; but these institutions form only ladies of fashion, not housewives. In the higher classes this is still more the case.

The households in Moscow are indeed becoming more and more Europeanised ; in every genuine Russian household all the work was formerly, and still is, performed by the male sex. There are only men cooks—no cookmaids, chambermaids, housekeepers, &c. ; all their work is done by men ; hence the extraordinary predominance of the male population in Moscow, which amounts to nearly double the female. The statistical tables in 1834 gave 214,778 men, and only 133,784 women.

A great part also of all fixed property is in the hands of women. On the front of every house in Moscow and St. Petersburg is written the name of the proprietor, and before every third house at least the name is that of a woman. With landed property the same thing occurs ; from one-fifth to one-fourth is perhaps in the hands of the female sex. The preponderance this must give to the women, in their whole social position, may easily be conceived.

The general development of social life has led to this result. Nowhere is there such a perpetual revolution in property as in Russia : the land is constantly passing from hand to hand ; in the public service, in commerce, in manufactures, in the professions, large fortunes are made rapidly, but are as rapidly lost.

<sup>2</sup> There is a humorous little Russian story which represents, in the form of a dialogue, the patience and humility of the peasant, and the tyrannical domination of his wife over him :—" *Peasant.* Dear wife, we will sow this barley.—*Wife.* Husband, it is not barley, it is buckwheat.—*P.* So be it, I won't dispute it.—*P.* See how well the barley has come up.—*W.* It is not barley, it is buckwheat.—*P.* Buckwheat let it be, I won't dispute it.—*P.* The barley is ripe, we will cut it.—*W.* It is not barley, it is buckwheat. *P.* Buckwheat so be it, I won't dispute it.—*P.* The barley is threshed now, how fine it is.—*W.* It is not barley, it is buckwheat.—*P.* Buckwheat let it be, I won't dispute it.—*P.* What beautiful barley-malt, we will brew beer with it.—*W.* It is not barley-malt, but of buckwheat.—*P.* Buckwheat-malt let it be, I won't dispute it.—*P.* What delicious beer from our barley-malt.—*W.* It was not barley-malt, but buckwheat-malt.—*P.* So be it, I won't dispute it ; but I never heard of buckwheat-malt, or that beer was brewed from it."



Frauds are discovered in the public service, and the property of the culprit is confiscated; unsuccessful speculations (the Russians are fond of speculation) ruin the merchant and manufacturer, and in such cases his family would be completely ruined. These occurrences are so frequent, that the parties are obliged to calculate upon them as a part of their probable casualties, and thus seek to preserve a *peculium* for their families. They assign a part of the property—the house for instance and the real property—to the wife; at first this was for appearance sake, but it has gradually become a fixed and permanent legal condition. Russian legislation too favours women in the administration and disposal of their property more than that of any other country. The property of the husband has become the personal, that of the wife the real part of the property; the latter remains secure, even when the former is dissipated.

As Moscow since the great fire in 1812 has assumed a completely altered outward aspect, so has it also undergone a great revolution in its population. It was once the city of the Russian nobility; it is now a modern manufacturing town. Only fifty years ago it was calculated that, of the 8,360 private houses, about 6,400 belonged to the nobles, who at that time lived mostly, at least in winter, in Moscow. The nobles, however, were too proud to allow others to live in the same houses with themselves; the whole buildings were so constructed that shops could not easily be placed in the lower stories, nor traders and artisans carry on their business in them. The dwelling-house was placed either in the back part of a courtyard, or fronting the street, but had always a court with a carriage-gate by the side. Many were large palaces, with two and even three stories; others, of one story, were constructed of logs, but handsomely ornamented. Streets consisting of rows of adjoining houses, of two, three, or more stories, the lowest forming shops, as in our West-European towns, were unknown in Moscow.

In these houses dwelt the nobles with their families and dependants (serfs), in a mixture of Oriental and European luxury. The peasant worked and paid a poll-tax to his lord, which the latter with his family and domestic slaves generally expended in Moscow. The greatest luxury was displayed in the number of horses and servants; and the government was frequently obliged to issue regulations regarding the equipages, decreasing who was to drive with six, four, two horses, &c. Of the luxury displayed in servants it is impossible for us to form any idea: it is asserted that in the larger palaces there were as many as a thousand, or more; even nobles of minor consequence and fortune had at least from twenty to thirty; and a more wretched, lazy, and disorderly crew were not to be found. It was impossible to give sufficient occupation to this crowd of people: I have been told it was often ridiculous to see the manner in which the household business was divided amongst them: one had nothing to do his whole life long but to sweep a flight of stairs, another had only to fetch water for the family to drink at dinner, another in the evening, &c. The expense of their maintenance, however, was not great: they lived, like the Russian peasants, on bread, groats, *shichi* (cabbage-soup), and *kvas* (a kind of sour beer); their dress was that of the peasants, and they lived in the *izbas* (black rooms) which are always found in Russian courtyards. The nobles and their house-servants constituted at that time the principal

population at Moscow, perhaps 250,000 souls. Of these, one-half or two-thirds repaired to the country in summer; and Moscow was then deserted until winter.

Since 1812 a complete change has gradually taken place. The nobles' houses were all burnt down, and their families retired into the country; they had suffered immense losses, and had therefore neither the power nor the means of restoring their palaces to their former state, or of leading the idle and luxurious lives to which they had been accustomed. The nobles remained more in the country, and passed the winter in the different government-towns, which have since greatly increased in prosperity. The government began to encourage and promote trade and manufactures, and Moscow soon became the centre and principal seat of industrial activity. If you now ask, "To whom does this palace belong?" the answer is, "To the manufacturer M—, the merchant O—, &c., formerly Prince A— or G—."

Since the rise of this trading and manufacturing activity, the elements of the population of Moscow have been completely changed. In the better parts of the city the rows of houses are more continuous, one house adjoining the other; the large courts with entrance-gates are now seldom seen, being found only in the more distant quarters of the town. The houses are generally of two or three, rarely of more, stories, and in the lower stories are rows of shops. Some streets, as for instance the Smith's Bridge, may vie in this respect with the most splendid in the best towns of Europe.

The place of the nobility, with their innumerable and lazy domestics, is now occupied by the manufacturers with their equally numerous workmen. A large number of the nobles have themselves engaged in manufactures, and their former house-servants now work in the factories for wages.

But even those of the nobility who have not turned manufacturers, and reside in Moscow in the civil service of the government or on their private fortunes, have entirely altered their mode of life. The number of horses has been very much diminished, and they confine themselves to what is indispensable. The system of household servants has been quite changed: no more are retained than are necessary; and although there may still be double the number kept than for instance in Berlin (a family which in Berlin would be served with two or three domestics, maintains in Moscow at least four or six), still the crowd of unemployed dependants has disappeared. It is a rare thing to find twenty or thirty people in the house, or to hear a Russian noble speak of some old boyar still gathering some hundreds of servants about him in the old way, is an extraordinary occurrence. I was told of a Prince Galitzin as an instance of this. In general, the nobles find it suit their present habits as well as interest much more, to permit their former idle servants (on payment of head-money to them their masters) to take work for wages in the numerous manufactories, in this way maintaining themselves, and often acquiring property. Indeed those of the nobility who adopt completely the European mode of living, have generally not even their own serfs as servants, but hired domestics. Whilst a nobleman's own serfs are perhaps living as domestics in other families in Moscow for their board and wages, he in turn hires the serfs of other nobles.

Thus the outward appearance as well as character of Moscow has been so much changed in the last thirty years, that the social condition of the place fifty years ago is no longer to be recognised. The political influence which Moscow exercises, as the centre of industry, upon the policy and measures of the government, has hitherto neither been made the subject of investigation nor remark. With the love and veneration of all Russians for the "white-walled encircled holy mother Moscow," and its immense importance as the centre and representative of the industrial activity of the empire, the government is obliged, particularly with regard to the system of protective duties, to show the greatest respect for the opinion of Moscow, however much reasons of foreign policy might incline it to adopt another course. This will be better understood when we consider the extent of this industrial district, which equals that of a large empire, and contains sixteen million inhabitants. I was told that recently, when there was some talk of a complete incorporation of Poland, a deputation from Moscow represented that the industry of the interior, and particularly of their city, would suffer great injury, and consequently the project was given up for the time.

I have already remarked that I consider it one of the greatest defects in the social condition of Russia, that it possesses no distinct citizen class, which by its education and position in society might have introduced that municipal and corporate spirit, those honourable and proud sentiments, which have contributed so much, from the Middle Ages downwards, to the development and cultivation of the German and Romanic nations.

It appears as if mysterious causes existed in the character and history of the Slavonic peoples unfavourable to the formation of a citizen class; for not only in the case of the Russians, but also of the other Slavonic races, there is nowhere any powerful spontaneous development of it—neither among the Poles nor the southern Slavs, and in Bohemia it is an institution introduced by the Germans; nay, the Bohemian towns are to this day mostly inhabited by Germans.

For more than half a century the government has exerted itself to form a citizen class in Russia. Catherine II. issued regulations for the towns, and several laws concerning their condition were enacted in the German spirit and after the German model. It must be acknowledged that these laws were on the whole a failure, and have by no means had the effect expected. The German corporate spirit, on which the law was founded, was quite foreign to the Russian national character, which possesses a strong spirit of association: it was opposed to the national habits, the social customs and ideas, of the Russian people; and I do not believe that it will ever really strike firm root in the soil.

It is otherwise in the case of the trading and manufacturing system, which has sprung up with much vigour in the last twenty-five years. That this, with the enormous extension it has acquired, will exercise a decided influence, and one which it is at present impossible to estimate, is unquestionable; but what form it is to assume still lies concealed in the future.

The Russian has capacity and talent for everything. Of all peoples he has, perhaps, the greater amount of practical ability in acquiring a position adapted to him. But that which is so peculiar to, and characteristic of, the German—an attachment and love for his position, his profession, his work—is unknown to the Russian.

The true German loves his position in the world; he would not exchange it for any other; to the profession or trade to which he has devoted himself he remains faithful, pursues it with constancy, with love, and with a certain pride; he thinks it honourable to perfect himself in it, and rejoices in the successful work of his hands: he believes that he sees in his position a distinct appointment of Providence, to which he is bound to remain faithful.

Not so the Russian: accident mostly decides which of the talents a boy possesses shall be first developed. The lauded proprietor, without much examination, chooses among the boys of his serfs, who is to be a shoemaker, who a smith, who a cook, who a clerk, &c. Prudent landowners, in order to acquire better workmen, sometimes give the boys to master-artisans, under a contract for three to eight years to teach and exercise them in their work. The colonel of a regiment orders at once, and without much investigation, that so many men shall be saddlers, so many smiths or wheelwrights; these shall be musicians, those clerks. And they become all these, and almost invariably with ease and dexterity; and from them proceed in general the most solid and best artificers, workmen, and artists, because, being appointed and constrained by outward authority, they remain in the occupation they have adopted. In the case of the crown peasants, on the other hand, the boy receives the first impulse from his parents or relatives, or chooses an occupation for himself. After adopting his calling, there is no question of any education such as the German artisan receives, nor of the settled apprenticeship with regular masters, nor advancement from the position of apprentice to that of journeyman, and ultimately on examination and trial to that of master, participating in important privileges. He learns as he can, from observation or accident, attempts and invents himself, and seeks employment wherever he can find it. Of love or veneration for his position or calling there is never any question: he has no fixed tariff of the price of his work, but takes what he can get. Of the feeling of duty or honour in the production of a good substantial piece of work he is ignorant; he works only for appearance, only to dispose of his commodity, and his reputation is quite indifferent to him.

If an artisan fails in one handicraft or profession, he adopts another. How often does a man commence as a shoemaker or tailor, then leave his work, and become perhaps a *kalatchi* carrier (running about the streets of St. Petersburg or Moscow with pastry for sale); then, after having made some money, and provided himself with horses and a cart, he turns carrier, and wanders about the whole empire. He enters, too, into small speculations as a hawker, and at last establishes himself in some spot, and if fortune is favourable, becomes perhaps a rich merchant. The career of most of the large merchants and manufacturers, if examined, will be found to correspond with this description.

But even when the Russian has become a rich merchant or manufacturer, he does not therefore grow attached to his position and profession; he regards the latter merely as a means of acquiring wealth. If he has children, he perhaps educates one for his own profession, but solely in order to have a faithful assistant in his business; upon the others he endeavours to bestow an education qualifying them for the military or civil service, and thus giving them hope of acquiring the rank of noble; for the love of money

and distinction are the rocks upon which in Russia every character is shipwrecked. The common man, the peasant, is estimable and good at heart: but as soon as he acquires money, and becomes a speculator or merchant, he is ruined and metamorphosed into an arrant rogue.

The government is aware of the injurious consequences of this fluctuation, and has made various attempts to restrain it within certain limits. It is anxious to form a stable class of citizens, and the law regarding the institution of honorary citizens is a striking proof of this.

The awakened manufacturing activity contributes in some degree to introduce stability into the citizen class. The mere merchant, particularly the Russian one, who possesses the spirit of a chafferer or shop-keeper much more than that of a merchant (and therefore seldom, considering their large number, engages in the foreign trade of the empire, which is generally left to the Germans and English settled in St. Petersburg), can easily shut up his shop when he pleases, and abandon his business. Not so the manufacturer: a manufacturer implies a certain stability; it is almost like a landed estate. There belongs to it a large material and fixed capital in buildings and machinery, and an equally large capital in human physical and mental labour and power; consequently a dissolution of the whole is much more difficult, and always accompanied by great losses. Besides, a far more comprehensive ability, study, and varied education are needed in a manufacturer than in a merchant. The permanence and stability of a manufactory leads the owner to educate his children to his business; in this education solid acquirements are requisite, and these produce in every man a certain love for the occupation to which he devotes them. In this way undoubtedly Russia may cherish the hope that gradually, in the manufacturing class, may spring up a higher class of citizens.

But the real kernel, the lower citizen class, is still wanting. The higher will, in Russia, sooner or later become amalgamated with the nobility; but for the formation of an honourable and numerous lower class of citizens, there is at present no hope. The people who represent it—artisans, shopkeepers, and small traders—are utterly demoralised.

To attempt to raise these classes out of this demoralisation by means of strict guild regulations I consider impracticable; because, as I have observed, the corporate spirit of guilds is altogether foreign to the Russian national character. Example, emulation, and competition have done most for these classes. In almost all the larger towns are German workmen; and when a Russian wishes particularly to praise and recommend any article, he says it is German work; consequently competition and example occasionally lead to imitation, and the Russian artisan begins to work in a substantial manner and to charge honest prices.

Unfortunately it has lately been the subject of remark, that the newly arrived German workmen have not maintained their old reputation for solid and honourable dealings, but many of them have become fond of puffing and not to be depended upon.

The original Russian form for the production of mechanical products is the trading commune organised as a manufactory. Entire villages and districts, or rather the whole of their inhabitants, carry on one

and the same trade. There are villages which produce only boots, others only tables and chairs, others earthenware, &c. One or several families form a manufactory, dividing the work among them, and having their warehouses and shops in the large cities and market-towns. This kind of industry is found all over the empire, and is genuinely Russian. The Russians are in general excellent workmen when united in manufactories, but singly bad artisans; they are fond of workmen's associations, but not of workmen's corporations.

There is no lower class in Moscow, such as is found in German towns, for instance in Berlin, living in garrets and cellars. Cellars I have never seen in Moscow; and there are few if any hired garrets. Formerly there was no rabble in Moscow, and even now this forms but a very small proportion of the population. There were in former times only two lower classes: either they belong to the peasantry and to some commune, and had always a right to the possession of a portion of land, or they were bondmen, and belonged to some proprietor, who was obliged to provide food, lodging, and clothing for them. People without a home, land, or a proprietor to provide for them, people in general *vis à vis du rien*, were unknown.

Enlistment in the army is one of the means by which freedom is attained in Russia; the serf who becomes a soldier is thereby freed from his master. When discharged he is an entirely free man, but it is only the freedom of the bird in the air. Formerly the soldier abandoned every other relation in life, and this for ever. The number of soldiers who remained after the twenty-five years' service, and again returned into civil life, was very small; they seldom formed new family relations, but lived and died isolated and alone, and could not be considered as the germ or foundation of a future proletariat. The Emperor Nicholas abridged the time of service, and even introduced a system of furlough for a series of years, which gives the soldier back to civil life, without his former connections with his commune, his family, or his master being resumed. It is a dangerous experiment, and exhibits in Russia for the first time the germs of a rabble, of a future proletariat.

In Moscow the whole population of the lower classes, or perhaps nine-tenths, appear in the national dress. Singular and occasionally very characteristic figures are seen among them; there are also some particular employments which have given peculiar manners and customs to certain classes. Among these that of the *dvornik* is one of the most characteristic figures—he occupies the place of house-servant and door-porter. The *dvornik* lives summer and winter in the court and entrance hall, under the gateway or in the street: the latter he is bound to keep in a respectable state of cleanliness; if he neglects this, let him beware, for his good cousin the *budoshnik* understands no jesting. Morning and evening he is seen, armed with his broom, indefatigably at work, cleaning the *trilichers* or the interior of the courtyard, of which he is absolute ruler, and from which (*door*, court) he has derived his name. Charged by the proprietor with the superintendence of the house and premises, he acts as agent between him and the lodgers, whose *fuctum* he is.

The first cousin of the *dvornik* is the *budoshnik*, the lowest servant of the police: he is the superintendent

of the street, as the dvornik is that of the court. At the corner of all the principal streets is a log-hut, the abode of the budoshnik. It is his duty to see that no disorder takes place, and that the street is kept clean: he has to observe everything, and to know who lives in each house—to him you may always apply for information.

A thoroughly characteristic figure in all Russian towns, but particularly in Moscow, is the *isvoshtchik* (the droshky-driver). The great Russian is born a driver; riding is properly not his *metier*; the common man (Cossacks excepted) is seldom seen on horseback, but in the art of driving he surpasses all other nations. The flower and crown of Russian drivers however is the *isvoshtchik*. A more amiable, civil, cunning, and

dexterous rascal there is not in the wide world. His first instruction he receives as postillion to the equipage of some nobleman; here the boy of ten or twelve years is seen the whole day, and in the season also the greater part of the night, sitting upon one of the leaders; he eats and drinks, plays and sleeps upon it, in short he is properly one with his horse. When seventeen or eighteen years old, he is advanced either to be coachman on the box, or becomes an *isvoshtchik*;—at first on hire, with some one richer than himself, until he has saved or made by his speculations sufficient to procure a horse and droshky, and in winter a sledge, for himself. Thenceforward he lives on a narrow seat in front of his droshky or sledge.

In Moscow and St. Petersburg there are night as



PUBLIC BATHS.

well as day droshkies, which drive about the streets the whole night from ten till five o'clock. Generally two *isvoshtchiks* unite in partnership; they have together three horses, and manage so that each horse has always in turn one day of rest. About five o'clock in the morning the night droshkymen drive into the courtyard of certain *kabaks* (inns); here are also the day *isvoshtchiks*, who then get out of bed, and they drink their tea together, their only warm food during the day. From five to seven o'clock scarcely a single droshky is to be seen in the streets. In good-breeding, patience, and civility, the *isvoshtchik* surpasses every other class of the people. When a well-dressed man, walking in the street, merely looks round, he is sure to see half a dozen droshky-drivers drive up to him, offer-

ing their services in the politest manner; there is the greatest emulation between them, but none of them ever abuses another, or a successful rival; they never touch or drive against each other, nor injure anything. The public carriages in St. Petersburg and Moscow are excellently and carefully superintended by the police: unrelenting severity is exercised; the driver or *isvoshtchik* who kills or even injures anybody by driving over him, or who injures another carriage, is immediately arrested; and in the first case he is irrecoverably delivered up to be made a soldier; in the other case he receives corporal punishment; his horse, however, he always loses; it is given up to the police, who send it to the depot of the fire-brigade.

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VIEW OF DETROIT



# FROM BEYRUT TO THE CEDARS OF LEBANON, WITH A FURTHER VISIT TO THE CEDARS IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER.

## I.

BEYROUT, THE PORT OF SYRIA—THE BEROETHAI OR BA'AL BEROETH OF THE HEBREWS AND BERYTUS OF THE ROMANS—HISTORICAL AND PRESENT CONDITION OF THE TOWN AND PORT—LEGEND OF ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON—THE DOU-KIVER AND ITS SCULPTURES—LAZARIST CONVENT AT ANTURA—MARONITE CHIEF AND HIS FAMILY.

BEYRUT or Beyrouth, as it is variously written, but pronounced as Bayrut, that is to say Bay as in bay-tree, and rût as in our word root, is a port and

city of great antiquity. Stephanus goes so far as to say that it was built by Chronus or Saturn. Strabo speaks of the same place which Scylax designates as Berytus, a city with a port, as overturned by Tryphon, but restored by the Romans, and garrisoned by two legions under Agrippa. Pliny says, the colony of Berytus, which is called "Felix Julia." It is also so designated on coins of Augustus Cæsar, and of Trajan, COL IVL AVG FEL BER.

The city was celebrated in olden times for its



KANUSIN, THE MARONITE PATRIARCHATE.

schools. Eusebius and Socrates in his Ecclesiastical History, both attest to this fact, and the poets commemorate it as a pleasant quiet city wherein to dwell. Thus, one calls it "Berytus the nurse of a quiet life" (*Nonnus Dionysius*, xli. v. 364). Another speaks of it as being in a most pleasant place (*Periegæta*, v. 911). And a third speaks of Tyre as opulent, but of Berytus as most agreeable (*Festus Avienus*, v. 1070).

Beirut, as Dr. Robinson spells it, is the ancient

Berytus of the Greeks and Romans, and perhaps also the Berothai or Berothah of the Hebrew scriptures. The notices, however, respecting the latter are so very indefinite, that the name alone suggests an identity.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Beirut seems, in all probability, to be the same as the Berothah or Ba'al Beroth of the Phœnicians (*Benjamin of Tudela*, vol. i. p. 61), whose site, like that of the neighbouring Byblus, is supposed to be coeval with the first settlement of the country by Cronus or Ham.—(*Cory's Ancient Fragments*, p. 15.)

As Berytus, it is mentioned by the Greek and Latin geographers. Under Augustus it became a Roman colony by the name of Felix Julia; and was afterwards endowed with the rights of an Italian city. It was at Berytus, that Herod the Great procured the flagitious mock-trial to be held over his two sons. The elder Agrippa greatly favoured the city, and adorned it with a splendid theatre and amphitheatre, besides baths and porticoes; inaugurating them with games and spectacles of every kind, including shows of gladiators. Here, too, after the destruction of Jerusalem, Titus celebrated the birthday of his father Vespasian, by the exhibition of similar spectacles, in which many of the captive Jews perished.

In the next succeeding centuries, Berytus became renowned as a school of Greek learning, particularly of law; and was visited by scholars from a distance, like Athens and Alexandria. Eusebius relates, that the martyr Apollinaris resided here for a time to pursue Greek secular learning; and the celebrated Gregory Thaumaturgus, about the middle of the third century, after having frequented the schools of Alexandria and Athens, repaired to Berytus, to perfect himself in the civil law. It was early likewise made a Christian bishopric, under the jurisdiction of the patriarch of Antioch; and is mentioned by Jerome, as one of the places visited by Paula.

Under the reign of Justinian, in the sixth century, Berytus was regarded as the most beautiful city of Phenicia; its academy continued to flourish, and was visited by many young men of wealth and rank, who pursued here the study of the Roman law in its Greek form. Under the same reign Berytus was laid in ruins by an earthquake, and the school removed for a time to Sidon. In a later and more legend-loving age, in the eighth century, Berytus became the reputed seat of the noted miracle, according to which, when an image of Christ was once mocked and crucified by the Jews in scorn, and the side pierced with a spear, there issued from it blood and water in great quantity.

The Crusaders, in their first progress along the coast from Antioch to Jerusalem in A.D. 1099, passed by Beyrut, as they did other cities, without any attempt to get possession of it; indeed its commander is related to have furnished to them supplies of provisions and money, on condition that they would spare the harvest, the vineyards, and the trees around the city. The place was not captured until A.D. 1110, when King Baldwin I. took it, after a protracted siege of seventy-five days. It remained long in the hands of the Christians; and is described as surrounded by a strong wall, and as lying in the midst of orchards, and groves, and vineyards. Beyrut was made a Latin bishopric, under the archbishop of Tyre, and the patriarch of Jerusalem. In A.D. 1182, Saladin besieged the town by sea and land, and made violent efforts to take it by storm; but withdrew on the approach of the Christian forces from Sephoris, after laying waste the adjacent orchards and vineyards. Five years later, immediately after the battle of Hattin, Beyrut surrendered to him on the eighth day after it was invested.

To the new host of crusaders, chiefly from Germany, who reached the Holy Land in A.D. 1197, the possession of Beyrut became an object of importance. It was now a seat of trade; it occupied a favourable position; and the Saracen galleys which harboured in and near its port committed great ravages upon the

Christian commerce, capturing and making slaves of thousands of pilgrims as they approached the Syrian coasts. The Christian army marched from Tyre upon this enterprise; and after a general battle with the Saracen forces, near Sidon, appeared before Beyrut. They found the gates open; for on the preceding day, the Christian slaves within the walls had risen upon the Saracens, and delivered the city over to the Christian fleet. It was now given up to Amalric, as king of Cyprus and Jerusalem, and re-annexed to the latter kingdom.

In the later strife between the Emperor Frederick II. and the Regent John of Ibelin, Beyrut was seized and occupied for a time, in A.D. 1231, by the imperial forces; but was again abandoned without taking the citadel. The city remained in possession of the Christians, until the final and terrible overthrow of the Frank dominion in Syria, in A.D. 1291, in the siege and storm of Akko. After the abandonment of Tyre and Sidon by the Christians, the troops of the Sultan Ashraf approached Beyrut. The Emir in command announced to the inhabitants that the former truce, which they had not broken, should be continued to them; and, at the same time, summoned them to come out and meet him with confidence, as he drew near. They went forth accordingly in procession, to receive him on their borders; but, false to his word, he caused them to be seized and put to death or thrown into chains, took possession of the city and castle, and laid them both in ruins.

In the next following period, Beyrut, like Saida, appears to have recovered from its desolation, and continued to be a trading city. Abulfeda describes it as surrounded by a rich soil and gardens, and as the port of Damascus. So, too, adh-Dhahiry, in the fifteenth century. Frank travellers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries speak of the beauty of its environs, full of fruits and gardens of all kinds; among which, however, the mulberry already predominated; the culture of silk being, even then, the chief occupation of the inhabitants. Like Saida, this city also revived somewhat in the beginning of the seventeenth century, from the activity of Fakhr-od-Din, who made it one of his chief places of residence, and erected here an extensive palace; although he filled up the port. According to D'Arvieux, Beyrut, in his day, was twice as large as Saida, and much better built; though the chief centre of European trade, during that and the eighteenth century, remained at Saida. Caravans from Aleppo, Damascus, and Egypt, regularly arrived at Beyrut; especially at the season when the silk of each year came into market.

Within the present century, and indeed within the last twenty years, Beyrut has received a new impulse, from having been made the centre of European trade for this part of the coast, and as the port of Damascus. Before that time, one or two consular agents were the sole representatives of the West. At present, there are resident consuls from most of the European powers, and also one from the American States; trade has flourished and been extended by the establishment of mercantile houses, some of which have branches in Damascus; and the activity, the population, and the importance of the city have been greatly increased. This circumstance, and the facilities of communication with the interior and other parts of the country, have caused Beyrut to be selected as the

chief seat of the American Mission in Syria; which, in its schools, and by its press, as well as by direct effort, has prospered not only in proportion to its means, but to an extent far beyond what its limited means would have authorized us to expect.<sup>1</sup>

The town is situated on a kind of shoulder, sloping towards the shore (see p. 539), from the north north-western side of a triangular point which runs more than two miles into the sea. It contains upwards of 3000 houses, all of stone, well built, and generally lofty; and some of the best display the consular flags of different nations. The bazaar is adequately supplied for the wants of the Maronites, Muslims, and other inhabitants, who number nearly 15,000 souls. The streets are narrow, only moderately clean, and usually have in the centre a deep channel of flowing water.

The place is inclosed on the land side by a substantial wall, flanked by large square towers; besides which, three were constructed as an additional means of defence in advance of the works, by the Emir Fakhr-ed-din. On some rocks at the north-western extremity of the town are two castellated buildings to defend the harbour or, more properly, the anchorage, which is exposed to the west and north-west winds. The innermost castle is connected with the town by means of a causeway, resting upon arches of unequal size, partly constructed with ancient columns and hewn stones, and through which the sea passes.

Beyond the southern extremity of the town there is a basin capable of containing four or five small vessels, and in its neighbourhood are some cisterns excavated in the rock. There are also some portions of mosaic pavements and other remains probably belonging to old Berytus, if not even to the Phœnician Beeroth or Berothah.

A rich belt of mulberry and date gardens, inclosed by hedges or walls, and studded with country houses, surrounds the town; beyond which the extensive fir plantation of Fakhr-ed-din forms part of the striking landscape presented by the slopes of Lebanon. Common report, it is to be observed, ascribes the planting of this grove, also called Hursh Beyrut, to Fakhr-ed-din, but Idrisi describes the same city as having in the twelfth century a large forest of pines in the south extending quite to Mount Lebanon. No doubt a remnant of the great forests of antiquity.

Beyrut was much injured by the bombardment it sustained from the English and Austrian fleet in 1840, when the allies wrested Syria from the Egyptians to restore it to Turkish rule. The Turks have left the castle of the port still lying in its demolished state. They probably think, that as the allies tumbled it down they ought to build it up again. Europeans, Frenchmen especially, begin now to flock to Beyrut as settlers in great numbers. They are attracted by the silk trade, which is a very advantageous one.

Our start from Beyrut, for Kesruwan and the country of the Maronites, lay along a dusty sandy road, between cactus hedges and small native houses, and among men, camels, horses, and asses, till crossing the Nahr Beyrut (the Magoras of Strabo and Pliny), the passage of which is effected by an old Roman bridge recently repaired, we got upon the sandy beach, at the extremity of which was the rocky promontory which advances into the sea south of the Nahr al Kelb

—the Lycus or Dog river—and which is so remarkable for its faded sculptures and inscriptions. The principal figures, resembling those on the Nineveh marbles, are cut in low relief, presenting the left side to the spectator. The right hand of one is held up, with something in it; the arm bent at right angles; the left arm is across the body; on the head is a conical cap; the beard long and in formal curls; a long tunic descends to the feet, which are not seen, or if sculptured, they are not distinguishable on account of the weatherworn state of the stone. An inscription in cuneiform characters covers all the stone, from the waist of the figures downwards; but it is so nearly obliterated from the same cause, that we could with great difficulty copy a few of the characters behind one of them. This, however, is of no importance, as excellent casts have been taken by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Bonomi. They are deposited in the British Museum.

We found the figures cut in three places in the rock, in slightly excavated niches, with circular heads and round mouldings. By the side of two of these is a tablet larger than the niche, with a sort of Doric entablature. At first nothing was visible on it but the marks of the tooth of time. After having attentively considered it for some time, each was found to have two small figures of Egyptian character; one making an offering to the other, as with the Egyptian Pharaohs, to their gods. On one of the tablets the king has his legs stretched out, as in quick motion; and the arms like those on the pyramids at Edfu, Philæ, &c. The four figures are incised like those of Egyptian monuments. When seen from a distance we fancied that the greater part of these tablets were covered with inscriptions, but on approaching all was lost in the "honey-combed" marks of age. When the rays of the sun fall at a certain angle, they may be detected, if any exist.

The Latin inscriptions are given, it is to be noticed, by Maundrell and Burckhardt. The Egyptian sculptures are supposed to be a monument of the renowned conqueror Sesostris. Mr. Sharpe, in his *History of Egypt*, p. 45, says, "Rameses II. (Sesostris) left monuments behind him in the countries which he conquered, and one of these still remains in Syria, near Beyrut. The Nahr Beyrut, or Magoras, it is also to be observed, is the traditional site of the combat of St. George and the Dragon. All these chivalrous stories of dragon combats have their origin, it seems probable, in the existence in older times of crocodiles in the rivers of Syria and of the Mediterranean; the remains of such have not only been found in the rivers of Syria, but as high up as Paris in the Seine. The legend in question particularly attracted the attention of the Crusaders, and is noticed by their historians."

Descending from these ancient sculptures—which which no doubt are records of deeds which in their day filled the world with admiration, or dismay and misery—there is a very fine view, looking up the River Nahr al Kelb, flowing through a narrow ravine from the lofty Lebanon mountains, which are seen in the background. In the middle distance the river is spanned by a good bridge of one large arch and two small ones, built by Fakhr-ed-Din. In the foreground the rocky and rugged road was made more picturesque by a party

<sup>1</sup> *Biblical Researches in Palestine, Mount Sinai, and Arabia Petraea*, &c., by Ed. Robinson, D.D. &c., vol. III. p. 441. *et seq.*

<sup>2</sup> A church commemorative of the legend is said to have been erected in modern times in the same neighbourhood.

of ten Hawara, or irregular soldiers, armed in various ways, with muskets, pistols, or long lances. Altogether I never saw a subject in nature more truly in the style of *Salvator Rosa*. The soldiers having been disbanded, were seeking service; and from their appearance, and the furtive glances which they cast on us, it would not perhaps be doing them much injustice if we had suspected them of wicked thoughts in reference to our wallets. They seemed just as likely to enlist for subverters as for supporters of order. We had to ford the river, which was rapid, and at one time I made up my mind for a ducking.

Soon after noon we left the sea coast, and turned eastward towards the mountains. Several hills before us were picturesquely crowned with convents; especially one seated on a precipice overlooking a deep ravine and river where the Patriarch of the Maronites resides during the winter season. This convent was rendered famous by the atrocious imposture of Hindia, a pretended saint, who gained many proselytes before her abominable practices were detected.

At 1.30 we passed through the village of Zuk, where the greater part of the beautiful embroidery sold at Beyrut is made. After this we fairly entered upon the Lebanon mountains, by the best route, at this part, through which they can be penetrated. Before losing sight of the sea, we had an extraordinary view of the western face of the mountain range in long profile, extending as far as the eye could reach, having a uniform outline descending rapidly to the sea.

At Antara (Pococke calls it Ontua) we visited a handsome Latin convent, which had been rebuilt by the liberality of a French bishop. Attached to it is a college of Lazarists, much frequented by Maronite youths of this district. (See page 558.) We rode along a precipitous ridge commanding a fine view of the deep and fertile valley of the Nahr el Kelb, with the village of Bekfaiah on the heights above it. A part of the ridge is sandstone, on which is a small patch of pine-trees.

We met the sheikh of the village of Ajaltun (Ajaltun, according to Pococke), surrounded by attendants. He was very well dressed, and bore the evident stamp of a well-bred man in the courteous manner of his salute, and the apparent sincerity with which he prayed us to alight at his house. As he was going down the mountain, we thanked him without feeling the necessity of making the ungracious return of refusing his hospitality; which, had he been there to have received us, we should have done, as it is not advisable to accept such offers when one is not prepared with suitable presents, which are generally expected.

We arrived at Ajaltun at 4.45, and pitched our tents on a good sward, and were soon surrounded by the villagers, some of whom were well dressed, especially one who was pre-eminent not only in this, but in person and in manners. His pipe-stem seemed to be rather inconvenient for a peripatetic smoker, being the flexible shoot of a wild rose, freshly cut, and about six feet in length. The son of this gentleman was sent for to interpret the animated speeches and gestures, which we could not understand.

The youth came in great haste, and earnestly entreated us not to sleep in the tent, as the night in these lofty regions would be very cold, but to do his father the honour of accepting his hospitality. We

now felt the consequences of dissimulation in not having frankly accepted or refused the former invitation, and perhaps added to the dilemma by the want of tact in telling our new acquaintance of it. He, however, denied that the first was the chief of the village, asserting that he himself was the prince of all the district. The fact was, the first was the Druse sheikh, and the second the Maronite chief. After many excuses and refusals, and as the first did not make his appearance to assert his prior claim, we reluctantly accepted the proffered kindness, which had all the air of disinterested patriarchal hospitality; and having made arrangements with Yusuf, we followed the prince to his house, which was large, surrounding a court into which all the rooms looked. We were led into a spacious saloon, plastered and whitewashed, with a tinge of yellow. The timbered roof was black with smoke, which, by way of apology, was said to be unavoidable. This truly was manifest, as there was no chimney to carry off the fumes of a charcoal fire burning in a small mud-made fire-place in the middle of the room; round which, close to the walls, were spread mats with mattresses and cushions. We were led to those in the centre, the place of honour. The master of the house having declared that all we saw was our property, seated himself next to us, and beyond him were some other gentlemen, apparently belonging to the family. The unveiled ladies were ranged along the end of the room, and some, the youngest, were very pretty. All had brilliant eyes, and all were vigorously plying the *narguileh* while furtively watching us. (For sketch of Maronite man and woman, see p. 519.) Pipes, sherbet, and coffee, were handed round. Our ride had given us an appetite for more substantial things, which were very long in making their appearance; as a whet, however, which we did not require after the sweet, invigorating draughts of mountain air we had inhaled, raw vegetables, sweetmeats, and fruits were brought in a tray, and placed on a little table just high enough for us to sit at cross-legged. The son did the honours by peeling walnuts, which he stuck in the sweetmeats, and pointed out the proper order in which they were to be eaten. When this table was removed, pipes were again brought, and then began a series of questions, through the young prince, who, having been educated at the Catholic college of Antara, spoke French very tolerably. They were at first personal, as regarding our rank, &c., the rest principally related to the government and constitution of England, about which they were very inquisitive.

The family of our host consists of one son, named Daher, our interpreter, a fine, intelligent youth about seventeen years of age, and two beautiful daughters, about fifteen and twelve. His name is Mansur Ibrahim. He is the head of the family or tribe Kazain, which dates about four hundred years, by firman. It numbers three hundred men, who intermarry with no other tribe, even of noble blood, in order to maintain the honour of their house, which, however, in the opinion of persons of less exclusive ideas, becomes thereby much degenerated, both physically, morally, and especially as to worldly advantages, for many of these proud scions of unquestionable nobility gain their livelihood by menial service in foreign counties. This family formerly possessed all the villages from Juni to the mountains, but much has been sold to peasants, and much has been given to convents.

The land is cultivated at half profit; the landlord

provides implements and pays the tributes, with the exception of the kharatch. Silk and corn only are sent to market, the rest is consumed on the farm, from which but a bare subsistence is derived for both parties. The peasants do nothing in the winter, and but little during the spring and the summer. The lords of the soil do nothing all the year round but smoke, and sometimes hunt or shoot. Improvements of any kind are never thought of, partly from want of capital, but more through absence of energy. Many were the inquiries made of me as to the possibility of raising money in England, but the necessity for providing sufficient security does not enter their heads. They have, however, a mine of wealth in the silkworm, which would be very productive with a little more industry and care in the cultivation.

Daher is very anxious to go to England, but as he is an only son, his father will be unwilling to part with him, and I could not learn that this prince, or emir, although he has so large a territory, would be able to provide funds for a journey of such a duration as might be beneficial. There can be no doubt, however, that it would be a very desirable thing for the sons of great proprietors to travel, in order to see what may be done by the energies of a free people. We had now been several hours talking, and at intervals speculating between ourselves on the probability of having a dinner, for which we yearned. At length it was brought in, at seven o'clock. Before sitting at table, however, the youngest daughter presented each of us with a rose. The ladies having previously supped, had the pleasure of looking on. The male part of the family—that is, Mansur Ibrahim, his two brothers Asadi and Marun, and Daher, drew round the low table, as before, with ourselves; and on this important occasion we were provided with forks; the rest had skewers, with which all plunged into the same dishes. The supper was abundant, though but little to our taste. When we had done eating, Mansur proposed the health of our noble Queen, afterwards that of Colonel Rose. He next did honour to ourselves. After each toast a song on the same subject was improvised. I gave as a toast "The prosperity of the family Kazain;" but had no song for the occasion, and the company seemed disposed to accept an apology with better grace than an attempt would have merited. After these courtesies, we took a decided lead in the manifestation of somniferous tendencies, in which also they concurred, less perhaps from politeness than compulsion, proving that we all felt we had enjoyed as much of each other's company as we could bear for one sitting. We were led by the Emir to a clean room, where good beds with embroidered sheets were laid on the ground. We were not long in accommodating ourselves to them after the fatigues of the ride in the morning, and of the supper in the evening. We slept soundly till the dawn of day.

## II.

THE NOBLE FAMILY OF THE KAZAINS—THE TANTURA, OR HORN—THE BEAUTIFUL OTI—ROCK BRIDGE—THE DEMON'S GLEN—TENTERS OF YERUS—VILLAGE OF METAWALIS—RELICS OF OLD TIMES—FABLES OF ADONIS—THE ASSASSINE—CASTLE AND PORT OF JERAIL, GHAZ OF THE BIELS—CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

THE following day was stormy; and Daher tried to urge us to wait for better weather, as he said it would be very cold in the mountains. There was, however,

some little prospect of its clearing up, and his solicitations were unheeded. This young chief had fallen much in our estimation by the unmistakable proofs that he was speculating on the amount of bakshish we might be disposed to give. I even heard the hated word pronounced, or pass between him and the servant who had done the very little waiting we required. The great and frequent praises which were lavished by all the party on English fowling-pieces, pistols, gunpowder, &c., were as near to a request as could decently be made. Unfortunately, I had but such as were sufficient for my own wants, and powder was so scarce at Beyrut, that I had only been able to purchase a very small quantity, and no shot. I therefore made it convenient to consider these as common-place remarks, in the ordinary course of conversation; and that I could not offer any trifling article, which I might have dispensed with, without running the risk of offending the "honour of the family," in payment for the entertainment we had received. I resolved, however, never again to give up the better cheer and better lodging of the tent for such questionable hospitality; especially when the master should assure me that I was "mistaken in calling it his house; for it was mine and all that belonged to him." Yusuf afterwards said that the inducement for such a pressing and apparently cordial invitation was the hope that we might turn out to be some very great people in disguise, travelling about for no other purpose than to distribute valuable and disproportioned gifts; which accounts for the frequent interrogations we had to answer with respect to our exact rank, and whether we were not princes in our own country.

The dollar which I gave the servant was therefore a great disappointment to the master, if not to the man; for they both went off abruptly on receiving it. I must, however, do Daher the justice to say, that though he did not wait for the moment of departure to say his adieu, he pressed us strongly to return if the weather should prove bad. A few minutes after eight o'clock we proceeded in our journey towards the mountains, contrary to Yusuf's advice, as well as that of our young friend.

The road was very rugged, among isolated rocks, though in *sida*, and showing their stratification, as if the whole country had been torn by prodigious torrents.

"Their rocky summits, split and rent,  
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement;  
Or seem'd fantastically set  
With cupola or minaret."

*Lady of the Lake.*

We had not gone far when Daher's predictions were verified; and, after braving two or three showers, we were obliged to take shelter in a house in the village of Klahart; where, as we had not to yield to pressing offers of hospitality, there was no fear of offending the "honour of the house" by a fair remuneration for what we might require, and where we were received without the suspicion of being princes in disguise.

The house was large, and like the generality in this country, built on the slope of the hill; so that there is only one floor at the back, and two in front; that below being occupied by the cattle, farming implements, &c.

The upper story has in front a large portico or vestibule open to the south, with seven gothic arches on two ranges of pillars, the capital of each having different ornaments. Four rooms open into this portico, and there are others at the end. One room is occupied

by the proprietor, a widow, and her family; the others by servants, and the peasants who cultivate the land, all huddled together in the most higgledy-piggledy style. Yusuf had just secured, by agreement, two of the rooms for us, when a man came in, a cousin of the Kazains, who pressed us, with great importunity, to go to the "better" accommodation of his house; which of course he declared was our property. We resisted all his blandishments; and he seemed resolved to make up for the disappointment on his part, and the disadvantage on ours, by promising to give us the benefit of all his spare time; which was within a very small fraction of the whole of it.

Our new friend was communicative as well as inquisitive. His acquirements in language was limited to a little French, which he had gained at the "college" of Ajaltun; and he was very desirous of adding English, in order that he might obtain a good post with some Englishman; a prince of course, though, to the disgrace of the house of Kazain, he had served in a menial capacity in Constantinople. The fact was, he was ready to accept anything, in the hope of making it a stepping-stone to fortune. An enterprising genius is indeed lost in these mountains, where the chief care is to secure a subsistence.

The lady of the house, a very fat representative of the noble family of Kazain, is one of the few remaining of the Maronite women who preserve the ancient custom of wearing the tantara or horn on the forehead. Her's was the first good specimen we had seen. She promised to allow me to make a sketch of it; but was too fat and lazy to sit up, and it was constantly deferred. It is never taken off even for sleeping. I caught her napping, with the horn propped up in the corner of the window frame, in a very uncomfortable position; but she was obliged to pay thus dearly for her antique vanity.

The horn is about twenty inches in length, and three in diameter at the base; tapering, so as to be much smaller at the upper end. It is made of thin gold, or silver gilt, with filigree ornaments in front and precious stones. It is attached to a pad, or cushion, on the forehead, and secured by a strap round the back of the head.

The discomfort of this custom, which would seem never to have been felt during the thousands of years that it has been in vogue, is now acknowledged, as few young women will submit to it; and in another generation the "horn" will cease to be "exalted."

To console me for the disappointment, the beautiful young Oti, her niece, who was said to be ill in bed, got up from it all "a taunto," that is, dressed, and put on her best attire for me to exercise on her my small amount of skill.

The room was very dark, and blinding with smoke from a fire made with wet wood, which alone would have been a sufficient excuse for failure, with even better talent; but, in addition, the fair Oti was in continual motion, either to put herself in a better attitude, to coquet with her friends, or to watch the progress of the work, interrupting me with directions about the oval of her lovely face, the arch of the eyebrows, and the thinness of her delicate and aristocratic nose. Pointing with her little taper finger to the colour-box, she frequently told me to put plenty of red in her richly coloured cheeks and coral lips, so that there was small blame to her taste for being dissatisfied with my production. I, however, made up for all

deficiencies by telling her that it was not in the power of art to do justice to her beauty. In which, indeed, I was not far wrong; she was a lovely creature of fifteen. My compliment unfortunately made her wish to possess the portrait; which, though more of a libel than a likeness, was useful to me as a memorandum of the costume, as well as something of a reminiscence of a Syrian beauty. I, therefore, was ungallant enough, on both accounts, to resist all her entreaties; but promised a better one for her. When I was off my guard, the cunning little rogue snatched it out of my portfolio; which obliged me to have recourse to gentle force, after a long and amusing search and struggle, to which her aunt and the lookers on instigated me.

I somewhat reconciled her to the loss by pointing to the fact, which she was not willing to deny, that I had not made her cheeks red enough, nor her eyes bright enough; though I might be able to approach a little nearer to her perfections when I had more time and rosy tints to bestow on them. I was sorry, however, to see her pouting her little lips when I made my adieux.

The next morning was cloudy, after a great deal of rain in the night; but showed some symptoms of clearing up. We started at nine o'clock over rocks becoming more rugged as we ascended. The isolated blocks had been worn by the action of the weather to sharp pinnacles, furrowed deeply by floods of rain on their perpendicular sides. In some places a capping, like a table, was left on the apex of the crag. The difficulty of the road increased with the wildness of the mountain scenery. In the neighbouring valley of the Nahr al Kelb, into which we looked from the heights, there are some fine cliffs rising from deep ravines. We descended to the upper part of this wady; and obtained a lodging in the poor village of Fariyat at 1.50, the weather being very threatening. At four o'clock it cleared a little; and taking a guide while Yusuf was preparing our dinner, we crossed the valley, fording a rapid stream, and ascending the opposite mountain, in search of the natural bridge of Jisr al Hajar (or Rock bridge), the principal object of this part of the journey.

The road was very difficult; we had to ford torrents and to surmount two ranges of cliffs. A little snow was in our path. After some toil in scrambling over the rocks, in many places obliged to lead the horses, we came to a stupendous natural arch, forced by the former action of the river through the upper range of cliffs. The torrent is not now visible, as it is excavating for itself another passage through the rocks lower down, where it precipitates itself from the hole thus formed, which the badness of the weather would not permit us to explore. Intense gloom hung about the chasm of the bridge; through which, and through the driving clouds above, occasional peeps were had of the snowy fields of the higher range of mountains. Many fine waterfalls descended from the opposite mountains. All was in harmony with the deep music of nature—the gloom, the storm, and the roaring cataracts. Altogether it was one of the wildest Alpine scenes I had ever beheld. It has, I believe, been rarely visited. We reached our cottage at dusk, having been about an hour in going and the same in returning, with a little time for a hurried and imperfect sketch of this very fine cavern. At six o'clock, thermometer 55°, the aneroid at the village indicated a height of 4803 feet; but as I had no corresponding observations by a



standard barometer, and as the weather was very unsettled, I doubted my little friend the aneroid. However, the reading of the instrument the following morning, with very beautiful weather, differing very little from the observation of last night, makes it probable, that the elevation here given is not far from the truth.

If it had been possible, we should have crossed the mountains at the head of the Wady, to Akura, and then might have been able to reach "The Cedars" on our way this morning; but the rain which yesterday and during the night fell so heavily with us, was a great accession of snow to the higher regions. We therefore were obliged to take a lower road, ascending the range on the right of the Wady. The mukris did not know the way, and stopped to inquire at some cottages in the village Kharajih, where no one was to be found but infants taking care of babies. All the people were at church, and we were obliged to wait till morning mass was over, before we could get put in the right road. At 8.10 we crossed a brow to another valley; then a torrent; and the road passed round the crest of a steep mountain, with snow in many places below us. Many ravines from this take a direction west-north-west with numerous cascades from the upper glaciers or masses of snow. In several places are fine streams gushing out from the rocks. On our turning a shoulder of the mountain, a splendid view burst on us of a very extensive valley, losing itself in the distance in the deep recesses of the Lebanon. All was in broad light, mixing up and rendering the details infinite by the soft blending of the colouring, such as the genius of Turner alone could show on canvas. It is the Wady el Jin, at the upper part of the Wady Nahr Ibrahim, which terminates at the sea near Jebail, and which corresponds to the ancient Adonis. Two ranges, or perpendicular walls of cliff, encircle this fine valley; one crosses it at right angles, cutting off all communication between the upper and lower parts. From the middle of this range a beautiful cascade leaps at least one hundred feet in one sheet. The higher range rests on a softer stratum, and is continually falling and scattering huge fragments of rock far and wide; resembling, in one place, the chace of the valley of Gavarni in the Pyrenees. The rocks are full of fossil shells. At 1.25 we left the broad valley, and turned up a smaller one, communicating with it, on its left.

The road was excessively difficult; the mules could hardly find footing on the steep sides of the hill, and we were frequently obliged to dismount and lead our horses. The mountain became more precipitous at every step; and we could discover no possibility of a passage through this gorge, which seemed to terminate in an amphitheatre of perpendicular rocks from 500 to 800 feet high. Below was a roaring torrent, leaping from crag to crag; but whence it came we could not imagine, so closed was the head of the valley. At last a turn of the road brought us in front of the most beautiful object I ever beheld—the stream emerging from a large cavern at the foot of the perpendicular mountain, forming a succession of beautiful falls over ledges of rocks; and crossed, immediately on its exit, by a picturesque bridge called Nahr Nahr Ibrahim Megara. But before reaching this we passed, on our right, but on the left bank of the stream, the ruins of a building perched on an eminence over-looking the cascade. This building is called Kalah Fakhra, and Porter gives the following account of it.

This is a simple square tower of Roman origin, with massive walls, and a few confined apartments. Over the doorway is an inscription, but so much broken and defaced that I was not able to copy it.

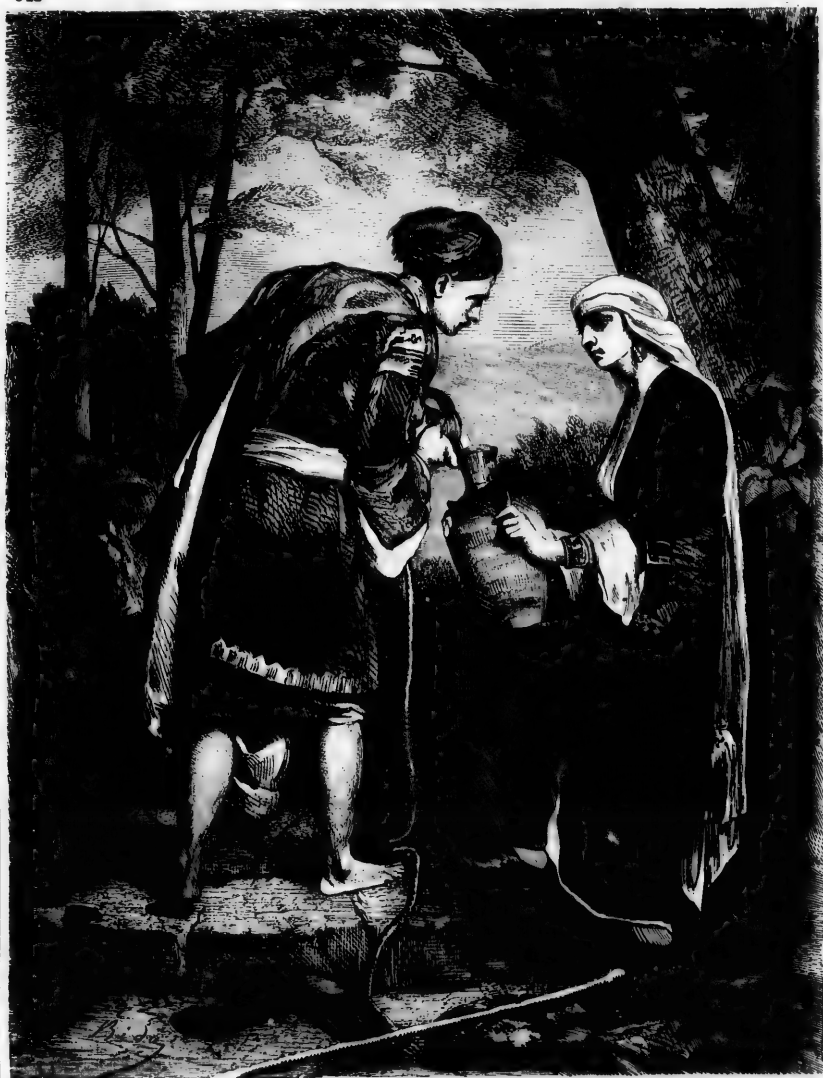
On the same side of the building, near the angle, is another inscription, showing that the building was founded in the year 355, A.D. 43, which was the third year of the reign of the Emperor Claudius. It appears that Richter made out so much of the inscription above the door as to ascertain the name of this emperor.

Five minutes south of this building, down the rocky slope, is another and much more extensive ruin. Here are the traces of a temple with a portico of massive columns, and a large inclosed area in front. The walls are of great thickness, and constructed of large squared blocks, and the columns are four feet in diameter. Near this are the ruins of a bath, fragments of the marble pavement of which, I was informed, still exist beneath the rubbish. In the rocks around are some excavated tombs, and there are likewise the foundations of several other buildings.

This place, though far removed from human habitation, was now alive with groups of men and women; children, too, played around the bases of wild cliffs, and scampered along the miniature meadows that line a little stream. It was the harvest season, and the villagers had for the time deserted their houses to bivouac on the thrashing-floors. Gaily-dressed sheikhs were dashing about from field to field on their fine mares, while the more aged perched on a stone or a rocky ledge, with umbrellas to protect them from the sun's rays. It is the universal custom in Lebanon for a large portion of the inhabitants to spend some weeks on the thrashing-floors during the harvest. In the more exposed districts this is impossible, and there the grain is conveyed to the village as soon as it is reaped. This scene brought vividly before me the simple Bible narrative of Boaz and Ruth; and it showed, also, how little change the lapse of near three thousand years has effected in the habits of the people of this land.

On a nearer approach we found many copious streams gushing from the base of the cliffs in this amphitheatre, and contributing to the grandeur of the principal cascade below the bridge. Passing this, we went up a small valley, with several pretty falls of water. At 3.30 we stopped at the Meisawi village Afka, composed of only a very few wretched hovels. After a careful scrutiny the best house we could secure promised us but very indifferent accommodation, as we had to share the only room with the horses, mules, and other cattle; the man, with his wife and children, having kindly vacated in our favour.

We had ridden eight hours this day, over a very fatiguing road: yet I could not resist the desire to go down again to the beautiful cascade, and returned quite exhausted with fatigue. But in that horrid house there was no possibility of sleep, the odour was so excessively offensive. After tossing about for several hours, I was obliged to remove my bed to the open portico. My companion remained within, undisturbed; though he gave occasional intimations by his heavy breathing, that the perfume made itself palpable even to his dormant senses. The night was fine but cold, and I lay a considerable time looking at the bright stars and the snow-clad mountains before me, till I fell into a profound and refreshing sleep in the pure air; and resolved never again to run the risk of fever by



MARONITE MAN AND WOMAN.

sleeping in such a contaminated atmosphere as that within.

Next morning, at daylight, fine weather, with a north-east wind. Thermometer 58° last evening. The

aneroid gave an elevation for this village of 4,500 feet. The natives were somewhat importunate this morning. They are the most uncivilised people we had met in Syria, and bear a very indifferent character.

The Mutuali, or Metawali, are a different race from those we had hitherto seen in the mountains. They have generally a very round face, short chin, with rather a wild appearance; the children, however, were very pretty.

The whole population of the village was grouped in and around our portico, watching every motion, and inspecting every article they could lay their hands on. Though differing widely from them, they are anxious to be thought good Turks, and followers of Omar; they really are of the sect of Ali.

We proceeded on our journey at 6.40 A.M., up a steep hill, and soon surmounted the higher of the two ranges of cliffs which encircle the valley, and had a delightful ride along the brow, the view losing itself in the vast valley below us. Yusuf recounted an incredible story of the sheikh of one of the neighbouring villages, who, to escape from the wrath of Ibrahim Pasha, leaped over the precipice without being hurt; but his poor horse was killed in saving his master.

The trees were here but just bursting into leaf, though we had left the mulberry in full foliage at Beyrut; while, higher up in the mountains, the bud is only appearing.

At 8.10 we reached the head of the valley, where we had to admire a natural phenomenon, similar to that of yesterday; namely, a river bursting through a cavern at the base of the perpendicular mountain, with the difference, that a bridge near it is also the work of nature. The volume of water that comes from the rock is very great. Half-way up the face of the cliff we observed a belt, or long horizontal stripe of brilliant pink colouring, which at first was difficult to be accounted for. It proved to be the blossom of wild almond trees, which have here found a congenial soil.

At nine we crossed the rapid river or torrent Jinne, by coming through a gorge in the perpendicular and rocky descent from a higher valley.

The mountains were still clad with snow, so turning at this point to the westward, we followed the right bank of the Jinneh, or Juneh. The scenery in this part is the grandest and most beautiful we had seen in the Lebanon.

At eleven o'clock we came by accident on the ruins of a small temple of ancient architecture, probably Roman. The walls are very well built of good squared blocks of limestone; what now remains is perhaps about two-thirds of the original height, but without any vestiges of entablature. The length of the building is about forty-two feet, and its breadth nineteen. It is square at the west end, with an apsis at the east; which, from the inferiority and looseness of the construction, may have been a recent addition, on its adaptation to Christian purposes. The lower parts of two columns are standing inside the building, but there are no capitals to identify the order to which they belonged. Two opposite doors in the north and south sides have lintels and consoles of good workmanship.

Outside of the south door, and attached to it, is a pointed arched vault, as a porch; most likely also of recent addition. At ten yards distance are the ruins of a large church of three aisles. Two crosses were in the walls, but no inscriptions were found. Beyond these we saw another square building of small dimensions. These all possibly belonged to some monastic establishments. Great heaps of stones were lying about, marking the sites of other buildings, now utterly ruined.

In the temple some recent attempt had been made to discover treasure, which the Arabs always believe to be buried in ancient buildings. A priest, accompanied by a party of gold-seeking Christians, had made excavations without success, and unfortunately they turned up nothing of interest to the antiquary, in objects of art, or inscriptions, that might have given some clue to the origin and purposes of the building. It seems next to a certainty that a town must have existed in this neighbourhood; being the centre almost of a wide and very fertile valley, though now deserted and overrun with brushwood; a peasant said that a town formerly stood here, which he called Noah. In the forests among these mountains the beautiful Adonis lost his life while hunting. The valley is a basin inclosed in the mountains, about ten miles in length, and four or five in breadth, with a fine little river flowing through it. It contracts at the lower end to a very narrow gorge with precipitous sides, through which the river anciently forced a passage, and drained the basin of what was previously, in all probability, a lake.

Porter thus describes the sublime glen of the Nahr Ibrahim. I here stood on the summit of a ridge whose side sunk down at my feet in a series of gigantic natural terraces, faced with rugged cliffs, to the brow of the Wady Ibrahim: and there a sheer precipice of naked rock formed the side of a ravine that seemed to open the vast mountain to its base. On the opposite side rose a similar but still loftier precipice, over which towered, almost perpendicularly, a mountain peak, its sides partially clothed with the dark foliage of the dwarf oak. Tall needle-like rocks of white limestone shoot up here and there from its sides and summit, giving it an alpine wildness and grandeur. A fleecy cloud of milky whiteness hovered round it, bringing out in bolder relief the jagged top, and rendering still more gloomy, by the contrast, the profound glen beneath. The whole was more like a scene from *Manfred* than a living reality.

A wild Bedawy, who appeared mysteriously from among the rocks, guided us to the lost road. After passing through the little encampment of his tribe, we reached the fine spring of Neba el-Hadid. Having drunk of its ice-cold waters, we continued our course along the shelving mountain-side—the sublime glen of the Nahr Ibrahim, the ancient Adonis, far below on our left, and the loftiest summits of Lebanon rising up on our right. The path was in most places a mere goat-track, and the stones loosened by the horses' feet rolled and leaped down the declivity till lost in the far distance. In a little over an hour from Neba el-Hadid we reached the brow of a long descent, passing down which we arrived at Afka. The muleteers were waiting beneath the ruins of the old temple. The tent was soon pitched in the ravine below, overshadowed by the fragrant foliage of a large walnut. Beside it the foaming torrent leaped from rock to rock, diffusing an agreeable coolness and freshness through the air, notwithstanding the bright beams of the evening sun.

This is a spot of singular wildness and beauty. A semicircular wall of naked rock, nearly a thousand feet high, shuts in the deep glen on the east. From a dark cave at its foot bursts forth a noble stream, which almost immediately falls in sheets of foam over several ledges of rock, and then rushes like a mania through confused heaps of huge boulders to the profound and unseen depths below. Groves of pine and oak trees,

intermixed with the walnut and the mulberry, overshadow the boiling waters and clothe the rugged banks of the ravine. On a little mound beside the waterfall once stood the temple of Venus, now a confused mass of ruins. Hewn stones and shattered columns cover its summit and sides, while many others have rolled down to the bed of the river, and are washed by its waters. This is the fountain of the River Adonis.

There can be no doubt that this is the Apheca, celebrated in ancient times for its Temple of Venus, where the fairest daughters of Syria assembled to pay their vows to the goddess of Love. It is also the scene of the romantic tale of Venus and Adonis; and the river was in former days believed to be reddened at certain seasons by the blood of the shepherd hunter who was killed on its banks.

The little village of Afka stands a few hundred yards from the fountain, on the side of the ravine. Its inhabitants, who are all Metawali, have a bad name, and the appearance and manners of such as I saw tended to corroborate the common rumours. They present a marked contrast in their spare figures, restless fierce eyes, and abrupt address, to the staid dignity and noble bearing of their Christian neighbours. They are idle and unsettled in their habits, and are noted thieves.

To the south of Jebail the Wady Ibrahim joins the sea; into which a "fair large river" discharges the water collected by the valley; which at certain seasons of the year, is of a blood-red colour, believed by the ancients to be caused by sympathy for the death of Adonis. Maundrell witnessed the phenomenon, and says that it is occasioned by a kind of minium, or red earth, "and not by any stain from Adonis' blood."

After leaving the ruins we ascended the hills on the right, and arrived at one o'clock at the village of Kartaba, situated in the midst of fertility; of which it shows the proofs in a large convent, and in the well-built houses of the peasants. The view from this elevated spot is very fine.

We found here our muleteers, whom we had sent on while we remained at the ruins. They proposed stopping at the convent for the night, which seemed preposterous after having made so short a day's march; and we therefore insisted on going further, not crediting their assertions that, at the next village, which was very far, no lodging could be procured for ourselves nor corn for the beasts.

Our wish was to have followed the wady to its termination at the sea; but we were assured that the ravine, at which it contracts, has only sufficient breadth for the torrent El Jinneh, dashing and foaming over a rocky bed the whole way, with walls perpendicular on either side, many hundred feet in height. There was no alternative but to cross over to the next valley by the most difficult and fatiguing ascent we have yet had, up the mountain-ridge on the right or north side of the Wady Ibrahim; winding up a path so steep, that the poor mules could scarce raise themselves with their loads, and sometimes they were wedged between two rocks, or stopped by the overhanging branches of trees. It seemed rather surprising that they could get on at all, but they were good animals; one was the largest and most powerful mule I had seen. We were obliged to dismount, and lead our horses the greater part of the ascent.

The mountain was well covered with trees; but the beauty of the evergreen oaks was destroyed by the

practice of stripping off their leaves in the winter for the goats, and lopping the branches for fuel.

In an hour-and-a-half we reached, as we had hoped, the summit of the pass called the Wady el Jin, or the Valley of the Evil Spirit; and descending on the other side of the ridge half-an-hour brought us at three P.M., to the small village of Balhais; where, as predicted by the mukri, nothing was to be had, and there was no suitable place for pitching the tent. At length, after much entreaty and offers of payment, an old man with great complacency led us to a small room, with mud floor and walls, and the roof blackened with smoke. However, we were the sole occupants; and not having to share it with our quadruped companions, there was chance of having a better night than at the dirty village of the Metawali. Our poor beasts fared badly, having scanty food after their very toilsome journey. Although the old man had assumed all the merit of lodging us, it was a woman who took pity on the strangers. The aneroid stood at 25° 35', giving the elevation of the village at 4296 feet above the sea.

We started the next day at 7.15, and passing round the head of the little valley Wady el Miyat, and up another rugged ascent of an hour, the Wady Ibrahim again appeared on our left far below. At 9.15 we reached the real summit of the pass, and crossed it to a fine wide valley opening to the sea. At 10.15 we forded a stream in the middle of the valley, with a picturesque mill and waterfall. Three men, a Turk, a Metawali, and a Christian, looked on with astonishment while we made our breakfast on the bank of the pretty rivulet.

Another long ascent brought us to the shoulder of a mountain; from whence we had a pretty view of the town of Jebail, where we arrived at 2.35. The beasts, especially the strong mule, were very tired, and unable to go further; his foot was much swollen. The little horse which I rode was a wonder. I thought on leaving Beirut that he would have broken down after the first day's journey, and I was very much dissatisfied with Yusuf for having made so bad a bargain. However, the gallant little roan carried me over the most rugged paths without ever making a false step or trip. They all well deserved a rest; therefore, although so early in the day, we made a halt, and pitched the tent in a large cemetery, the favourite lounge of the people of the town. Many groups were seated on carpets, or on the grass in various parts. Some, among them the governor with a number of officials, were discussing public business in the intervals of smoking; at least so we had a right to presume. Others were in the simple performance of kaif, or gossiping, or nothing. Some women were seated at a tombstone; the freshness of which, and the newly-watered flowers, might induce the belief that the period of grief had not passed away: while others, before some more weather-worn stone, and rank plants, appeared to be there more from custom than feeling; but their veiled faces did not permit or sanction a surmise either way. Horses were picketed in all directions in the now rich herbage. Groups of lookers-on, boys and beggars, varied the general aspect of the scene. In the background was the picturesque castle of Jebail.

We strolled through the town and bazaar. As there is a large proportion of Christians, we, as Giaours, passed not only without insult, but the people were remarkably civil; which was rather surprising in a place but little visited by strangers.

This is the ancient Gebal of the Bible (Ezek. xxvii.

9); the town of the stone-squarers, who assisted at the building of Solomon's Temple.

The ruined castle is interesting, as showing the architecture of many periods. In the greater part of the outer wall, and in the keep, that is to say, for about two-thirds of the height, the original structure remains; and is of bevelled stones, like those of Baalbec and Jerusalem. The largest were from fifteen to eighteen feet in length, and five or six feet in thickness. All this part has the appearance of great antiquity; and though we can hardly suppose it to be so old as the buildings which the stones resemble, they may represent the skill of the ancient Gibeites—those “famous workers in stone.” In the most, at the corner of the lowest course, and consequently the most ancient part, there is a stone not bevelled, and having from above the appearance of a portion of entablature: which would go to prove that, however old this part may be, it has in its substructure portions of an earlier building. The upper third of the keep is of the time of the Crusaders, and a more recent Turkish style. In a crypt, or the lowest apartment in the keep, are some large blocks; but the small stones of the pointed vaulting would appear to be recent, except that they are built in with the original wall. In the gateway were found some curious characters, on different stones, and not consecutive.

The small, but very well sheltered port was formed by a good pier seaward, having a tower, possibly a fanal, or lighthouse, at the extremity. It is now nearly filled with ruins and sand. Many gray granite columns are lying on the shore and in the water. It now has shelter for boats only. The view from this, with the castle and the Lebanon mountains in the background, is very fine. When I sat down to sketch it, a Turk, doubtless the captain of the port, called out to me several times from his little house on the sea-wall; but whether to desist or not I could not imagine, either from his words or gestures. So I thought it better not to attempt to understand them; but to consider them intended for some other delinquent. Whereupon he came down; and I found I had done the poor man great injustice. In fact, he was a connoisseur, a man of taste; and was evidently flattered by the honour I was doing his charge, by carrying off a delineation of it for the *Ingles* (English).

He endeavoured to convince me that I should have a better view from his guard-house, where he could accommodate me with a chair, a table, and a pipe. I however preferred my own selection. He watched the development of the sketch with interest; and was much amused, as were also some pretty young girls, when other persons, who had been looking over me, duly figured in it, as they reached a proper position for the foreground or middle distance.

This little harbour could be cleared out very easily; and would be of immense value to the coasting trade, which is very insignificant now, it is true, but would increase as land traffic does by the construction of roads.

The mules with the baggage were sent on as soon as they could be got ready, for they still felt the effects of the fatiguing journey of yesterday. This gave us time to wander about the picturesque town, and also to examine a church in the suburb, which was said to be very beautiful, and supposed by Pococke to be of the fourth or fifth century. It did not justify such description. There is nothing to be admired in the interior. The shafts of the three-quarter columns are

built of several stones; the capitals are of very rude and debased style. The windows on the outside show some similarity to the Norman style of architecture; which may also be said of a sort of vestibule by the side of the entrance, that may have been a chapel or a small chapter-house. The mouldings of the arches have ornaments like the “zigzag and billet.” One arch was peculiar, being ornamented with what might be called the hook moulding, being like the backs of books on a shelf. There are some of the same kind in ruined buildings of the Crusaders at Jerusalem. This church so little answered to the description given of it by Pococke, that it is possible it may not be the same that he described, although our guide said it was the principal Christian edifice in the town.<sup>1</sup>

“In this vicinity,” wrote Benjamin of Tudela, “reside the people called Assassins, who do not believe in the tenets of Mohammedanism, but in those of one whom they consider like unto the Prophet Kharumath.” They fulfil whatever he commands them, whether it be a matter of life or death. He goes by the name of Sheikh-al-Hashibin, or their old man, by whose commands all the acts of these mountaineers are regulated. His residence is in the city of Kadmus, the Kedemoth of Scripture, in the Land of Siches. The Assassins are faithful to one another by the commands of their old man, and make themselves the dread of everyone, because their devotion leads them gladly to risk their lives, and to kill even kings when commanded. The extent of their country is eight days’ journey. They are at war with the Christians, called Franks, and with the Court of Tripoli, which is Tarabulus-el-Sham. Some time ago Tripoli was visited by an earthquake, which destroyed many Jews and Gentiles, numbers of the inhabitants being killed by the falling houses and walls, under the ruins of which they were buried. More than twenty thousand persons were killed in Palestine by the earthquake.

One day’s journey to the other Jebail, which was the Gehal of the children of Ammon; it contains about one hundred and fifty Jews, and is governed by seven Genoese, the supreme command being vested in one of them named Julianus Embricaco. You there find the ancient place of worship of the children of Ammon. The idol of this people is seated on a cathedral or throne, constructed of stone, and richly gilt; two female figures occupy the seats on his side, one being on the right, the other on the left, and before it stands an altar, upon which the children of Ammon anciently offered sacrifices and burned incense. The city contains about two hundred Jews, the principal of whom are R. Meir, R. Jacob, and R. Syrinchah. It stands on the coast of the sea of the Holy Land.” Our friend Mr. Thomas Wright, who has edited an abridgement of Benjamin of Tudela’s work, from which we extract the above, in his *Early Travels in Palestine*, justly remarks, upon the passage which refers to Julianus Embricaco, that it was entirely misunderstood by the earlier translators. The family of the Embricaci was one of the most ancient of the

<sup>1</sup> *The Dead Sea*, &c., by Captain William Allen, R.N., vol. II., p. 121, *et seq.*

<sup>2</sup> Kharumath was a famous impostor, founder of a sect called Kharumathism, very similar to that of the Assassins. One of the tenets of this sect was, that the soul of the founder transmigrates into the body of the successor, and that the person who held the office of chief among them was the personification of the original founder of the sect.

patricians of Genoa; and one of its members, Gulielmus Embriacus, was named commander of the fleet which was sent to aid the Christian princes of Syria, and which, in 1109, took Byblus, of which he became the feudal lord. The jealousy of the other patrician families was subsequently roused, but the family of the Embriaci succeeded in retaining their feudal tenure. The supreme government of the city, however, at this time, appears to have been vested in a committee of seven persons, six of whom were delegated by the republic, the place of president being always filled by one of the Embriaci. William of Tyre relates the conquest of Byblus by the Genoese, and informs us that the Christian name of the Embriacus, who governed when he wrote (about 1180), was Hugo, "a grandson of the Hugo who conquered it;" but all other historians called the conqueror Gulielmus, and Mr. Asher thinks that we ought to read, in Benjamin's text, William, instead of Julianus.

The so-called assassins to whom Benjamin of Tudela here alludes, are now known as the Ansarians, Ansarii or Nusairi, and the Ismaili, the former of whom are, according to Mannert, a people who, under the name of the Nazareni, had their own Prince as late as the time of the Romans, and are still powerful, being able to arm 12,000 or 15,000 men. They are occasionally mixed with a few Arabs, Kurds and Turkmans, and occupy both slopes of the great Ansarian range, from Kalat-el-Hisn northwards to the southern part of the district of Aleppo. The Ansarians consider Adam, Christ, and Muhammad simply as prophets, but they regard Abel, Peter, and especially Ali, as personifications of the Divinity. Many of them believe in the metempsychosis, but there are different sects, such as the Shemishiya, the Kelbiya and the Muklidjai; the first of which, as worshippers of the sun, are connected with the idolatry of Babylonia. Their tenets are, however, involved in mystery, and are likely so to continue, for in conversation they practise the same system of deception which is in art the safeguard of the Druses, by whom they are claimed as an apostate branch. It is laid down that nothing concerning their religion is to be disclosed to strangers; that they must love their brethren, be charitable, refrain from theft and swearing, and patiently endure poverty and ill-treatment from their wives.

The other branch, the Ismaili, or Assassins, strictly speaking, are less numerous, and their tenets no less mysterious. Kalat-el-Masrynd is their principal seat, and outwardly they are Shi-ites, but they do not believe in Muhammad; although they attend the mosques, in order, as is supposed, to conceal from the Turks that they are attached to paganism, which is not tolerated by that people. They implicitly owe to the extent of life and death a chief called Sheikh al Hashishin, and they have acquired several strongholds in the mountains of Tripoli; but Persia is now the principal seat of the Assassins whose name is now supposed to have been derived from the intoxicating herb Hashishin, and to have no connection with the story of the old man of the mountain.

General Chesney estimates the population of the Maronites at 250,000; that of the Ansarians, at 90,000; of the Metawalis at 40,000, and of the Ismaili, or Assassins, at 15,000.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Expedition for the Survey of the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris, vol. i., pp. 542, 543, and 548.

The small Maronite town of Jebail, according to the same authority, surrounded by fruit trees and vineyards, is inclosed by a wall of about a mile and half in circumference, with square towers at intervals, apparently of the time of the Crusades; as at Beyrut and Latakiah, ruined columns of older date have been used in the later constructions, in this case remains of the Gobel of the children of Ammon, which supplied caulkers for the fleets of Tyre, and which at a later period was called Byblus. Owing to the treachery of Raymond, Count of Toulouse, the Crusaders failed before this place in 1099; they subsequently succeeded, but it was retaken by Salah-ed-din (Saladin) in 1187.

### III.

THE TRIPLE TOWN OF TYRANS, SIDONIANS AND ANADANIANS—TRIPOLI STILL CONSISTS OF THREE SEPARATE TOWNS—VALLEY OF KADISHA—GROTTO CONVENT OF ST. ANTHONY—KANUBIN, THE ECCLESIASTICAL CAPITAL OF THE MARONITES—A MODERN EDIT—CARMELITE CONVENT—ARRIVE AT THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

WE bade adieu to this interesting little town early in the morning, and after a ride of about an hour and a half we crossed a bridge of one arch, spanning a rocky ravine, with a pretty little valley above. From its construction it appears to be Roman, although its good state of preservation has a more recent aspect. With this exception, the country promised very little of interest or beauty. On one side were dreary, stony hills; on the other the sea; and under us a road so bad as to have defied the powers of Macadam. Thus we had all the monotony which could weary the mind, and the difficulties which fatigue the body. Yet, in a land so apparently doomed to sterility, a man was ploughing in the loose stones, to sow corn, as he said; so that the soil could not have been bare beneath; and seed scattered anywhere in this favouring climate is sure to grow.

We left Batrun at some distance to the left on the sea-shore. It was now an insignificant village, with no remains of the ancient tower founded by Ithobalus, king of Tyre; about the time of the prophet Elias, according to Josephus. After having passed this place, we turned inland towards the mountains. On the border of a small stream, and under the shade of some fine trees we found a Turkish gentleman seated on his carpet, more wisely than we, resting during the mid-day heat. He had numerous attendants about him. On the left was a picturesque, steep bridge. Beyond the little river rose a long, narrow, perpendicular crag about a hundred feet high, crowned by the ruins of a castle inaccessible nearly on all sides; while in the distance were the blue mountains. The whole formed a rare assemblage of subjects for a picture, which I regret not having sketched. It is the *beau-ideal* of the stronghold of a border or robber chieftain.

At one o'clock we entered a very pretty valley between hills of very soft limestone like that of the Ladder of Tyre, or even more chalky. The ascent was very steep, and passes over the neck of a promontory, terminating in the bold and precipitous headland called Ras-el-shakka. From the summit is a pretty view towards Tripoli. Descending on the other side, we pitched our tent on a green near a roadside kaffineh, or coffee-shop and police station, on the sea-shore, with a fine view of the promontory; where,



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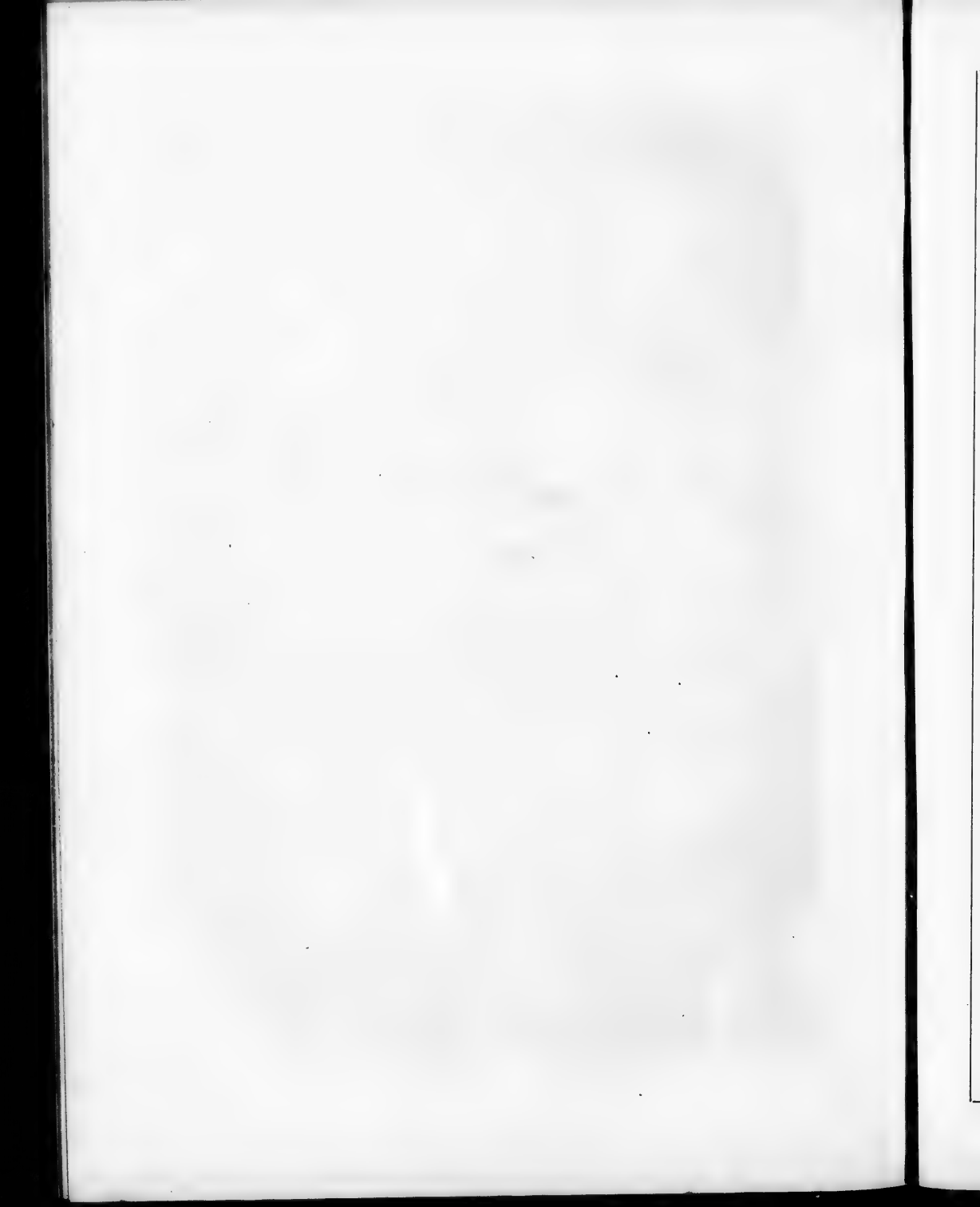
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THE GEDARS OF LEBANON.





two-thirds up the cliff, stands the convent of Belmont, a conspicuous object. It was visited by Maundrell.

A very heavy dew fell during the night, and nearly wetted us through the tent. Yusuf and the muleteers, however, slept in the open air without inconvenience. We then proceeded on our journey through a pretty country, with the sea on the left hand. At about seven miles from the last encampment our attention was drawn to some upright stones, forming a peculiar kind of niche, facing outwards, and of three blocks only; a very primitive style, which perhaps proves its great antiquity. I thought I could make out the form of a building, or rather the ground plan of it; which appeared to be an oblong, with a semi-circular end towards the sea, on a rectangular base, or platform. The two niches are near to each other on the south side. The ground slopes from the ruin towards the sea on the west. There was nothing else to indicate an ancient settlement on this spot, nor was there any appearance of recent habitations.

After leaving this undefinable piece of antiquity, we found the road again turn inland, leaving another hill between it and the coast. When within about four miles of Tripoli we passed the small village Calmun, the ancient Calamon. The road was over rugged rocks close to the sea, with many points jutting out in the lines of stratification, forming tiny coves. These may afford shelter to small boats, but I doubt it; and especially I cannot think they have been cut for the purpose, as it has been supposed. I should rather imagine them to be caused by the wearing away of a soft rock, alternating with a harder stratum. The country then became an alluvial plain, in some parts sandy, with many hillocks, the deposit from the little River Kadisha, which we forded at a part where there are abutments of an ancient bridge, and traces of a road.

When we entered Tripoli we called on our vice-consul, Mr. Catzeff, who, with his brother, carries on a large trade here as a merchant. They have very comfortable houses, in the style of Damascus, on a smaller scale. The streets of Tripoli, and especially the bazaars, are picturesque; owing, in some respects, to the numerous arches and half-arches crossing them, and intersecting each other. These are probably remains of buildings of the period of the Crusaders; though this idea is not entertained by the antiquaries of the place.

Tarabulus-el-Sham, as Tripoli is called, the capital of the Pashalik, exemplifies the eastern principle of leaving things as they happen to be found; for it has now, as it had in ancient times, three separate divisions, viz. the Marina, the Town, and the Fortress, which probably represent the sites of the triple town once occupied by the Tyrians, the Sidonians, and the Aradians; and which, at a later period, was one of the most important cities of Phœnicia. (See p. 557.)

The first contains the stores and the dwellings of shipwrights, labourers, and others connected with trade. The buildings in this portion are mean, but prettily situated round a bay, and an anchorage, which is but imperfectly sheltered by a string of rocky islets, defended by seven square Saracenic towers at equal distances around. About a mile and a half to the eastward, at the base of the triangular plain, is the second and principal portion of the town; this part, which is, perhaps, the best built in Syria, stretches north and south along the western slope of a hill inclosing one side of Wadi Kadisha, and is picturesquely situated amidst luxuriant groves of orange, lemon and mulberry

trees, interspersed with the dark green of the spiral cypress.

Tripoli contains good shops, an excellent bazaar, several large mosques, baths, khans, and about 2000 houses, many of which have gothic arches below, and are covered with small cupolas, or the ordinary terraced roof, commanding generally a view of the sea. Being intersected by the stream, or rather canal of Nahr Abu Ali, water is easily conveyed by means of conduits in every direction; so that few houses are without the luxury of a fountain in the court, and not unfrequently also *fets d'eau* in the reception rooms. There is an extensive soap factory, and a population of about 3000 Greek catholics, 1000 Maronites, and nearly 14,000 Turks. The town is inclosed with an ordinary loop-holed wall, and is surrounded by the fruit groves already noticed, which extend up the side of the hill to the eastward. On the latter is the remaining portion of the city, now the fortress, and once the Acropolis, which occupies the whole of the summit, and completely commands the town by its guns.

The work consists of a very high scarp, flanked by square towers, and is without a ditch, being, as usual, constructed probably by the Saracens, along the extreme edge of the hill. A little to the eastward there is another hill rather more elevated, which is separated from that of the castle by a deep ravine. A little way up Wadi Kadisha there is a convent of dervishes, and half an hour's journey farther, the valley is crossed by the aqueduct of Kantarah el Brino, from which a canal conveys drinking water into the town along the left side of the Kadisha—the valley of the Cedar Grove.

Ancient Tripoli was one of the last strongholds held by the Crusaders, from whom it was taken by the Mamluks in 1289; and it is farther remarkable, in consequence of being the first place where the existence of the sugar-cane, then called *sucre*, or sweet-honied reed, is noticed.

Being rather low, and embosomed in gardens, the heat of Tripoli gives rise to intermittent fevers at certain seasons, to which, however, owing to the sea-breezes, the Marina is much less exposed than the other parts of the town. Where cultivated, the rich soil of the plain of Tripoli produces the sugar-cane, cotton, silk, grain and the finest tobacco, equal to that of Latakiah; higher, it is pebbly and less favourable for cultivation, yet the steep sides of the mountains produce silk, oil, grain and wine.

We left Tripoli by the country which extends to the foot of Lebanon, and which, for about two leagues in extent, is called a plain, though it is very uneven ground. It is watered by three streams, the Gubban, or Gutban of Pococke, the Nahr Bashan, and the Ab-i-All, or Abonai of Pococke, also called Kodja Chai, all of which come from the mountains around and above the Cedar Grove. These having united a little to the eastward of Tripoli, the trunk flows through the town and into the sea at the port. We first crossed a hill, and then passed over a small track of ground planted with olive trees, whence we gained the valley of the Ab-i-All or Kadisha river, passing over the river by a kantarah or bridge of six arches. We then proceeded along a most romantic valley, which appeared as if it was shut in on every side by high pointed rocky mountains almost covered with wood. The Kadisha river rushes through it with a great noise, but is so covered with trees that it is seen in very few places, but there were several villages on the hills around, among which

are Kaftin, where there is a Greek convent, and Kaffir-kalah where is a ruined castle. Turning to the left we came to the Maronite convent of St. Anthony Cassiyah, which is almost all cut out of the rock, the church itself being a grotto. There is also another large natural grotto with stalactites and stalagmites, as in other grottoes of a similar character in limestone countries. Pococke tells a strange tale of this grotto, for he says that in a dark part of it they discipline mad people; this place being, as they say, famous for miraculously curing the disorders of the brain. The same traveller tells us that they bury the monks in a vault above ground in their habits, in which they appear like skeletons; and "I saw," he adds, "one whose skin seemed to be uncorrupted, who, they say, was a holy man." It is curious that, passing their living days in caverns, these monks should take a pride in being buried above ground. This place is famous for excellent wine, which the monks preserve for their use in large earthen jars close stopped down with clay. Crossing the valley at this point, previous to arriving at which we had reached the region of pines, we went up the hill to the south, and passing Ban, with a single church on the right, called A-uka, we descended to the renowned monastery of Kanubin, the ecclesiastical capital of the Maronites.

Kanubin, the summer residence of the Maronite patriarch, is situated on the southern slope of the great mountain amphitheatre of Besharra, or Behirrai, otherwise variously written, which contains the large Maronite village of same name, having 120 houses and no less than seven churches, surrounded by gardens of mulberries and other fruits. This remarkable monastery overhangs a precipitous rock, in the upper part of which, in addition to a church dedicated to the Virgin, and some forty or fifty cells for the monks, a sepulchral grotto has been in part excavated for the deceased patriarchs, and another for the priests. The church itself is a fine large grotto, and its three bells are conveniently swung in its window. Near the convent is the chapel of St. Marina, which is also a grotto; this canonised female is said to have lived as a monk and in man's habiliments both at Tripoli and at Kanubin. The Kadisha runs in a narrow valley below the monastery, having on both sides two very high ridges of mountains covered with pines; this situation, Pococke remarks, is the most extraordinary and retired that can be imagined, there being only one way to it, which makes it a very secure retreat, and is probably the reason why the patriarchs have taken up their residence here. (See p. 641.)

Proceeding eastward from Kanubin, we passed by the village of Aden—or as some have it appropriately enough, Eden—a remarkably pretty village, and of which Pococke said, "it is reckoned one of the most pleasant places in the world, on account of its situation and prospect, its waters, and the fine improvements about it." Several beautiful cascades were visible on both sides as we travelled onwards to the convent of the Latin Carmelite fathers, called Mar Serkiyas or St. Sergius, which is a most delightful retirement in summer; the beauty of the opposite hills, the several waterfalls and streams of water, and the perpetual freshness of the air in these high regions, make the place very agreeable, whilst the heats in the plains are almost intolerable, but in winter the fathers reside in Tripoli. From this convent, a gentle ascent of about an hour took us to a large plain between the highest

parts of Mount Lebanon, and in the north-eastern corner of which we found ourselves in the presence of the sacred grove of cedars. (See p. 555).

## IV.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON—FOREST TREES OF SYRIA AND PALESTINE—ECONOMICAL USES OF THE CEDAR—DIFFERENCES OF OPINION UPON THE SUBJECT—THE TERMS "ERE," "KODRUS," AND "CEDAR," APPLIED TO VARIOUS WOODS—THE CEDAR A FAVOURITE IMAGE IN THE POETRY OF THE HEBREWS—DISCREPANCY OF TRAVELLERS IN REGARD TO NUMBER OF TREES AND GROVES—A MODERN PLACE OF WORSHIP—DESCRIPTIONS OF THE GROVE BY DIFFERENT TRAVELLERS.

THE Cedars of Lebanon have the glory of being one of the most ancient groups of trees, or fragments of an almost primeval forest, that are historically known. They are the patriarchs of the Holy Land, and some of them still in existence may have been unintelligent witnesses of scenes recorded in Scripture—may have actually shaded or sheltered the persons of those who now only live to us in their inspired writings.

Judea possessed, in olden times, forests which are sought for in vain in the present day. They are often alluded to in the Scriptures under the name of Jarim. Thus, upon the Lebanon were those famous forests of cedars, more particularly noticed in the First and Second Books of Kings, of which, in the present day, only a few descendants remain. The oaks, fir, and pines of the Lebanon supplied the Phœnicians with wood for the construction of their ships (2 Sam. xix., 23). And we know, from the historical causes of the wars between the Ptolemy and the Seleucides, that available forests still existed in the same regions, since they became the field of contest for the possession of the timber.

The Bible furnishes us with similar testimony as to the existence of forests, the place of which is now occupied by a mere naked soil. Such were the forests of Ephraim, the destruction of which was commenced by the Ephraimites themselves (2 Sam. xviii., 6). And those in the land of the Perizzites, and of the giants or Rephaim (Josh. xvii., 15); as also those which clothed the district of Baala, on the frontiers of Benjamin and of Judah, and gave to the city its surname of Kiriath Jarim, or the city of forests.

The Phœnicians, who were devoted to maritime commerce from the most remote times, were no doubt the chief agents in spoiling Palestine and Syria of its forests; and in the present day, few even of the remnants of such are met with south of the parallel of Tripoli. But north of Kadisha valley, the country becomes generally woody, the low hills and valleys being alike densely clad with shrubs and trees of lesser growth, till on Mount Casius, Mount Rhossus, and Mount Amanus, the great forest features of the country, the various oaks at the base, and tall pines at the summits, attain their full development; and, indeed, in the two last-mentioned mountain ranges, to the same extent as in any portion of the Cilician Taurus. Ibrahim Pasha is said to have obtained three millions of francs worth of timber from Adana, in 1832. The pashalik, which comprises a large portion of ancient Cilicia, is meant, for we know, by our own personal observation, that the greater part of the wood was obtained from Mount

Amann, nor do we believe that a single trunk was floated down the Cydnus, Sarus, or Pyramus, from the Taurus. Our good friend, Mr. L. Alfred Maury, is in error, then, when quoting our account of the Valonia, or gall-nut forests of Kurdistan; he supposes that there are few or no trees in Syria.<sup>3</sup> The forests of North Syria are still very extensive and very productive. Nor must we omit notice altogether of the woods of mountain pine and stone pine still existing in Lebanon, more especially near Beyrut; of the thick oak woods of Bashan on the table lands of Gilead; of the groves of palms which gave their name to Jericho, as those of sycamores did to Sycominopolis—the modern Kaifa; of the evergreen carob trees scat-

tered over the park-like meadows: of the Turkish oak, with its many veterans, the oak of Abraham near Hebron, the oak of Moreh at Shechem, and the oak of Bethel. Nor of the tall and spreading terebinth trees, or the evergreen ilices, myrtles, and oleanders of the valleys. As the aged trees became the centre of a long succession of historical recollection, and had at first been marked out as natural resting-places for the patriarchal or Arab encampments, so they were afterwards in all probability the sacred groves under which altars were built, partly to the True God, partly to Astarte. Canon Stanley points out two such groves, one as existing with apparently the remains of a sacred edifice at Hazori, near Baneas; another, of singular



TRIPOLI IN SYRIA.

beauty, on the hill of the lesser sources of the Jordan, at the ancient sanctuary of Dan.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Histoire des Grandes Forêts de la Gaule, &c.*, p. 97, quoting Ainsworth's Visit to the Chaldeans, *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xi., p. 39.

<sup>4</sup> Captain William Allen, in the same way, quoting Hamilton, Ainsworth, Walpole, Smyth, and others (*Dead Sea, &c.*, vol. ii., p. 278), goes a great deal too far when he says that such travellers describe the southern slopes of the back-bone of Asia Minor as a perfect contrast to the well-wooded northern side, and the huge forms of these hills as all bare, except in some localities.

<sup>5</sup> M. Van de Velde describes what he calls a Lebanon forest as occurring between Hermel and the cedars. "Between these two places," he says, "I saw still more of Nature's beauties, and these too of quite a different kind from what I had seen in the more southern mountain ranges at Jebel. I was ravished

While the palm, which gave its name to Phœnicia, "the Land of Palms," is still found in groves on the

with the picturesque groups of oaks, the fantastically-shaped terebinths, the oddly-twisted stems and branches of other trees, in which were blended together all sorts of green, pale, dark, yellowish, sometimes more inclining to brown. At other points, again, the road led over rocky plateaux, grown over with short prickly shrubs. Alternating with these there appeared at other places cypress groves, where each several tree was in itself a study for the landscape painter; some on account of their enormous stems and branches; others on account of their trunks having been broken by storms or being half-decayed with age; and others, too, on account of the bright verdure of the shoots here and there springing up from a piece of root apparently dead, and partially torn out of the ground." (*Narrative of a Journey through Syria and Palestine in 1861 and 1862*, by C. W. M. Van de Velde, vol. ii., p. 475.)



MARONITES OF ANTURA.

maritime plains of that country and of Philistia, the Holy Land is in the present day mainly characterised by the olive, the fig, and the pomegranate; and it has been truly remarked of these, that it is only when the spectator is amongst them that the twisted stems and silver foliage of the first, the dark broad leaf of the second, and the tender, green, and scarlet blossoms of the third are fully appreciated as the most beautiful of



sights, even when stripped of the associations which would make the tamest of their kind venerable.

There has been some misapprehension with regard to the economical uses of the cedar, pine, and oak in olden times, owing to the difficulty of determining the kind of timber alluded to by the ancient writers. The word *eres* or *arēs*, which is supposed to be synonymous with cedar, occurs in numerous places of Scripture, but authors are not agreed on the exact meaning of the term. Celsius (*Hierobot.*, I. 106), for instance, conceives that it is a general name for the pine tribe, to the exclusion of the cedar of Lebanon, which he considers to be indicated by the word *berosh*. The majority of commentators, however, are of opinion that the cedar of Lebanon (*Pinus Cedrus* or *Cedrus Libani* of botanists) is alone intended.

It is unfortunate that there should be discrepancy of opinion as to the identification of so remarkable a tree, as it necessarily produces a distrust in the conclusions which are arrived at respecting what would appear to be the less easily distinguished plants and trees mentioned in the Bible. The discrepancy of opinion has, on this occasion, however, arisen from the doubt whether *eres*, in the numerous passages of Scripture where it occurs, is always used in the same signification; that is, whether it is always intended to specify only one particular kind of the pine tribe, or whether it is not sometimes used generically. In the latter case, others of the pine tribe appear to be intended along with the cedar of Lebanon, and not to its exclusion, as advocated by the learned Celsius. Viewing the matter in this light, one of the best and most qualified of modern writers—Professor J. F. Royle—says, in an article in the *Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature*, "We are disposed to think that the different passages in which *eres* occurs authorise our considering it a general term, applied to different species;" and we think that, considering the variety of economical purposes to which the *eres* was put, as ship-building, the construction of temples and houses, and the moderate supply and little adaptability of the cedar to such purposes, combined with other considerations, leave little doubt but that this is an accurate conclusion.

The name *arz* or *ars* is, at the present day, applied to the cedar of Lebanon by the Arabs in the neighbourhood. Mr. Harmer (*On Canticles*, v. 15), observes that the country people near the mountain call the cedar *ars*, which is very nearly the original name. But the same name appears to be applied also to others of the pine tribe: thus, at Aleppo, the fir tree is included under the name *ars* (Niebuhr, as quoted by Rosenmüller, *Bibl. Bot.*, p. 246). So we find the term *al arz* applied by the Arabs to a coniferous plant, a native of Mount Atlas. The wood work of the roof of the celebrated mosque, now the cathedral, of Cordova, which was built in the ninth century, has been shown to be formed of the wood of this tree (*Loudon's Arboret.*, p. 2463). The English name larch is supposed to have been derived from this word, *al arz*. Professor Royle also points out that in Persian works we find the name *aras* or *orus* given as a synonyme of *abul*, which is a species of juniper. Celsius says that *arz* is a general name for the pine tribe among the Arabs, and he adds that the translators of the sacred Scriptures into Arabic sometimes use the term *sunobar* or *pino*, sometimes *arz*, as the representative of *eres*.

When Holland, in his translation of *Pliny's Natural History*, speaking of the lesser cedar (*Cedrus minorum*),

says, "The timber of it is everlasting; wherefore, in old time, they were wont to make the images of the gods of this wood, as it appeareth by the statue of Apollo Sosianus, made of cedar wood brought from Seleucia;" he appears to allude to the juniper or cedar, the *kedrus* of Dioscorides, either *Juniperus oxycedrus* or *J. Phœnicia*. Box is, however, more frequent than juniper at Seleucia. Quintus Curtius also uses the term *kedros* in a general sense, when he says of the palace of Persepolis "*multa cedro edificata erat regia*."

If we proceed to compare the several passages of Scripture in which the word *eres* occurs, we shall equally find that one plant is not strictly applicable to them all. Thus, for example, when we find Moses commanding the houses in which the lepers dwelt to be purified with cedar wood among other things (*Lev.* xiv., 4, 6), and Moses and Aaron using cedar wood in a sacrifice, we cannot but feel that an aromatic juniper or cedar is meant. The ancients threw the berries of juniper on funeral piles, to protect the departing spirit from evil influences, and offered its wood in sacrifice to the infernal gods, because they believed its presence was acceptable to them. They also burned it in their dwelling houses to keep away demons. The cedar of Lebanon, as Lady Callcott remarks (*Scrip. Herbat.*, p. 92), could not have been procured on Mount Sinai without difficulty, whereas the juniper is plentiful there. Professor Royle also remarks that there is another species of juniper, called *gogul* by the natives, which is employed in the remote parts of the Himalayan mountains for burning as incense in religious ceremonies.

We are informed in several other passages of Scripture of the negotiations with Hiram, King of Tyre, for the supply of cedar trees out of Lebanon, and of the uses to which the timber was applied in the construction of the Temple, and of the king's palace: he "covered the house with beams and boards of cedar;" "the walls of the house within were covered with boards of cedar;" there were "cedar pillars," and beams of cedar; and the altar was of cedar. In all these passages the word *eres* is employed.

Whatever the wood employed was, it must have been considered as well fitted for building purposes. Now it does not appear, from the greater number of testimonies, that the cedar of Lebanon is so. People, when speaking of cedar, have often in mind the red or pencil cedar, which is the wood of a juniper (*J. Virginiana*). Loudon describes the wood of the cedar of Lebanon as light and spongy, and by no means durable (*Arboretum*, p. 2417). Poock compares it to white deal. Varennes de Feuille considers it as the lightest of the resinous woods. Dr. Lindley calls it "the worthless, though magnificent cedar of Mount Lebanon," and he is of opinion that some of the cedar trees sent by Hiram may have been the produce of the *Al Arz* (*Callitris quadrivalves*) obtained from Mount Atlas, but why not of the Syrian pines used for shipping, alike in ancient and modern times? Professor Royle remarks, that "though we have seen both temples and palaces built entirely with one kind of cedar (that of the *Cedrus Deodara*), we think it more probable that, as the timber had to be brought from a distance, where all kinds of cedar grow, the common pine tree and the cedar of Lebanon would both furnish some of the timber required for the building of the Temple, together with the juniper cedar. Celsius was also of opinion that the *eres* indicated the *Pinus syl-*

*vestris* or Scotch pine, which yields the red and yellow deals of Norway, and which is likewise found on Mount Lebanon." This opinion, Professor Royle observes, seems to be confirmed by Ezekiel, xxvii. 5, "They have made all thy ship-boards of fir trees of Senir, they have taken cedar from Lebanon to make masts for thee." For it is not probable that any other tree than the common pine would be taken for masts, when this was procurable.

It must not at the same time be omitted that the cedar wood of Mount Lebanon has been manufactured into small pieces of furniture, which presented "a compact surface, agreeably varied and variously shaded" (*Parisel Hist. du Cèdre*, p. 42), and Mr. Wilcox, of Warwick is said to have in his possession some specimens of furniture made of cedar of Lebanon, ornamented with carved work, in flowers, leaves, &c. We may therefore admit, with Professor Royle, that the wood of the cedar of Lebanon was used as well as that of pine, in the construction of the Temple and palace, the more especially so as the cedar was so well known to the Hebrews, and so great a favourite with them as a poetic image, although the two were not distinguished by appropriate names; and we may still say, with Canon Stanley, that a practical indication of the size of these cedars, as compared with any Palestine timber, is the fact, that from the earliest times they have always been used for all the great works of Jewish architecture. "They were so employed for Solomon's Temple, and again for the Temple of Zerubabel, when nothing but sheer necessity could have induced the impoverished Hebrews to send so far for their timber. They were used yet once again, probably for the last time, in Constantine's Church of the Nativity, at Bethlehem. When the ceiling of that ancient edifice was last repaired, the rafters were no longer from the forests of Lebanon, but gifts from our own oaks, by King Edward IV."

We have said that the cedar was a favourite image in the poetry of the Hebrews. Luckily, upon this point there is little room for discrepancies of opinion. It is manifest that in the figurative passages of the Scriptures in which the *eres* is alluded to, that the cedar of Lebanon is meant, as when the word *berosh* is used it applies to the funeral cypress. Thus in Psalms, xcii., 12, it is said, "The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree, and spread abroad like a cedar of Lebanon." It has been well remarked that the flourishing head of the palm and the spreading abroad of the cedar are equally characteristic. But the prophet Ezekiel (xxi.) is justly adduced as giving the most magnificent, and at same time the most graphic, description of this celebrated tree, "Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches, and with a shadowy shroud, and of high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs." "Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long because of the multitude of waters." "All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young." In this description, Mr. Gilpin has well observed, the principal characteristics of the cedar are marked: first, the multiplicity and length of its branches. Few trees divide so many fair branches from the main stem, or spread over so large a compass of ground. "His boughs are multiplied," as Ezekiel says, "and his branches become long;" which David calls spreading

abroad. His very boughs are equal to the stem of a fir or a chestnut. The second characteristic is what Ezekiel, with great beauty and aptness, calls his shadowy shroud. No tree in the forest is more remarkable than the cedar for its close-woven leafy canopy. Ezekiel's cedar is marked as a tree of full and perfect growth, from the circumstance of its top being among the thick boughs.

Almost all travellers to the east make a pilgrimage to the sacred grove, which is indeed easily enough reached in summer-time, being at the head of the Valley of Kadisha, a small river, which having its origin in the little Lake Lemone or Yemone, in the upland valley of the grove itself, flows into the sea at Tripoli. The grove itself stands in reality in a bight of the mountains where the Jebel Akkat from the north terminates in the spur or group of the Jebel Makmel, before it is prolonged by the Jebel Liban, as the great backbone of Syria. The whole are, however, generally known as the Lebanon.

It is remarkable how the different reports of observers made at different periods of time would seem to indicate a gradual falling off in the number of veterans—patriarchs of the grove—and a rapid rise of undergrowth in modern times. Belon, who travelled in Syria about 1550, found about 28 cedars in a valley on the sides of the mountains. Rauwolf, the Elizabethan traveller, visited the cedars in 1574, and says he could tell no more but 24, that stood round about in a circle; and two others, the branches whereof are quite decayed from age. De la Roque, in 1688, found but 20. Maundrell, in 1696, found them reduced to 16, and Dr. Pococke, who visited Syria in 1744 and 1745 discovered only 15. One of these that had the soundest body, though not the largest, measured 24 feet in circumference. M. Lamartine, in 1832, says these trees diminish in every succeeding age. Travellers formerly counted 30 or 40; more recently, 17; more recently still, only 12. There are now but 7. These, however, from their size and general appearance, may be fairly presumed to have existed in Biblical times. Around these ancient witnesses of ages long since past, there still remains a little grove of yellow cedars, appearing to me to form a group of from 400 to 500 trees or shrubs. Every year, in the month of June, the inhabitants of Besharrak, of Eden, of Kanubin, and the other neighbouring valleys and villages, climb up to these cedars, and celebrate mass at their feet. How many prayers have resounded under these branches, and what more beautiful canopy for worship can exist?

The distinguished biblical traveller Dr. Edward Robinson attributes the discrepancies of travellers in counting the trees not so much to the perishing of the veterans, as in including more or less some of the young ones. At present, he adds, the number of trees appears to be on the increase, and amounts in all to several hundred. This grove was long held to be the only remnant of the cedars of Lebanon. But Setzen, in A.D. 1805, discovered two other groves of greater extent; and the American missionaries have also, in travelling through the mountains, found many cedars in other parts. The distinguished naturalist, Professor Ehrenberg, who spent a considerable time in Lebanon, found the cedar growing abundantly on those parts of the mountain which lie north of the road between Baalbek and Tripoli, as we advance in fact to what still continues to be the woody region. The trees were of all sizes, old and young; but none so ancient

and venerable as in the traditionary sacred grove. Upon this point General Chesney also observes (*Expedition for the Survey of the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris*, vol. i., p. 387) that the celebrated cedars have obtained an extraordinary size in the peculiar sheltered spot at the foot of the Jebel Makmel, and in a few other places only: "it in general should be observed, however, that although indigenous to the soil, the cedars scarcely attain the size of mere shrubs." Elsewhere (page 454) the General, speaking of the sacred trees, says, "Five of very large, about 50 of tolerable growth, and 200 or 300 of small size, still remain, but stunted cedars are common in other parts of the Lebanon, and probably are indigenous." Although General Chesney's observations were published in 1850, they were really made many years previously, and ante-dated those of Dr. Robinson and of the American missionaries.

The Maronites used formerly to celebrate the festival of the Transfiguration beneath the cedars, but their patriarch was obliged to suppress the festival on account of the quarrels which accompanied it. In the present day the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages go there from time to time in procession with their priests, and having said mass and celebrated their visit by a few discharges of musketry, and by sundry libations, with a few songs and dances, they return with branches of the trees in commemoration of their visit. So great is the afflux of visitors that a Maronite monk of Besharra takes up his residence there in the summer months, providing travellers with refreshments, and, what is more, selling little boxes hewn out of the cedar wood by the monks of Besharra and Kanubin.

The Rev. J. L. Porter was lucky enough to visit the sacred grove at the time of one of the festivals. He had been misled on his way from Hasrun, of the beauty and grace of whose female inhabitants he speaks in the highest terms, attesting thereby to the great salubrity of the mountain climate, and arrived at the cedars hungry and exhausted. "I sat down," he relates, "beneath the wide-spreading branches of one of those gigantic trees, expecting to be obliged to pass a dinnerless and houseless night; and this was not the worst, for crowds of drunken men and women were wandering about, quarreling with each other, and firing off guns and pistols, without much regard to the safety of their neighbours. Thus do they celebrate the feast of the cedars! About nine o'clock the muleteers arrived, and after a hearty dinner I threw myself on my humble bed. I was soon asleep, and notwithstanding the noisy piety of those around, the light of morning was stealing over the lofty mountain-tops ere I awoke."

The next day he thus describes his experiences. "On first viewing the cedars from the heights above Hasrun, I experienced feelings of disappointment. I had pictured in my mind far different scenery in the district round them. Imagination had painted rugged cliffs, and wild ravines, and these remnants of ancient noble forests clinging to the mountain side, like pines on an alpine peak. But here was a vast semicircular basin in the bare white mountains, whose sides slope down from the rounded summits with uniform regularity, without a crag, or peak, or patch of verdure to relieve the monotony. The mountain-tops were now streaked with snow, but even this almost blended with the white limestone, and gave little variety to the scene. In the very centre of this vast basin I saw a solitary

black speck, apparently altogether out of place—it was the grove of the cedars. On approaching the brow of the hill, where my eye took in the sublime glen of the Kadisha, with its terraced banks, and numerous villages peeping out from dark masses of foliage, the view was finer and more varied; but still a long naked slope separated the cedars from the grandeur of the glen below.

"It was not till I entered the precincts of the sacred grove that feelings of disappointment vanished. Then the beautiful fan-like branches of the younger trees, the gracefulness of their pyramidal forms, and, above all, the huge trunks of the patriarchs themselves, which one must walk round to form a true conception of their vast proportions, excited feelings of unmingled admiration. And when all the associations of their high antiquity, ancient glory, and sacred interest swelled upon my memory, the wondrous attraction that had for centuries drawn crowds of pilgrims to this lonely spot from the ends of the earth, became at once manifest. The pine-groves of the Metu are far more picturesque, and the oak forests of Hermon and Bashan far more extensive and beautiful; but cedar-beams were laid in the Lord's House at Jerusalem, and the cedar forests were the glory of Lebanon, as Lebanon was the glory of the land of Israel.

"Only a few, perhaps a dozen, very ancient trees now remain. There are, however, many others of very respectable dimensions and antiquity, some of which are four or five feet in diameter. The whole grove is compact, the trees growing close together on the summit and sides of a little limestone knoll. In the centre a small rude chapel has been constructed within the last few years, the roof of which is wholly of cedar-wood. In a chamber attached to it resides the deacon, who is the recognised guardian of the place, and expects from all travellers some little present in exchange for a few cones, or a fragment of a branch which the winter's snow may have broken down.

"I was present during the celebration of morning mass by two stranger bishops who had just arrived. During the performance the deacon brought me the traveller's book, with a pencil from off the altar. He requested me to write my name in it. This is certainly a more rational mode of recording a visit than the sacrilegious practice of carving the letters on the bark of some noble tree. In fact the trunks of all the most ancient trees, with one exception, are now hacked, hewn, and disfigured by this barbarous propensity of travellers. There may be read by the curious, names of illustrious savans joined with elsewhere unheard-of individuals. Noble lords, too, figure beside the autographs of their dragoon; and other associations, equally ennobling, are formed to excite the amusement and indignation of posterity."

Thus it is that within the last few years—that is between the epoch when we first visited the cedars of Lebanon, nigh twenty years ago—the solitude so well calculated to enhance the reverence of the place, and the solemn almost holy silence that pervaded the precincts of this lone temple of nature's architecture, have been broken by the intrusive presence of a monkish beggar, a Maronite who has built a habitation for himself in this lovely spot, and of whom Van de Velde says, "I cannot strictly call him a hermit, for

<sup>1</sup> *Five Years in Damascus, &c.* By Rev. J. L. Porter, A.M., F.R.S.L., vol. II., p. 300, et seq.

during winter, when the cedars lie buried under twenty feet of snow (an oriental exaggeration) he returns to his old residence in the village of Besharra." And such has been the afflux of visitors in recent times, that their piety seems to have aroused that of the native Syrians, their visits and processions have become more frequent, and have even gone so far as to desecrate with the presence of a rude chapel, although not the most magnificent, still, perhaps, the most lovely and interesting of all existing places of worship.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Van de Velde gives a very graphic picture of the sacred grove as seen from the narrow ridge where the two roads unite, one from Baalbec by Ain-Ata, the other from Hermel by Deir Mar Marum across the Jebel Muskieh (10,000 feet). "Of the apparent magnitude of the objects" he says, "you may form a comparative idea when I tell you of the far-famed cedar park as it appears from this lofty spot. You know, from the narratives of different travellers, that the old cedars, now only twelve in number, stand in a broad cleft of Lebanon, at 6,300 feet above the sea. You know that those venerable trees—perhaps the oldest in the world, and which some think must have sprung up soon after the flood—are giants above all other trees growing, and that this dozen is surrounded by an after-growth of 400 younger cedars, more or less. Such a park consequently comprises a considerable plot of ground, and the height of the cedars is in proportion to the ground they cover. Nevertheless, the cedar park, seen from the summit ridge where you cross Mount Lebanon from east to west, above the deep valley of Besharra, appears like a green spot of the size of a man's hand, a grove of such tiny dimensions that one might suppose it to be a solitary bush of oak.

The descent from this to the cedars occupies nearly an hour and a half. After that, one passes from the scorching rays of the sun under their splendid leafy arcades, where you find yourself transplanted at once into one of the most charming regions that this globe can show. A cool atmosphere, perfumed with the balsamic smell of the cedar-wood, and the charm of the birds among the branches; you may imagine how the overheated and wearied traveller feels at the change. Had not the praise of those cedars been so often sung by others, I would try to tell you something of the glory of God in His works,—the cedars which "He hath planted." (Ps. civ., 16). But you know the cedars, and have perhaps often ere now felt a desire to come and encamp here for a part of the summer. If you ever happen to realise that wish, then I beg that I may be of the party. Six weeks under the cedars of Lebanon! it is worth one's while to set about such a journey." (Van de Velde, *Op. Cit.* vol. ii., p. 478.)

This is very touching, but still more splendid is Canon Stanley's peroration. "It was the very remoteness of this noble tree, combined with its majestic height and sweeping branches, that made it, one may almost say, an object of religious reverence. It is hardly ever named without the addition, either of the lofty mountain where it grew—'the cedars of Lebanon,' or of some epithet implying its grandeur and glory, 'the trees of the Lord,' 'the cedars which He planted,' 'the tall cedars,' 'the cedars high and lifted up,'

'whose height is like the height of the cedars,' 'spread broad like the cedar,' 'with fair branches,' 'with a shadowing shroud,' 'of an high stature,' 'his top among the thick boughs,' 'his height exalted above all the trees of the field,' 'his boughs multiplied, his branches long,' 'fair in his greatness,' 'in the length of his branches,' 'by the multitude of his branches.'

These expressions clearly indicate that to them the cedar was a portent, a grand and awful work of God. The words would never have been used had it been a familiar sight amongst their ordinary gardens, as it is in ours. It is said that the clergy of the Greek church still offer up mass under their branches, as though they formed a natural temple, and that the Arabs call them the "trees of God." This may now be a homage to the extreme antiquity of those which are left; but it may also be a continuation of the ancient feeling towards them which filled the hearts of the poets of Israel."<sup>2</sup>

Still more recently (in the autumn of 1860), Dr. J. D. Hooker accompanied a party (including Captain Washington, Hydrographer of the Navy), on a voyage to Syria, where it was proposed, amongst other scientific agenda, to examine the cedar grove of Lebanon, and, if desirable, to execute an accurate topographical plan of the valley. They rided in the *Firisy*, commanded by Captain Mansell, an able and scientific officer. On September 25th they arrived at Beyrut, and on September 29 reached the Kadisha valley, and camped in the evening at its head under the cedars, at an elevation of 6172 feet, as they have determined the real altitude of the sacred grove to be. They describe the number of trees as being about 400, and they are disposed in nine groups. They are of various sizes, from about eighteen inches to about forty feet in girth; and Dr. Hooker points out as a remarkable fact that there is no tree of less than eighteen inches in girth, and that no young trees nor even seedlings of a second year's growth were found. It would seem from this as if only a particular cycle of seasons was favourable to the propagation of the cedars of Lebanon, and this would partly account for their occasional diminution and rapid re-supply. Calculating roughly from the rings of a branch, Dr. Hooker thinks that the younger trees in Lebanon would average 100 years old, the older 2,500.

We are further glad to hear, through the *Natural History Review*, that a survey of the valley was made by Captain Mansell, and sent to England, accompanied by sections of two of the youngest trees.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Sinai and Palestine, &c.*, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Canon of Canterbury, p. 139.

<sup>2</sup> No traveller in the east has been so minute in his geography as Dr. Pococke. Dr. Robinson may have surpassed him in details, where a special regard to Biblical sites was concerned, and the officers of the Euphrates expedition in as far as North Syria was concerned, by carrying out a regular survey in every direction to which their labours extended, naturally worked out more satisfactory results; but wherever we have followed in the footsteps of the veteran traveller, we have found his notices unequalled in their detail. Yet in his account of the Kadisha valley we find some points that want clearing up, and which in a popular account like ours it is not necessary to enter upon, but we may notice that in one place he describes Marsakeis (Mar Serkiyas), which is synonymous with the convent of St. Sergius, as being situate on the point of the high mountain above St. Antony Casieeh (Cassiyah), "under which is the pleasant village of Aden." In another place he describes himself as retracing his footsteps from Kanubin to Aden, and coming thence to the convent of the Latin Carmelite fathers, called St. Sergius

<sup>3</sup> It must not be omitted, however, that in Pococke's time that traveller describes the Christians of the several denominations as going there to celebrate the festival of the transfiguration, and he adds, they have built altars against several of the large trees, on which they administer the sacrament.

We have much pleasure in giving still further completeness to this brief account of the cedars of Lebanon, by a narrative of a visit made to them by the Rev. John Hoskyns Abraham, accompanied by a friend, in the winter season; a feat that we have never heard of as being before accomplished, being at a time when the worthy Maronite Monk, who is commissioned by his

brethren as the custodian of the sacred grove, retires to the shelter of his convent, and when mountains, hills, and valleys are alike clad in a deep and uniform covering of snow. The author has, it will be observed, only enumerated the trees in one group, not those of all the nine groups as distinguished by Dr. Hooker's party.

## OVER LEBANON AND BACK IN THE SNOW.

BY THE REV. JOHN HOSKYNs ABRAHAM, M.A.

In the early part of February, 1853, we left Beyrut for Damascus, through the valley of Baalbec, Lebanon being on our left. A long day's ride brought us to a little group of huts, shaped like beehives. There we pitched our tent for the night, this being the point from which Lebanon was most accessible, if one wished to obtain a view of the cedars. They stood, we were informed, some four thousand feet below the other side of the ridge that rose above us. To see them only was all we then contemplated. At this season no one attempts to visit them by surmounting the ridge for that purpose, as the depth of the snow is great, no less than four thousand feet below the summit. Indeed, from even the ascent of the mountain were we dissuaded by our dragoman, Komi, whom we had brought from Cairo. My companion had been lost on one occasion in the Little Desert by going too far away from our cavalcade; besides, the expedition was a hazardous one. At this time of the year not only is the mountain covered with snow, but snow-storms are frequent, and gather very speedily. Komi assured us we should hardly find a guide in the village who would venture to accompany us. After some search a mountain guide was found, who escorted tourists up in summer time. He was very reluctant; he spoke of the depth of the snow, the risk of snow-storms, and the long time required for the purpose, as, under the most favourable circumstances, the expedition could not be accomplished at this season by the light of one day. We determined, however, to attempt it, if the morning proved promising. It did—or rather, probably, "the wish was father to the thought," for Komi was not so sanguine. So bent were we on the ascent, that we awoke before the men, whom we had brought from Jerusalem to attend to our horses. The guide in due course made his appearance; he wore a very long face. Komi, with a kind of protest, handed us over to his charge; so, after a hurried breakfast, we started on our horses. It was about 7 o'clock, A.M.; day was soon to dawn. Our course, at first, was a tortuous path through a wooded swamp; this lasted some miles, as the floods were out. The snow that had fallen during the winter had melted, and turned the country lying at the foot of the mountain range

into a morass, which extended some three or four miles; in some parts the water was out in lake-like sheets. Eventually, we emerged from this low country, and gradually ascended through a forest of stunted oaks till we reached the line of snow, said to be then four thousand feet below the top of the saddle-back ridge. Here we were obliged to leave our horses, not only on account of the snow, but also from the steepness of the mountain. The village guide alone accompanied us further. We soon found the snow becoming deeper. We had a treadmill-like task—the undertaking, in fact, promised to be a serious one. We looked at each other somewhat blankly, and a glance at the guide's face did not reassure us. By dint, however, of hard and silent ploughing through the soft snow, the depth of which continually increased, we pushed on. Occasionally we stumbled across some jagged rock that cropped out; we then would fall over on our noses, and leave on the yielding material rude casts of our countenances and our bodies. The guide took the work more leisurely, and hung behind, satisfied with keeping us in sight. He had no idea of our going beyond the top of the ridge. He thought we should be contented with a distant view of the cedars from above, nor dreamed of our troubling ourselves with descending through four thousand feet of deep snow for a closer acquaintance. On our reaching the summit they appeared so insignificant, that we thought we had really, as far as they were concerned, misspent our toil, if this was all we were to see of them. They looked like a herd of cattle crouching in the snow. Recovering by degrees from our fatigue, becoming invigorated by the mountain breeze, and reflecting how much the apparent insignificance of their size must be due to their great distance below us, we determined to descend to them; meanwhile, we enjoyed the magnificent view. Allowing for the difference of seasons, it fully bore out the description given of it by Professor Stanley in his admirable work on *Sinai and Palestine*. All the surrounding heights were mantled with snow. This, however, as it brought out in all the bolder relief the verdure below, by no means lessened the beauty and grandeur of the landscape. We had feasted our eyes on the scene and decided on a visit to the cedars, when the guide joined us. We made known to him our intention. On finding protestation and deprecation of no avail he let us go, but declined to accompany us; supposing we should have him in sight all the time, we did not care about his

on his way to the cedars of Lebanon. The necessity for this peculiar detour, and the relative situation of places, can only be made clear by the anticipated publication of the survey in question.

company. We soon found again that we almost had reason to repent of our undertaking. The snow was considerably deeper on this side, and the mountain steep was broken into abrupt undulations, so we repeatedly lost sight of the guide; indeed, we scarce saw him the whole time, and we might have perished in the snow before he could be expected to seek for us and rescue us. Another cause of danger arose as we approached the cedars. The sky suddenly became overcast. It was clear that a storm was brewing.

We recollected the gathering storm viewed by the Hebrew prophet from Mount Carmel, and the awful circumstances that preceded it, the thrilling tale of the appeals to Baal and Jehovah, and the solemnly impressive miracle that followed. We were reminded how soon "the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain." It was not till we were within about a furlong of the cedars that they began to swell into their real proportions; and it was only when standing under them that we became fully impressed with their grandeur, and with the undoubtedly vast antiquity of about a dozen of their number. The girth of one of these ancient proved, on measurement, to be five times as much as the taller of us, whose height was five feet ten and a half inches, could span with fully extended arms. This girth extended some considerable way up the tree. After taking a hasty survey of the trees, we searched some ten minutes for a cone. Only one could we find perfect. It was about the size of a large duck's egg. The rest were more or less in a state of decay, and scattered about in fragments. From their appearance one would have supposed them to have been gnawed to pieces by squirrels. The ground beneath the trees was carpeted with them, and entirely free from snow. We could only afford a quarter of an hour for our stay among them. On a hasty and rough estimation, we made them out to be about a hundred. All were fine trees, but the majority were not to be compared with the dozen veterans.

We have spoken of difficulties, but the brunt of the struggle lay in the return to the top of the ridge. Thinking it the easier method, we retraced our way on our old footsteps; but thereby we sank down all the deeper in the snow. This was especially trying to the shorter of us. In his haste, he, by mistake, stepped

into the track of his taller companion, and got fairly stuck in the snow. His feet not touching the ground, and his body resting on the pyramid of snow between, he looked as if he were astride on a jolting white ass. The longer-legged, not being subject to this uncomfortable process, found the ascent less difficult. Every time he looked behind him, he saw his friend either astride, as has been mentioned, in a comparatively secure position, or else in the act of losing his equipoise by striving with one leg to get a footing in the cavity, and thereby a purchase for a fresh start. The taller of course stopped occasionally, to give the shorter traveller time to overtake him. But, what with the gathering storm, and the short space of daylight left, it was absolutely necessary that we should push on as fast as possible. Hence, though it seemed hard, the taller felt obliged to start again, as soon as he had enticed his comrade on by slackening his own pace. We at length reached the top of the ridge. So sensible were we of the danger we had escaped, a fresh fall of snow having already begun, that we spontaneously uttered an exclamation of thanks to Providence.

We now, accompanied by the guide, descended through the falling and fallen snow to the spot where we had left our horses. It was quite dark when we reached it. The disagreeables of the journey were not over. In retracing our way through the wooded swamp, the guide was repeatedly at fault. What by daylight and in summer-time would have taken but half an hour, was now a work of two hours. Meanwhile, too, we feared we might be going in a wrong direction. It was with no little joy that we beheld twinkling lights in the distance, and, as we drew nearer, heard the barking of the dogs, and then the buzz of human voices. The natives had been for some time looking out for us, and had felt most anxious for our safety. Koni at their head, they received us with great warmth, embracing the guide, and congratulating us at having escaped from a serious danger. Doubtless we had. It was as well, though, that we made the expedition on that day. During the following night and the whole of the next day, the wind and rain, which had commenced some time before our return, swept incessantly down the valley. We had to run the gauntlet through it, as we pushed on to the ruins of Baalbec.

## THE DRUSES OF MOUNT LEBANON.

MOUNT LEBANON SOUTH OF THE CEDARS—MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS OF THE DRUSES—PECULIAR SCENERY—VARIOUS MOUNTAIN ROUTES—DAR EL KAMAR—CAPITAL OF THE DRUSES—PALACE AT BETEDDIN—PRINCELY FAMILY OF SHEHAB—WAR OF THE DRUSES AGAINST THE EGYPTIANS—REBEL AGAINST THE TURKS—SHEIKHS SAVED BY THE ENGLISH CONSUL—RELIGION AND HABITS AND MANNERS OF THE DRUSES.

The course of Mount Lebanon from Jebel Makmel, which rises up to the southward of the mountain recess in which are the celebrated cedars, is rather west of south as far as the country of the Druses, and it shows at intervals the elevated peaks of Jebel Sanin, Jebel Rhuan, and Jebel Baruk. The range is almost entirely

composed of masses of limestone, which rise abruptly from the valley of Zahle and Baalbec on the eastern side, whilst on the western there is a succession of lower mountains forming wooded basins and rich valleys which extend from thence down to the sea-coast. As the crests of this part of the great range are covered with perpetual snow, they must have an elevation of more than 7,000 feet; on their steep sides are forests of pines, oaks, and other timber, while at intervals are plantations of mulberries, and grain is cultivated on a succession of narrow terraces supported by stone walls.

In certain places these little gardens completely en-





DRUSES AT JAR EL KAMAR.

circle the mountain basins for which this part of Syria is so remarkable, giving to them, in consequence, the appearance of gigantic amphitheatres, of which the scattered flat-roofed cottages seem to form separations

between successive rows of seats. Rich and varied scenery of this kind, interspersed with towns, villages, mansions, and convents, and vineyards, prevails on the western slopes of the principal chains, which, leaving

the country of the Maronites north of the parallel of Beyrut, becomes, south of the same parallel, within the tenure and jurisdiction of the Druses, and is hence significantly known as the "Jebel el Deruz."

The Druses inhabit many mountain districts in Syria; the three principal centres of population are, however, the Jebel el Deruz or Drus, in which are the districts of esh Shuf, Al Tafakh, Al Shumar, and thirteen others enumerated by Burckhardt (*Travels in Syria*, p.p. 214, 305). Robinson, however, simply distinguishes the districts as of el Ghurb, el Jurd, el Arkub, el Manasir, and el Shuf. The second centre is the Jebel es Sheikh or Mount Hermou, connected with which are Rasheiya and Hasbeiya, and the third the Hauran, where, according to Mr. Porter, the most powerful sheikhs have taken up their abode: Shuhba and Suweidiyah having been for a long time the residence of the princely family of Shehab. Advancing from the sea-shore into the first-mentioned district, in some places huge masses rise abruptly from the very edge of the sea, whilst in others they gradually recede from it, showing peak above peak, and forming in certain places rocky basins or amphitheatres, on whose sides are villages and cultivated terraces shaded by lofty pines or cedars, with not unfrequently a convent or monastery above, overlooking the whole.

Towards the interior the slopes are generally formed by a succession of hogs'-back ridges, separated by deep gorges or ravines, with walnut trees on the lower slopes; and about midway are villages and hamlets surrounded with terraces, on which are grown cotton and hemp, besides grapes, olives, mulberries, and other fruits; higher up are forests of pine; and on the summits a profusion of myrtle, with usually a village, adjoining which is either a convent or an emir's serai palace or mansion.

But occasionally the scenery is of a higher cast; a deep and wide gorge terminating in an amphitheatre of valleys and ridges, studded with villages. From the ruined Ionic temple at Dar el Kalah, for instance, the view presents a great amphitheatre covered with terraces, amidst which forty-five Druse villages may be counted, in addition to Mar Khana, and several other convents, with the serai of Ras el Mittan; while beyond all are the snow-clad peaks and furrowed sides of Jebel Rihan and Sanin.

No sooner has one narrow ridge in this singular country been gained than another valley or amphitheatre appears, teeming, like the preceding, with villages, to reach some of which, although at short direct distances, a whole day is frequently consumed in ascending and descending from one village to another by zig-zag paths or steps.

It is just upon one of these bold ridges or maritime spurs of Mount Lebanon—ridges which separate the mountain basins, just as in the country of the Maronites, into so many small districts—that Dar el Kamar, the capital of the Druses, is situated. The particular ridge in question is one of two that rise up between the valleys of the ancient Tamyras to the north, and that of the Bostrenus to the south. Dar el Kamar crowns the northerly ridge in the district called el Marasif; Judeidah and the Mezrat esh Shuf—a holy man's mausoleum—crown the southerly ridge in the district of esh Shuf.

The district in question also lies a little to the north-eastward of Sidon, a town which, if not now comparable to the Royal City which furnished its quota of

the Phœnician and Syrian fleet for the invasion of Greece<sup>1</sup>; yet, as one of the ports of Damascus, and an outlet for the produce of the neighbouring mountain districts, has some commerce; silk, cotton, oil, corn, and fruits being exported from thence, whilst almost every vestige of trade has fled from the rival city of Tyre.

Proceeding eastward from Sidon, we have first the convent of Mar Ilyas, or Elias, and to the northward the villa of Jun, where resided Lady Hester Stanhope, and where Lamartine visited her ladyship, and penned no small amount of absurdities in connection with the said visit. Dar el Kamar is about twelve miles north-eastward of Jun on the eastern side of the principal valley in this part of the chain. A horse track—that is to say, a highway in Lebanon—runs from Beyrut to Dar el Kamar and Beteddin, the palace of the celebrated Emir Beahir, and there divides into two mule tracks, one of which crosses the mountains near the head of the Bostrenus, and through the main chain itself descending into the valley of the Litany, or Leontes, at Jubb Junin. The other goes by Baklin and Jun to Saïda or Sidon. There is also a short cut from Beteddin to the valley of the Bostrenus by Judeidah, and this road is prolonged by Badran across the Lebanon, the valley of the Leontes, and Anti Lebanon to Rasheiya and Damascus. It is one of the "highways" of the country.

Another, and still more interesting road, as that most favoured by the Crusaders of old, follows the northern tributary to the Bostrenus, crosses a mountain ridge at the castle of Niha, a most picturesque place, with a neighbouring convent, surnamed of the apriots, "Deir Mishmushy," crosses the southerly tributary to the Bostrenus to Jezzin, thence by Kafir Hunch to the renowned Belfort, now Kalah esh Shukif, which commands the ancient bridge and pass of the Litany, now Jisr Burghuz, and whence roads diverge to all the country beyond.

Dar el Kamar is variously written by tourists, Deir el Kammah (Cheaney), Deir el Kamar (Porter), and indeed in a different manner by nearly every traveller and tourist. Yet Deir and Dar are two very distinct words, and known as such from the most remote regions in which the Arabic language is spoken.

Dar el Kamar contains about 8,000 Druse and Maronite inhabitants, two Maronite and as many Melchite churches, with nearly nineteen hundred substantially-built dwellings, which form a succession of terraces and a number of narrow streets. In the upper part of the town there is a well-supplied bazaar, displaying the rich abbas or cloak, interwoven with gold or silver threads, for the manufacture of which it is celebrated.

On still higher ground, forming a separate hill, or rather shoulder, stands the great pile of building once the serai or palace of the Emir Beahir. Terraces sown with corn, or on which are planted fruit-trees, particularly the mulberry, extend for some little distance, chiefly to the eastward of the town; and in different spots around the latter, there are many sepulchres of an unusual kind. They are stone buildings, each about 40 feet square, and almost every Christian family has one which is walled up after each interment.

<sup>1</sup> Amounting to 300 vessels. *Herod.*, lib. vii., cap. lxxxix. Tetramnesto, son of Amyntas, commanded those of Sidon; and Mahen, son of Siranus, the Tyrian vessels. *Ibid.*, cap. xeviii.

Beteddin or Bteddin of Robinson, the walled palace of the Emir Beshir, is a little way south-eastward, on the southern side of the valley, and nearly on the same level; it occupies the crest of an isolated sugar-loaf hill, whose slopes are covered by terraced gardens, supported by walls, forming a succession of circles from the base almost to the summit; through these, by means of a flight of steep steps, there is an ascent from the valley to the palace. A castellated entrance leads into an outer court of the latter, round which are arcades, partly used as stables, and partly by the guards and other attendants; on the western side there is a Saracenic archway leading into a second court; and beyond is a third court, which is that of the harem. The second court is in the eastern style, having in the centre a large marble fountain, prettily shaded with orange-trees; and around it are the church and principal apartments, forming several suites. The rooms are, however, it is almost needless to say, very different to anything associated with our ideas of a palace; but the deficiency in this respect is more than compensated by the wild and striking scenery presented from the terraces of the building. Beneath is a deep and winding valley, which at first presents, on one side, terraced gardens, trees and shrubs, with bold rocks beyond; and on the opposite side is the town, backed by high and rugged mountains, through an opening of which the sea is visible in the distance.

The Druses or Druzes (ed Deruz, in the singular ed Derazy) used to enjoy a kind of republican independence under their sheikhs or hereditary chieftains, chief among whom was the Sheikh Beshir Shehab in the region now in question. His court and attendance have been picturesquely described by a great number of tourists of former times. The late massacres occurring since civilised Europe has taken a deeper interest in Oriental matters has led to the rule of the Sheikhs being superseded, first by French occupation, and then afterwards by that of the Osmanlis.

The princely family of Shehab, from whom Shuhba in the Hauran derives its name, has for many years been one of the most celebrated in Syria, and it is said to derive its origin from the ancient tribe of the Koreish, its members thus claiming relationship with the Prophet. One of their ancestors emigrated about the seventh century from Hadramaut on the southern shores of Arabia, and took up his residence at Shuhba. There his descendants remained, with their property and dependents, till the twelfth century, when during the war of Nur-ed-Din "light of faith" and Salah-ed-Din "work of faith" (the Noureddin and Saladin of history and romance) they resolved to escape from their adopted city, where they were exposed to the depredations of the contending parties, and to take up their abode amid the fastnesses of Lebanon. They consequently set out in regular order; but in passing up Wady et Teim, near Hasbeiya, they were attacked by the Frank garrison of that stronghold, and having signally defeated them, they took possession of the castle and have ever since retained it. The present Emir, Sayid-ed-Din, of Hasbeiya, is now the head of the house; the Emir Effendi, of Rasheiya, is another scion of it; and the celebrated Emir Beshir Shehab, the former powerful chief of Dar-el-Kamar, was only a junior member of the same family.

One of the most remarkable episodes in the history of the Druses is the resistance they made to the

tyranny of Ibrahim Pasha, and his Egyptians, in their portion of Syria.

In the year 1839, the pasha, making a second conscription, demanded a levy of one hundred and seventy-five men from the Druses of the Hauran. Sherif Pasha, the civil governor of Damascus, summoned Sheikh Hambdan, at that time prince of the Druses, to press the levy. The prince replied, that if they met the demands of Ibrahim Pasha, of a second conscription, they, as the settled cultivators of the land, would have no more able-bodied men to resist the incessant attacks of the Arabs. The objections of the prince were, however, not admitted, and four hundred horsemen were sent to Um esh Zaitun, or the "mother of olives," an important village on the frontier of the Leja, where they were put to death with the exception of their leader. The Druses then withdrew into the almost inaccessible regions of the Leja, and bid defiance to the Egyptians.

Muhammad Pasha, the general of division, and Achmet Bey, brigadier, were sent with the first regiment of the guard, and the second and eighteenth of the line, to chastise the Hauranites. They entered the Leja, meeting but little opposition, and that only from a few marksmen, who like the Parthians of old, retreated before them, firing. The tactics of the Druses were to draw the Egyptians into the worst fastnesses of this rocky region, and so well did they succeed, that, having got Muhammad Pasha, with the guards, as far as Abu-Ekadem, they there surrounded him, and killed the general and Yakub Bey, the colonel of the regiment, the soldiers taking flight, and leaving numbers of dead on the ground.

Ibrahim Pasha at once ordered the second regiment of the guard to march from Homs, the fourth of the line from Aleppo, and the fourteenth from Antioch, to revenge this defeat, but the news of the advance of the Osmanlis across Taurus, towards Nizib, prevented his going himself; he stopped at Aleppo, and despatched Achmet Pasha Mereky with the sixth regiment of infantry, the ninth of cavalry, two guns, and four to five hundred horsemen. The same thing happened on this as on the previous occasion. The Egyptians advanced, the Druses retreating, firing before them, till at length they came to a wall of rocks, some two miles in extent, crowning the crest of hills, to which the Torres Vedras would have been a plaything. Three times were the Egyptians led to the assault, and as often repulsed, till the Druses, seeing their numbers thinned, and their ranks discouraged, and in disorder, rushed past their lines upon them, putting them to flight, killing two generals, one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, seven commandants (bimbashi), twenty captains, and upwards of three thousand soldiers, and wounding two thousand, besides capturing the two guns, six hundred muskets, fifty camels laden with powder and the whole baggage of the Egyptian force.

Ibrahim Pasha, counselled by Sulaiman Pasha, adopted a new plan, after this most signal reverse, for subjugating these brave mountaineers. The Leja, like many other Syrian districts, has to depend for its supply of water, in the dry season, upon artificial reservoirs cut in the rock. It was resolved to fill these up with stones, and several regiments were employed in this unwarlike proceeding. The Druses defended their birkets, as they are called, with obstinate valour, but one after another they were

taken, and filled in detail. They had no alternative then left them but to submit or to emigrate: they preferred the latter, and sought shelter in the Jebel Sheikh, between Haabaiya and Rashaiya, in the Anti-Lebanon.

Previous to the war in which the British naval forces combined by sea and by land with the Omanis to expel the Egyptians from Syria, Mr. Wood had been sent to effect an alliance with the revolted Druses, and for which exertions he was rewarded with the consulate of Damascus. After the objects of the coalition had been obtained, however, the Druses found that in welcoming the soldiers of General Jomus they had only changed masters, and they once more withdrew into the Leja in open revolt. The newly appointed Turkish Pasha of Damascus was terrified at the alternative presented to him of attacking with three thousand men—all he had at his disposal—the two thousand redoubtable mountaineers, and that in a country where, with only one thousand men, they had defeated the admirable troops of Ibrahim Pasha, so they appealed to Mr. Wood to intercede. Mr. Wood consented to do so, but only upon the most solemn promises of an amnesty. This was conceded, and the Emir Asaad Shuhab, Sheikh Yusuf, Abd-el-Malek, and other Druse chiefs, accepted the hospitality of the British consulate. After the lapse of two months, a firman arrived from Constantinople to put all the Druse chiefs to death, and to send their heads to the capital.

The day after this firman arrived, the pasha's secretary rode to the consulate, and inquired, with infinite suavity of manner, why the sheikhs did not come to the palace and take a pipe and a cup of coffee? Yusuf accepted the invitation, and had no sooner reached the palace than he was arrested. Mr. Wood at once went and reminded Ali and Achmet Pashas—the civil and military governors—of their express and solemn promises. It was, however, in vain: the fatal firman was produced in reply. Mr. Wood justly remarked upon this, that if the Porte had been loyally informed of the true character of the transaction, it would never have issued such a firman. After a discussion that lasted several hours, Mr. Wood, finding he could not prevail, and being told that a battalion of the Nizam would be sent to the consulate to fetch the chiefs, prepared to withdraw, declaring that he would defend the honour and inviolability of the consulate to the last, and that not a Druse chief should be removed so long as he was alive. The Turkish Pashas, hearing this, at length gave way, and the lives of the Druse sheikhs were saved by the resolution of the British consul. Ever since this, this warlike race of mountaineers has looked upon the English as peculiarly their friends—their friends when assailed by Ibrahim Pasha, and equally their friends when their lives and liberties were threatened by the Turks. It is much to be regretted, therefore, that they should have been involved in the late internecine quarrels with the Maronites, fomented by foreign influence, and still more so that they should have been implicated in the atrocious massacres committed by the fanaticism of the Moslems of Damascus and other places.

This was not, indeed, the last time that the British consul at Damascus had to interfere in behalf of the Druses. The defeat of the Turkish troops in the war of 1852 again led the government to seek the intercession of the English consul, but, on this occasion, only after the representatives of other European

nations had volunteered their services and failed. Mr. Wood arranged a meeting with Sheikh Sayyid Jimlat, at that time the most powerful and influential of all the Druse chiefs, and, in company with him, proceeded first to Edhra and thence to Busr el Hariry. At this latter place, the sheikhs of the Hauran all assembled to receive the proposals of the Porte, and discuss the terms of peace. It was a stormy scene; and more than once a peace congress was well-nigh changed into a fierce battle. The fanatical Moslems feared, or pretended to fear, treachery on the part of Mr. Wood and Sayyid Bey, and once the cry was raised to pull down the house in which they were sitting. The proud Druse chief could ill brook such insults, and haughtily stated that if he had anticipated such insolence, he would have brought from his native mountains such a force as would have effectually prevented its recurrence for the future. In fact, it was only the smallness of his retinue—about one hundred and fifty men—that prevented him from taking instantaneous revenge. Still, notwithstanding such threats and insinuations on the spot, and the no less dangerous intrigues of disappointed consuls in Damascus, Mr. Wood, with his usual ability, succeeded in opening up communications, which secured peace till the late outbreak.

The sketch at page 566 gives a picturesque idea of the assembling of these warrior mountaineers at Dar el Kamar, under the appeal of their princely chieftain, whose influence with the people is no less in the present day than it was when they wrested Haabaiya from the Frankish crusaders.

It is curious that no satisfactory account has yet been given of the religion of the Druses. De Sacy, the well known Oriental scholar has written a work on this subject, "*Exposé de la Religion des Druses*, &c., 2 tom., Paris, 1838." Niebuhr has ventilated the subject in his *Reisebericht*, ii., p. 428, *et seq.* Volney, the sceptic, in his *Voyage*, ii., p. 37, *et seq.*, and Burckhardt in his *Travels*, pp. 193, 205, and several educated Syrians have aided modern tourists in eliminating facts without, however, by any means making the matter perfectly clear. Their books have also been seized, as in the insurrection of 1838 by the Egyptians, and it was from one of these that De Sacy compiled his work, others are also said to have been purchased by the missionaries of Beyrut, but with no better results.

Dr. Robinson says of them that they appear to have sprung up out of one of the many Muhammadan sects (the Carmathians) of the centuries before the Crusades; and the insane Hakim, Khalif of Egypt, is regarded as their deity. Burckhardt said on the contrary that Islamism was first introduced among them by Hakim, in 1030; and when in public they perform its rites, but in private it is otherwise, and they are said to abhor all religions except their own. General Chesney says they have a priesthood, of which the first class is the Akkal, or initiated, who have charge of the schools, and perform "certain unknown ceremonies" every Thursday, in the closed and guarded oratories, the women being part of the assemblage. It is also said that in order the more effectually to conceal their religious opinions, they, on being questioned concerning them, profess to be of the same faith as the inquirer, whether he be Christian, or Muslim, or Pagan. Benjamin of Tudela described them simply as heathens and unbelievers, who confess no religion.

They are said, however, to keep a register of births, and that they cannot disinherit their children. They do not practise circumcision, neither do they fast or pray, but they believe in the transmigration of souls; moreover, they divorce on the slightest occasion; they drink wine, eat pork, and marry a sister; none of which practices would be followed, if their religion had been founded on that of Muhammad. It is probable that its origin must be sought for in the ancient practices of the Himyaritic Sabæans of Hadramaut, from which country they came originally, rather than from those of the ancient Samaritans, with whom some have recently attempted to establish their analogy.

We have before seen that, owing to the absence of level tracts and the depth of the valleys in the Druse districts in Lebanon, the villages are formed usually about midway on the slopes of successive ridges, along which rows of houses and mulberry terraces rise one above another, like the steps of a gigantic amphitheatre.

The number of houses in the villages varies in general from twenty or thirty to about a hundred, but some contain nearly four hundred, besides the serai of their chief. The latter is always a more or less extensive pile of buildings, usually situated on the most commanding ground, and containing two or even three generations of the family, with suitable apartments built round; an outer and an inner court, the latter generally occupying a higher level.

The ordinary houses are comfortable, being substantially built of stone, and almost always whitewashed. They seldom contain more than one apartment, with the addition of a kind of arcade or else a verandah covering the door, which not unfrequently is the only aperture in the building. A fire-place in the centre, a raised divan on one side, and several cupboards recessed in the walls, constitute the furniture of the interior, but a terraced roof, shaded by mulberry and pomegranate trees, serves as a second room, and is the sleeping place in summer, as well as the chief resort of the family; passengers also occupy it occasionally, for on the roof of one house is the ordinary passage to that of a higher building, the terraces are common to all persons, but a stranger must not enter the dwelling itself. Arabic is the language spoken.

Patient industry, in which the females largely share, determined valour, extreme pride of birth, hospitality, extending to the unflinching protection of strangers, deadly feuds among themselves, an absence of respect for the ties of blood, the dread of a public insult, and exceeding love of their romantic country, are some of the leading characteristics of these mountaineers.

All that such a race really wants is a fair market for their silk, fruit, grain, and other produce, protection for their landed property, or to be allowed to vindicate their rights when assailed by Turks, Arabs, or Maronites themselves, relief from restraint, which their haughty clanish spirit rebels against more than anything else, and of which one of the worst forms is conscription; and indemnity from that extortion to which they have ever been subjected, when the transaction of business carries them to the ports or large towns in the hands of the Turks. This is asking a great deal as far as restraint is concerned, but it is a question, if mere justice were rendered to them, if they would not submit to a fair amount of taxation and conscription without a murmur. They did not break out into rebellion against the Egyptians till conscription was pushed to

an unendurable extent, and as to their sad affrays with the Maronites, it would be a long tale to tell of the hereditary disputes, bickerings, and blood-feuds—the Maronites pushed on by European powers—that have grown up into such disastrous antagonism. The Christians have, under the new arrangement, their own governor or ruler, the Druses and Muhammadans theirs; and it is to be hoped that hostilities will cease, and the two peoples will live together in peace and harmony.

M. Van de Velde, looked upon as an Englishman, was most hospitably treated and feasted by the Druses when in their country, yet he sets the opinion of Christian natives against the evidence of his own senses when he says, "I do not at all wish to decry the virtue of hospitality, as exercised by the Druses; but from some hints dropped by William's father and Mr. Wortabet on this point, I have the impression that their special love for the English is not quite disinterested; these two gentlemen being residents in the country must know them well." Perhaps, thus narrowly inquired into, there is no such thing as utterly disinterested international loves or hatreds.

In what follows, M. Van de Velde is, however, especially entitled to a hearing, inasmuch as he is by his origin to a certain extent removed from the influences which actuate other parties:—

"Not that I shall venture to determine exactly how far the warlike Druse, the child of independence, sympathises with the originality of the English national character, as far as it is displayed by British travellers in Palestine; nor that I overlooked the moral influence exercised on this people by the American missionaries (who are looked upon by the Druses in the same light as the English), in proof of which influence an occasional convert from among them is seen; but it is well known that for many years the Druses have sought the alliance of the English, in opposition to the union of the Greek Christians with Russia, and of the Maronites with France. (This is the Syrian Question divested of all subterfuge.)

"As the influence of the European Powers has become greater in the dominions of the Sultan, this party spirit has developed more strongly; while the Druses, seeing the progress made by Protestant or Evangelical Christianity in Syria, have not been slow in openly showing their preference for the Protestant natives. A natural consequence of this is, that you meet with great diversity of opinion among the different writers who have spoken of the Lebanon population.

"French travellers paint the Druses in the blackest colours, while they attribute to the Maronites, as their brethren in the Roman Catholic faith, not a few good qualities. English visitors, on the contrary, are not free from prejudice in the way in which they view the vices of the Maronites, while they are less disposed to acknowledge the hypocrisy of the Druses, which is, perhaps, their greatest vice, and is, alas! counted by themselves as a merit. From the little experience I have had as regards both Druses and Maronites, it seems to me that travellers in Palestine and Syria have good reason to think lightly of both."

This is so far quite correct, and it is probable that there is little to choose between Ansarians, Ismaïlians, Maronites, Greek Christians, Druses, Arabs, or Turks; but it is sufficient that any European power gains by the ascendancy of one of the numerous races that rule

or dwell in Lebanon, that the spirit of antagonism, founded on the maintenance of the balance of power, should be aroused. It is admitted by M. Van de Velde, that the Russians have religious allies in the Syrians of the Greek Church, and the French in the Maronites; it is, therefore, no more to be wondered at that the Druses should seek alliance with England, than it is that England, having an interest in the welfare of the

country, as well as in the balance of power, avails itself of a friendship founded upon mutual political interest. According to M. Van de Velde, the greatest vice of the Druses is hypocrisy, but it is admitted, on the other hand, that they possess many noble virtues, as courage, hospitality, fidelity, family pride, love of independence, and the spirit of national honour, to an extent not to be met with in any other tribe in the Lebanon.



# MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS,

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF ASCENTS OF THE PEAKS OF POPOCATEPETL AND ORIZAVA.

## I.

VERA CRUZ AND SAN JUAN DE ULUA—HOUSES AND INHABITANTS—ROADS TO THE INTERIOR—REGION OF PALM FORESTS—SAVANNAHS OR PRAIRIES—RUINS OF OLDEN TIME—REGION OF FORESTS—ALPINE OR HIGHLAND DISTRICTS—PINE FORESTS—LIMIT OF ALL VEGETATION—PLATEAUS OR TABLE LANDS OF MEXICO—CURIOUS CACTUSES.

THE popular mind satisfies itself with three very general ideas in reference to Mexico: first, that it is a vast and fertile territory, more particularly remarkable for its romantic scenery, as also for its dangers and inconveniences—both natural and artificial—from storms, banditti, and vile hosteleries; secondly, that it had an ancient history, of which very little is known, save that its older inhabitants left some magnificent monuments of industry, and many more of a grotesque character, behind them; and, thirdly, that as a Spanish viceroyalty, or a Spanish republic, its present inhabitants have inherited the pride and vices of the mother country, have superadded to them those of a tropical climate, and that the vices of the people having extended to its rulers, the whole nation is now in a state of anarchy and disorganisation.

And no wonder that the popular mind should be satisfied with such crude and imperfect ideas, when we consider that previous to the publications of our own native historian, the elegant and learned Robertson, little more was known of this and the other Spanish colonies than the history of their discovery and conquest; and even the information afforded by Robertson was, till the days of Prescott, most scanty and imperfect. For two hundred years, with the exception of Ulloa's travels, and the narratives of Bouguer and Condamine, no satisfactory intelligence had been communicated to the world relating to any of the principal Spanish settlements. It was not till Spain abandoned the system of secrecy and concealment, and threw open the trade to other nations, that travellers appeared, such as Molina, Alcedo, Estalla, Depont, Antillon, and, above all, Humboldt, whose *Political Essay on New Spain* is, despite the changes which fifty years have called forth, a *point d'appui* for every writer on Mexico. The great Prussian's researches did not, however, extend to northern or New Mexico, and we are mainly indebted to what we know of that

region to the people of the United States, among whom Prescott takes the lead as historian, and Pike and Stephens as explorers.

If we approach the coast of Mexico, as is usually done, by the port of Vera Cruz, with its renowned fort of San Juan de Ulua, dark forests, gradually sloping upwards, are seen to inclose the sandy shore to the west; then follow several mountain terraces, one commanding the other, till at length, towering above all, the magnificent cones and indented summits of the dark blue Andes seem to support the clear vault of heaven. Majestically rearing their heads over their fellows are the snow, summits of the peak of Orizava and the wild jagged crater of Perote. From the latter the mountains branch off northwards to the sea, terminating in an abrupt rocky wall on the shores of the gulf, whilst to the south the Cordilleras extend in a huge semicircle in the distant horizon. Everywhere we find the same features—a narrow level tract of coast, not many miles in width, then a gradual ascent by gently inclining slopes to the spurs of the mountains, and finally to the high lands, which, almost uninterruptedly, extend for many hundred miles from north to south, nearly parallel with the coast.

On landing, everything appears strange—language, dress, and complexion of the inhabitants, and the town, with its Andalusian-Moorish trappings. Here we behold a group of negroes and mulattoes gesticulating in the most passionate manner, there the copper-coloured Indian silently offering his fruit for sale; the clearer skinned Mestizo, or Mestizo, urges forward his horse, or trots on an ass after his well-laden mules, whilst the European or Creole dandy, puffing his cigar, examines the new arrivals. On one side the Paris fashions, on the other the lightest possible clothing, consisting of a broad-brimmed straw hat, coloured or white shirt, and ample trousers. The fair sex exhibits the same contrast: on one hand the greatest luxury, on the other half-naked. What European can fail to be astonished at the sight of the fat negress there, who, seated comfortably at the door of her house, with a short clay pipe in her mouth, caresses her perfectly naked offspring, clinging to and clambering about her like a very ape? Who would not cast a glance after that troop of Mestizo girls, all mounted, with fluttering ribands in their straw hats, as, smoking their cigarettes,

they jest with their brown admirer, who, seated on his long-eared steed, thrums his jarana and sings jocular songs!

The women and girls of the lower classes wear large four-cornered wrappers of calico, with nothing save a fine chemise, of an embroidered and trimmed with lace beneath. They have also a wide petticoat of bright calico or muslin, sometimes with a white under-petticoat, whilst the feet, innocent of stockings, are encased in light silk shoes. The dress of the wealthy Creole ladies is pretty much the same as with Europeans, being regulated by the newest Parisian fashions. For church-going, nevertheless, they adhere to the ancient Spanish black mantilla, falling from the head over the shoulders, and half way down the arms.

In Mexico, as indeed in all the originally Spanish colonies, the appearance of the towns is more or less similar to what is observed in the mother-country. Straight streets with raised foot-pavements, massive stone houses with flat roofs, churches in the Italian style of the seventeenth century, with lofty towers and high cupolas, covered, for the most part, with parti-coloured shining tiles, meet the eye. The interior of the houses is decidedly Moorish. You enter through an arched gateway into the first court, surrounded by a colonnade, which is repeated in the upper stories. The doors and windows of the apartments all open on this court. In some districts there is a pretty fountain in the centre round which flowering plants are grouped in large vases. A second court is usually surrounded by the servants' offices, kitchens, and stables. In Vera Cruz there are no fountains, the flat sandy soil does not afford a drop of water, and that which is furnished by the tropical storms is collected in large stone cisterns. Within the town the numerous black vultures, seated in long rows on the buildings, or disputing with the lean dogs in the streets for the refuse of the kitchens, make a strange impression, and, without, the shrubless downs impart a dull, forbidding feeling.

Two great roads lead from Vera Cruz to the interior; the one passing through Jalapa and Perote, the other through Cordova and Orizava. The traveller may either proceed by mail-coach, by sedan borne by mules, or in a still more independent manner, mounted on a nettlesome little Mexican horse. The road lies at first over the sandy district, and it is some time before the wooded region is attained, and where the beautiful flowering trees, shrubs, and lianas rejoice the traveller's eye. On the banks of the river Antigua rows of black and white ibises, dazzling white herons, and red spoonbills, may be seen perched on the horizontal branches of the *Ficus americana*; and occasionally an old alligator may be seen sunning himself on a dry log, and looking like a log, too.

The huts of the garchoos, or coasters, are the most simple things imaginable—walls of bamboo stems, and a roof of palm-leaves. The river supplies them with fish and turtle, the forest with game; ready money is obtained by charcoal burning, and they cultivate a little maize and a few fruits, as bananas, pines, oranges, and lemons. Such a bounteous nature makes man idle. If the garchoo wants fuel he goes out with his donkey and brings in a fallen tree; he then passes it in by the door to the fireplace, and when the end is consumed it is pushed in further, and so on, till it gets into the house. On the same river is the village of the same name, the first permanent settlement of Fernando

Cortes, and whose stone church is one of the oldest in the country.

Beyond this the traveller reaches the first palm forest. A forest of this kind, a traveller remarks, represents "the grandest cupola; palms of all sizes constituted the proud vaulting, the capitals were represented by the blossoms and fruit which regularly appeared under the stipules, the dark gloomy forest forming the walls, the light of the deep blue sky penetrating solely through the feathery palm foliage. A feeling of indescribable awe and reverence was given birth to in me, and too distinctly I recognised and bowed before the might of the All-Wise."

That part of the coast in which the conditions most favourable for luxuriance of vegetation—a powerful sun, and moisture loaded with carbon—exist, is the one least fitted for man. The moist atmosphere produces not only all the bad fevers prevalent in tropical regions, but calls into existence countless armies of tormenting mosquitoes, ticks, and blood-sucking insects, which render life a complete torment. The only sounds that enliven these dark forests are the chirping of crickets and grasshoppers, the chattering of parrots, the tapping of woodpeckers, and the cry of the apes.

A few leagues more, and the plains, with their palm forests, are left behind, the country becomes undulated and rocky, chiefly volcanic, and rent by fearful chasms. In the summer months the tropical rains call forth a lively green in these savannas or prairies, which extend from 800 to 2500 feet above the sea. At such times thousands of cows pasture on the rich juicy grass, tended by the leather-jacketed rancheros, who dwell in solitary farms, for there are neither towns nor villages in these wild districts. Yet it was not so in olden times. Traces of terraces, water-dams, houses, large cities, and miles of regular roads, are to be met with buried in shrubs and tall grass; remains of extinct tribes and of a dense agricultural population, who had been extirpated before the Spaniards invaded the country. At one time every foot of land appears to have been as diligently cultivated as the banks of the Nile, or the Euphrates in the days of Solomon. At other times of the year these wildernesses are clothed with low thorny mimosa and other shrubs and trees, whilst dark pillar-shaped cacti, opuntias, mamillareas, bromelias, and agaves start up from heaps of stones. In the dry season the prairies are also often set on fire, partly to destroy the clouds of tormenting ticks and tarantulas, partly to call forth a new crop from beneath the ashes. In this region, the village of Conasta alone, the ancient Cantastlan, with fine ruins of hewn stone, covered with sculpture, dates from an historical period; it was a royal residence, and was destroyed in the Aztec wars with the Toltecs a century before the arrival of the Spaniards.

On attaining an elevation of 2500 feet we come to the oak and evergreen forests. There is no gradual transition from bush to tree; "the complete forest stands all at once before us." This region extends to an elevation of 5000 feet. "Here we can breathe freely, no pestiferous vapours rise from the soil, no intermittent fevers rob the planter of his vigour, no enervating heats hem his activity. A soft, mild atmosphere prevails here all the year round, rendered pleasant during the day by the sea-breeze, cooled at night by the refreshing mountain air. Here the clouds, driven by the trade-wind towards the highlands, most

frequently discharge themselves; the country is never long without fertilising rain, and the plants are nightly refreshed with a heavy dew. Without artificial irrigation, here flourish the sugar-cane, rice, tobacco, and the banana; without wearisome labour, bounteous nature furnishes abundance of wholesome food within a small space."

Plants which in the north, scarcely rise above the ground become trees in this fertile region; for instance, the wolf's-milk species, the thornapple, the nightshade, and sage. This is also particularly the case with the climbing and arborescent ferns, which may be reckoned amongst nature's most graceful productions. So active are the powers of nature that they call forth life wherever moisture can arrive. Every tree is a colony

of countless plants. The forests produce many excellent kinds of wild fruits, to which the Old World has sent its cultivated additions. An Indian village of this zone presents a truly delightful picture, surrounded by heavily-laden orange-trees and banana stalks, by fruits of every imaginable shape and hue, and by the blossoming shrubs which invariably follow the steps of man. Arborescent dahlias, graceful and various-tinted blumerias, and lilacs and roses surround every Indian hut.

The traveller cannot fail, however, to experience surprise on passing through these fertile districts, where there have long been large settlements—for instance, in the vicinity of Cordova, Orizava, Huautla, Jalapa, Papontia, and other towns—to see how little



GATEWAY OF ST. ANTONIO.

land is cultivated. This is partly accounted for by the sparse population, partly by the productiveness of the soil, which produces within a small space a mass of nutritious fruits. Who is unacquainted with the valuable and important banana or plantain, which can furnish sustenance for fifty men from ground on which wheat would not give more than would be requisite for the nourishment of two, and of the nourishing roots, such as yam, manioc, arum, batate, and arrow-root? The yield of maize is two hundred-fold, of rice fifty to sixty-fold; the coffee-plant flourishes here as in its native mountains; vanilla grows in the forests; colouring matter, spices, and drugs, are in part spontaneously brought forth by nature. Can we wonder if the colonists as well as the natives enjoy the banquet

thus prepared for them, and deem it folly to provide for the future? The very birds of the air and the beasts of the field seem to set the example of thoughtlessness and improvidence.

We find the most luxuriant vegetation at the height of from 2,500 to 4,500 feet above the sea. Most of the original settlements of the natives are met with at an elevation of between four to six thousand feet. In loftier situations the climate is no longer tropical; frequent rains cool the air, and in winter rime and snow-storms are not unusual. Nevertheless this climate is exceedingly healthy and uniform; the valleys and mountain slopes are adorned with perennial green, and the products of the temperate zones can be harvested the whole year round.

It is in the forest region, however, more than in that of the savannahs, that those picturesque scenes are met with which form the staple theme of admiration with every Mexican traveller. The mountains are deeply indented, the valleys narrow, and declivities steep, and there are everywhere indications of volcanic activity, streams of lava, craters fallen in, mountains uplifted and cast down. All the streams are torrential, and they form countless waterfalls. A vapoury cloud is often observed rising from some obscure recess of the forest; it is sure to be a cascade, precipitating itself into some deep abyss. It is only here and there that the country assumes the level appearance of plateaus, or of broader valleys. For the most part it has an alpine character, with a tropical or sub-tropical aspect, smiling valleys, dark forest-grown mountains, everywhere moisture, and an exuberant vegetable and animal kingdom.

It is the reverse with the highland districts. Here the principal mountains, instead of jutting forth, rise in the form of terraces and vast plains or plateaus, each of which is distinguished by the peculiar character of its vegetation. "In countless spots we find ourselves in the most beautiful woods, in all the luxuriance of a semi-tropical vegetation: a steep mountain-path conducts us 2,000 feet higher, and, as though by magic, we stand in a pine-forest, and hear the whistling of the wind as in the forests of the north." But generally the change is more gradual, and the ordinary forest trees, as the oak, alder, and arbutus, are found extending far into the pine regions. The lowest limit of the pine is usually 6,500 to 6,800 feet.

The different forms of the Mexican conifers have not only been lately described, but miniature specimens of these dwellers on the Andes are seen in most botanic gardens. These, however, can afford no idea of the grandeur and majesty of these mountain forests. The straight, slender stems, often 100 or 120 feet in height, the close summits with the branches inclining downwards, the sharp-pointed leaves, now shorter, now longer, the cones sometimes quite small, sometimes immense, the frowning groups of *Abies religiosa*, which are furnished with branches from the base upwards, the solemn stillness prevailing, interrupted only by the occasional scream of the blue jay, of the green arara, or the howl of some hungry wolf—all give rise to a feeling of loneliness, more oppressive even than that of the far-extending prairie. Ravines with foaming mountain torrents, steep masses of rock, and green meadows, afford now and then some variety to the otherwise monotonous scenery; here, too, we find all the charms of alpine vegetation. All is familiar to us, from the grasses to the different species of clover, crowfoot, potentilla, gentianæ, strawberries, and violets. Vaccinæ and other mountain berries are found here as in the north, the lupins and penstemonæ blossom even at the height of 11,000 feet, where the alder already disappears, and nothing is found save the *Pinus Montezumæ*, the forest tree of greatest elevation. The juniper species are not met with so high; very few indeed grow on the east side of the mountains, but all the more on the west. The agave and cactus are only seen here and there between the rocks; they object to the moist climate of the eastern declivity, although they are not wholly unrepresented.

Although the forest disappears from the loftiest and most desolate portions of the mountains, vegetation

does not entirely cease. Large patches are still covered with grass, with some shrubs, and, still more, flowering plants; the senecio, with its silvery beard, and the snow-thistle, completely covered with grey felt, are seen, with lichens and mosses, in the loftiest regions. Above 14,500 feet the latter are alone met with, and they extend as high as 14,700 feet. On Orizava, *Parmelia elegans* rises above all. A few steps further on and we are on the borders of the region of eternal snow, or ice, for it is here a compact mass of eighteen or twenty feet in thickness, covered with loose snow, which is constantly thawing and being replaced.

From this standpoint, which is higher than the summit of Mont Blanc, let us view the country we have traversed. An interminable prospect lies before us, too extensive for every different object to be distinguished. We clearly recognise the mirror-like surface of the gulf, the darker forest-region of the coast, the lighter tracts of prairie-land. Then follow the sombre, wavy lines of the forest-clad mountains, occasionally interrupted by cultivation. The chasms indicating the water courses are distinctly recognised by their profound shade; solitary white dots in the midst of the foliage we presume to be churches and villages. The mountains ascend from terrace to terrace; we recognise the line of the pine forests, where they are in full development, and the elevation where the trees completely disappear. From the threshold of rigid death, as from the North Cape, or the glaciers of Iceland, our eyes pass from the arctic zone and the pine groves of the north to the gardens of the Hesperides with their golden fruit, and thence to the glowing zone where the palms and the arborescent ferns and grasses are developed. An immeasurable panorama acquaints us with the physiognomy of the country—namely, a gradual ascent of the soil from the sea to the ridge of the highlands, and from there a gentle, declining slope to the far-extending table lands or plateaus.

It is not the same with the eastern half of Mexico as it is with the western. The land rises gradually from the Pacific to the height of 10,000 to 12,000 feet, then falls again some 3000 or 4000 feet, forming those extensive plateaus which lie from 6000 to 8000 feet above the sea, and constitute one of the great landmarks of the country. Viewed from the same summit as before, moderately lofty mountain chains are seen to bound the plain; groups of mountains, mostly pointed or with blunt cones, interrupt the surface, whilst further to the west a lofty cordillera, with a snowy summit closes the picture. No forests, no luxuriant meadows can be perceived in the valley, but on all sides cultivated fields, many villages and hamlets, also sand and moor, gray lava masses, bare mountains, or slopes with a few scattered bushes or low trees. The contrast is so great, that it seems as though one were transported to a totally different country, from the south to the north, from the fragrant forest to the dreary heath.

The great plateau, or table-land, of Mexico is intersected by numerous mountain chains, which, however, never completely interrupt the communication of the plateaus with each other. From the eighteenth to the thirteenth degrees there are carriage roads, and from Mexico to Chihuahua a railroad could easily be constructed. The climate resembles that of Southern Europe, hence the vegetation has nowhere a tropical appearance, neither is it so perfectly developed, nor in

such exuberant masses. The grasses are short and fine, the trees low, the mountains bare. Succulent plants, as the cactus, agave, and yucca, with the mimosa and composite plants, determine the character of the landscape. Villages and large farms (*haciendas*) are met with, and attached to them are extensive cultivations of wheat, maize, barley, and pulse. On all sides the agaves bound the fields and roads, and surround the scattered dwellings.

The plains of Tlascala and Huatmanla, of Puebla, Mexico, Queretaro, Morelia, and Guanajuato, present landscapes which resemble those of Southern Europe. Numerous towns, villages, and farms, surrounded by olive, fig, cherry, apple, quince, and other trees, avenues of poplar and ash, orchards and kitchen-gardens of all kinds, would make the traveller forget that he is on the ridge of the Andes, if the plantations of agaves and the garden-hedges of cactus did not remind us of Montezuma's empire.

Wherever there is neither water nor cultivation—on the rocks and mountains and on the more arid plains—succulent plants abound in the most whimsical and varied forms. An acquaintance with hot-house plants is now so general, that we may venture just to glance at these. Small and very prickly mamillaries scarcely raise themselves above the ground, groups of a larger kind nestle in the rocks, melocactæ and echinocactæ of all dimensions start up, from the size of a fist to the altitude of a man, from one to three feet in diameter, furnished with short or long, with straight or curved prickles. The *Opuntias*, or Indian figs, are crowded together in distinct groups, differing in form, size, and colour of the leaves or branches, and in blossom and fruit. The *cereæ* creep like snakes along the ground, cling to the branches of trees and to the rocks, or rise in the form of a pillar thirty or forty feet above the generality of their species. There is one singular species called *organos*, whose appearance is almost incredible. A thick, ungainly trunk, from four to six feet in height, bears several hundred upright multangular pillars of all sizes, and which, being tallest in the middle, and smaller on either side, resemble a large organ. The mountains, where frequently thousands of these plants are seen, are not unlike walls of columnar basalt. This stiff, strange, and shadeless vegetation is quite in accordance with the rest of the landscape, with the grey rocky masses of volcanic or with the yellowish calcareous mountains.

The succulent plants, however, present both man and beast with the sources of existence. Humboldt has justly termed the cactus "the vegetable spring of the wilderness." Without them and the agaves, the sterile mountains of the plateaus, being so poor in water, would be uninhabitable. Instinct teaches the oxen and horses to remove the thorns and wool on the top of the thick echinocactæ with their horns or hoofs, and to bite in the succulent flesh, so that a little reservoir is formed. During the night the clear sap collects in this, and in the morning quenches the animal's thirst; the reservoir refills itself for several weeks in succession. The animals know their watering places well, return to them every morning, and defend them against usurpers. The agave is hollowed out by man in a similar manner into a bowl, and the liquid, removed every morning and evening, easily ferments, and constitutes the favourite drink *pulque*. The young leaves of the *Opuntias* are used as a favourite vegetable: the juicy fruit eaten raw is highly refreshing; dried

and pressed, it is not unlike fig, and forms an object of traffic. The juice of the fruit is sometimes converted into syrup, sometimes, slightly fermented, and termed *colonche*, it forms a substitute for wine at the festivals of the shepherds and mountaineers. *Pulque* is, however, the chief drink of Mexico. A large plant produces daily about eight bottles of sap, and there are plantations of twenty thousand to forty thousand. Caravans of several hundred mules are frequently met with conveying this nectar of the Indians to the towns in goatskins. The quantity of alcohol in *pulque* is about the same as in strong beer, and, as our author says, "one should see the happy faces of the Indians, squatting in a circle, without distinction of sex, and passing round the filled *schikals* (large gourds), one must see them staggering home from their feasts, in order to comprehend how so vast a quantity of sap can be consumed." In districts where water is rarely seen, it is often very difficult to procure a glass, whilst every Indian willingly offers a cup of *pulque*. The natives, it is to be observed, however, seldom use it till it has acquired a strong taste and a disagreeable fetid smell, and as it is fermented in oxskins with the hair inside, and carried in goatskins, the flavour is not always tempting to a stranger. Ropes, thread, sacks, and cloth are also, it may be observed, woven out of the same plant, which, to the Indians, is in some districts almost everything. They build their huts, light their fires, weave their cloth, and supply their table from this invaluable gift of God.

The heat and dryness on the table-lands, which do not all present exactly the same physiognomy, are greatest from March till June; the trees then lose their foliage, the course of the rivers and brooks alone being indicated by a green line. A dense bluish fog fills the atmosphere, arising from the heated state of the lower strata of air. Vertical atmospheric currents often take place, whirling grass and dry leaves to an immense height. All these phenomena vanish on the approach of the rainy season. The air is then most pure; everything assumes its green covering. The winter months are somewhat raw, and on the more elevated plateaus night frosts are not uncommon, snow falling occasionally, rarely, however, lying more than a day, although in the northern highland valleys it sometimes lies a week.

## II.

FACILITIES OF TRANSPORT IN MEXICO—SUGAR AND COFFEE PLANTATIONS—MINES—VOLCANOES—BARRANCAS OR CHASMS—SOCIAL AND POLITICAL RELATIONS OF THE MEXICANS—MESTIZOS OR MESTIZOS—LAMPOS—INDIANS—LEPEROS OR PROLETARIANS—POLITICAL EVENTS—GENERAL DEMORALIZATION—PICTURE OF A MEXICAN REVOLT.

SOUTH AMERICA has its plateaus like Mexico, and those of Quito, Cusco, and Cundinamarca are in part loftier than the latter. But they are separated from each other by profound and extensive valleys, and bounded by enormous chasms, with a tropical climate, from which the ascent to the cold Paramos is made with incredible fatigue. Not so in Mexico, where from south to north travellers and merchandise meet with uninterrupted vehicular transmission. Although there are three principal mountain ranges, the middle one is so constituted that the connection with the table-land is everywhere feasible by means of broad valleys. It is only the declination towards the sea that is less favourable for travellers. In the south,

for example, the descent from the mountains from Chiapas to the gulf is so steep, that it is impossible even to employ mules, and both goods and travellers have to be conveyed on the backs of Indians.

Taken altogether, the western slope is less abrupt than the eastern, and yet it is in parts more difficult for the construction of roads. The character of the landscape also differs much. The country is drier and hotter, the dense luxuriant forests are rarer, whilst more grasses and a slight growth of resinous trees—mimosas and terebinthias—are met with. The sea-coast is rather rocky than sandy; and there are safer bays than on the gulf. Dense palm forests border the lagoons, and the valleys are adorned with charming groups of palms, cecapalms, and figs.

There are districts where the industry of man has introduced artificial irrigation on a grand scale. Sugar and coffee plantations, equal to the most considerable in the West Indies, exist in the fertile plains south of Mexico. Extensive plantations are also met with in the plains of Mechoacan, but, generally speaking, little is cultivated, save what can be sown during the rainy season, although there are many Indian villages, the inhabitants of which plant vegetables and fruits in artificially irrigated fields. The yield of cotton along the coast is good, but there is a want of hands in the plantations, and the dwellers on the plateaus shun the coast as carefully as they would the infernal regions.

The country is very thinly peopled, and would have still fewer inhabitants if the mountains towards the South Sea were not so rich in metals. Most of the towns and villages owe their origin to miners, and new colonies are founded by them alone. In these mountains mining is very ancient; before the Europeans discovered America, the Aztecs diligently worked the diggings of Tascho, where, at the present day, the mining town of Tasco is built upon silver. From Tehuantepec to Arispe, and further to the north, the mountains between the sea and table-land are metalliferous. In the north of Sonora are extensive gold fields, richer, perhaps, than those of California. Silver, copper, lead, and iron have been found everywhere; but the rich veins can scarcely be said to have been opened for want of hands to prosecute such undertakings with advantage. When, in the course of time, the Germanic population penetrates further south, and the Hispano-Indian race is replaced by one more energetic and enterprising, the extraordinary wealth of this country will be duly appreciated.

These mountains have also a remarkable number of hot salt springs, giving off much gas. Subterranean fires are not everywhere extinct, and occasionally burst forth here or there, committing the most extensive ravages, or convulsing the earth with terrific spasms. In the south, a succession of volcanoes passing from Oajaca through Chiapas are connected with the burning mountains of Guatemala. Cempaltepec, one of the loftiest points of the Cordilleras of Oajaca, is a volcanic cone, and the frequent earthquakes in the plateaus of Oajaca always appear at the same time as those of Guatemala. The chief range of the Mexican volcanoes lies, however, between the nineteenth and twentieth degrees of north latitude, and may be traced from the Atlantic to the South Sea across the whole country. The last eruption of the Tustla, only sixty miles from Vera Cruz, took place in 1789, when the ashes lay several inches deep in towns situated twenty miles distance. The last eruption of Orizava, the highest point

of the Mexican Andes, being 17,819 feet in elevation, occurred in 1569, and lasted twenty years; but the internal fires are not extinct, and the lurking monster may, like Etna, again terrify those dwelling on or near it, even after the lapse of three centuries. The base of the giant is also surrounded for a considerable distance with smaller volcanoes. Two rivers, which rise on the east side of Orizava, suddenly disappear. The perpendicularly rocky walls, from 1000 to 2000 feet high, of the profound chasms which are met with for some miles in the volcanic soil, give the best idea, with the height of the mountains themselves, of the might of volcanic ravages in this country in former times.

Popocatepetl (from the Aztec "popoca" to smoke, and "teptl" mountain), 17,773 feet high, is not extinct, and the neighbouring snow mountain, Iztaccihuatl, bears the same relation to it as the Coffer of Perote does to Orizava: it is "a ruined flue of the same hearth." From Toluca to the South Sea two more volcanoes are still active—Jorulla and Colima; the latter, since the earliest known periods, the other a recent production of the mighty subterranean fires, which in the middle of the last century called forth terror and dismay on all sides. The whole succession of volcanic mountains in Mexico, according to Sartorius, from Tustla on the Gulf to Colima, traverses the mountain range at right angles, and all seem to stand on a great rent or cleft in the firm crust of the earth; even Jorullo, the most recent in its origin, exhibits a cleft far down in the crater, at a right angle with the mountains. Frequent observations have shown that for the last twenty years the earthquakes were most severely felt in the volcanic line, and that the shocks were more from east to west, or *vice versa*. We shall, however, when giving an account of recent as compared with former ascents of the two celebrated volcanoes and loftiest of the Andes of Mexico, enter more into details regarding them.

The deep almost perpendicular rents—barancas, as they are called, those wonderful chasms which are so frequent in all parts of the country—are amongst the most striking peculiarities of Mexico. The greater part are met with between the mountains and the sea; but they are not uncommon on the table-land. In many parts the country is so rent by chasms that one cannot travel a league from north to south without finding the road interrupted by these perpendicular abysses. They are frequently narrow clefts, with bare perpendicular rocky walls, more than 1,000 feet in height; but often they are of immense width, the sides having, by falling in, formed different stories or terraces. Sometimes several chasms communicate, the result being highly picturesque. Foaming torrents almost invariably hurry through these ravines, plunging from rock to rock, sometimes as a noisy cascade, sometimes as a roaring cataract. There are an incredible number of these waterfalls in the country, vying with one another in sublimity. The humidity also brings forth a most luxuriant vegetation in the shady dells.

These chasms naturally interfere a great deal with the communication in the interior, being frequently inaccessible for a distance of many leagues; and even when a passage can be effected, long use and confidence in the sure-footedness of the mules and horses are requisite to enable one to ride down these neck-breaking, winding, rocky paths. In some places they are spanned by natural bridges of rock, as at the "Puente de Dios" near Puebla; at others by a fallen tree; or they are crossed by the Maromas or hanging



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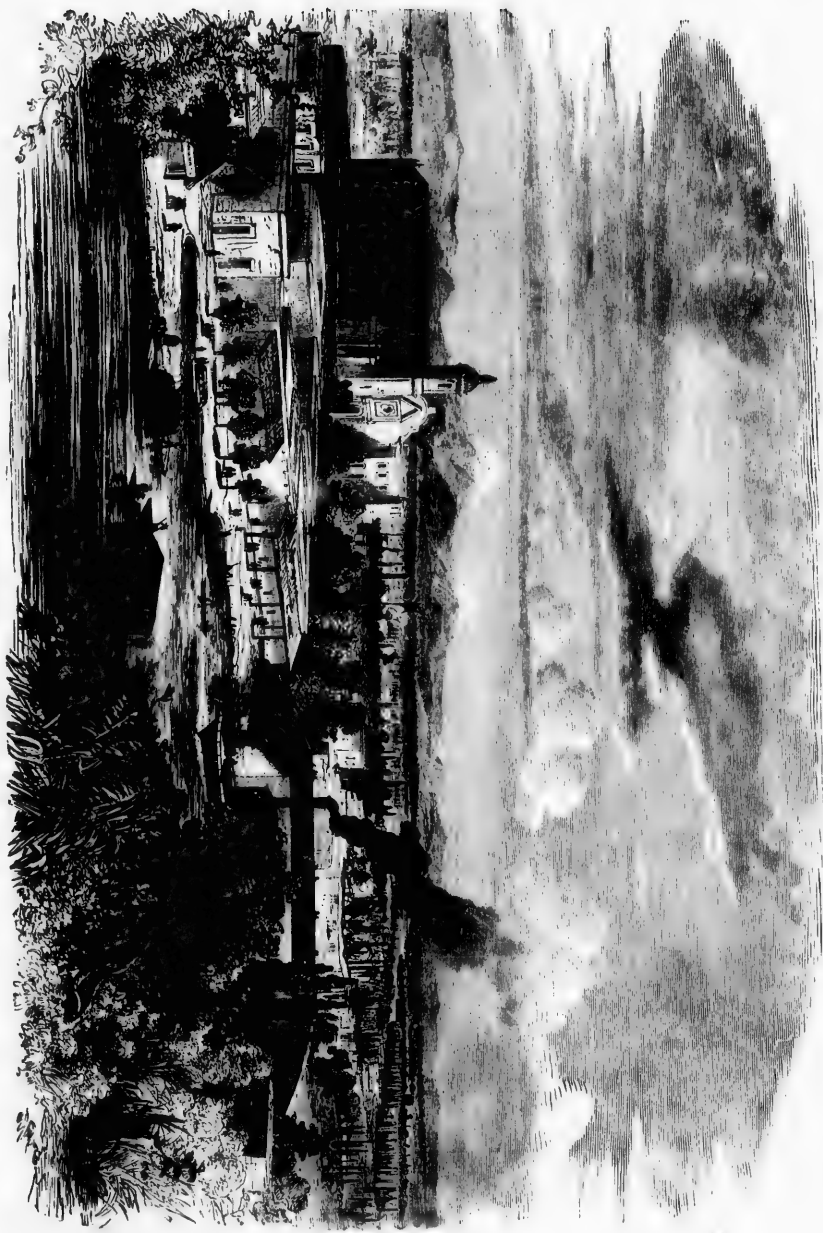
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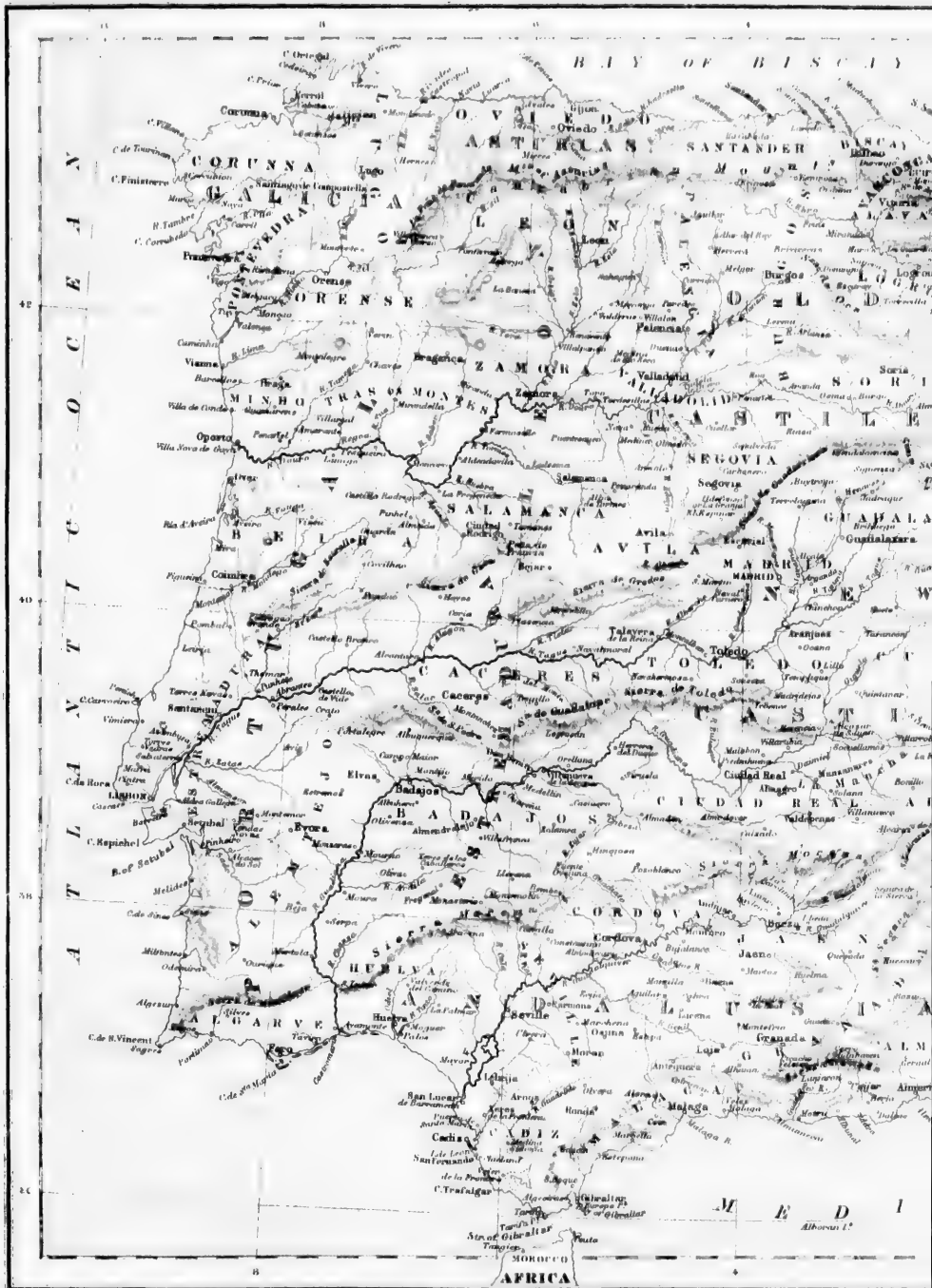
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bridges of the Indians, as also by means of a basket suspended by a rope.

The little plantations of the Indians are frequently found in the depths of these chasms, with their bananas and kitchen gardens in the midst of a dense growth of forest trees, in spots apparently quite inaccessible. The Indian likes the dangers and the solitude of the chasms; a cave affords him shelter, and he fears neither the jaguar prowling about in the night, nor the swarms of monkeys that plunder his fruit.

We wish we had space to add something concerning the zoology of Mexico, in connection with which interesting subjects much that is fabulous has been printed—as, for example, by Tummel, in his *Mexico and the Mexicans*, where he speaks of apes of such monstrous dimensions as fear or drunkenness could alone have imparted to the reality. The learned professor, Lichenstein, of Berlin, also considers many of the animals described by old Hernandez as fabulous, but Sartorius tells us that the old author was right, and that the animals exist. The consideration of such a subject, as well as that of geology and mineralogy of the country would, however, carry us beyond all moderate limits.

Turn we, then, to the Mexicans and their social and political relations. According to the people themselves, they are of two kinds, "*gente de razon y gente sin razon*," or, the reasoning and the unreasoning—that is to say, the whites, and the red and black races—the mixed races not only asserting their claim to some modicum of reason, but being at the same time more pertinaciously opposed to the Indians than the whitest of the whites. The law happily knows no distinctions; the constitution has placed all the citizens of the country, whatever their colour, on an equal footing, all privileges of birth are annihilated, and slavery has been long since eradicated. Customs, however, which have taken root amongst the people, and are perpetuated by the language, cannot be easily obliterated by law, and we consequently find in Mexico an aristocracy of colour, as in Europe we find an aristocracy of birth.

The Mexican population presents the most striking contrasts. On one side, splendour and luxury, elegant carriages, and Parisian fashions; on the other, dirt and indigence, an exclusive life with a separate national type in its outward appearance, in language, and manners. The different figures that pass before us comprise a leaf of the history of the country—a sad one, as with so many nations. The dusky Indian ruled here, and boasted a mighty empire; the superior intelligence of the Europeans conquered it, and rendered the freemen slaves. The severe tasks imposed on them carried off thousands, and to save them from extirpation the black African was introduced. When Cortes with his daring band conquered Mexico, the dominant race was that of the Aztecs, who, coming as invaders from the north, had subjected the peaceful agricultural nation of the Toltecs, and, enriched with immense booty, had adopted the customs of those they had overthrown. The noblest of the Aztecs fell in the struggle with the Spaniards; their property passed into the hands of the victors, who at the same time became possessed of the families of those who had fallen; the rude warriors were pleased with their acquisition, and married the dusky daughters of the country, who were rendered their equals by baptism. Cortes himself married the beautiful Marina, or

Matintzin. At the time no one considered this a misalliance, the expression *Mestizo*, or *Mestizo*, was unknown, and the noble families of the Aztecs were regarded as nobles of Spain. Besides these noble alliances there have been others of a less distinguished and often of a less legitimate character, and, during three centuries, "the priest and the monk, the soldier and the young creole, have continued to graft the Caucasian stock on the wild trunk."

Thus arose the numerous *Mestizo* population, which has inherited in part the brown hue of the mother, but also the greater energy and more vigorous mind of the father. The gradations of colour are naturally determined by the degree of relationship, the union of the *Mestizos* with the whites giving rise to a lighter, that with the Indians to a darker, hue. The African race, which is but slightly represented in Mexico, has such very marked characteristics, that it may be recognised, in spite of every intermarriage, by the woolly hair, thick lips, and broad, compressed nose. From the union of a negro with an Indian female, or of a mulatto with a negress, arise those dark-brown *Mestizos*, known on the west coast by the appellation of *Zambos*; in general, however, the different degrees of colour are not taken into consideration, as was the case when slavery still existed, and as it still is in the West Indies and North America. Mexico, in fact, never had many slaves, and these only in the torrid regions on the coast. In the higher districts, where there was no want of hands, the convict had long since been arrived at that the labour of free men was cheaper than that of slaves. When, in 1810, the Creole population rose against the Spanish rule, abolition of slavery was proclaimed in one of the first paragraphs, and as soon as they had attained complete independence, it was determined by the constitution that slavery should not be permitted within the bounds of the republic, and that every slave should be free as soon as he touched Mexican ground.

The varied groups of the Mexican population have something highly original, and form an excellent relief to the landscape, particularly the Creole in the country, and the *Mestizos*, who, as horsemen, are quite equal to the Arabs, and gallop about the far-extending plateaus. In the towns, the younger Creole belonging to the educated classes is dressed in the European style. The desire to play the dandy is unmistakable in the young people, whilst the old Creole, as well as the Spaniard, never quits his dwelling without his long dark cloak, even though the sun be in the zenith.

The Creoles constitute a seventh part of the population, or about 1,200,000. In outward appearance they approach the Spaniards; and yet a peculiar type is unmistakable. The Creole is, above all, passionately attached to every kind of festive amusement, is a great admirer of the fair sex, and most pertinaciously addicted to gambling. The morality of the women is upon a par with that of the men. The Creoles constitute the chief part of the population of the cities; they are government officials, physicians, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers, mining proprietors, and artificers. The great landed proprietors, the country traders, and the higher orders of the clergy, also belong to this class. The wealthy Creole is a friend to luxury; he has showy equipages, beautiful saddle-horses, numerous servants, but no comfort in his house. Domestic life is very different from that of the Germanic races. The life led by the ladies in their boudoirs savours

somewhat of the Oriental; they work beautifully with the needle, weave and embroider, play, sing, and smoke, the latter from early youth, but the intellectual element is wanting, the understanding and the feelings are uncultivated, and sensuality therefore easily obtains the upperhand. Yet they are said to be amiable and animated, and their society, as well as their persons, to be very attractive. The respect paid by the children to their parents is a redeeming feature in the character of the Creoles, who are also generally humane, compassionate, kind, and indulgent. The Creole has retained the liveliness, the excitability, and the romantic sentiments of the Spaniard, but while the latter is conservative, the Mexican Creole is for progress; he is also liberal and tolerant even in religious matters, whilst the Spaniard never quits the established forms in Church and State. The Spaniard labours perseveringly, seeks also to profit in detail, and saves what he has earned for old age; the Mexican earns with facility, but just as easily lets it slip through his fingers; he seeks to enjoy the fleeting moment, and leaves Providence to care for the future.

The aborigines of America, from Canada to the mountains of Araucaria, have fundamentally the same type of features, greatly modified of course by position and climate, mode of life, and peculiar customs. The aborigines of Mexico, too, though divided into many tribes, and separated by totally different languages, exhibit at the first glance the peculiarities of a race. They are naturally close, distrustful, and calculating. This among themselves as well as in their intercourse with strangers. It lies in their language, their manners, and their history. Their expressions are always ambiguous, and they are refined diplomatists in their negotiations. Even the priests cannot understand the confessions of their converts, the penitent delivering himself in metaphors and riddles. An Indian can seldom prevail on himself to tell a stranger his name, and usually gives a false one, lest he should be compromised. They are submissive and servile, with the exception of the Apaches and Comanches, who still retain their independence in the northern country. The Indians have the advantage of numerical superiority, constituting about five-eighths of the population, and apprehensions might be entertained of their awakening to a sense of their being a conquered race. But this is unlikely; they have lost all history and all spirit, there is no union among them, and as they enjoy the same right as the other inhabitants, they have no cause for discontent. Speaking some four-and-thirty different languages, they still live in communities, partly in villages, partly in towns, where they have their separate quarters. They choose their own municipal officers. All the subjected Indians are Roman Catholics, and most of their priests are of their own race. They have also elementary schools, but they are little cared to.

The Mestizo, or Mestín, is properly the offspring of a white father and an Indian mother. But the various relations of the Mestizos among themselves, and with the whites and Indians, have given to the name a much wider signification. There is this great peculiarity about the Mestizo, however, and which is almost general, that while the Creole has taken for pattern his progenitor the Spaniard, and sought as far as possible to reproduce him, while the Indian was quietly preserving the usages of his forefathers without ever being able to assert a prominent position, the Mestizo

has never been anything else than Mexican, and the Creole has adopted his peculiarities rather than the reverse.

The Mestizo is a hardy fellow, of lank, elastic form; his complexion is not white, neither is it copper-coloured, like that of the Indian, but a light brown, through which the flush of the cheek appears. The hair is thick and black, but softer than the Indian's, the forehead higher, the eyes brilliant, sometimes black, sometimes hazel. He has inherited the Roman nose and heavy black beard of his father, the white teeth and small foot of the mother. One might take him for an Arab, as, lance in hand, he rushes past upon his light steed. He is an excellent horseman, of a bold, excitable disposition, temperate and persevering, but levity itself; always prepared for the dance or game, undisturbed by any care for the future, if the present moment has anything to enjoy.

The Mestizos are distinguishable from the Creoles on the one side, and the Indians on the other, by dress, as well as by complexion and language. The Creole contests his equality, while the Indian hates him as the bastard of his daughter; hence the progress is continually towards the whites, and the nearer the Mestizo approaches the Creole in colour, the more easy becomes the amalgamation. That which has once been torn away from the Indian race rarely returns to unite itself again. The Indian seeks his marriage alliances only among those of unmixed blood; the ambition of the Mestizo is only satisfied with a wife of a fairer colour than himself. Still the numerical superiority of the Indians would lend support to Dr. Knox's theory of the greater adaptability of the Indian races to their own climates; the Mestizos do not, indeed, reckon above two millions, or one-fourth of the entire population.

As the kind of foliage determines the physiognomy of the landscape, so do the cities bear the characteristic impress of a people's life and manners. The Mexican cities show, at the first glance, a common origin with the Romanic nations of Southern Europe: straight streets, open squares, stone houses with flat roofs, numerous churches with glistening cupolas, far-extending citadel-like cloisters, Mounts of Calvary, magnificent aqueducts like those of ancient Rome—splendour and luxury on the one hand, filth and nakedness on the other. The two Castiles have furnished the models; there, as well as here, we find the same lack of trees, the same absence of beautiful parks and gardens, of cleanly and pleasant environs. In Mexico the suburbs are mean and dirty, and inhabited by the lowest classes. Refuse and filth, carcasses of animals and rubbish of buildings, are found piled up at the entrances of the streets by the side of wretched hovels, the abode of ragged vagabonds or half-naked Indians. Lean, hungry dogs and flocks of carrion vultures beleaguere these loathsome, neglected precincts, and the traveller hastens his pace on passing to withdraw both nose and eyes from such unpleasant impressions. Although this picture applies almost universally to the towns on the table-lands, it is not so on the eastern coast, where at Jalapa, Orizava, and Cordova, for example, the suburbs are a labyrinth of fruit gardens, from among which the red-tiled roofs of the cottages look forth with remarkable cheerfulness.

The Mexican cities, it is to be observed, have their numerous and peculiar proletarians as well as Naples and Seville; and, indeed, while the well-known Las-

zaroni have perhaps more skill in devouring macaroni, they scarcely represent their class so worthily as the Leperos—or, as they are also called, Pelados—of Mexico. In Europe it is very hard to be obliged to belong to this class, in Mexico it is deliberately chosen; no pressure of circumstances can hinder the freedom of development, in which the peculiar talent of the Mexican can display itself to the greatest advantage. The Leperos are proletarians in the strictest sense of the word. Epicureans on principle, they avoid the annoyance of work as much as possible, and seek for enjoyment wherever it may be obtained.

The possession of house and farm produces cares, and it is inconvenient to lock up boxes and chests, therefore they decline troubling themselves about such. The whole individual, with all that he has about him, is not worth a groat, and yet he is in the best humour in the world, and ready to sing and dance. When evening comes, he rarely knows where to lay his head at night, nor how to fill his empty stomach in the morning. A shirt is an article of luxury, but agreeable as a reserve in order to pawn it, or stake it, according to circumstances. If he is in luck he buys one, and a pair of trousers of manta (cheap cotton stuff). His chief possession is the frazada, a coarse, striped cloth, protecting him against stabs or blows, his bed and counterpane for the night, his state dress for church and market. This, his toga virilis, the Loperos throw over his shoulders with more pathos, he produces a greater effect with it, than formerly Cicero and Pompey, and should he eventually fall by the knife of an irritated foe, he does so with as much dignity as the great Cesar on the ides of March. Sympathising friends then wrap him in his royal robe, passing a cord round him like a bale of goods, and thus he wanders to the grave simply as he lived.

The proletarians, it is to be observed, are exclusively Mestizos; the Indians, poor as they seem to be, as peasants, landowners, ranchmen, and as members of a community, are never proletarians. The Indian supports himself and his family honestly; he pays his taxes, lives in wedlock, and does not leave his village to wander about like a Loperos vagabond. Two men proved by their vigorous administration that this bad system could be a good deal controlled: there were Count Revilla-Gigedo, viceroy in Mexico from 1789 till 1794, and General Miguel Tacón, governor-general in Cuba some twenty years since. The position of the latter was uncommonly difficult, as in the Havannah he had to do with a most vile description of proletarians, consisting of negroes and mulattoes, and with a dissipated, unruly nobility.

It is strange to think that, with such a motley and immoral population, it was not till the beginning of this century that the idea of a separation from the mother country, and the assumption of an independent political existence, began to take root in the Spanish provinces in America. In Mexico, it was not till 1810 that the independent party, led by Hidalgo and Allende, took up arms against the Spaniards. In this sanguinary struggle, which lasted ten years, the leaders frequently changed, for the sword carried off many. The popular party gave evidence of much talent and bravery, as in the persons of the two ecclesiastics, Morelos and Matamoros, but, defeated by superior tactics and discipline, they had to have recourse to that guerilla warfare to which the country is peculiarly adapted. The chiefs of these guerillas, Guerrero, Bravo, Cos, and

Victoria, termed themselves generals, but their sphere of action was very limited.

The revolt of Augustin Iturbid, a Mexican by birth, but a soldier in the ranks of the Spaniards, ultimately secured to the country its independence, but superadded a military despotism. The sudden elevation of this adventurer to the throne rendered him giddy, and he was deposed by the same power by which he had been elevated. The people then chose the republican form of government, and, moreover, the federal constitution, after the precedent of the United States. At the same time, most civil offices and employments, as well as military commands, fell into the hands of the insurgents, many of them uneducated, and only calculated to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of their subalterns. The national guard was looked to as the chief defence of the country, but it was so badly organised that it became the tool and the butt of the line. Owing partly to this circumstance—the incapability of the individuals in power—the demoralisation of the patriots, and the incompetency of the national guard, there has been nothing but civil commotion ever since the institution of the republic: the standing army playing the pitiful part of assisting sometimes one partisan, sometimes another, to gain the upper hand.

The army itself became as demoralised as all the other institutions in the country by the revolt which carried Santanna into power. This rude and immoral egotist, to whom honour and conscience, fidelity and faith, were but as empty words, deprived the army of many excellent officers by dismissing the Spaniards and replacing them by an utterly worthless set—the willing instruments of his selfish plans. During Santanna's long dictatorship every branch of the administration fell into disorder. In the government expenditure immense sums—from twelve million to fifteen million pesos—figured every year for the war department, and yet there were no warlike stores; the troops were badly clothed, the fortresses dismantled. The army, which ought to have been 36,000 strong, could scarcely number 10,000. Yet, fabulous as it may appear, the army register counted 120 generals and 30,000 officers, all demanding their pay for doing nothing; and the country had to feed this flock of vampires. This superiority in the number of officers over that of soldiers had its origin in the guerilla times, when chiefs elected peasants into officers at pleasure, the evil was increased at each civic disturbance, each successive pronunciamiento being followed by the creation of colonels and generals—satellites of the successful aspirant to administrative powers, whoever he might be. The description of the way in which a Mexican revolt is concocted and carried out is alike amusing and instructive.

It suddenly occurs to some former soldier, perhaps a captain, residing in a village three hundred leagues from the capital, that the government is good for nothing. He speaks about it with Jack and Peter of the same village, reads the newspaper to them, shows letters from friends of consequence, which also blame the minister, and harangues his gossiping that it is for them to change matters. They are content, and beat up proletarians for their scheme—rascals who prefer spending money to working, and know well enough that little is to be risked in such matters. A discontented colonel is known; he is informed that the country looks up to him as her liberator, and he is

requested to place himself at their head. If he be one of the right sort, he comes with some of his confidants, a consultation is immediately held, and the plan for reforming the world is concocted. The same night the town-hall is taken possession of, the aldermen are sent for, are made acquainted with the intentions of the revolutionists, and compelled to do homage. On this the tax-gatherer is obliged to hand over all he has in his strong-box, and should it be little, a forced loan is raised from the disaffected shopkeepers of the place, the alarm-bell is rung, rockets are sent up, and when all the inhabitants are assembled in the market-place they are informed of what has taken place. Now follow loud cheers for the patriots, especially for the

general-in-chief, as he is dubbed. A proclamation is then put forth, addressed to the whole nation, which is, of course, read with applause, and as soon as a sufficiently animating quantity of spirits has been drunk, it is resolved to march upon the next market-town. All hasten to fetch their arms and horses; the women howl and refuse to let their husbands depart; and, indeed, with many of them no great amount of persuasion is requisite. They slip out of the back door to the forest till the tumult is over. At length, after midnight, the patriotic army is ready to march. Though few, they are full of courage; the bottle is passed round once more at the expense of the regiment, and the heroes vanish in darkness.



MOUNT IZTACCHUALT—THE WHITE WOMAN.

If all goes well, several villages are surprised and join the rebels. When the principal village of a district has given in its adherence, a provisional government is appointed, and the army (200 men, perhaps) organised, armed, and drilled, the newspapers are full of it, a detachment of fifty soldiers is sent out against them by the prefect, but returns with all speed at sight of the superior numbers of the foe. The prefect packs up his archives and hastens off, whilst every one seeks to conceal his property of all kinds. Men who can be depended on are sent to treat with the insurgents, to sound them, and to promise to join them in order to gain time. Meanwhile fleet messengers are sent off to the provincial government and to the federal govern-

ment. The provincial authorities complain that they have neither money nor arms to put down the increasing movement, presume that the conspiracy has far extending ramifications, talk of a certain party, who are waiting for the favourable moment only, and request speedy assistance from the capital. If the pronunciados were energetic men, they might generally march half-way across the country before meeting with any organised resistance; but they decline going farther, merely look around to see where they can lay their hands on some public funds and guard against a surprise. They have great difficulty in keeping their men together, who have all sorts of scruples really when the excitement is at an end. An instance is related where

the whole quota of a village declared to their chief that they must now return home to have their shirts washed!

At length information is brought that the government troops have marched. A council of war is held; it is resolved to occupy a strong position, to withdraw to the mountains; nevertheless they remain for the present in the village. A well-combined attack would in a general way settle the whole affair, and place them all at the mercy of the government; but milder measures must be attempted. The blood of citizens must not be shed, and those who have strayed must be reclaimed. The rebels proudly reject all advances; some of the outposts fire on each other from a distance of a thousand yards; a dozen of the government soldiers desert; this is a bad omen, and prudence is the mother of wisdom. Some honest people of the neighbourhood offer their mediation, which is accepted, and the end of the story is, that after several bootless marches, after wasting a tolerable quantity of powder, an agreement is come to, according to the terms of which the chiefs of the pronunciados lay down their arms and acknowledge the authority of the government, retain the rank, dignity, and pay which they have conferred on themselves, keep what they have stolen from the state, dismiss their army, and are all completely amnestied.

This is the way in which civil commotions incessantly arise, and are as incessantly extinguished, and all real progress is impeded, the social condition deteriorated, commerce injured, and property rendered insecure, whilst the army continues to be supplied with incompetent colonels and generals. Santanna himself signed thirteen thousand commissions whilst he was at the head of affairs. Many of them were given to mere children and others to reward other services besides such as were of a political or military nature. Thus it is related, a good German shoemaker made his excellency a wonderful boot for his club-foot. The artist was rewarded according to his deserts with a captain's commission, for he had helped to put the first man in the republic on his legs. The cobbler now determined not to stick to his last, but to strut about with his plumed hat and sabre. The shoe-shop, however, was still carried on, although the captain had so much to do with his comrades in the coffee-houses and guard-rooms, and had such difficulty in quenching the thirst thereby given rise to, that the master had no time to cut out, or to look after his journeymen. The customers complained of corns, of bad workmanship, and gave their orders elsewhere; and ere long this respected thriving German shoemaker had become a poor vagabonding Mexican captain.

No wonder, then, if in the Mexican army of officers as thus constituted, amateur robbers, bandits, and forgers are to be met with. Where there is such a total want of education and morality, there is just as little military honour. Yet with all this, Spaniard, Mexican, or proletarian alike, believe themselves to be the cream of the earth in point of knowledge, activity, and courage. Their vanity, as with most uneducated nations, is unbounded. The war with the United States did them an infinite deal of good in this respect. They found that they were not precisely the invincible heroes that they deemed themselves—especially in the presence of their mistresses. But even on this occasion there was no popular or general rising in the country, or Scott's army would have been annihilated.

He was allowed to penetrate from Vera Cruz into the interior, across the mountains, and through the most difficult passes, without an arm being raised against him. And he was further permitted to occupy such a position, and to bring up his reserve and supplies, without a blow being struck. "The laurels which Scott gained," says Sartorius, "were owing less to his tactics and bravery than to the weakness and indolence of his opponent."

Such, then, is the present state of Mexico, a country presenting as great a variety and richness of resources in the vegetable and mineral world as perhaps any country on the face of the earth, possessing almost unequalled advantages in climate, soil, and configuration, and yet are three of its finest provinces, Sonora, Durango, and Chihuahua, overrun by wild Apaches and Comanches, whom a handful of men ought to drive any day from their forest and mountain lairs, while the more civilised portions of the country have been for a long time past subjected to the discomforts and abuses of revolutions, brought about by a needy, unprincipled, and demoralised set of officials and adventurers. It is to be hoped that the interference of Britain, France, and Spain, in the cause of order and good government, will work a quick change, and introduce forthwith an entirely new order of things.

### III.

ASCENT OF THE POPocatepetl OR SMOKE MOUNTAIN—PREVIOUS ASCENT—GATE OF SAN ANTONIO—CANAL OF CHALCO AND VALLEY OF MEXICO—CURIOUS RITES—BRAVITUAL AZTEC GARDENS—NATURAL OBSERVES—CHALCO—COTTON FACTORY—TOWN OF AMERIGALCOA—MEMBERS OF THE SCIENTIFIC MISSION—HACIENDA OR FARM OF TOMACOCO.

A small party left Mexico early on the morning of the 17th of January, on a charming day. They were bound to ascend the grand Popocatepetl, next to Orizava the loftiest of the Mexican Andes. The name derived from the Aztec "popoca," to smoke, and teptl, "mountain," is not prepossessing, yet we have an approximation to its most repulsive syllable in the Turkish "tepeh" or hill—tell of the Arabs. It was considered by Humboldt, who determined its elevation at 17,773 feet as the highest point of the country. M. Sartorius says, in his work of Mexico, that as early as the years 1824 and 1825, he repeatedly felt convinced that he had seen smoke rising from the crater, though he was disbelieved, at least by the natives. In April, 1834, Mr. Frederick von Gerolt, afterwards Prussian Minister at Washington, ascended to the summit; according to his estimation, the enormous crater was about a league in circumference, with steep, almost perpendicular, sides of about 800 feet in elevation. At the bottom were two sulphur springs, the water of which was precipitated into the lower part of the crater. In the upper part steam issued from numerous crevices, also impregnated with sulphur. They also rise from the crater itself in greater or less volumes, and consequently may be seen at a distance. It was found impossible to descend into the crater. At this height the cold is very intense, but the rarefied atmosphere was still more troublesome, and gave rise to an oppressive feeling of anxiety. There was on this mountain, as on Orizava, a desert tract between the grassy region and the snow.

After this first expedition, Popocatepetl was frequently ascended by Europeans. One party arrived at the summit just as the bowels of the mountain were in combustion; the crater vomited forth smoke,



and great masses of stone were cast up, though without reaching the edge, as they always fell back again into the abyss. Fine sand only was hurled high up in the air.

It is well known that the mountain was ascended by order of Cortes, and that the first visitors beheld molten masses in the crater, which they took for gold, and were at great pains to get out. It is also known that the sulphur was procured from this crater at great risk, which served the Spaniards for the fabrication of the first powder in Mexico. The volcano has, therefore, been in activity for now three centuries, without exhibiting any violent eruption.

No sooner had our party issued forth from the gate of San Antonio (*see* p. 573), than the renowned volcano could be at once perceived in the horizon, and not far from it the lofty snow-mountain, Iztaccihuatl, from the Aztec, "itzac," white, and "cihuatl," woman; and so named from an Indian tradition, alluded to in a splendid passage of Prescott's, where he describes an episode in the life of the Conquistador, and which has consecrated the "white woman" as the wife of its more formidable neighbour. Sartorius remarks more philosophically, if less poetically, that this mountain bears the same relation to Popocatepetl, as the Coffin of Perote does to Orizava, "it is a ruined flue from the same hearth." (*See* p. 582.)

Compared with the other heights that rose up around them, says the historian of the expedition,—M. Laverrière,—on the great Mexican upland, and which seemed insignificant in their presence, these twin mountains lifted up their bright white helmets, as if to defy us beforehand. It really seemed, indeed, as if our difficulties were to commence at the onset, for notwithstanding that the previous months had been very dry, the great causeway that leads in a straight line from Mexico to Penon Viego, was submerged by the far-spreading waters of Lake Texcoco. This circumstance rendered it necessary to follow a very devious route.

We left the church of Churubusco, a place of some celebrity in the warlike annals of Mexico, to the right, and crossing the Mexicuiltzingo, enlivened by the Indian boats that ply upon the canal of Chalco (*see* page 577, for scene on the canal, with a general view of the Valley of Mexico, and the two mountains on the horizon), we arrived at Ixtapalapan, once a powerful and populous city, but now a ruinous village. Near this place is a barren hill, which, in the time of the Aztecs, was the locality of a curious ceremony. Tezozomoc relates that there was a temple on the said hill, Tahauihuacan, at which the Achaacautzins, or chiefs of Mexico, came to present as an offering, little packets called cuahamatl, and which inclosed whatever had been carefully removed from the visages of widows, whose duty it was to remain during a mourning of eighty days without washing themselves.

But that which constituted the pride of Ixtapalapan, before the arrival of the Spaniards, and which boasted of fifteen thousand houses in the time of Cortes, were its gardens, celebrated throughout the whole country of the Aztecs. Traversed by a navigable canal, which communicated with the Lake of Texcoco, they were divided into separate portions, adorned with graceful trellis work, which supported climbing plants, while at their base grew shrubs, with bright fragrant flowers, and delicious fruits. The borders of the canal were decorated with curious sculptures, and wide steps led down to the level of the water, which was further dis-

tributed over the garden in lesser channels, and thus maintained a perpetual coolness in the shades. The establishments devoted to horticulture in Europe would not at that time bear comparison with what the art of the Aztecs had effected. Alas! scarcely had a generation of the "more civilised" Europeans succeeded to that of Cortes, than this very spot, once so charming, could no longer be known. Ixtapalapan, its buildings and gardens, were all alike deserted; the waters drained from the table land, and its wood cut down by the conquistadores, have left behind them nothing but saline efflorescences, while repulsive reptiles and birds of prey have made their home in the midst of ruins that were once the palaces of kings. The miserable remnant of population in the village derives a scanty subsistence from these efflorescences of natron, or carbonate of soda—called tequesquite in the country, and which men, women, and children are daily employed in collecting for the consumption of Mexico.

The little caravan crossed this plain at noonday; horses and men were alike overwhelmed with the heat, whilst clouds of acrid dust, and the brightness of the snow-white crystals, fatigued eyes and lungs. At length they reached the group of mountains which stretch like an island from San Nicolas to Santa Marta. Each separate mountain in this district bears a name, borrowed from the Christian mythology, Santa Cruz, Santa Maria, Santa Marta, San Yago, &c. Their dark outline distinctly marked in the blue sky, and the barrenness of their acclivities, unrefreshed by any streams, attest their volcanic origin.

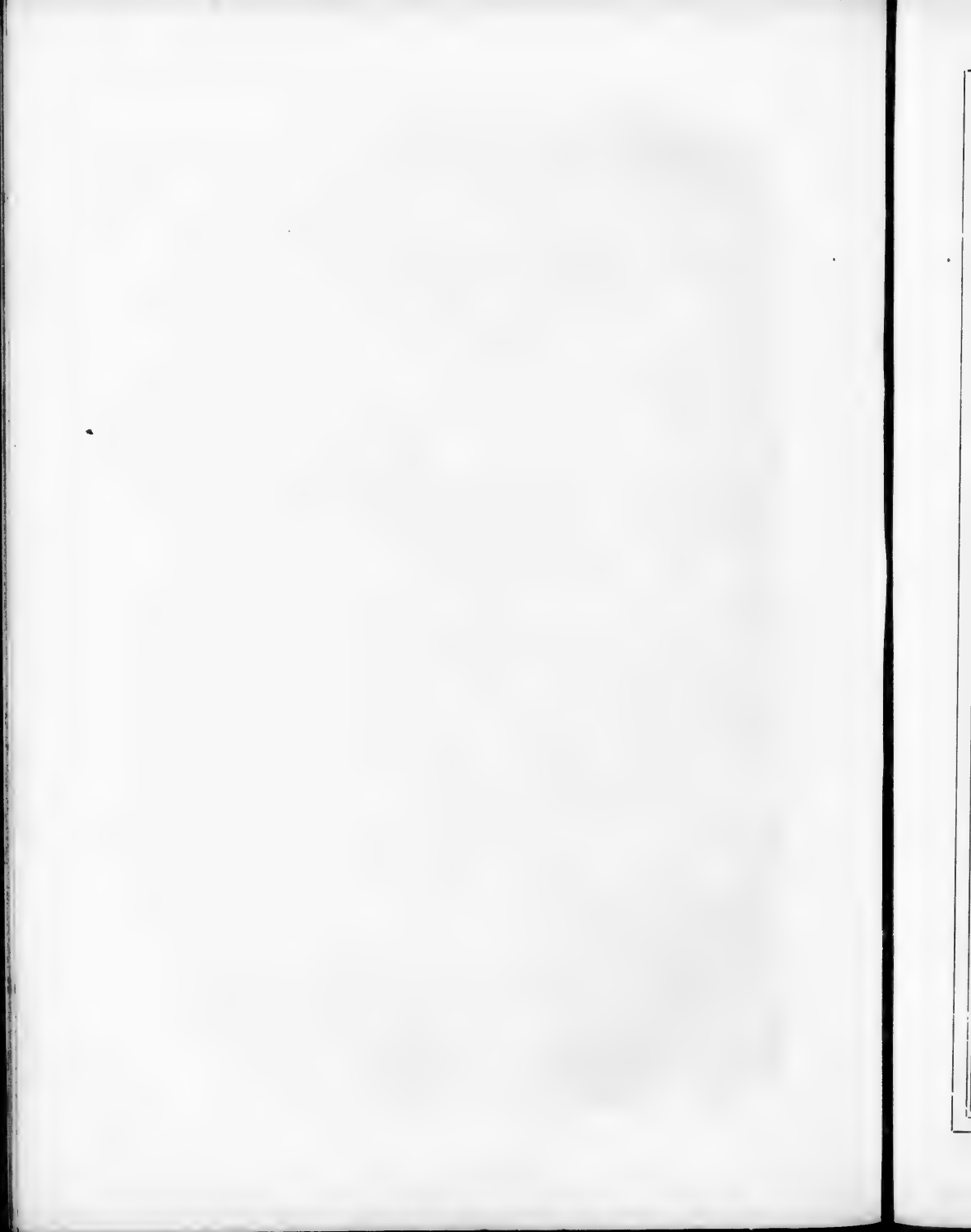
A mass of detached rocks presented themselves on the western slope of these mountains, which, at a distance, resembled the fantastic ruins of a castle. They consisted mainly of three enormous masses of basalt, stuck up like obelisks—a raised mound. One of them was cleft, or sundered in two, apparently by the lightning. They were a mile or more from any other rocks. It seemed, indeed, as if they had been thrown, or cast, by some prodigious volcanic impulsion, right into the hollow formerly occupied by the Lake of Tenochtitlan, and there fixed in the soil, which subsequently held by them, whilst the rest was carried away around, thus leaving them, as it were, isolated on a mound, or monticule. Near the mountains progress is impeded, if not rendered altogether impossible, by a chaos of rocks and mural precipices, between which are occasionally small cultivated spots; but fragrant plants and aromatic pastures clothed the surface of the more level but undulating upland. To the left was the great Lake of Texcoco; behind them the white walls and rocks of Mexico; in front the elliptic cone of the volcano of Ayotla. The expedition arrived at sunset, well wearied, at San Indro, where they intended to pass the night, but unfortunately the place was occupied by soldiery, who had invaded the town, and even the hacienda of Ixtapalapan, situated a league further. They had no alternative, then, but to rush on with their worn out mules to Chalco, which they reached about nine at night.

Luckily, the next day being Sunday, they obtained some rest, and further strengthened their party by an arriero and his mules, who were on their way to procure ice from the mountains. They then effected an early start on the 19th, the road from Chalco to Tlalmanalco leading through a beautiful cultivated country. The land sloping gently was easily irrigated



PEAK OF POPocatepetl, FROM THE RANCHO OF TILMAGUA.





by little streams of pellucid water, but maize and barley seemed to be the only crops. As to cattle no one seemed to trouble themselves about them; they are sent in the daytime among the stubble, and they are fed morning and evening with a little maize straw. Brought up in the rough school of adversity, the Mexican ox is a perfect model of sobriety; he feeds as he can without complaining, works as little as possible, and revenges himself by leaving as a legacy the most detestable beef possible.

A league and a half from Chalco they passed the cotton mills of Miraflores. Messrs. Martínez del Río employ some hundreds of natives in this factory, which is therefore a benefit to humanity, as well as to the country in which it has been founded at great expense. Higher up on the hill side is Tlalmanalco, with a very insignificant modern church flanked by the ruins of a Franciscan convent, commenced shortly after the conquest, but which never rose beyond the first arches to the crypt. The exquisite beauty of what remains, however, richly and gracefully carved in the Moorish style, but in the bold proportions of the Renaissance, make it much to be regretted that the building was not completed.

They arrived by daylight at Amecameca, and calling upon Don Fabio Pérez, well known in the country for the interest which he takes in all that concerns the Popocatepetl and his brother Don Saturnino Pérez, whose love of field-sports had familiarised him with the mountain, volunteered to accompany them on their projected ascent. They also obtained two guides, Angel Bastillo and Francisco Aguilar, one of whom was to have the command of the brigade of porters, whilst the other was to have charge of the equipage of the commission to be left below, and to forward such supplementary instruments and provisions as might be found to be desirable.<sup>1</sup> The most difficult thing to obtain was a pulley, and one was only found after a deal of research. An incident like this tells volumes of the primitive habits of the inhabitants of the upland of Mexico. They are going slowly, imperceptibly, but still incessantly, back to an almost savage condition. As is the case of the Orizava, the Alcázar of Amecameca also desired an official witness before he could give a certificate of an ascent really accomplished, even by a Government Expedition, for a great many persons were said to have previously obtained such upon fallacious representations of success, and for merely imaginary achievements.

The members of the commission were assembled on the morning of the 30th of January, with eighteen porters, two guides, and Don Saturnino Pérez, in the square of Amecameca, and they issued thence, and out of the town, rejoicing in the prospect of success. The porters were almost all men employed in extracting sulphur from the crater. Among them were two Indians of the Chichimec race, stout fellows, to whom fatigue seemed to be a thing unknown and unfelt. They were brothers, one called Vicente, the other Guadalupe Teyes.

The first spot they arrived at was Tomacoco, a hacienda or farm situated in one of the most pictu-

resque places possible. On one side was the plain of Amecameca, framed in wooded hills, on the other the Volcans and the Sierra, the lofty white peaks of the first seeming to rise up from out of an immense dark pine-forest. A rivulet, that tumbled down noisily from the mountain above, was made first to turn a mill and then to irrigate the lands. The landlord, Don José María Pérez, an old man of seventy-one years of age, but still active and robust, which speaks well of the upland climate, received them patriarchally.

Hence they proceeded by the road to Puebla, which is exceedingly picturesque, but also replete with obstacles and difficulties in the shape of fallen rocks and trees, and abrupt ascents and descents. In parts it becomes a mere pathway, cut amid soil and stone, and rendered devious by the growth of great forest-trees. Vegetation was indeed splendid in its vigour, and the fortifying fragrance of the great pine-trees was softened by a light bracing atmosphere.

They were now in reality ascending the foot of the colossal mountain. At times the road was so bad that most of the party were obliged to get down. Don Saturnino, however, kept to his saddle, nailed, as it were, to a sturdy little cob; he seemed to be utterly indifferent to stumps or trunks of trees, or slippery precipices. Yet was this painful road the same as that which Cortes had followed three centuries before on his way from Cholula to Mexico, and the description of which enabled Prescott to introduce a vivid and eloquent account of the Popocatepetl and of his "white wife" into his *History of Mexico*.

#### IV.

ASCENT OF THE MOUNTAIN—THE RANCHO OF TLAMACAS—CRUCIFIX AT THE LINE OF PERPETUAL SNOW—EFFECTS OF THE REFRACTION OF THE ATMOSPHERE—THE PICO MAYOR AND ESPINAZO DEL DIABLO—THE CRATER—FUMES, HOLES, OR SMOKE HOLES—INSPIRADEROS, OR JETS OF WATER AND VAPOUR—SULPHUR DEPOSITS—A NIGHT IN THE CURVA DEL MUERTO, OR DEAD MAN'S GROTTTO—MORNING BREAKING OVER MEXICO, AS SEEN FROM THE SUMMIT OF POPocatepetl.

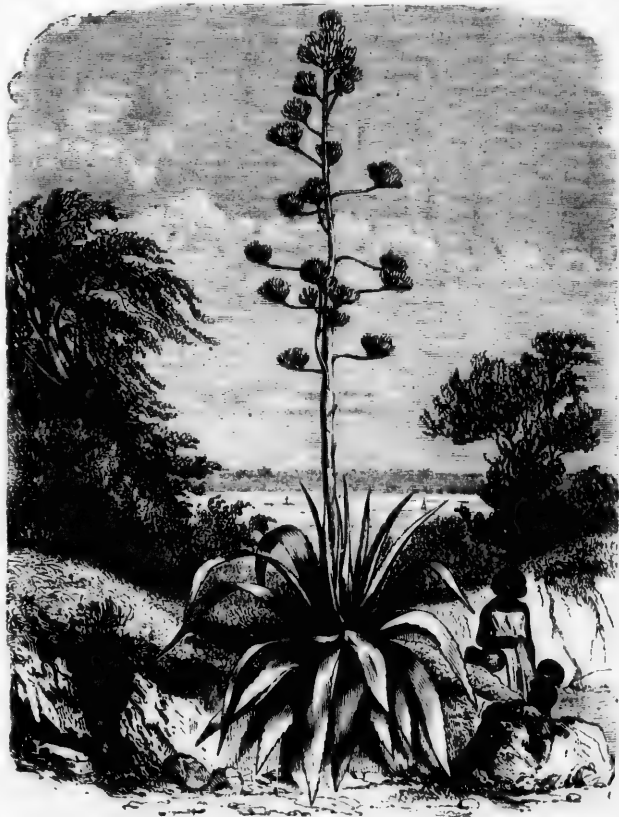
AFTER three hours of perpetual ascent, the Puebla road descended into a ravine, which it followed for some distance, to the right, till it once more began to ascend, over a spur between Mounts Hielosochitl and Penacho, at the eastern slope of the mountain. The crest of this spur was a kind of naked table-land, clad with yellow zacate, and burrowed with the holes of rodents. For the first time we could contemplate from the naked upland the volcano, which seemed to welcome us with a most glacial physiognomy. To the right was Mount Torrenepango, and the Pico del Fraile, the latter of which was cut up with frightful precipices—all, however, sloped off to the Valley of Amecameca, bearing in their rocky folds more or less abundant waters, supplied by the melting snows above. The ridge that connected us with the Torrenepango constituted the watershed between the Valley of Amecameca and that of Puebla. A ravine sprang from its base, which took a north-easterly direction, round Mount Tlamacas. Crossing this, and climbing over the rocky and precipitous shoulder of the last-mentioned mountain, we soon had the pleasure of being able to distinguish the little rancho of Tlamacas, embosomed in pines, and at some distance below us.

Notwithstanding its easterly exposure, the climate of the rancho of Tlamacas is severe. Trees are few in number and wide apart; their trunks are knotted,

<sup>1</sup> The scientific commission sent in 1857 by the minister, Don Manuel Silíceo, to the Popocatepetl and the Istmo de Tehuantepec, was composed of four persons—Messrs. A. Sonntag, in charge of the geodetic observations; Jules Lavieille, the historian and artist of the expedition; M. F. Sumichrath, naturalist; and Messrs. Salazar and Ochoa, medical men.

not tall and slim, and their branches are covered with mosses and lichens. The soil is a loose volcanic sand, that with difficulty affords sustenance to a few long blades of dried grass. The only habitations were a kind of soster or chalet, built with sawn planks, and three log-huts. These are for the use of the sulphur collectors; and there was also a building for the sulphur itself, but it had been accidentally destroyed by fire. (See p. 685.)

Our brigade of porters had anticipated us at this mountain station, and imparted animation to the scene, that contrasted agreeably with the silence of rock and forest around. The fires lit up in front of the huts, the neighing of steeds, and an occasional shot fired to keep away the wolves, made the solitude less frightful to some of the party, who seem to have been but little accustomed to solitary adventures. The calcined foot of the volcano, surmounted by its dome of snow, and



ALONSO MAGNEY.

only separated from their bivouac by a thin line of pines, appeared, indeed, to them, as a dumb sphinx, daring them to their next day's exploits.

Preparations were made at this spot for a twenty-four hours' stay at the summit of the mountain. Provisions were cooked and made ready, the loads and instruments were distributed, and skins and other coverings provided. Whilst the members of the Com-

mission wisely prepared for the fatigues of the morning by early rest, the Indians, to whom the ascent was no fatigue at all, danced and sang round the fire.

Everyone was on foot by daylight. The Indians were already gone with the brothers Teyes. The Commission next mounted. They were very silent, for it was very cold, and some of its members appeared to be deeply impressed with the magnitude of the task

they had entered upon. "Our looks," says the historian, "fixed themselves apprehensively upon the colossus whose summit was at that moment bathed in the roseate beams of a rising sun. The boundaries of the wood were crossed in about a quarter of an hour, and they entered upon a sabuloso district, whence they gained the baranca or chasm of Huiloac, which, strange to say, was dry, with a sandy bottom. The water was in part frozen above; what did flow down, percolated beneath the sand.

Beyond the baranca of Huiloac, the road turned in an easterly direction round the northern flanks of the mountain. The sandy soil rendered onward progress very fatiguing to the horses. All traces of vegetation, save a few patches of brown and yellow lichens upon the rocks, had disappeared; but, as if to recompense them, they could gaze below upon the Valley of Puebla, bathed in the morning sunshine, and presenting a scene of marvellous beauty.

Starting at six, it was half-past seven when they reached a rocky wall known as the Busco. There was a little resting-place for the sulphur-gatherers at this spot, and the horses were allowed a moment's breathing time. Another hour's toil took them to La Cruz, a little promontory, not far from the region of perpetual snow, and surmounted by a crucifix.

Here everyone had to get down, and the horses were sent back to Tlamecas. Here also the party refreshed themselves, and prepared for the remainder of the ascent on foot. A start was effected at nine o'clock, Don Saturnino leading the way, the rest following like a line of sheep. Not a word was spoken, everyone was solely absorbed in husbanding his resources. Slow regular steps were found to preserve the respiratory powers best, and to exhaust the limbs the least. Messrs. Salazar and Ochra gave in first, they had laden their feet with heavy pattens to save them from slipping. An Indian guide who was with them, after exhorting them to exertion, gave them up in despair, and with a short run and a few bounds, accomplished as if he were foster brother to a chamois or a mountain sheep, he joined the party in advance. One of the Indians went on before, digging holes with a hatchet in the ice and snow for the feet of those who followed behind; by this means the zone of glaciers was soon passed, and they reached that of perpetual snow.

The snow presented a good footing, far superior to that of the ice and volcanic sands; but this advantage was more than compensated for by the sufferings brought on by the dry, cold, and rarified atmosphere. With most of the party, the faces became pale and the lips blue, while the dilated nostrils and nervous contractions of the mouth, showed to what exigencies the respiratory process was subjected. M. Sountag also complained of pain in the region of the heart, and had to wait awhile. The major-domo and the guide, Angel, were already far in advance. After having carefully veiled their faces, so as to insure a little bed of artificial air, warm and loaded with carbonic acid, near the mouth, the ascent was recommenced, but still they had to rest every forty or fifty paces. M. Sountag became worse, his countenance assumed a leaden livid hue, and froth came out of his lips, but still he persevered with indomitable courage.

It was half-past one before they attained the fringe of snow that bordered the lips of the crater, and which was soon succeeded by a warm bed of sand. They were glad to cast themselves down upon this

and seek a little repose, but the skin dried so quickly as to wrinkle and almost crack under the contraction. Refreshments had no beneficial effect. As to spirits, they burnt the mouth and stomach, and left them more prostrate than before. Even wine rather increased than diminished their feverish thirst. As to solids, they had no appetite for such. The pulley was, however, hoisted upon a capstan and a rope affixed, but the Indians resolutely declined to expose themselves to the peril of so slender an apparatus, and nothing came of it.

Such portions of the crater as were accessible were in the meantime explored. The party stood upon its north-north-east side. To the right was the Pico Mayor, which, from M. Sountag's measurements, was found to be 147 metres above the point where they stood; to the left the tooth-like edge of the Espinazo del Diabolo peered over strata of perpendicular rocks. On the side of the crater, at what they called the breach of Silioco, a bed of volcanic sands and rock led down at an inclination of 35 degrees. But it was merely held up by rude rocks below, over which anything that was disturbed from its place rolled down into the depths beyond. (See p. 591.)

There were traces of a kind of rat at this extreme elevation, and the major-domo and Angel saw one but could not catch it. They described it as having a reddish coat. There was, however, no vegetation. The air was loaded with sulphureous exhalations, which came from fumaroles or smoke-holes in the interior of the crater, and in the rocky crevices to the right of the breach near the Pico Mayor.

There was a descent in the same direction, a downward pathway which led to the rocks that support the previously-described *débris*, and among which is a grotto known to the sulphur-gatherers as La Cueva del Muerto, on account of one of them having died there suddenly. There is another similar and corresponding platform below this, on which a rude capstan had been erected. Hence the descent is made to the bottom of the crater.

From this platform, which is designated as that of Malacate, the whole circumference of the crater could be contemplated. The walls were more or less circularly disposed, and the stratification of the thick beds generally horizontal, with a slight dip toward the Pico Mayor. But below the Espinazo del Diabolo the rocks were broken up into irregular masses, often very sharp, and it was amidst these that the fumaroles most abounded. There were none on the stratified rocks. A vast quantity of rocky *débris* filled the sides at the bottom of the crater, up to various heights, highest beneath the platform of Malacate itself. This mass of *débris* reduces the circumference of the bottom of the crater considerably. In the latter are situated the respiraderos, as they are called, columns of water and of vapour of various colours, red, yellow, and white. Others exist in the state of simple chimneys or fumaroles.

Seen from the platform of the Malacate, these respiraderos resemble a column of steam issuing from a locomotive, but M. Sountag, who afterwards descended into the crater, found that one of them was nine French yards in diameter. The volume of water, however, varies, it appears from different reports, at different seasons of the year, as do also the number of respiraderos. Captain Don Lorenzo Perez Castro, who descended in 1857, found five; M. Sountag found only

four. The power of the jet was so great that a stone eight or nine inches in diameter cast into it was immediately thrown aside. A thermometer which marked 150° Fahrenheit was at once broken when immersed in the water. Sulphur is collected from around these respiraderos. It is found in small compact masses, in grains mixed with sand, and as flour of sulphur deposited by the vapours. The waters re-unite to form little reservoirs at the bottom of the crater. These also vary in number and amount at different seasons and epochs, and are at the same time more or less acid and sulphurous, according to the dearth or predominance of fluid. Except in the neighbourhood of the respiraderos, the bottom of the crater is covered with snow. On the way down by the cable from the platform of Malacate, a cavern is passed from whence issues a cold wind, that is said to blow so strongly as to sometimes make the sulphur collectors turn round upon the cable. This may be admitted *cum grano sulphuris*. M. Soutag found the bottom of the crater to be elevated 2,841 metres above Mexico, and from the Pico Mayor to the Espinazo del Diabolo was a distance of 826 metres, leaving about 800 yards as the diameter of the crater.

Messrs. Salazar and Ochoa joined the rest of the party at half-past four the same evening. Their sufferings had been great and very much prolonged. The Cueva del Muerto was cleared out for a sheltering place during the night. It would, however, only hold five persons, so the guides and Indians had to sleep on the platform. Don Saturnino had retraced his steps to Tlamacas.

It was not a very pleasant night that which was spent in this grotto suspended over the crater. The body seemed to be on fire, whilst the limbs were freezing. The sulphurous vapours made their heads ache, and strange noises rising up from below interrupted the feverish attempts at sleep. The Indians alone preserved their gaiety, and sang cheerful ditties far into the night.

The vision that presented itself at the first break of morning was one of unbounded magnificence. The peak of Orizava seemed to light up as if on fire, or like a brilliant ruby set in a dome of brightest silver. A few minutes more and a colossal disc of purple hue projected its first rays upon the summit of Popocatepetl. The horizon seemed to be bathed in a diaphanous sea, tinted with the richest colours. Gradually the luminous rays crept down, driving the shadows of night before them, and rocks, ravines, and plains, the soil and the trees, came forth as if by enchantment. Inundated with light, the whole landscape seemed to live and breathe.

After having made some further observations, the party left the crater at ten o'clock, their mules were ready for them at the Crucifix, and they got back to the rancho of Tlamaca at half-past one. Several days were afterwards spent at Amecameca in explorations of the Ixtaccihuatl and other points in the neighbourhood, and M. Soutag made another ascent of the Popocatepetl, on which occasion he succeeded in exploring the very bottom of the crater. The party returned to Mexico on the 11th of February, after an absence of twenty-five days. The barometric observations made during the expedition gave as results, for the city of Mexico, 2,277 metres; for the rancho of Tlamacas, 3,899.30 metres; for the Pico Mayor (Popocatepetl), 5,422 metres; and for the southern peak of the

Ixtaccihuatl, 5,081.16 metres. These results differ very slightly from those obtained trigonometrically by M. de Humboldt. †

## V.

## ASCENTS OF THE VOLCANO ORIZABA, THE LOFTIEST OF THE ANDES IN MEXICO.

The workings of Nature in her profoundest laboratories are, it has been justly observed, concealed from us. It is true that science teaches us that the metallic bases of the earths, which constitute the solid crust of the globe, are combustible when exposed to the action of air or water, and their oxides give birth to quartz or silice, to felspar and clay, to lime and to other rocky bases, and it is therefore presumed that these substances may exist in their metallic form in the centre of the earth; but this is as yet conjectural; nor does such a theory precisely account for all the phenomena of volcanoes, or the production of certain simple combustible bodies, as sulphur, fluor, or phosphore, and others; possibly, however, because their metallic bases have not yet been eliminated. But, granting all this, still the real fact itself, and the manner in which volcanic action is actually brought about, have not yet been unfolded to us, although now so readily conjectured at.

The results of volcanic action are, however, everywhere present. The mighty forces of subterranean agency are to be seen in the inclined strata and disturbed disposition of the sedimentary rock formations almost all over the earth's surface, and elsewhere in the heaving up of islands or mountains from the abysses, or the crumbling them to atoms, or the emission of smoke, flames, cinders, and lava from their ignivomous mouths, or in the vents established by their own forces between the interior and the exterior.

In Mexico vast revolutions have been effected by volcanic agency; the Cyclopean forges are, indeed, for the most part cold, but the subterranean forces are not everywhere extinct, and occasionally burst forth here or there, committing the most extensive ravages, or convulsing the earth with terrific spasms.

In the south a succession of volcanoes, passing from Oajaca through Chinapas, are connected with the burning mountains of Guatemala. Cempositopeo one of the loftiest points of the Cordilleras of Oajaca, is a volcanic cone; the frequent earthquakes on the plateaus of Oajaca always appear at the same time as those of Guatemala, so that a complete assemblage of volcanic agencies would appear to exist there.

The chief range of the Mexican volcanoes lies between the 10th and 20th degrees of north latitude, and may be traced from the Atlantic to the South Sea, across the whole country. Near the gulf shores, about sixty miles from Vera Cruz, the isolated mountain range of Tustla, or San Martin, rears itself above the plain. It is evident that the whole range must have swollen up like a vast bladder, and subsequently have been cleft by repeated eruptions and fallings in. The highest point is about three thousand feet above the sea; several craters are visible, and also a round, very deep lake of fresh water, on a little plateau on the south-west side, indicating a sunken hollow. The last recorded eruption of this volcano took place in 1789. It was preceded by an earthquake, and subterranean thunder. A vast cloud of ashes was cast up to an incredible height, and carried off by the current of air



that sets in from east to west. The ashes lay several inches deep in the streets and on the roofs of houses in towns situated twenty miles to the west, and even on the opposite side of the mountain, eight miles off, in the village of Perote, everything was covered with ashes. Since then the volcano has been at rest, but sounds as of distant thunder have been heard in the depths. The natives then say, "The Tustla growls!" The dwellers in the Tustla, itself, however, aver that the sounds come from the direction of the Peak of Orizava, and call it the thunder of Orizava. It is hence deduced that a subterranean communication exists between the two mountains, a circumstance rendered all the more probable, not only by several

volcanic summits rising up on the line, but also by the fact that earthquakes are felt most distinctly in the same direction.

Orizava, the loftiest mountain of the eastern chain, exhibits at the first glance its volcanic origin; its form a majestic cone, whilst on the magnificent snowy peak, somewhat to the east of the highest ridge, the vast crater is distinctly seen. An eruption, that lasted almost without interruption for twenty years, took place fifty years after the arrival of the Spaniards in Mexico, in 1569, but it does not appear to have been accompanied by a discharge of lava. The opinion which was entertained in the following centuries that the ascent of the mountain was impossible, is supposed



CRATER OF POPOCATEPETL.

by some to be derived from the long duration of this eruption. (See p. 592.)

In 1848 some North American officers were said to have attained the summit, but Sartorius, in his excellent work on *Mexico and the Mexicans*, says that no one in the country believed it. Three years later, on the 26th March, 1851, a party of eighteen young men undertook the ascent. They passed the night at the point where vegetation ceases, and next day they reached the ice, where the perilous part of their enterprise began, by sunrise. After a short struggle, one half of the party, which comprised various nationalities (two Frenchmen, one Englishman, one American, one Belgian, and thirteen Mexicans), gave up the attempt, and returned exhausted. Six of them succeeded in

reaching a ridge of rocks, about half way up to the snowy cone, on the north side, whence the ascent took place, and which can be perceived from the sea. Here they rested, enjoyed the prospect, and then returned.

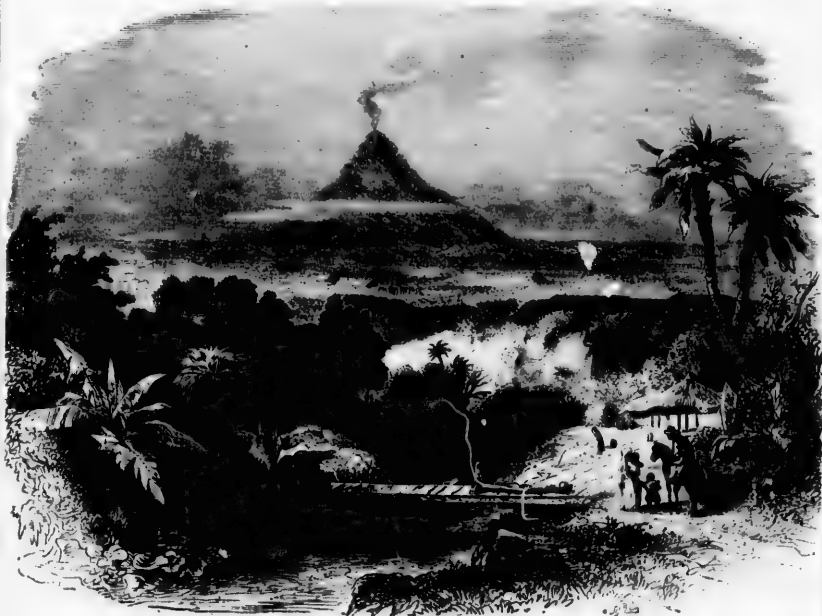
One of the Frenchmen, however—Alexandre Doignon by name—reached the highest point, after a further fatiguing ascent of five hours and a half. He described the day as being perfectly clear, the air pure and transparent, and not the slightest cloud obscuring the lowlands. To the east the blue surface of the Atlantic and Vera Cruz were distinctly seen; the whole of the coast and the bright prairies; the towns of Orizava and Cordova, St. Juan, Huatusco, and Jalapa, the indented mountain chain, stretching north and south, and the table-lands, with their numerous

villages and lakes, bounded by the snowy range of Popocatepetl, constituted an immense landscape that extended before the astonished gaze of the intrepid traveller, like a gigantic drawing.

The crater he described as lying something to the south-east of the highest point, and as being some hundred feet lower down. He also found at its edge a flag-staff, six feet long, bearing the date 1858, and part of a North American flag, affording proof that the honour of having made the first ascent is due to the Americans. Only two of Doignon's companions, Majorus, a Belgian, and Contreras, a Mexican, reached the edge of the crater, and they were completely exhausted; the rarity of the atmosphere rendered re-

spiration exceedingly difficult, and blood flowing from their mouths, they were soon forced to return. The elevation of the peak was estimated to be 18,178 feet.

The inhabitants of the little town of St. Andres Chalchicomula, on the west side of the volcano, having doubted the truth of Doignon's story, he was incited to venture on a second ascent a week subsequent to the first, or on the 4th of April, 1851. He was accompanied on this occasion by a number of Mexicans, who, however, gave up the undertaking the moment they reached the snow. This time the ascent was attended with great risk. Fresh snow had fallen and covered the former track, the chasms and fissures were concealed by it, and our adventurer sank into it at



PEAK OF CRIZABA.

almost every step, carrying with him a flag-staff, as also a large flag, which he had wound about his body like a scarf.

Having attained in safety the pile of rocks that jut out of the snow, he here unfortunately missed his way, and getting more to the eastwards, or on the left side, than the first time, he found his progress impeded by an enormous chasm twenty-five feet wide and four hundred deep, and consisting within of terrace-like masses of ice. This chasm extended about half a league in a semicircle. Some fragile bridges of ice affording the only means of passage, Doignon ventured over these, but even then he met with and had to cross several other dangerous fissures, in doing which he had

to encounter the greatest dangers. When just nearing the summit, a steep wall of ice interposed itself between him and the accomplishment of his hopes. Calling forth all his remaining energies, exhausted, trembling, every moment in peril of being precipitated into the abyss, he at length surmounted this last obstacle, and was able then to rest for a time.

At first our adventurer was shrouded in a dense fog which, however, soon fell below the snowy cone. To the north-east he perceived a succession of isolated rocks, several hundred feet high, rising like a ruined wall. The snow extended to the edge of the crater, within which, on the north side, were deep fissures reaching to the top. A rock at the edge of the crater,

fifteen feet thick, is described as being quite hot, as was the soil round the same, and even the ground is said to have trembled slightly at this spot, but it was more probably the spectator. There was no snow, only sand and volcanic ashes. A powerful smell of sulphur is also described as proving the ceaseless activity of the fire within, and both the interior of the crater and the highest westerly point of the mountain were covered with sulphur, the soil being also heated. Several rocks were also glazed on the surface (vitreous lava, or obsidian), but within they were whitish, like burnt lime. The crater itself had an oval shape, with two inlets to the south and east. The diameter at the top was estimated by Doignon at about 2000 metres, and the circumference 6500.

This great crater presented a terrific abyss, with almost perpendicular sides, furrowed by black burnt fissures. "We look down," says the narrator, "into a fearful gulf, which on the east side may be about five hundred and fifty feet deep. In this gulf enormous black pyramidal rocks are seen, dividing it into three openings, two smaller ones to the south, the larger one to the east. On the north side, about one hundred and fifty feet from the edge of the crater, a gigantic black cleft rocky pyramid rises to the height of more than four hundred feet. From the large opening to the east, volumes of steam, strongly impregnated with sulphur, constantly rise as from a flue. A low rumbling is heard in the depths, causing a feeling of anxiety in the lifeless wilderness." The sides of the crater to the west and south-west were less steep, and covered with snow.

Doignon had planted his flag on the loftiest pinnacle, but a brisk ice-wind made him fear that it had been overthrown. He therefore once more returned to the summit, and believed, for a time, that he should be forced to pass the night at the foot of the warm rocks: the wind falling, however, he commenced his descent at four o'clock in the afternoon. At eight o'clock he joined his companions at the foot of the glaciers. A few days after this the gallant young man was honoured with a splendid banquet, and even valuable presents were made him by the inhabitants of St. Andres Chalchicomula.

This, it is to be observed, was in March and April, 1851. A still more recent ascent has been effected at a different season of the year, in the month of August, 1856, by Baron Müller, who had only arrived that month at Vera Cruz from an exploring journey in Canada and the United States.

The learned traveller issued forth from the small town of Orizava to effect the ascent on the morning of the 30th of August, accompanied by Mr. Sountag, a Swedish gentleman, Malmjö, and a graduate of the University of Berlin.

The party, provided with all that was necessary for their undertaking, took the direction of the volcano across narrow but rapid streams and barancas—the terrible chasms or ravines that intersect the uplands—and which they found difficult to cross even with the aid of the well-trained Mexican horses. They arrived the first day at the hacienda, or farm of Toquila, near San Juan Coscomatepec, where they passed the night, and laid in a further stock of provisions. Beyond this they reached the Indian village of Alpatlahua, where they obtained native guides, who led them by rocky pathways along the beds of torrents and over rocky crests, but still amidst a luxuriant vegetation.

VOL. II.

The plain, says the baron, was now far below us, the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled beneath our feet, for we had attained an elevation of two thousand six hundred and sixty metres. At this elevation vegetation had changed its aspect, creepers and climbers had disappeared, but the orchidaceae still clung to the trees. After passing the night in a rancho, or shepherd's hut, they made an early start on the morning of the 1st of September, and soon reached the region of pines. By nine in the morning they arrived at the rancho of Grecale, three thousand three hundred metres above the level of the sea. The road kept increasing in difficulty, and was now intersected by horrible barancas.

"At ten and a half," says Baron Müller, "we reached the end of the baranca of Trinchera, and the sources of the Rio de la Soledad. Not far from thence was the rancho of Jamapa, the aim of that day's excursion: it consisted of a few wooden huts, the proprietor of which, a Mexican in rags, received us with the most polished dignity. We refreshed ourselves at this station, washing down our meals with latalan (a strong Spanish brandy), and sleeping soundly. The next day, on our departure, we saw the colossal head of the volcano glittering with the reflected light of the sun in an azure blue sky. Soon vegetation ceased entirely, we were surrounded by nothing but rocks of gneiss, of trachyte, and of hornblende, with volcanic sand and cinders."

At eleven the travellers arrived at the base of the peak, properly so called. The view to the westward is described as being magnificent: the Popocatepetl and the Malincho towered out of the lofty upland of Mexico, whose surface seemed to be dotted with lakes that glittered like so many precious stones. To the east the landscape was buried in fog and cloud. A sharp wind gave additional intensity to the cold, and the Indian guides were despatched into a forest below to bring up wood to construct a hut and make a fire. They did this with great alacrity. A lofty rock of granite served as a gable; another of less dimensions filled up one of the sides; the opposite corner was supported by a stake made firm with stones, for the soil was too hard frozen to permit of a hole being made in it; the crossbeams were made fast with ropes, and the whole was covered with straw matting.

Next morning the party made their last preparations for the ascent of the peak. They started at seven in the morning. Their way lay at first over loose soil, with here and there a patch of snow, after which they had to climb over rocky boulders and huge detached stones, amid deep crevices and ravines.

After two hours of the most painful toil, they had attained an elevation of only three hundred and sixty yards above whence they had started, and had reached the line of perpetual snow. At this point the guides gave in, and the travellers had to carry the instruments themselves. The ascent was so abrupt that they did not advance more than eight or ten feet in twenty-five paces. The brilliant light reflected from the snow added to their discomfort by dazzling their eyes and affecting the sight. The snow was covered with a thin coating of ice, which often gave way beneath their feet.

"We were nearing the crater," Baron Müller relates, "when I heard Malmjö call out from behind. I turned round, and saw that he had sunk into the snow up to his armpits; and at the very moment one of my legs broke through the ice deep into the snow below. I,

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however, succeeded in getting to Malmajó, when he showed me the hole he had fallen into. We were, in fact, standing over a vast abyss, from which we were separated by only a thin coating of snow and ice. It was in vain that the eyes sought for indications of rock or soil, columns of ice and crystals filled the depths beyond, and the abyss, instead of being dark, was splendidly lit up by some subterranean or subnival source of light—probably the sun's rays that fell upon the snow. Fear paralysed our every movement. After having raised ourselves up with the utmost caution, we spread out our arms at all risks over the snow, and then we let ourselves slide slowly down. After having thus descended some hundred paces, we arrived at a spot that appeared to be firm. There we held a deliberation, for it was necessary to determine by which side it was best to turn the abyss in order to reach the crater." But suddenly a strong wind arose, and bore up thick clouds, which so enveloped them that they could not see one another at a distance of three paces. It was impossible to ascend any further in such a snow storm, so that they were obliged to retrace their steps without guides or provisions, for in saving themselves from the abyss they had unfortunately let the provision basket fall.

They arrived at four in the afternoon at the exterminated hut where they had spent the previous evening. This night was still more painful and distressing than the previous one. The determination of blood to the head injected their eyes till they were quite red, and an inflammation, attended with the most severe pain, manifested itself in the instance of Sountag and Malmajó, and what was their horror, when daylight came, to find that they were perfectly blind!

All these untoward circumstances combined, induced Baron Müller to attempt the passage to the west, towards San Andres Chalchicomula. As the Orizava approaches nearest to the high upland of Mexico on that side, the travellers would have two thousand metres less distance to go to reach the table-land. They had to lead the blind across a most difficult country covered with rolled stones and volcanic cinders, till, after an hour's toil, they reached the limits of vegetation, and soon afterwards the shelter of a fine pine forest.

After having traversed a cultivated plain, enlivened here and there by ranchos, our travellers reached the small town of San Andres Chalchicomula the same evening. Sundry washings performed near an aqueduct upon the eyes of the sufferers had enabled them to see a little better.

From information which they obtained at this place, it appeared that the ascent of the mountain was much more practicable from the south, and Baron Müller was determined to try again forthwith. But, notwithstanding a few days' repose, M. Malmajó and M. Sountag were too ill to join him, two other persons, however—Mr. Campbell, an inspector of telegraphs, and M. de la Huerta—volunteered to accompany him.

The Citaltepetl, "the mountain of the star," as the Indians call the Orizava, or, as some have it, Orizaba, was enveloped in dense clouds the morning of the 8th of September, 1856, Baron Müller relates, when he bade farewell to his friends, and left San Andres Chalchicomula amidst the good wishes of the inhabitants.

Two courageous and experienced Indians, whose services had been obtained for me by the prefect, had

been sent on beforehand, in order to lay in provisions of wood and water, and deposit the same in a grotto that was situated on the south side of the mountain, just below the limits of perpetual snow, and where we were to spend the first night. My party was composed of Mr. Campbell, M. de la Huerta, and two attendants, all four on horseback; and we had besides, a mule laden with provisions.

Starting with spirit, we soon attained a table-land, the surface of which was diversified by a great number of volcanic hills of little elevation, and beyond which were fine forests of pine and fir; but our way was not more obstructed by fallen trees than it was by occasional deep ravines and the necessity there was for following the most impracticable and dangerous pathways.

At about five in the evening, as we were thus toiling along the side of a baranca, the horse that bore M. Huerta lost its footing and fell. He was near me, and as he fell on a smooth rock, I expected to see him hurled into the depths of the abyss below; but the Mexican horses are extraordinarily sagacious, and the poor brute extricated itself and its rider from their perilous position with marvellous promptitude and address.

It was late at night before our travellers reached the grotto. It was not dark, however, the firmament being lit up by a tropical moon.

The preparations for the ascent were commenced by the earliest dawn on the ensuing day, and, after an hour's toil, they reached the last limits of vegetation, and then the zone of perpetual snow. The horses were so thoroughly done up that they had to be sent back to the grotto.

The atmosphere, says Baron Müller, was so rarefied that our poor steeds could scarcely inhale a sufficient quantity of oxygen, and their breathing was as deep and difficult as if they had galloped a long stage. The men were also sensible of the same influence; but birds seem to be indifferent to it, for here, at an elevation of five thousand five hundred yards, I saw two falcons playing in the air full seven hundred yards above me.

The travellers arrived without any accidents at the fields of snow, out of which pieces of rock jutted here and there, and helped them much in their scramble upwards. By noon they had attained a little platform covered with snow. This point, which presented a smooth surface of a few feet square, was the last where there was any possibility of reposing themselves before reaching the volcano, so they accordingly rested here a few moments to refresh themselves.

The ascent was recommenced after a quarter of an hour's rest, but the depths of the snow presented extraordinary obstacles to our progress. We went up to our knees at every step, and as the slope generally exceeded an angle of forty-five degrees, we had to crawl on all fours. The chief difficulty was to breathe, and we could not get over twenty or twenty-five paces without rest. Spite of a veil and of green spectacles, my eyes suffered this time; but even the pain derived from that affliction was surpassed by an attack I experienced at about two o'clock. It came on like the sensation of a red-hot iron searing my lungs, and from that moment, every time I took a breath, I experienced agonising pains in the chest, and which, with intervals of relief, became so acute at times as to leave me perfectly senseless. My two friends and the Indian

guides were so terrified at the intensity of the attacks, that they wished to return, but I would not consent to that.

The sun had at least warmed the travellers up to that time, but the heavens coming on clouded, they now began to experience a sharp cold. They now began to feel alike wearied and discouraged; the day was already far advanced, the summit was still far off, and the Indian guides refused to go any farther. Even the companions of the baron began to lose courage. It was only upon the latter's declaring that, if left alone, he would still persevere in the ascent, that they consented to remain with him. It was not till after unheard-of efforts, and the most indomitable perseverance, that, almost utterly exhausted, and yet full of a firm resolve to succeed, the baron attained the brim of the crater at forty-five minutes past five in the afternoon.

Success had crowned my efforts, says M. de Müller, and my joy was so great, that for a moment I forgot all my sufferings, but I was soon recalled to a sense of my weakness by a fainting fit, and the pouring forth of torrents of blood from my mouth. When I came to myself again I was still on the borders of the crater, and I summoned together all my strength to look around me and observe as much as I could. I proximatively determined the form of the crater; but my weakness was so great, and the fall of snow continued so dense, that I could not fix its precise circumference with the aid of a sextant. Nor was it in my power to make a topographical survey of the regions below, for nothing could be plainly discerned.

The crater has an irregular elliptical form; its chief axis is from west-north-west to east-south-east, but it curves a little more to the southward; its length may be about two thousand five hundred metres. Two other axes, running nearly from north to south, have very different lengths; the greatest to the east is about five hundred French yards; the lesser one to the west about one hundred and fifty yards. I estimate the whole circumference of the volcano at six thousand metres. (See p. 596.)

My pen fails me in attempting to depict the appearance presented by this great crater, or the impression that it produced upon me. What terrible powers have been evoked to raise and break up such enormous masses, to melt them, to pile them up one upon another, tower-like, till they cooled in such a position and retained their existing shapes! A bed of yellow sulphur covered the inner walls at different places, and little volcanic cones rose out of the bottom. The soil of the crater was, however, mostly clad with snow as far as I could see, and was not therefore warm; but the Indians assured me that a warm air issues from the crevices in various places.

A project which I had entertained from the first of passing the night upon the crater had, by the force of imperious circumstances, been superseded. Twilight, which, as is well known, is under such latitudes very brief, had already set in, and there was no alternative but to return at once. The two Indian guides rolled the *petates*, or straw mats, they had brought with them, in the shape of a kind of sleigh or sledge; we then took our seats upon these, and spreading out our legs, had nothing to do but let the vehicles thus extemporised glide down. But, as may be imagined, the rapidity with which we were thus hurried along soon increased to such an extent, that our descent resembled rather a fall in the air than any other system of loco-

motion; and we were carried in a few minutes over the same distance that had taken us five hours to climb up.

Arrived at the limit of perpetual snow, after having effected their dangerous descent, which the baron designates as a *schulte*, not without some slight accidents and still more serious perils, our travellers had to accomplish the remainder of their journey on foot. At half-past eight they were cheered by the vision of the fire burning in the grotto of the Vello de Lopus, and they were safely encoined in it an hour afterwards.

The scene, says M. de Müller, was singular. The snow had fallen in every direction, and the floor of the grotto had been converted into mud by the increased quantity of water that had filtered into it. Our clothes were also wet through and through, and yet our eyes were so bad that we durst not approach the fire. All we cared for, after fourteen hours' arduous toil, was to lay down and repose ourselves. So we took off the greater portion of our clothes, and let the Indians dry them at the fire, whilst we sought refuge, half-naked, in the driest corners of the grotto. Water was, at the same time, being boiled, so as to make a strong decoction of tea mixed with wine. An hour afterwards we had our tea, our clothes were partially dried, and so happy did we feel, compared with the dangers just surmounted, that we slept better than princes buried in sheets of cambric.

Our sleep was broken next morning by a cheerful sun. The snow of the previous evening was in great part molten, and, strengthened by a good sleep and a good chocolate, we took the road that we had followed on our ascent. About two in the afternoon, as we were approaching San Andres Chalchicomula, I was surprised at seeing the whole population of the town coming out with music and banners to congratulate us on our success. One of our Indian guides had started off from the grotto of Valle de Lopus by a short cut and with a quick step, and had spread the news of our successful ascent some time before. After having briefly reposed themselves, Mr. Campbell and M. de la Huerta went to the prefect, and made an affidavit as to the positive ascent having been accomplished.

According to Doignon's measurement, the height of the Peak of Orizava is 18,178 feet English; Ferrar found it to be 17,885 feet; and the North American engineers, 17,819 feet. Baron Müller estimated the height at 5,527 metres, and if we adopt the least of the calculations, it would appear that Orizava is the highest point of the Mexican Andes.

These ascents, and especially Doignon's, which were accomplished under more favourable circumstances and with less exhaustion than Baron Müller's, afford proof that the subterranean fire in this volcano, or rather the sources whence its volcanic action are derived, are not extinguished or exhausted, and that the lurking monster, like Etna and Vesuvius, may again terrify those dwelling on or near it, even after a lapse of three centuries.

The base of the giant is likewise surrounded for a considerable distance with smaller volcanoes. To the north-east and east we see a whole group of blunted cones between steep calcareous mountains, some of which have cast up lava, others mud and ashes. To the south and south-east are various craters, hot sulphur-springs, and springs which burst forth from rocky cavities like brooks. The course of the streams has also been much altered by volcanic action. Two

river, which rise on the east side of Orizava, suddenly disappear. The larger one, Jamapa, plunges into a fissure on the right bank of a deep ravine, and reappears three miles further off, on the other side of a range of limestone mountains, not in the ravine, but issuing from a cave more to the south. From the point where the river quits it the bed of the ravine is dry. The other, called Tipa, after foaming as a raging torrent over the rocks, disappears near Cordova, at the western base of a range of hills, and then reappears as a deep vortex in a steep rocky inlet near the mountain-pass of Chiquihuite, at a distance of two miles on the east side. This rivulet has further the peculiarity that the chief source, which is high up in the pine forests of Orizava, has milk white, lukewarm water in winter, whilst in the rainy season it is clear and very cold.

On the west side of the Peak of Orizava, towards the table-lands, several volcanic appearances are also met with. Sulphureous vapours rise from a shrubless hill. The Indians use these warm sulphur exhalations to obtain vapour baths. They dig pits three feet deep, and as many wide, then sit down in them and cover up the top, so as to leave the head free. Not far off there is also a group of mountains called Los Derrumbados, one of which is cleft, and frequently belches forth flame.

In the plain at the foot of Orizava, towards the west, near the village of Aljojuca, is a crater filled with water, which tastes rather brackish, but can still be used for drinking. This round pool is about one-eighth of a mile in circumference, with perpendicular rocky sides. A path made by the ancient Indians leads



CRATER OF ORIZAVA.

down into the hollow. Farther on, the steep cones of Pizarro and Tepeyaculco rear their summits above the plain, and a mass of lava serves them for a pedestal.

It is pretty generally admitted by geologists that, as expounded at length by the illustrious Humboldt, the forces of volcanic action are undergoing diminution. Everything tends to show that the crust of the globe has gone through changes which are gradually arriving at a certain point of consistency. But there are speculations which militate against this view of the subject. It is, for example, supposed that in the constant march of creation and disintegration, the great alluvial beds deposited by rivers, and the vast lithophytic or coralline growths in the Pacific, remain to be tilted up from below by volcanic action before they can take their

place, some future day, as islands or continents. Be this as it may, and even granting the limitation of volcanic action, there is nothing to show that the country now in question may not yet be some day the seat of some terrific convulsions of nature, and yet these may be, comparatively speaking, slight, as contrasted with such as have preceded them. Further, were eruptions to ensue upon such efforts of nature to relieve itself, they would, from what has been previously noted, be more likely to occur in the table-lands, the sides of mountains, or in lesser ranges, than from the crater of Orizava.

As this lofty volcano has been succeeded by smaller volcanoes and other cones and craters, as above described, so it appears to have itself succeeded its ancient



rival Naucampatepetl, or the Coffin of Perote, in the principal mountain-chain, and which appears to have been in part destroyed by lateral eruptions that have occurred at an epoch posterior to when it was itself an active volcano, just as we see going on in the present day with regard to Mount Vesuvius. On the north side of the mountain is the so-called Mal Pais, a broad stream of lava, nearly ten miles in length, whose glazed scoriaceous mass bears every indication of a molten state, while the pumice-stones, scattered far and wide, distinctly prove that a discharge took place in that direction. The mountain is most shattered on the south-east side, where it has an appearance as though an explosion from the summit to the base had hurried one whole side of the crater to the east. A beautiful plain, remarkable for its great fertility, was produced at its base by this falling in, as also by the streams of lava, and the discharges of ashes and mud. The mightiest trees flourish there, and for more than a century maize has been annually sown in the same ground without manuring.

The perpendicular rocky walls, from a thousand to two thousand feet high, of the profound barancas, ravines, or chasms, which everywhere intersect this region, also enable us to form some idea of the might of volcanic ravages. They are compact masses of firm

conglomerate, with larger or smaller fragments of basalt, or a jumble of volcanic tufa. The upper covering is argillaceous of all colours, but mostly ferruginous, and wherever water can exert its influence, iserine, or crystals of magnetic iron, are washed out in great quantities, as in other countries similarly circumstanced. The breaking up of these mountains must have happened at a very remote period, for horizontal stratification may be observed, or at all events divisions into separate stories, marking, probably, different epochs of eruption and cataclysm, and there are deep caves and grottoes at their base.

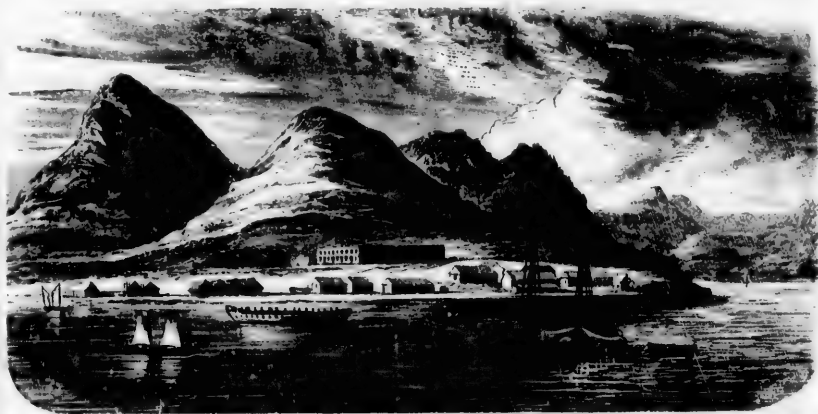
It only remains to be remarked that the lofty Popocatepetl (17,773 feet), though quiescent, is still active, and close by it is the snow mountain Iztaccihuatl, which bears the same relation to Popocatepetl as the Coffin of Perote does to Orizava: it is a ruined flue of the same furnace. Nearer to the Pacific two more volcanoes are still active, viz., Jorullo and Colima, the latter since the earliest known periods, the other a recent production of the mighty subterranean fires, which in the middle of the last century called forth terror and dismay on all sides. It is not impossible that this line of volcanic country, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, indicates an occasional subterranean connection or filtration between the two oceans.

Mexico, as already mentioned, was, previous to the French intervention of 1862, divided into a federal union of twenty-two states or republics, with a form of government resembling the United States of America; but in 1863 the French expeditionary army converted the republican form of government into an empire, and

placed the Austrian Archduke Maximilian on the throne. The French troops were, however, withdrawn in the beginning of 1867, and a civil war then resulted between the imperialists and the republicans, in which the former were defeated, the Emperor Maximilian shot, and Mexico once more declared a republic.

# NEW CALEDONIA.

## FRENCH POSSESSIONS IN THE PACIFIC.



ENGLISH ESTABLISHMENT IN NEW CALEDONIA.

### I.

OCCUPATION OF NEW CALEDONIA BY THE FRENCH IN 1853 AND 1854—MODE OF PROCEEDING—MISSIONARY AUXILIARIES—CHARACTER AND APPEARANCE OF THE NATIVES—PROCEEDINGS OF THE FRENCH AT VARIOUS POINTS OF THE ISLAND—FOUNDATION OF PORT DE FRANCE—LA CONCEPTION, A MISSIONARY ESTABLISHMENT.

SOME geographers have given the name of Oceania to the whole collection of those islands which are situated in the Pacific Ocean, but it having been found, upon closer inspection, that this vast assemblage of islands is naturally divided into three groups, we are in the habit in this country of writing of them as belonging to Malasia, or the East Indian Archipelago, to Australasia, as contradistinguished from Australia, by which name what was once absurdly called New Holland is now designated, and to a third or eastern division, grouped under the head of Polynesia. These designations are not admitted by our good friends and allies the French for obvious reasons; they have recently founded a colony in the Hindu Chinese peninsula—in Annam or Cochin China—and they naturally feel that the so-called East Indian Archipelago is just as much Hindu Chinese as it is East Indian; they have established themselves in the Australian Seas, at New Caledonia, and the archipelago might therefore just as well be Franco-Caledonian as Australasian; and they have declared their supremacy in the Society Islands, discovered, like New Caledonia, by our own

circumnavigator Cook, at the very heart and centre of the Eastern Pacific group, as also in the Marquesas, and they have therefore divided the whole collection into Malasian and Oceanic.

These regions, said one of their most gifted writers, present in every quarter scenes fitted to move the most frigid imagination. Many nations are here found in their earliest infancy. The amplest openings have been afforded for commercial activity. Numberless valuable productions have been already laid under contribution to our insatiable luxury. Here many natural treasures still remain concealed from scientific observation. How numerous are the gulfs, the ports, the straits, the lofty mountains, and the smiling plains! What magnificence, what solitude, what originality, and what variety! Here the zoophyte, the motionless inhabitant of the Pacific Ocean, creates by its accumulated exuvie a rampart of calcareous rock round the bank of sand on which it has grown. Grains of seed are brought to this spot by the birds, or wafted by the winds. The nascent verdure makes daily acquisitions of strength, till the young palm waves its verdant foliage over the surface of the waters. Each shallow is converted into an island, and each island improved into a garden. We behold at a distance a dark volcano ruling over a fertile country, generated by its own lava. A rapid and charming vegetation is displayed by the side of heaps of ashes and of scorie. Where the land is more extended, scenes more vast

present themselves; sometimes the ambiguous basalt rises majestically in prismatic columns, or lines, to a distance too great for the eye to reach, the solitary shore with its picturesque ruins. Sometimes enormous primitive peaks boldly shoot up among the clouds; while, hung on their sides, the dark pine forest varies the immense void of the desert with its gloomy shade. In another place, a low coast, covered with mangroves, sloping insensibly beneath the surface of the sea, stretches afar into dangerous shallows, where the noisy waves break into spray. To these sublime horrors a scene of enchantment suddenly succeeds. A new Cythera emerges from the bosom of the enchanted wave; an amphitheatre of verdure rises to our view. Tufted groves mingle their foliage with brilliant enamel of the meadows. An eternal spring, combining with an eternal autumn, displays the opening blossom along with the ripened fruits. A perfume of exquisite sweetness embalms the atmosphere, which is continually refreshed by the wholesome breezes from the sea. A thousand rivulets trickle down the hills, and mingle their plaintive murmurs with the joyful melody of the birds animating the thickets. Under the shade of the cocoa the smiling but modest hamlets present themselves, roofed with banana leaves, and decorated with garlands of jessamine. Here might mankind, if they could only throw off their vices, lead lives exempt from trouble and from want. Their bread grows on the trees which shade their lawns, the scene of their festive amusement. Their light barks glide in peace on the lagoons, protected from the swelling surge by the coral reefs surrounding their whole island, at a short distance from the shore, and confining their domestic water in the stillness of a prison.

For what Great Britain has done for these lands of promise, it is sufficient to refer to Australia, Tasmania, and to New Zealand, the first with its five separate colonies, or distinct governments, and a population, since 1788, of upwards of a million of souls. The Dutch have their settlements also, of no small import, and the Americans have obtained a footing in the same sea of islands. No wonder, then, that France should desire to be worthily represented in "Oceania."

"But when we turn," says M. Alfred Jacobs,<sup>1</sup> "from the spectacle presented by the English colonies, and pass on to that presented by our establishments in Oceania, the change is as complete as it is abrupt. We no longer see the activity, the force, the exuberant and turbulent life, the vast spaces delivered up to the process of clearing: at the bottom of some haven, where occasional whalers or a wandering merchantman now and then seek refuge, may be seen a brick and mud building, over which our standard floats, whilst a few marines lounge about the doorway. A few scattered huts sometimes help to constitute a group of habitations that spreads and assumes even the aspect of a little town or of a goodly village; but everything is dull and lifeless except when the commodore or admiral, who carries his flag from one establishment to another, comes to impart a kind of factitious animation by his presence, and to create a movement that is more military than industrious or commercial." The picture is not flattering, but it has the much greater advantage of being pointedly and graphically correct.

Whence, the same writer goes on to inquire, this

inactivity? Are we, then, unequal to the industry and labour of our neighbours, and have the descendants of that old Celtic race, that loved so much to wander over the face of the earth, become inimical to all change of place? Most assuredly not: Egypt, Persia, and India, which witness so many Frenchmen taking there their science and their swords, can testify to the contrary. Nor has the aptitude to colonise been always wanting to France: witness Canada and Louisiana, not to mention India, which might have had a very different destiny if Dupleix and La Bourdonnais, the heroes of the eighteenth century, had not been basely abandoned. There is still a region in the present day where French activity seems to take foot and develop itself, and that is in the magnificent region watered by the Rio de la Plata.

We are not, then, utterly foreign to the labours and proceedings of external life, and yet we must admit that divers circumstances have contributed to leave us in inferiority to our neighbours, the English, and even the Germans. Out of his own country, the Frenchman is engineer, soldier, adventurer; he is seldom a cultivator or a merchant. Further, the complete separation from his native soil is more repugnant to him than to any other exile. What a touching and persevering affection have Louisiana and Canada preserved for the mother country! Add to all this, France has always sufficed for herself, and has never obliged her children to cast looks of covetousness across the ocean, or to ask from foreign regions for the resources of existence. Hence a radical difference has sprung up between the education and the primary ideas of the English and French people. Here people are born cultivators and soldiers; there, sailors and merchants. In England, the great cities are on the coasts, and a nation of men, cradled in the sea, are familiarised with ideas of expatriation, and have for the most part friends or relations in the most distant countries. Every day they read in the papers news of their countrymen in China or Australia, and they thus become accustomed to consider the world as a province of England.

The fertility and natural abundance of our soil, the attachment that we experience for it, the political circumstances of the end of the last century, and the commencement of this, our continental military glory—such are, in fact, the honourable and avowable causes of our colonial inferiority. We do not complain of it: every nation has had its destinies, and ours yield in Europe to that of none other. To England belongs the great movement of colonisation, to create empires, to clear the forest, to cover the land with flocks and herds, and to build cities that shall rival London and Liverpool. It is a part full of grandeur, but which has its deceptions and its dangers: colonies are ungrateful, often very forgetful and very repudiating. More than one has cast off the mother country, and, to continue prosperous and powerful, England has perpetually to begin over again.

A few men and a few books that have emanated from France is, on the contrary, all that has sufficed to establish the preponderance and spread the influence of French genius over the world. We have many times heard regrets expressed that France was not before England in occupying New Zealand—regrets that have no foundation: that colony which has become so prosperous in the hands of the English would have remained sterile in ours. Besides, if we want a field for whatever aptitude we have in this line, have we not Algeria at our very doors! Commerce can do very

<sup>1</sup> In a recently published work, *L'Océanie, Nouvelle: Colonies, Migrations, Mélanges*, par Alfred Jacobs.

well without colonies; the United States have none such, which does not prevent them being the first commercial people in the world. What we can reasonably demand, is a commercial development that shall have some relation to the number of our harbours and to the extent of our coast; transoceanic companies organised at Havre, at Bordeaux, and at Saint Nazaire; a share in the profits of distant fisheries; and maritime stations well and duly supplied to repair and to protect our mercantile navy. This is the title under which our establishments in Oceania present themselves to our suffrages, as points in a good commercial road, and hence it is that we have acted recently in favour of our true interests in taking possession of New Caledonia.

The corvette *La Constantine*, commanded by Captain Tardy de Montravel, was off the coast of China in the year 1853, when its commander received sealed despatches that were not to be broken till he was out at sea: The corvette sailed off at once, and proceeded, as a result, to occupy New Caledonia in the name of France. This island, connected with which are the Isle of Pines and the Loyalty group, is situated between the twentieth and twenty-third degree of south latitude. It is sixty-six leagues in length, ten in width, and is formed by a mountainous crest, fertile and well watered, that runs from north-west to south-east. It was discovered by Cook in 1774, and has been since visited by the French circumnavigators D'Entrecasteaux and D'Urville. It is, like the north-west coast of Australia (Queensland), and most of the islands in the Pacific, surrounded by coral reefs, and many vessels have perished on its dangerous and inhospitable shores.

When the *Constantine* arrived at the Island of Pines, in January, 1854, the French flag already waved on that as well as on the greater island. Rear-Admiral Febvrier des Pointes, "under apprehensions of being anticipated by the English," had gone thither from Tahiti, in the previous September, to come to an understanding with some French missionaries settled in the Isle of Pines, and to open negotiations with the principal native chiefs, and he had then taken his departure, after having built a kind of small provisional fort.

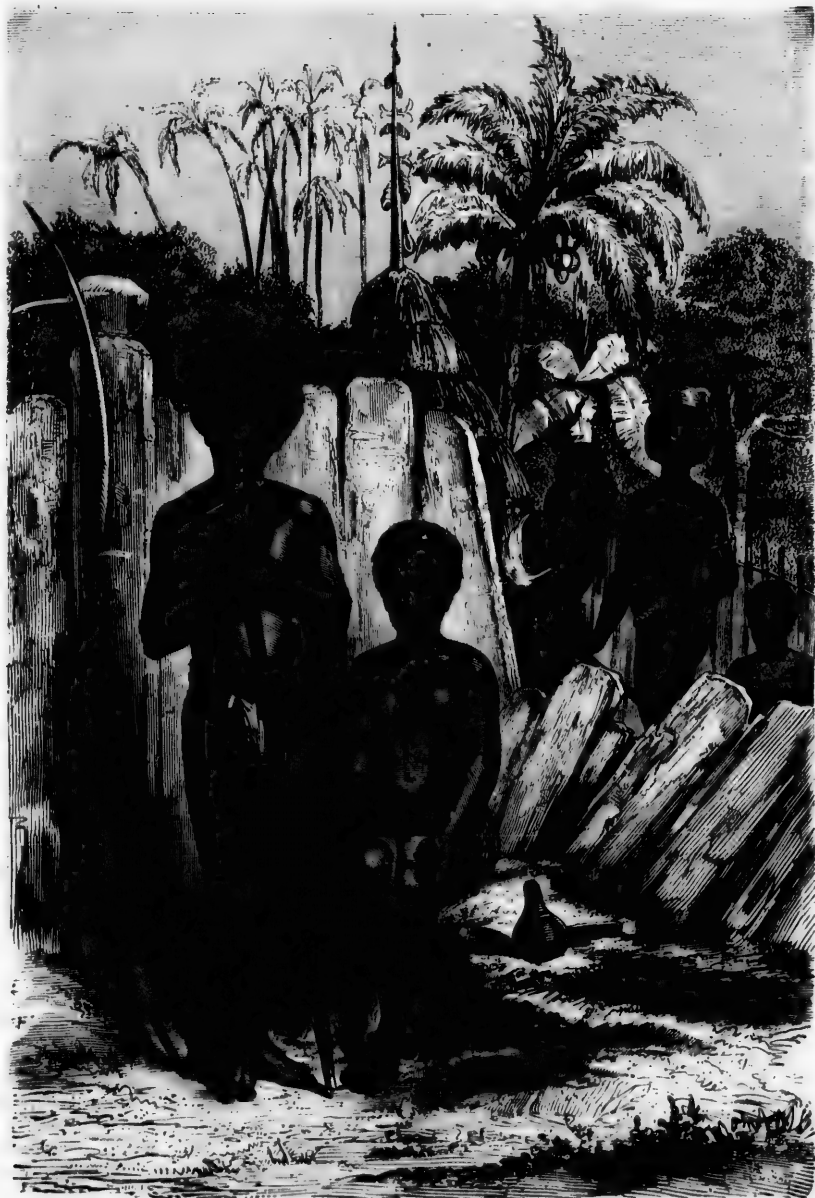
A period of about ten years had elapsed at that epoch since the missionaries, who so efficiently helped the French officers in their task, had been settled in New Caledonia. The corvette *Bucéphale* disembarked a few missionaries in the Balade haven, on the west coast, in 1843, and, before leaving, the sailors constructed a commodious habitation for the pious exiles, and which, two years later, served as a place of refuge for the crew of the *Seine*, which vessel was lost on the reefs of the island. In 1850, the missionaries were subjected to ill treatment by the natives. Surrounded, they were, indeed, about being made prisoners, when, luckily, a French ship, the *Brillante*, arrived in time to rescue them, an operation which was not effected without a struggle, and they were removed to the Isle of Pines.

There, with a perseverance that does them honour, they formed the nucleus of a new mission, and they succeeded in re-opening new relations with the natives of New Caledonia, and in thus favouring French occupation. After their expulsion from Balade, a fearful crime was enacted by these ferocious insulars. In 1851, the ship *Alcmène* was engaged in surveying the island,

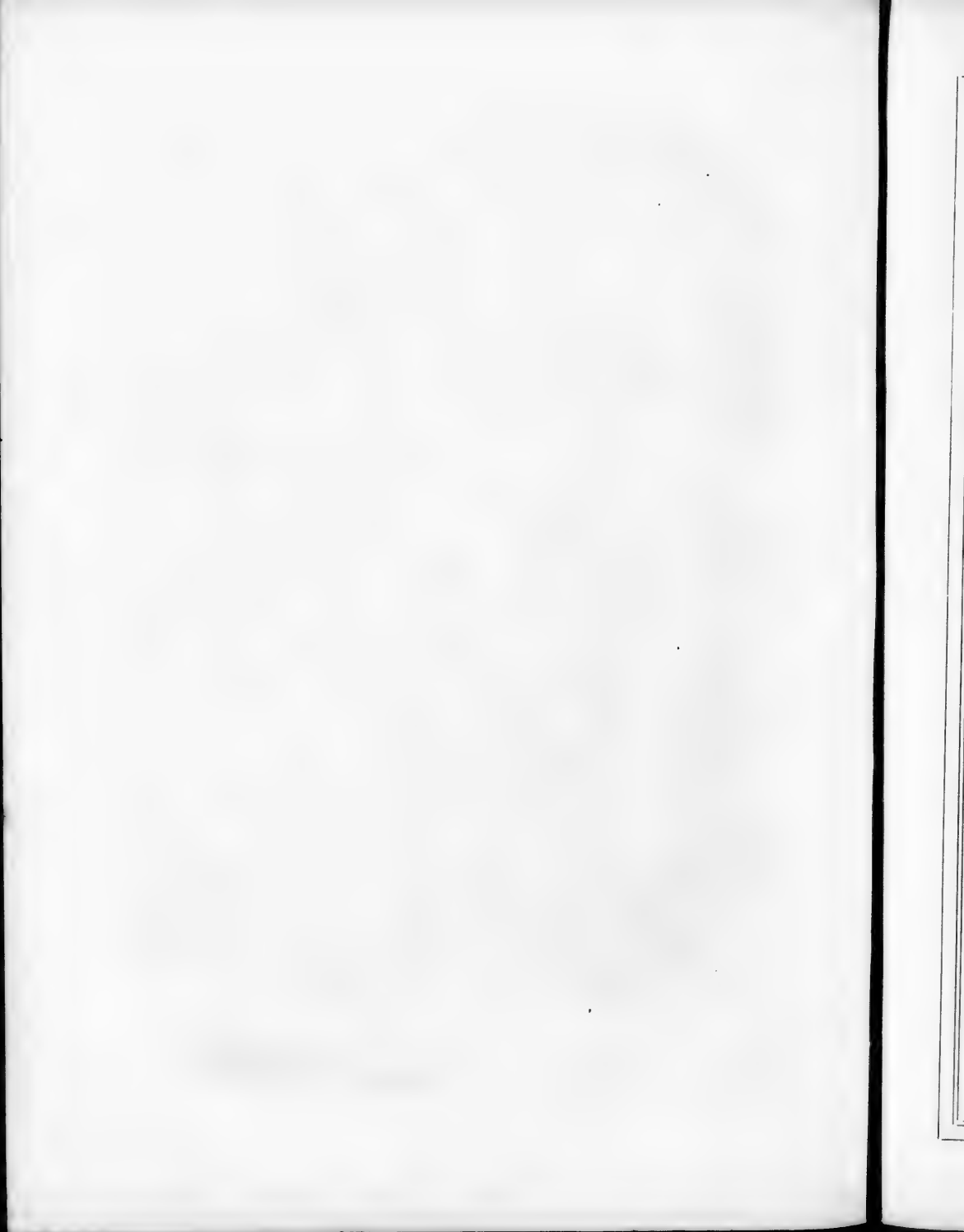
when two young officers M.M. de Varennes and Saint-Phal, were despatched in a boat with fifteen men to effect a reconnaissance along the coast and in the interior of the bays. They unfortunately allowed themselves to be taken by surprise by the natives on a small island which they thought was uninhabited. Officers and sailors alike were all massacred and devoured. The commander of the *Alcmène* fired upon the natives and burnt their huts wherever he could get at them, but he was destined to be almost as unlucky as his officers and men, for he lost his ship upon the coral reef that envelopes the island.

At the very moment, indeed, that Commodore Tardy de Montravel made his appearance in these fatal waters, another French vessel had just been lost there. This was a three-masted ship, the *Croix du Sud*, which had only issued from the ships of Bordeaux two years previously. It had visited America, China, and Australia, and was coming from Melbourne with the intention of visiting the Moluccas and touching at the French establishment on the way. Deceived by imperfect charts, the captain believed himself, on doubling the western point of the island, to have entered an open channel, whereas he went right upon the reefs, and the ship went to pieces. The crew, consisting of the captain, a young wife, and twelve men, had no resource left them but to take to the boats; and they luckily succeeded, after seven days' suffering, in reaching Port Balade, with their water and provisions exhausted, yet unable to land from the hostility of the same natives who had devoured so large a portion of the crew of the *Alcmène*. The *Constantine* received the shipwrecked, and its commander despatched the screw-brig *Prony* to see if it could in any way relieve the *Croix du Sud*; but all hopes of this had to be given up after prolonged efforts, and the crew of the French merchantman had to remain in Caledonia till the opportunity presented itself of being transferred to Sydney.

The mission of the French commodore was more particularly directed to re-establishing the missionaries in safety on the chief island, to erect forts and habitations for soldiers and *employés*, to negotiate with the natives, and to induce them to accept the French protectorate. The task did not present any great difficulties at Balade, where the two powerful tribes of Puma and Pompo were under the influence of the missionaries. One of the chiefs, who, on being baptised, had exchanged his barbarous name of Buhone for that of Philip, willingly acceded, on receiving a few presents, to all that was demanded of him: he granted territorial concessions, and even submitted to the promulgation of a species of code, which, nevertheless, deprived him of one of his especial privileges, which was to distribute justice by breaking the heads of the accused. He was for the future bound over to graduate the scale of punishment according to the amount of criminality, and even, in certain cases, to have recourse to French jurisdiction. The French commander had further the ingenious idea of interesting the savages themselves in suppressing crime and in arresting the guilty. He organised a body of police among themselves, paying them with tobacco, and decorating, or rather distinguishing, them by a badge with the French colours. They thus became quite proud of their responsibilities, and were on the constant look-out for malefactors. The plan turned out, indeed, to be most successful. As to the chief, Philip, he was a brutal savage, of very limited intelligence, and it was impossible to



NEW CALEDONIANS.





trust in him. He in was, 1850, one of the most vindictive enemies of the missionaries, and he still preserved as a relic of his plunder a magnificent cassock, which he took great pleasure in putting on upon grand occasions.

After having constructed and armed the new fort at Balade, the *Constantine* proceeded to a place called Pouebo, or, as we should write it, Puabo, farther to the south, and in the territory of the tribe of Monelibe. At that point the landscape is more agreeable and animated. We have no longer naked rocks and rugged crests: the highlands assume a fertile and smiling aspect. A prolific vegetation reaches from their very summits down to the sea-shore, whilst a pretty river, navigable in boats for some miles, precipitates itself down the mountain sides in picturesque waterfalls, and then winds peacefully across the plain. One of the principal chiefs, when becoming a Christian, had assumed the name of Hippolyte; he had been a staunch friend of the missionaries, and he counterbalanced by his authority the opposition of another chief, of the name of Tarebate, who refused to become a Christian, because if he did he would have to renounce three out of his four wives.

No sooner had the *Constantine* cast anchor off Puabo, than the chief, Hippolyte, came, instigated by the missionaries, to solicit in the name of his tribe that the same "measures of order" should be adopted there as had been put in force at Balade. His request was complied with, and the French commandant resolved, in order to overawe these tribes, to carry out his objects with a certain amount of solemnity. He accordingly laded with his staff and two companies of marines, and also two field-pieces with which to salute the French flag that was about to be hoisted. The little expedition ascended the river windings, and disembarked at a distance of only a few hundred yards from a large village, where the whole tribe awaited to receive it in arms. The natives received the French force with loud shouts, and the latter took up a position *en bataille* before the mission house. After a brief address from the commandant, which was translated by the chief Hippolyte, the French flag was hoisted and saluted by the artillery, amidst the applause of the aborigines. Hippolyte and Tarebate next affixed a kind of signature to the bottom of a document, in virtue of which they accepted the sovereignty of France, which was followed by the reading and explanation of the new penal code; lastly, what gave a great deal more pleasure to the natives, there came a general distribution of cakes of tobacco, and presents of arms, tools, and tinsel were made to the chiefs. In order the better to express their joy at this liberality, the natives gathered round the mission house whilst the officers were there taking a frugal repast, and began to execute their dances. They jumped and gesticulated to their own whistling and the sound of a bamboo, which beat time upon the ground. This substitution of whistling to singing when dancing is said to be peculiar to the natives of New Caledonia, and the French agreed that nothing could be more fatiguing or disagreeable.

The natives are, generally speaking, tall and robust, and the sailors all agree in extolling their vigour. The photographs that have been brought to this country give the idea of muscular, well-made men, but their physiognomy is coarse and brutal. The females especially, with their woolly hair, their great stupid fea-

tures, their hanging breasts, and slender extremities, resemble beasts more than human beings. The men are entirely naked, with the exception of a simple waistband; and the women have for all clothing a wrapper of about a foot in width, with a long lappet behind. (See p. 601.) We find in New Caledonia the finest Polynesian races mixed up with the Austral negro, so low in the scale of humanity, and the bastard race that has sprung up from this admixture, like the mixed Austral-Malay races of the north-west of Australia, superior to the one and inferior to the other, have adopted the customs of both. One of the most remarkable superiorities of these savages consists in the strength and skill with which they use their clubs and the javelins. D'Entrecasteaux, who visited New Caledonia after Captain Cook's discovery of the island, relates that threatening groups of natives having gathered round him, he resolved to give them a notion of the terrible effects of their fire-arms. He had a pigeon tied to a tree, placed three of his best shots at a distance, and gave the word of command. Not one of the men hit it. A native, who was carelessly reclining close by, rose up, brandished his javelin (*zagai*, or *amagai*), cast it, and transfixed the bird.

The occupation of New Caledonia was not everywhere so easy as at Balade and at Puabo. The *Constantine* pursued its explorations along the eastern coast, visiting the principal tribes, and seeking for a spot favourable for a chief settlement. In proportion as she proceeded from the north to the south, the population was found to be more and more ill-disposed. The action of the missionaries was no longer felt, and they were further, it is said, encouraged in their hostility by some English and American seamen, deserters from vessels, who had established themselves among them, who lived as they lived, without competition or control, and who dreaded the introduction of a foreign influence and domination.

There was particularly, at a place called Hienguené, or Hiyanwani, a powerful tribe, whose chief, named Buarate, a man of energy, and endowed with a certain amount of intelligence, and who had once been to Sydney, where he was received with great respect, and treated as if he had been king of all New Caledonia. Buarate professed a great attachment for his friends the English—Sydney men, as he called them—and he had announced that he would resist the occupation of the country by any other white men. The neighbouring tribes looked up to Buarate, whose followers were numerous, and well provided with guns, so it was determined to strike the decisive blow at this point.

The *Constantine* and the *Prony* arrived off Hiyanwani, in the month of May, 1854, and a considerable number of canoes put off, and their crews went on board the French ships with a show of amicable familiarity; but their chief did not make his appearance. Buarate, having refused, on being summoned, to make his submission, an officer was sent with an armed party to communicate to him that if he did not obey the "invitation" made to him by ten o'clock the next day, the commandere would himself land with an armed force to raise the French flag, and establish the sovereignty of France over the territory of the tribe, and that at the least appearance of resistance he should be dethroned, and his territory declared to be the property of government.

The officer charged with this mission succeeded, by

ascending a goodly river that waters Hiyanwani, in reaching the residence of Buarate. He found the chief seated in front of his house, a gun in hand, and he prevailed upon him, not without difficulty, to follow him. Buarate was treated with more courtesy on board the corvette than he appears to have anticipated, and he promised, after some opposition, to appear next morning with his warriors in front of the principal village, and celebrate the act of giving up his territory to the foreigner.

Accordingly, the next day, eight boats took their departure from the corvette and the brig, conveying two hundred and fifty men, with two guns, who effected their landing in the midst of a considerable assemblage of warriors, armed with muskets, assegais, and steel axes, which have taken the place of clubs among the tribes that are in relation with Europeans. The act of possession was read by the commodore, and translated by a pupil of the mission; the flag was unfurled, and saluted by three discharges of musketry and one-and-twenty guns from the *Constantine*; after which, the two hundred and fifty marines defiled in front of the flag, whilst Buarate and other chiefs of the tribe were engaged in signing the act of sovereignty and occupation. The sight of so many men armed with muskets, and the sound of the great guns, made, we are told, a great, if not a lasting, impression upon the natives. The parties separated good friends, and the commodore promised Buarate to visit him in his own house the next day.

In execution of this promise, the eight boats proceeded up the river the ensuing morning in file. The river of Hiyanwani is barred at its entrance by a reef of coral, which only leaves a narrow passage at the southern extremity of the bay; it itself only reaches the sea after a devious course among abrupt mountains, which pour down the waters of the uplands by deep ravines, the ruddy face of the rocks being everywhere clothed with a rich and vigorous vegetation. Coconut trees shelter well-constructed huts at the bottom of the ravines.

The natives rushed to the shores in crowds to contemplate a spectacle so new to them, and they followed the procession of boats by narrow pathways that ran along each side of the river. The armed men led the way; the women and children followed at a short distance, and loud shouts arose from each side of the stream. Having reached the village, the French effected their landing in a column, the flying artillery in the centre, and then took up a position in order of battle in front of Buarate's residence.

The latter was what M. Jacobs calls "*une grande case Calédonienne*," a kind of cone hoisted upon a cylinder four feet in height, with a low, narrow door in front, and at the top of the cone was a rude sculpture representing the human form, whilst to the right and left were other huts for women and strangers. The chiefs of the tribes, one hundred and fifty to two hundred in number, were grouped before the principal hut; they were diversely armed, and all naked with the exception of Buarate, who was draped in a blue woollen shirt. Other groups of warriors remained at a more respectful distance, and the women and children looked on with curiosity from behind the houses and trees.

The artillery and marines then went through a variety of evolutions, after which another French flag was unfurled, saluted with twenty-one guns, and then

handed over to Buarate, in commemoration of his new nationality. The commodore took advantage of the impression produced by "this imposing ceremonial" to engage the tribe to give up the practice of cannibalism, representing to them that such a practice was looked upon by all civilised people as the most disgraceful of any to which human beings could be addicted; after which he interdicted Buarate from administering justice any longer with the blows of an axe; and finally, to allay the bitterness of these new obligations, he distributed a few arms, some tools and utensils, and invited the chief to sit down with him and his officers and partake of a sheep, roasted whole, after the Caledonian fashion. The soldiers also partook of a repast on their side, and the crowd, overcoming their fears, also crowded round, precipitating themselves upon the bones or biscuits, or the least fragments that were thrown to them.

This military demonstration of the French commandant had, it is said, a lasting effect; from that time forth Buarate ceased his hostilities, and the other chiefs followed his example. The two vessels, passing the two strange rocks that were called the towers of Notre-Dame, because at a distance they resembled them both in form and elevation, left Hiyanwani behind them, and prosecuted their search for a suitable spot wherein to found the chief town of the colony in future. Among others, they visited the magnificent bay of Kanala, where a chief, named Kai, came on board of his own free will, proud of a shift, trousers, and cap, as also of an old sword, which, in his eyes, constituted a magnificent costume. Thence they doubled the southern point, touched at the Island of Pines, and proceeded to explore the lower portions of the western coast.

The Bay of Morare, one of the first that presents itself on doubling the southern point, presented many claims for election. Numerous streams of water find their way at that point to the sea, and vessels meet with an excellent watering-place formed at the foot of a copious fall, which descends from the Mont d'Or, an isolated peak that dominates the coast at this point, and which is indebted to its name for the hopes entertained at first of finding it to be auriferous, but which were not afterwards realised. The fall precipitates itself from a height of sixty feet, into a kind of basin. The richness of the valley, the facilities for irrigation, the gentle acclivity of the mountains, all invited cultivation; the forests were rich in timber, and the borders of the sea were unencumbered by that monotonous growth of mangroves that is met with on so many other points. Extensive plains, diversified by groves of trees, seemed to be waiting for cattle. Lastly, deposits of coal surround the bay; five veins show themselves at the surface of the soil close to the sea. With a better anchorage, Morare would have been made the seat of the chief colonial establishment; but failing in this essential, the neighbouring bay of Noumea, or Nuniya, now Port de France, was selected as "*le chef-lieu Européen de la Nouvelle-Calédonie*."

It is now little more than four years since the first stone of this establishment was laid, and people will not fail to be interested in knowing what, in the present day, is this town, still in embryo, that France has undertaken to build in Australasia, opposite to Queensland and New South Wales. A harbour easy of access, safe, well disposed, and easy of defence, lies at the entrance of a spacious and well-sheltered bay,

hemmed in by hills, and behind a narrow peninsula. The hills that surround it form a kind of hamicycle, enveloped by mountains that rise in stages like an amphitheatre. This is the spot on which rises Port-de-France; it has the inconvenience of not being well watered; the nearest rivulet is at a distance of six miles; it may some day be brought nearer, but, for the time being, water is obtained from deep wells. A kind of barrack occupies the beach of the peninsula, which can accommodate about a hundred soldiers; the French flag floats on the top of it. At a little distance are five or six houses, one of which is the seat of government, and is surrounded by a large garden, in which have been inaugurated the usual *essais d'acclimatation et de culture*. (See p. 609.)

Since 1855 the missionaries, persecuted by Buarate, Philip the Convert, and other chiefs, whose apprehensions had been removed by the disappearance of the French ships, gathered together to found an establishment under the protection of Port de France, called "La Conception," and of which they have made—as also of Pualo, on the other side—the centre of their labours. There, at three leagues from Port-de-France, near the sea, and upon a hill that dominates the shore, they have grouped around them a few hundred natives. The Caledonian city, as it is designated, is divided into three quarters, according to the number of individuals who have contributed to its erection; and it must not be supposed that it consists solely of huts; some of the savages, instructed by their European directors, have built themselves houses covered with slates, in which the island abounds, and they are whitewashed and surrounded by gardens and cultivations. It is a novel and curious spectacle that of these men digging the soil, superintending their plantations, looking to their domestic duties, treating their wives almost as their equals, grouping themselves in regular and industrious families, and no longer requiring human flesh from the want of other food to assuage their hunger. They are clad in a sort of woollen Guernsey, with a medal or chaplet round their necks. Their coarse features relax when they exchange a cordial shake of the hand, with the words "father" or "brother" in their mouths. A tolerably spacious church of brick and whitewashed earth occupies the centre of the "village." When the bell summons them to their religious duties, they quit their labours and join in the services with a guttural nasal tone.

The same process of praiseworthy improvement is said to be going on at Pualo. The mission is situated there at about half a league from the sea, at the end of a fine plain, where the hill-side is shaded by cocoa-nut trees. The buildings, which consist of two spacious houses, a goodly church, and a few huts, are surrounded by carpenters' workshops and a blacksmith's forge. The cultivation of rice and maize has particularly succeeded at this place, whilst herds of cattle, pigs, and goats are a better guarantee than all the sermons against the anthropophagous habits of the natives.

The measure of success has been, it is said, even still greater at the Isle of Pines; there, a thousand natives obey one chief. The huts are grouped round the religious establishment. Plantations of cocoa-nut trees, of sugar-cane, and of bananas, the grape-vine, the fig-tree, and different European cereals, prosper, and occupy the foot of the hills crowned with verdure. Many of the natives have also been taught to hive bees.

Here, says M. Alfred Jacobs, are very good results,

only it must be acknowledged that they are very circumscribed. The catechumenists do not number two thousand, which, according to M. Tardy de Montmazel's estimate of a population of sixty thousand, is but a twentieth of the population; further, if a number of docile and disciplined natives are to be seen round the missions, it must also be admitted that a far greater number witness these innovations with extreme repugnance. Some even among the converts are very indifferent, and have been known to say, "Well, if your baptism is so salutary and procures felicity, you shall confer it on me when I am about to die." Others are argumentative. A good missionary was arguing with a native one day against anthropophagism. "But," insisted the savage, "if it is an enemy killed in fight?" "He is thy equal, a man like thyself, who might be thy relative or become thy friend." "His flesh fills my stomach and nourishes me as well as that of another; and besides, do not you yourself eat of the sheep and the fowls which you have brought up with your own hands?" M. Alfred Jacobs avers that "to tell the truth, there is little real hope that their missionaries, whatever may be their courage or zeal, will be able to organise an indigenous society living under their constant direction."

In the meantime, the French may, with justice, congratulate themselves upon the experiment that is being made: it redounds infinitely to their credit.

## II.

THE FRENCH AT TAHITI OR OTAHITI—BEAUTIFUL SCENERY—PAPEETE, THE FRENCH METROPOLIS IN OCEANIA—BROOM ROAD—THE TAHITIANS—PROJECTED LINE OF CIRCUMNAVIGATION BY THE FRENCH—THE CHINESE COLONY AT TAHITI—THE FRENCH IN THE MARQUESES—CHARACTER OF THE ISLANDERS—NEKAHIVA—PROJECTED ABANDONMENT OF THE FRENCH PROTECTORATE.

AWAITING until the importance of New Caledonia with its natural riches shall develop itself, Tahiti, or Otahiti, the chief of the islands of the Archipelago of the Society Isles is, we are told, at the head of the French possessions in the Pacific, and Papeete, its capital, is the French metropolis in Oceania.<sup>1</sup>

We have before alluded to this beautiful group of islands, but mainly in reference to their geological character, in vol. I., p. 537, of *All Round the World*. What we now add is more in reference to their occupation by the French, and to their history since that epoch.

The exquisite beauty of Tahiti is familiar by repute to almost all. In the exterior or border landscapes of Tahiti and the other islands, says Mr. Ellis, there is a variety in the objects of natural history; a happy combination of land and water, of precipices and level

<sup>1</sup> The Society Islands are generally spoken of by British geographers as being about seventy miles to the westward of Tahiti, or Otahiti, which is the chief island of the Georgian group, so named in honour of George III. Marivrea, however, sometimes designate them as the Windward and the Leeward Islands. As the two clusters are politically as well as geographically distinct, the French should speak of Tahiti in the Georgian Islands, and not in the Society Islands. The names of the islands, according to the orthography introduced by our missionaries and used by the press now established among the people, are: Georgian Islands—Mentia, Tahiti (Otahiti), Elmoa, Mainoite, or Charles Sander's Island, and Tetuaroa. Society Islands—Huahine, Raiatea, Tahaia, Borabora, Manarua, Tubai, Lord Howe's Island, and Selly Island. The Society Islands were so named by the discoverer, Captain Cook, in honour of the Royal Society of London.

plains, trees often hanging their branches, clothed with thick dark foliage, over the sea, and distant mountains shown in sublime outline and richest hues; and the whole, often blended in the harmony of nature, produces sensations of admiration and delight. The inland scenery is of a different character, but not less impressive. The landscapes are occasionally extensive, but more frequently circumscribed. There is, however, a startling boldness in the towering piles of basalt, often heaped in romantic confusion near the source or margin of some cool or crystal stream that flows in silence at their base, or dashes over the rocky fragments that arrest its progress; and there is the wildness of romance about the deep and lonely glens, around which the mountains rise like the steep sides of a natural amphitheatre, till the clouds seem supported by them—this arrests the attention of the beholder, and for a time suspends his faculties in mute astonishment. There is also so much that is new in the character and growth of trees and flowers, irregular, spontaneous, and luxuriant in the vegetation, which is sustained by a prolific soil, and matured by the genial heat of a tropical clime, that it is adapted to produce an indescribable effect. Often, when either alone or attended by one or two companions, I have journeyed through some of the inland parts of the islands, such has been the effect of the through scenery which I have passed, that it has appeared to me as if we had been carried back to the primitive ages of the world, and beheld the face of the earth, as it was perhaps often exhibited when the Creator's works were spread over it in all their endless variety, and all the vigour of exhaustless energy, and before population had extended or the genius or enterprise of man had altered the aspect of its surface.

The French likewise describe Tahiti, their new possession, as a charming island, covered with wood, of various configuration, dominated by a peak of two thousand four hundred and fifty French yards, which is called the Diadem. Above this majestic peak, upon a table-land, at an elevation of five hundred French yards, is a lake, half a league in length, and very deep, the water of which is always at the temperature of twenty-three to twenty-four degrees centigrade. Little rivers tumble down in the form of cataracts from the various heights, and water the picturesque valleys and fine plains, where the native habitations are grouped under the shade of the cocoa-nut trees. The greatest length of the island is thirteen leagues, by seven in width, and a reef of coral surrounds it, leaving only narrow passages at certain points. The first navigators who visited the island, struck by the mildness of the climate and all its beauties, spoke of it in the most enthusiastic terms. An officer of the French navy, who has recently returned from the island, describes the most graceful panorama as being unfolded as the ship, approaching the island, doubles the Point of Venus; and as it coasts the reef, ten miles in length, which separates it from the pass, the abrupt peaks of the island appear in succession, surmounted by the sharp points of the Diadem. The secondary summits appear to be covered with a luxuriant vegetation, in the midst of which sparkle innumerable cascades, whilst the shore is clothed with cocoa, pandanus, orange and bread-fruit trees, whose shade shelter here and there the trees of the natives, and whose roots are bathed by the internal sea, perfectly calm between the reef and the coast. Such is the landscape, vigorously

lit up by a tropical sun, that presents itself to the traveller still under the influence of the rude climate and inhospitable shores of Cape Horn. A moment more and the white houses of Papeete, the French metropolis in Oceania, make their appearance at the bottom of the harbour.

The roadstead, of easy access and well sheltered, presents a good anchorage to merchantmen; the beach surrounds it like a circle; a reef closes it up towards the sea, and the city stretches from one point to the other, having in its centre a jetty for disembarkation. Around the house of government, or protectorate, and the arsenal, magazines, barracks, and docks, are scattered the habitations of two or three thousand persons, strangers as well as natives; and these houses are arranged in a tolerably fair line, called Broom-road, along the shore. They are chiefly of wood. There are, indeed, only the public buildings and consul's houses that are of stone and two stories high. A good road starts from the chief town, and is carried round the island; and in front of the bay, in the amphitheatre formed by the heights that rise as it were in stages, the houses of some of the residents are scattered amidst splendid gardens, in which the orange, the banana, the cocoa-nut, the aloe, the vanilla, and twenty other varieties of intertropical plants mingle their foliage. The market-place stands at the meeting of the two main roads; it consists of two thatched sheds, thirty feet long by ten wide, in which a few old men, women, and children are seated, surrounded by their provisions, bread, fruit, bananas, oranges, cocoa nuts, sometimes fish, and raw or roasted pork. Near the arsenal is a commodious and almost pretty house, the residence of Queen Pomare, who, according to her fancy, dwells there or in her native hut at Papeete. Papeete also contains a few public-houses and restaurants, for the use of sailors and those engaged in the harbour, but no comfortable inn—a circumstance which, with the necessity for a permission to reside there which is exacted from all passing visitors, are the source of much legitimate grumbling on the part of the English and Americans.

The indigenous shift or pareu, a kind of toga of brilliant colours, which the Tahitians cast over their shoulders, and allow to fall in graceful folds to the left, mingles with the European costume in the city. This garment is marvellously well adapted to the high stature and handsome forms of most of the natives; whilst those who have been foolish enough to adopt the European costume, look awkward and ill at ease. Tahiti has indeed, not changed much in appearance from when it attracted the admiration of the early circumnavigators. There are still to be seen the vigorous forms of the natives, the handsomest of the Polynesian races; those graceful females of soft and easy speech, idle, without a care, decorating themselves with flowers, and only seeking for pleasure, are also still there. But, alas, Europeans have entailed many vices and many miseries upon the inhabitants of this fortunate island. Of the nine thousand natives of Tahiti, there is scarcely one who does not bear marks of diseases of European origin, and all seek with avidity for spirits, especially absinthe. Every morning at daybreak the European is woke up by the noise made in the streets by a group of women of all ages, from the gray-haired matron to the young girl with a laughing face, and who have been condemned to sweep the streets, some of them for a week, and others

even longer, for having been picked up dead drunk. It is now eight seventeen years since France has established its protectorate, or rather its domination, over Tahiti. "It is," says M. Jacob, "a precious acquisition, for the island is in a straight line with the road which leads from Panama, Nicaragua, and Tehuantepec, on the American isthmus, to Australia." Vessels favoured by good winds, both in going and returning, put in there on their way from Melbourne and Sydney to San Francisco and back again. Steamers renew their provisions of coal there; and it is thus that Tahiti and New Caledonia are called upon to give one another the hand. The one contains rich coal deposits, the other presents them with a market or outlet.<sup>1</sup> A few native productions, as taro, sorgho, and arrow-root, contribute to the consumption within; but the agricultural and commercial resources of the place might be made to assume a considerable extension if the colonists were more active and numerous. Few Europeans have undertaken attempts at colonisation upon a large scale in the island; and it is possible that here, as elsewhere, this duty will be delegated to the Chinese.

The yellow faces had been rarely seen at Tahiti till the year 1856, when an American ship brought over a whole batch of them. They were miners and craftsmen, on their way from Australia to California, but arrived at Papeete, they asked permission of the governor to establish themselves there as servants, porters, and workmen. The captain, who on his side had been in great apprehension of a revolt, was delighted with the idea of getting rid of his living load. Thus it was that about a hundred individuals became the nucleus of a Chinese colony. They have their separate quarter, whence they issue forth every morning by daylight throughout town and island in the pursuit of all kinds of branches of industry. The approximation of two such different classes of men as the Chinese and the native Oceanians presents a very singular contrast, which can only be seen at Tahiti and in the Sandwich Islands, because it is only in these that the natives mingle with Europeans in their towns. The Chinaman makes but a mean appearance, with his bald head and long tail, his prominent jaw and oblique look, by the side of the Polynesian of Tahiti or Sandwich, tall

and strong, with regular features, somewhat savage, with an expression at times ferocious, at others simple, and a step at once proud and indifferent. Sitting at the door of his tent, or bending beneath his burden, there is something in a Chinaman's physiognomy that is at once expressive of timidity, and yet of cunning, cheating, and deception. By the look which he casts at the native, so gallant in his person, but so imprudent, idle, and careless, one can see at once that he looks upon him as his prey. "Alas!" says M. Jacob, "these are the men to whom in all probability a great part in the future of Oceania is left. If one day the circumnavigator finds some thousands of these Jews of the East scattered over Polynesia, increasing in numbers and wealth, will he not regret the time when the canoes wafted the indolent, benevolent, and peaceful (with some exceptions) natives of these fortunate islands of the Pacific alongside the ships of Cook?"

The native of the Marquesas, better preserved from external contact by isolation, from those islands not being as yet upon any commercial highway, and visited almost solely by whalers, has also more perfectly preserved his personal and primitive physiognomy. He appears to belong to a more energetic and fierce race than the Tahitian: tattooing of a complicated character, warrior dances, and human sacrifices are still in full vigour in those portions of the country where French influence has not yet made itself felt. There is the same difference between the natives of the two archipelagos as there is between the islands themselves. Nukahiva has not the same smiling aspect as Tahiti; its shores present at first aspect nothing but gloomy cliffs, which terminate in dark precipices over the sea, or rise up in slopes towards the sharp and pointed peaks of the mountains of the interior. These black volcanic rocks are clad with coarse grass, and only here and there a few trees of stunted growth show themselves upon the heights; it is only in the deep valleys that open towards the sea, and that are watered by rivulets, that a rich vegetation presents itself. So dense, however, is the vegetation in these narrow glens, and so intricate is their disposition, that they leave the natives in a curious kind of isolation from one another—a circumstance which has also materially affected their character. They are almost uniformly of a grave and almost mournful disposition. To see them asking of their kava its formidable enjoyments, it would be fancied that these men were seeking to bury a sorrow in oblivion, or to ward off some fatal curse.

Five or six natives get together, one of them chews the white and tender root of the native plant, and with his saliva mixed with water he forms a yellow liquor, having a penetrating odour, but not spirituous, and which produces a somnolence and inebriety which resembles that of the hashish. He who partakes of it does not reel, nor does he utter exclamations; he preserves his consciousness and his reason, but he is seized with a general nervous shaking, he projects his head forwards, and feels great weakness in his limbs. He walks slowly and with an uncertain step, and soon seeks repose on a mat. He requires, indeed, absolute silence and repose, the circulation is subdued, a profuse perspiration comes on, sight becomes confused, and a sort of torpid yet calm feeling supervenes, accompanied sometimes by erotic visions. This state of intoxication comes on at the end of twenty minutes, and lasts from two to six hours, sometimes more, according to the

<sup>1</sup> Captain Bedford Pim, R.N., has lately advocated what he terms a new transit through Central America, in which he lays down a route from San Juan del Sur to Sydney, *via* Tahiti, stating at the same time, that the passage to Sydney now effected, *via* Southampton and Egypt, never in less than fifty-five days, could be performed by that route in forty-four, or in eleven days less. Dr. Berthold Seeman pointed out, upon this, in a letter to the *Athenaeum*, that the steamer would have to call at the Fiji Islands; the southernmost of which islands, Kadon, has an excellent harbour. Dr. Seeman would also, instead of making the terminus of the proposed route at Sydney, would make it at Brisbane, the capital of the new and flourishing colony of Queensland, and already connected by telegraph and steam with every inhabited part of Australia. Five degrees of latitude, and possibly two days of time, would thus be saved. Dr. Seeman would proceed to Brisbane in almost a straight line from San Juan del Sur, calling on the way at the French colony of New Caledonia, at the Fiji, and the Marquesas. Tahiti would be too far south to render it a convenient place for touching at. Mr. Consul Pritchard has also been advocating, with an energy worthy of the purpose, the necessity for giving protection to the Fiji Islanders. It is quite evident that the French having occupied New Caledonia, the Society Islands, and the Marquesas, we are at present left without a single commercial or steamboat station—without a footing, indeed, in the whole of Polynesia or Oceania, or on the line of route from Australia and New Zealand to Central or South America, or to British Columbia.



dose and the habits of the drinker. The use of the kava has disappeared from Tahiti, whose inhabitants prefer brandy and absinthe, but it is in full vigour at the Marquesas, where the habitual drunkards are easily recognised by their bloodshot eyes, their exceeding thinness, and by white scales or ulcers that appear upon the skin.

The French have increased the natural resources of these islands by importing there cattle, sheep, and asses. Pigs and dogs and poultry have been long known. Unfortunately, rats have emigrated at the same time, and they entail sad destruction among the fowls. It was, no doubt, with the view of reserving what remained to themselves, that the priests and chiefs declared them to be tabooed. Nothing would induce a native to eat a fowl, or even to lay his head on a pillow stuffed with their feathers. It is the same with regard to the sea turtle, which is not often caught, and which is reserved for certain religious ceremonies. The devil-fish, a kind of skate, and sharks, notwithstanding the coarseness of their flesh, are also much sought after.

The islanders, the number of whom are reckoned at about twelve thousand, present in general a handsome type. The men are tall and well made; their physiognomies would be often pleasing if it were not for the tattooing to which they subject them; the brown colour of their skin fades beneath this frightful operation, and they appear black or deep blue. They raise up their hair into a kind of fan with a stiff band. Their eyes are dark and expressive, their teeth good, and they have more beard than other Polynesians. The women are well made, and have pleasing figures. They are marriageable when very young, and as lascivious as all the women of the Pacific. Men and women are equally apt in all bodily exercises, and they swim and dive with marvellous dexterity. The dialects spoken at the Marquesas and at Tahiti have been made the object of especial study by the hydrographical engineer, Gaussin. They may, he says, originate from a common source, but they have been modified in divers senses, and have taken very distinct characters,

according to the instincts and tastes of the two populations. "When," says a French naval officer, M. Jouan, who resided for several years at Nukahiva, "one arrives from Tahiti, where the inhabitants are so talkative and noisy, and where a soft and flowing idiom is heard on all sides, one is surprised at the taciturnity of the Nukahivians. They speak little, and what they do utter is in a formidable bass tone, in which they eliminate distinctly all the syllables of their harsh language."

France took possession of Tahiti and Nukahiva in the year 1849; but these two establishments have had different destinies, which have been attributed to their respective positions in the Pacific. Papeete saw one hundred and forty-three merchantmen enter its harbour in 1856; the value of imports has risen to three millions, and of exports to a little less than two millions of francs. Nukahiva has only been visited by the American whalers when descending from the north-west seas to the southward. A barrack and a few houses constitute the city, and a lieutenant, twenty marines, and a few missionaries, constitute the European population. It has been a question of abandoning this possession, which is so unproductive, but consolation has been sought in the hope that our era is destined to see those old barriers, which lengthen the voyage to the Pacific and to the Indian Ocean, removed. When that is accomplished, the group of the Marquesas, the Archipelago of the Society Islands and New Caledonia, like steps from the east to the west of the Pacific Ocean, between the American isthmus and Australia, Malasia and New Zealand, the regions of gold, of colonisation, and of commerce, may become so many stations between the Old World and the New. These rocks, so long useless, will then spring into new life, and at the same hour the doom of the native races will have been pronounced. Either they will have learnt to adapt themselves to the active and laborious existence of which Europe makes law, even to the Islands of Oceania, or they will have given way to the Americans, the English, or the Chinese, to those men who move and toil "throughout the whole earth."



PORT OF FRANCE.



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## TOUR IN PORTUGAL.

### I.

MOORISH AND BURGUNDIAN EPOCHS—HOUSE OF BRAGANZA—GERMANIC-PORTUGUESE DYNASTY—PORT AND BAY OF VIGO—TOY, THE STUMBLING-BLOCK OF THE FRENCH ARMY—VALENCIA AND ITS SAINT DELOVED BY CROWS—THE RIVER MINHO—CAMINHA AND ITS TRAVELLED CRUCIFIX—NAPIER'S EXPLOITS.

In the old Roman times, there was a town called Calle—now Oporto—near the mouth of the Douro, in Lusitania; and this haven having been much frequented, the ignorance of the Middle Ages conferred on the surrounding region the name Porto-Calle, which, as the

country was gradually recovered from the Moors, was yet more improperly extended to the whole kingdom, and whence its modern name—Portugal.

Its old inhabitants were, it is said, a Celtic tribe, and they were subdued by the Romans, Goths, and others, ere the country was finally over run by the Moors. It was afterwards recovered from the Moors by the Spaniards, assisted by the Princes of Burgundy, who founded its first dynasty. The Moorish wars were hence succeeded by those with the kings of Castile, in which the natural hatred of the Portuguese and Spaniards had its first origin. Among the kings



VIANNA DO CASTELLO.

of this period we distinguish Diniz, or Dennis, who reigned from 1279 to 1325, and who was worthy of the surnames which he received from a grateful posterity—the Just, the Cultivator, the Father of his Country. He resisted with prudence and firmness the encroaching spirit of the clergy, who loudly demanded exemption from taxes, and, at the same time, he managed to remain on good terms with the most important of popes, Nicholas IV. Himself a scholar and a poet, he proved the most liberal friend of science, and he founded the University at Lisbon, which was in 1309 transferred to Coimbra. Diniz was succeeded by Alphonso IV., and his son and successor, Pedro, married the unfortunate Inez de Castro, whose tragic and romantic history forms one of the finest episodes in the *Lusiad* of Camoens, and has been the subject of several tragedies. The male line of the Burgundian

dynasty was extinguished with Pedro's son Ferdinand, who died in 1383.

A natural brother of Ferdinand, the gallant John I., founded a new dynasty, and it was in its time that the discoveries of Diaz, Vasco de Gama, Albuquerque, De Cabral, Magellan, and others, added so much to the wealth and power of the country that Lisbon became the most animated commercial town in Europe. Portugal is, with Spain and Great Britain, a proof of the importance of geographical exploration, as a means of adding to the wealth and power of nations. Unfortunately in Portugal as in Spain, the rapid increase of money, without a corresponding progress in industry, led to luxury and idleness, and bigotry followed in the train. The Inquisition was introduced, and wasteful wars engaged in against the Muhammadans—a cardinal succeeded to Sebastian, who fell at Al Kazar in Mo-

rocco, and the dynasty expiring with him, the country fell into the hands of Philip of Spain.

In 1640 the Spaniards were driven out of Liabon, and the Duke of Braganza proclaimed King of Portugal, under the title of John IV. It was under the first king of the house of Braganza that the bonds of amity that existed between England and Portugal were drawn closer, and in 1808 Portugal was wrested by British bravery from the hands of the French, and was restored to its native prince. A British armament was again called upon to interfere in the usurpation of Dom Miguel. The marriage of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and then of Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, with the Queen Donna Maria da Gloria, introduced a new element into the dynasty, which is now Germano-Portuguese, and allied by blood, as well as by long cemented interests, with the reigning family of Great Britain.

These introductory observations are necessitated in the instance of Portugal, because otherwise any historical allusions that may be suggested in the course of the account which we propose to give of a tour in the northern provinces by the presence of castles, churches, universities, and other public buildings or ruins of olden time, would lose half their point. It is essential, in travelling in Portugal, a peculiarly artistic country, to remember its Moorish and Burgundian epochs, its Portuguese dynasty—the era of discovery and of religious fanaticism—and its house of Braganza tormented by the invasions of Spain and France, weakened by abdications to Brazil, its princes and people in incessant insurrection, and its constitution and laws undergoing successive changes, counter-revolution succeeding to revolution, till a period of repose embittered only by recent domestic calamities was brought about under the existing reigning family.

The Peninsular Steam Packet Company's vessels present the pleasantest and readiest of all methods of reaching Portugal from this country, touching first at Vigo, a port of the Spanish province of Galicia. The coast of this province differs from that of Portugal in being deeply indented with beautiful bays, Vigo, immediately north of the Rio Minho, constituting the most southerly of these grand natural harbours, while, with the exception of Aveiro, there is nothing but estuaries and mouths of rivers from that point to Cape St. Vincent. Oporto is on the Douro, Coimbra on the Mondego, and Lisbon on the Tagus. Our first object on landing at Vigo was to climb the steep hill which is crowned by the Castle del Castro; a magnificent view is obtained from this point of the bay, one of the finest in the world for security and extent, with its granite rocks called the Cies, the more distant Bayona Islands, the sea beyond, and the stern and impene-trable looking Serra in the background. The town itself, which is supposed to be the ancient *vicus opacorum*, occupies the whole of the acclivity in question, upon which are the remains of the old castle of San Sebastian, as well as that of Castro. Sir Francis Drake forced his way into this bay in 1587, and took the town, which he plundered. In 1702, the combined Dutch and English fleets which lay in wait for the Spanish galleons returning from America, succeeded in capturing some and sinking others within the bay. The town was again taken by the English in 1789, but was shortly afterwards evacuated.

Vigo has in the present day but a trifling amount of commerce; the mer. fact of the Peninsular Steam

Packet Company's steamers touching there has not sufficed to confer upon it the wealth and fame which springs from industry and enterprise.

The well-known author, Mr. William H. G. Kingston, who is familiar with Portugal from his earliest youth, gives a lively account in his *Lusitanian Sketches* of his arrival by one of the same company's steam-packets at this port.

When I went on deck on Thursday morning we were running in for the Bayona Islands, at the mouth of Vigo Bay. The balmy air came softly from the land, strongly impregnated by the sweet-scented flowers of the heather, which clothes the mountains of Galicia, then rising blue and indistinct on our left. Two hours elapsed before we entered the bay, leaving the Ons Islands and the harbour of Pontevedra on our left, and the two rocky Bayonas on our right—the inner sides of which are cultivated, and afford secure anchoring-ground and good shelter from westerly gales.

Everybody must admire the bay, or, rather, from its great depth, it might more properly be called the Gulf of Vigo. It is large enough to contain all the navies in the world, and the water is so deep that I have been close up to the town in a first-class frigate, the *Castor*. As we sailed up, wooded and vine-covered hills, rising from the water, appeared on each side, covered with cultivated fields, interspersed with cottages and hamlets, and elevated into mountains on the north. About five miles up, on the south side, stands Vigo, picturesquely situated on a hill crowned by a dark frowning castle, the base surrounded by a wall and trench, which, I suspect, from its appearance, would afford but slight protection to the town.

It has been my fate to visit Vigo several times. When leaving Portugal it has appeared to advantage, but the stranger from England cannot particularly admire the interior, however beautiful it may seem to him from the deck of the vessel. It is indeed very inferior to any of the other sea-port towns I have visited in the north of Spain. It boasts of a square, in which stands a tolerable hotel, with several streets—not very dirty—containing many respectable houses. A good road leads from it in the direction of the famous St. Jago de Compostella; but how far the macadamised part extends I know not.

In the winter, and when there are threatenings of boisterous weather, the mail-bags for the north of Portugal are landed here, and dispatched by a courier, who travels night and day, on the same horse, to Oporto, enjoying only a few hours' rest; but so bad is the road, except for a few miles in Spain, that he occupies nearly two days in performing a distance which he might with facility perform, were the roads improved, on three or four good horses, in less than ten hours.

The Bay of Vigo extends some considerable distance above the town, when it suddenly narrows between high rocks, and then again expands into a second basin or lagoon, which I understand affords some beautiful scenery. Twice I have unsuccessfully attempted to explore it: once when cruising in a ship of war we put into the bay, and, setting off with a party in a small boat, we were nearly lost, and compelled to return; a second time my companions idled away the day in the town, until it was too late to accomplish the expedition.

The moment the steamer's paddles are stopped off

Vigo (for she does not anchor) she is surrounded by numberless small boats manned by the most uncouth, wild-looking beings imaginable, all speaking together, and at the top of their voices, a harsh guttural language—a mixture of Spanish and Portuguese, although disowned by both. The lieutenant's gig is now lowered, and he proceeds on shore with the mail-bags for the north of Spain and Portugal, to deliver them to the British consul, accompanied by an important personage, the comprador, who is in search of fresh provisions—milk, eggs, and fruit, to regale the passengers. As the lieutenant in charge of the mails remains away barely an hour, it is scarcely worth the while of a passenger to visit Vigo, except for the sake of saying that he has trod on Spanish soil. Some twenty, thirty, or even fifty fresh passengers presently arrive on board, but they are considered of the fourth class, and are stowed away on the fore-part of the deck, as pigs are when brought from Ireland for the English market. What a dreadful jabbering noise they make, and how fierce and wild they look! but they are in reality orderly and obedient, and go to the stations allotted to them without a murmur: blow high or low, sunshine or rain, it appears indifferent to these hardy sons of the mountains. They are Gallegos, the inhabitants of Galicia, of which Vigo is one of the chief ports, and are bound for Oporto, Lisbon, and Cadiz, in search of employment as water-carriers and porters, as also in the lower menial offices. From the inferior grades of servitude they frequently, by perseverance and honesty, rise to the higher situations. They have expended all they possess in fitting themselves out and in paying their passage-money, but their hearts are light, for they put a firm trust in their patron saint, a stout arm, and a long stick, which, with a second shirt, a gay waistcoat, and coloured handkerchief for festal occasions, constitutes the capital with which they propose to commence business. The poorer Gallegos leave their homes to seek their fortunes and work their way by land to their destination, subsisting on a dried herring and a piece of brown bread for each meal, and sleeping in stables, or under trees, with scarcely clothes to cover them.

It will be said that Galicia must be a wretched country when her people consider Portugal, supposed to be so poor, as the land whence wealth is to be obtained; but the truth is, Galicia is in general very fertile but over-populated, while Portugal is thinly populated in comparison to the vast resources she possesses within herself, and which alone require industry, set in motion by capital, with judicious direction, to be brought forth. Several examples of the perseverance and honesty of this race have come under my notice. Some friends of mine were residing at Oporto many years ago, when a youth offered himself to undertake the lowest menial office of water-carrier and shoe-black to the household, earnestly entreating to be taken into their service. He was at length allowed to remain in the house, that he might make himself useful as he best could, to do which he soon found many occasions—receiving as his wages merely the food the servants gave him. When the French under Soult entered Oporto the family were obliged to fly the country, escaping on board an English merchant-vessel. They had already got out to sea, when the young Gallego was discovered stowed away in the hold, and when brought on deck he fell on his knees, and petitioned with tears that he might

not be set on shore again, but be allowed to seek his fortune in England, promising to serve his master faithfully. Indeed it was impossible to land him, and he was consequently allowed to accompany the family to their home in England, where for some time he occupied the same unassuming office he had before held. Having narrowly watched the other servants, he quickly learned the mysteries of their office, and entered the parlour as a footman. He then taught himself to read and write, and became butler; he forgot his native tongue, and even form of religious worship, and regularly attended the Protestant church, saying he could not discover the difference. He proved a most excellent and trustworthy servant; and having saved some two or three thousand pounds, he returned, about three years ago, with the son of his old master to Portugal, where, when describing the wonders of England, he found himself sadly at a loss for words to express his ideas among his compatriots. From thence he went to his native village in Galicia, where he bought land, and, like Gil Blas, set up as an *hidalgo*; but he soon afterwards again made his appearance at Oporto, shaking his head, and saying that his was a miserable country, that the inhabitants were barbarians with whom he could do nothing, and that he preferred a seat by the fireside of his old friends' kitchen in England. He again went to England, but he found himself there treated as a servant, while in his own land he had been a gentleman, so he once more returned to Spain, and is now living with independence on his estate.

There were no objects, however, to detain us here beyond the necessity of obtaining the means of further progress, and which, awaiting the opening of prospective railways, consisted of horses and baggage mules under the superintendence of the usual *arriero*, odorous of garlic. It was also essential to lay in a small stock of provisions, for the resources of *estalagens*, *posadas*, and *ventas*, especially in bye-ways, are often very problematical, and, when found, not always very agreeable.

At length a start was effected by ten in the morning, on the 19th of April, a pleasant time of the year; and we left Vigo by the gate called *del Placer*, but were only enabled to get as far as Porriño the first day. After a night's rest at this place, of which all that can be said is that it is a large village or small town, whose white-washed cottages detach themselves prettily from the surrounding green landscape, we started at an early hour for the frontier town of Tuy, where we arrived without incident by four o'clock in the afternoon. Tuy, which is celebrated for its excellent preserved fruits, commands the right bank of the River Minho, with its citadel, whilst Valencia protects the left on the opposite side. Spain finishes with Tuy, Portugal begins with Valencia. The two places, thus confronting one another, seem as if upholding a perpetual state of defiance. We did not stop at Tuy, but passing the Minho by boat, got comfortably installed in a *hospedaria* of Valencia the same evening. M. Silva, an old officer of Dom Pedro, showed us the town the next day. It presents, however, few points of interest, the chief being its fortifications by Vauban, the position of the stronghold and town itself, upon the summit of a table-land, from whence the bends of the magnificent frontier river could be seen for a distance, its banks green and culivated by houses that sparkled like diamonds in the sun stretching away

into the far distance. Valença is commonly called Valença do Minho, after the river, and to distinguish it from the town of the same name in Spain. It is supposed to have been founded at the time when Portugal became an independent kingdom; and was rebuilt in 1262, by Alphonso or Afonso III., who changed its former name of Contrasta to that which it now obtains.

In 1337, the Baron de Leiria defended the place against the Septembrists; and ten years later it sustained a vigorous siege from the same faction, till relieved by the Spanish General Cochoa. The guns of Valença could, without much difficulty, lay Tuy in ruins, a fact which our kind cicerone, M. Silva, after refreshing our inner man with rice and cinnamon and a glass of Oporto, did not fail to point out to us, remarking, at the same time, that the strong are always merciful.

It was from Tuy that the French General Thomières endeavoured to force his way across the Minho in boats, but was beaten back by the Portuguese Ordenanças; this obliged the French to go round by Orense, prevented Soult from marching on Lisbon at once, and gave the Duke of Wellington time to land and to expel the invaders for the second time from Portugal.

Near Valença is the village of Ganfoi, once celebrated for its monastery, re-erected after it had been destroyed by Almanzor, king of Cordova, by San Ganfoi, a Frenchman, in 970. The church, though much modernized, deserves a visit. It was a famous place of pilgrimage for the whole of Galicia. A history of the place is given by Brother Leon de San Thomas, in his *Lusitana Benedictina*. It was at Valença, also, that San Vincent, from whom the Cape, renowned for the naval victories of Rodney, Jervis (afterwards Lord St. Vincent), and Napier, derives its name, suffered under the Prefect Dacian, in 303. The body of the saint was, according to the legend, attended on its removal from this place to the cape that bears his name (and whither it was conveyed for safety at the Moorish invasion), by crows, and the same birds, generally supposed to be of ill-omen, followed it on its second translation to Lisbon, in 1147, and attended the ship in which it was transferred. Hence, certain tame crows are always kept in the cloisters of the cathedral of St. Vincent, and these birds are introduced into the arms of the city. Hence, also, the Cape is frequently called Monte Corvo, and was named by the Moors Keuiraba-l-Gurab, "the church of crows."

With the aid of our good friend, M. Silva, whose stories of the combats at San Miguel and Terceira, and of the battles of Ponte Terceira, Santo Rodendo and Almatraz, were sparkling with vivacity, we obtained, at Valença, the services of a decked fishing-boat, "la Santa Anuica," painted in dazzling colours, with a triangular sail and generally primitive aspect; and that of two swarthy sailors yeelped Gaspar and Leonardo, to proceed down the Minho, and thence along the coast to the southwards to Viana or Vianna, situate at the mouth of the Rio Lima. The Minho is about the breadth of the Thames at Chelston, between Valença and Tuy, and it is navigable to Moncao, about two leagues higher up. The scenery on both sides of the river, especially on the south, is rich and beautiful; the mountains gradually grow bolder, and, during the greater part of the distance, Mount San Thieba, easily to be distinguished by its very remarkable shape, formed a conspicuous object in

front. Several ancient and ruinous forts were to be seen on the Portuguese side, each one answered by a corresponding fortification on the Spanish. Such was the Villa Nova da Cerveira, a small ruinous frontier town, commanded by Fort Goyan on the Spanish side; and the seal of the lazaretto for those performing quarantine on entering Portugal from Galicia. The Serra da Estrella constituted a splendid background at this point of the river. Beyond, was Seixas, a pretty little village in the middle of vineyards. Just beyond this, the River Coura joins the Minho, and is crossed by a long wooden bridge. It, as well as the Minho, abounds in salmon, shad and lampreys.

As we sailed gently over the stream, Leonardo sat steering in thoughtful silence, whilst Gaspar, taking his viola or guitar, indulged us in an interminable series of villancetes, as the songs and melodies of the country are designated. We had just passed Villa Nova, fresh as a bouquet, leaning over the forts that protected it, as if to admire itself in the river, when La Guardia, a fortress which advances into the Atlantic at the extreme point of the Sierra de Testeyro, appeared in sight with its white walls, red roofs, and green shutters. On the left was Caminha, with its armed batteries, its frowning rocks, its houses scattered about the hilly slopes, and buried in pleasant and unbragous gardens.

The church of Caminha is considered to be the best in this part of the country; its erection was begun in 1428, and not completed till 1516; the tower, 110 feet in height, is battlemented, and externally resembles a fortification; the choir and nave are very good specimens of Flamboyant; the extreme length is about 150 feet. A crucifix is venerated here, which is said to have been discovered, with two chalices and the vestments of a priest, in a box at sea in 1539, where it is further supposed to have been thrown for the sake of preserving it, in some outbreak at the Reformation. A French tourist says, several of the frontier churches of Portugal have their entrances decorated with the figure of a man with his back turned to Spain, with anything but a considerate or delicate gesture. It is even hinted that an instance of this is to be seen at Caminha. What is much better is, that this little harbour, fortress, and fishing town, possesses the secret of a salmon sauce all the more appreciated because it is redolent of garlic, and which is exported as well as the salmon. Notwithstanding its fortified wall and the strong insulated castle in the river, Sir Charles Napier, when an admiral in the service of the Queen of Portugal, surprised and captured this place from the Miguelites, with a few marines and British blue jackets.

Mr. Kingston, who travelled in precisely an opposite direction to that which we were pursuing, and came to Caminha by land, writes thus concerning it. Caminha is a regularly fortified town, the walls on one side are washed by the waters of the Minho; but it is not a place of any great strength. At the mouth of the harbour is a rocky island, on which stands a fort mounting several guns, and forming a cross-fire with Caminha. After the embarkation of the British army at Corunna the French attempted to enter Portugal in this direction, and attacked the town, but were successfully repulsed, and finally abandoned the enterprise. A different fate befel it before the arms of the Queen of Portugal's admiral, Napier. Appearing off the mouth of the river with his fleet, he landed his blue jackets and marines, with whom he marched towards the town, send-



ing a herald in advance to say that he purposed to bring up his big guns, and to blow the walls about the ears of the garrison, if they did not instantly surrender. To this bold threat the governor thought fit to send a civil answer, assuring him he had only to march in and take possession of the place, which he accordingly did, much to the surprise of the Miguelite forces, who fully expected to see a large army with all the munitions of war make their appearance. In war, as in love or politics, there is nothing like a name to carry a man on to victory. Probably the governor was very glad of a decent excuse to yield up his command peaceably, for he knew that the cause of his master was by that time lost.

We walked round part of the fortifications, which are not now kept in good condition, whatever they might then have been. The houses being built of square blocks of hewn stone, have a neat appearance, but the place has a deserted *triste* air. While our horses were feeding, we entered into conversation with some people at the door of the inn, who were very eager in their inquiries about iron steam-boats and flying machines, and seemed to have great respect for us as belonging to the nation which could invent such wonders. The flying machines, one man sagaciously observed, were less wonderful; for birds and bats could fly; but iron ships! they were surprising, for everybody till now supposed that iron would always go to the bottom. "Miracles will never cease!" was his concluding remark. I must do the rest of the party the justice to say that they fully understood the principle of the iron vessels; nor is it surprising that they believed in the flying machine. There is a dockyard at Caminha where merchant vessels are built.

From this town to Valença is four leagues, the road running along the banks of the Minho the whole way, sometimes close to the margin of the river, and at others winding over slight rises. The scenery, though far from grand, is very pretty. About two leagues from Caminha we passed through the old fortified town of Villa Nova de Cerveira, situated on a hill, the lofty frowning towers which guarded the two entrances still standing, though sadly shattered by time. I regretted not being able to make a sketch of this picturesque old place. Near it is a castle of more modern date, but of no strength as a fortification, and on the opposite side of the river is the Spanish fort of Gayau. Further on is another small fort called Novalia, with a Spanish rival of the name of Amorim. From the nature of the soil, more than from the care bestowed on it, the road is good all the way to Valença.

The scenery on approaching Valença is exceedingly interesting. The fortifications appear well in the foreground, with the River Minho below, the Spanish town of Tuy on the opposite bank, and the wild sierras of Galicia in the distance. The walls crown the summit of a hill, rising gently from the south and west, but precipitous on the other sides. The fortress mounts about fifty pieces of cannon, and consequently its governor, when summoned by Napier to submit to his arms, unlike his brethren, refused to obey. It held out for a considerable time, but at last, when threatened that it would be stormed, it capitulated with all the honours of war.

After passing the mouth of the Minho, the coast assumed a softer character, the hill sides being covered with pine-groves and fields, with white glittering

cottages interspersed among them. We could hear the sound of the wheels of the ox-carts screeching, or rather singing, in concert; for when at sea, and at some distance from the shore, the noise has a pleasing effect to the ear, and tells of rural life, peace, and industry. On shore, when following a cart up a steep hill, on a hot day, and suffering from a head-ache, it is quite a different thing. Our pleasant sail along the coast was further enlivened by the gambols of porpoises and the flights of sea-birds, both of which abounded off those fishy shores. The same evening we fetched the fortress that defends the entrance of the River Lima, and experienced no difficulty in our small boat in passing the bar, which is dangerous to vessels drawing much water, and the "Santa Annica" cast anchor before it was dark amidst a small fleet of fishing-boats, and other small vessels, which we were told were laden with fruits, oil, and manufactures for export.

## II.

VIANA OR VIANNA—THE ARCHEBISHOP SANTO—PORTUGUESE COOKERY—THE LIMA AND PONTE DO LIMA—THE ROMANS AT THE RIVER OF OBLIVION—BARCELLOS—CUSTOMS OF THE PRASANTS—BRAGA—LADIES AND LATTICES—CAMPO DE SANTA ANNA—THE CATHEDRAL—MOUNTAINS OF THE DOM JEANS—THE CRUCIST MILITARY.

VIANA or Vianna is one of the cleanest, most prepossessing, and charming towns that can be possibly conceived. None more gracious is to be met with in Portugal. The houses of handsome aspect are often faced with coloured tiles (*azulejos*), the roofs are turned up at the sides and corners, and wrought in various patterns; and terraces adorned with shrubs or flowers line the wide streets. These cannot be said to be very lively, for the Portuguese are not so busy a people as the English; on the other hand, the population has a well-to-do and quiet, happy aspect, such as is rarely to be met with in a country town in France.

Viana is the largest and most prosperous port in the province, next to Oporto. It was known to the Romans as Nemetanobriga, and afterwards as Velobriga; at a still later period it was called Diana, from containing a celebrated temple to that goddess, and thence, by an easy corruption, Viana, or Vianna. It has a tolerable harbour, which admits vessels of 130 tons burthen: the quay is respectable; and it carries on a considerable trade in salt fish with Newfoundland. Here was shipped the first port wine ever exported to England. It is a fortified city, with five gates. The Castelo de Santiago, which defends it, was the work of Philip II. The Igreja Matriz is an interesting Flamboyant building. The arched of the time of Dom Manuel in the north aisle, the Flamboyant canopy to the altar in the south aisle, and the effigy in low relief of a priest at its west end, are peculiarly worthy of examination. There are two western towers, and a very fine Flamboyant door between them. The church and convent of San Domingos were the work of the celebrated Archbishop of Braga, Dom Bartolomeo dos Martyres; it is a handsome Grecian structure, with fine cloisters. The convent is now the residence of the military governor. The archbishop is buried in a sarcophagus of red and white marble, on the north side of the choir; some ex-votos are suspended from it, though he has never been formally canonised. He was born at Liabon in 1514, entered the Dominican order at the age of fourteen, and was nominated to the archbishopric in

1558. He attended the Council of Trent, where he distinguished himself by his learning and ability, and by the resistance which he opposed to the assumption, by the see of Toledo, of the Primacy of all the Spains. Having convoked a provincial council in 1556, and submitted its statutes to the approval of the Pope, he learnt that it had been intrusted by the latter to the revision of the Archbishop of Cambrai, on which breach of discipline he distinguished himself by one of the boldest letters which the see of Rome ever received. He was indefatigable in visiting his diocese, and in penetrating the furthest recesses of its mountains, where no bishop had been seen before. As a proof of the neglect which it had experienced, it is recorded that, on occasion of visiting for the first time one of the wildest glens in the North, he was met by the inhabitants processionally with this anthem, "Blessed be the most holy Trinity, and her sister the most pure Virgin." In 1592 he resigned his see, and led the life of a common monk in this convent. He died July 16th, 1590, and is always spoken of by the Portuguese as the *Arcebispo Santo*. His life, written by Fr. Luiz de Sousa, is one of the most interesting works in the Portuguese language; and, with the exception, perhaps, of that of Dom Joao de Castro, by Andrade, has passed through the greatest number of editions of any Portuguese biography. The first edition was printed at Vienna in 1619, and is now very scarce. The French memoirs published by the monks of Saint Germain des Prés, appeared in 1664; and there is another good life by J. B. Bean, under the title of *Historia de Viti Bartholomei de Martyribus*. The works of the archbishop were published at Rome in 1734, in 2 vols. folio. The medallion over his tomb agrees completely with his authentic picture in the convent of the Third Order of San Dominic at Guimarnes.

Viana was formerly known simply as *villa* (little town) of Viana do Minho, it was only after Donna Maria II. had raised it to the rank of *cividade* (town), for the loyalty and courage displayed by its garrison in 1847, that it assumed the name of Viana do Castello. This was on the occasion of the last revolt of the Septembristas, and when it was defended by M. Seabra against the progressist insurgents of Oporto. It had before surrendered to Napier, when, by the terror of his name, more than by the strength or size of his army, he won the entire part of the richest province of Portugal for the queen.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Viana," says Mr. Kingston, "is one of the nicest and cleanest towns in Portugal. The streets are broad, and well paved, with a number of large and handsome houses, formerly the residences of some of the most ancient nobles in the realm. There are still several very old families living there, but the greater number have, from time to time, been drawn to Lisbon, by the attractions of the court, or have become extinct, or broken up in the course of the convulsions which lacerated the country before liberty was established."

"Viana is the capital of the *corregedoria* of the same name. It was formerly a place of considerable trade, which of late years has much fallen off; though I trust its commerce, with that of the rest of the country, may again revive. The harbour also has become shallower, owing to the accumulation of mud washed down from the interior. The entrance is defended by the castle of Santiago, next to that of Valença the strongest fort in the north of Portugal; although its defenders did not attempt to withstand the victorious little band of the gallant Napier, when he, turning himself and his blue jackets into soldiers, with a few native troops, took possession of the greater part of the province for the queen. On the north side of the castle is a large grove—a refreshing sight to English eyes seldom to be seen in this country. In every di-

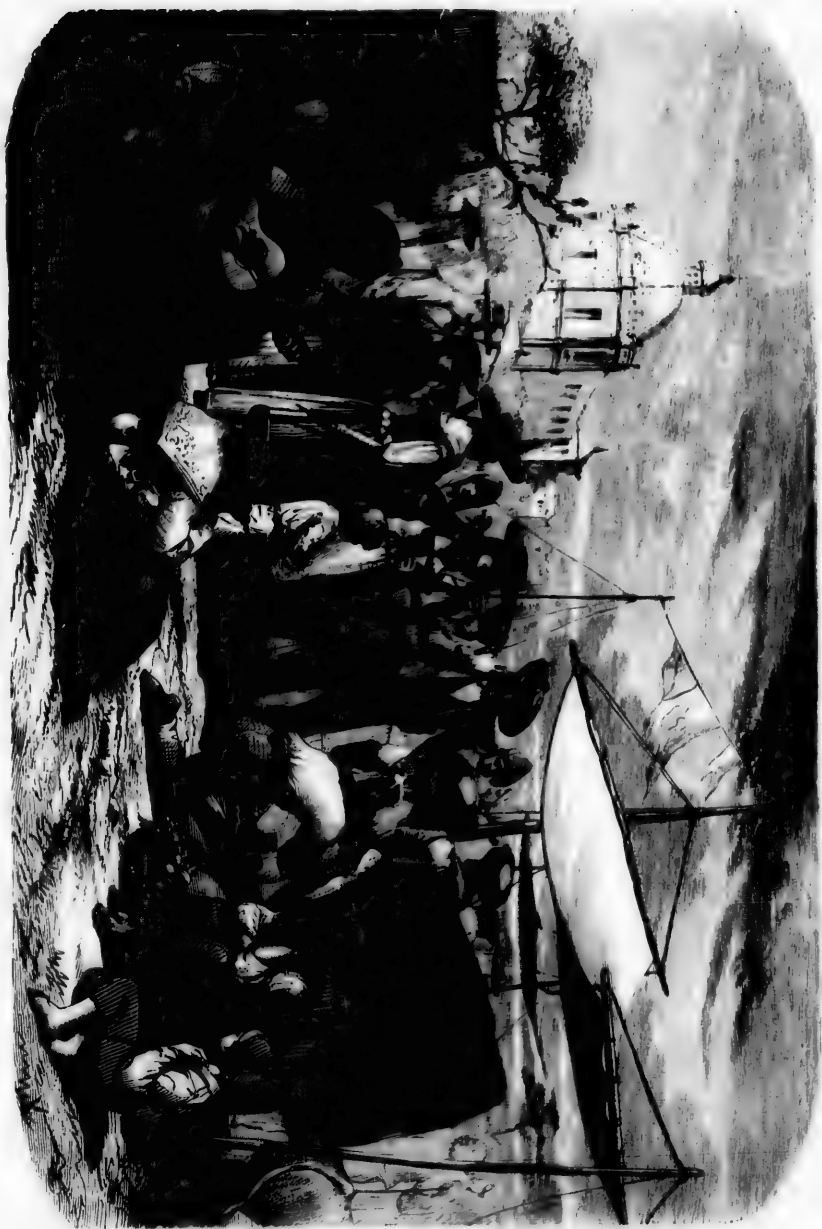
rect about the town are fountains of pure water, of all sizes and fashions, which add much to the cleanliness and beauty of the streets. The governor of the province frequently resides here, when there is generally much gaiety going forward, though, whatever might formerly have been the case, it does not in that respect surpass Braga. There is a large annual fair held here in August, where everything, from a bale of cotton to a needle, is sold, including hats, wooden shoes, tooth-picks, tin-tacks, and pocket-handkerchiefs. A number of horses are also brought here for sale from other parts of the province, but few from Spain, as compared with the number sent to Viseu. The chief import is salt fish, for storing which there are large lodges, whence the northern part of Portugal is supplied."

Our Vigo provisions being exhausted, we first made acquaintance with Portuguese cooking at this pleasant town. The effect to a novice was disastrous in the extreme. The Vianese have a detestable passion for boiled fowls, served up with a sauce of oil and garlic. But even this could have been managed by shirking the sauce, had it not been for its being preceded by a cold soup of water, bread, oil, vinegar, onions and garlic. A table spoonful made the hair stand on end. Even rice was served up seasoned with saffron. We did, however, get a dinner, and that was some excellent cod, which almost made us forget the assorta, as the cold garlic soup is called, in Portugal (*gaspacho* in Spain), followed by refreshing limes and some good *vinho d'enforçado*, so called because the grape vine that produces it climbs up trees and trellices, whence the bunches hang pendant downwards, and some still better *Moncao*—a Galician wine which ought to be introduced into our own country. A Portuguese dinner is always followed by the *palito* or toothpick, cut out, it is said by some, of the wood of the orange tree, but by others from the white willow. A sketch at page 611 of the place of Viana will convey a good idea of the tasteful character of the street architecture, and of the artistic taste displayed in its public buildings and monuments—even in the case of a simple fountain.

It is a little more than eleven leagues by water from Viana to Ponte do Lima, and we engaged our old friends Gaspar and Leonardo to convey us thither. The navigation of the river was delightful, nothing could be more beautiful or picturesque than the banks of this fine stream. Every bend in its water displayed some new and charming site; unluckily, however, we were going against the current, the breeze was too slight to make much way, and the navigation was further impeded by sand-banks, so that it was only after fourteen long hours of endurance that we anchored alongside the quay at the foot of Dom Pedro the First's bridge, which boasts of its twenty-four arches.

Ponte do Lima is, in the language of panegyric common to many countries, esteemed to be the most beautiful place in the world. This praise receives, however, a higher degree of consideration from having been to a certain extent admitted by the Romans who gave to the country to the right the name of the Elysian Fields. The Lima itself was called the *Lethes*, the River of Oblivion, because its beauties were supposed to possess the effects of the lotus, and to make the traveller forget his country and his home. It was here that Lucius Junius Brutus had so much difficulty in persuading his soldiers to cross. "Having traversed the greater part of Spain," says the historian, "and having subdued the Celts and the Lusitani, he advanced as far as the ocean on the western coast, an action the more remarkable because he had crossed the River of Oblivion, a feat before unheard of: for the soldiers

FESTIVAL DEL LAPIN.





feared to cross it, as they would fear to go to certain destruction. Brutus, seizing the standard from the hand of the standard-bearer: 'Now, says he, 'the ensign and your imperator will be beyond the river: it is your business to do what you choose to do.' And plunging in as he spoke, shame would not permit them to remain on the other side, and the whole passed over." Travellers have found words fail them to express the beauty of the spot. "I thought," says Lord Carnarvon, "when wandering along the banks of the Lima, that I had never gazed upon a lovelier scene, as I saw the sun set gloriously behind a range of bold mountains then robed in the deepest purple." "It would be in vain," writes Landmann, "to make any effort to describe the beauties of the majestic scenery surrounding this place; words have a meaning too limited for the purpose." It was the *Forum Limicorum* of the Romans, refounded by Donna Tereza in 1125, and again by Dona Pedro I. in 1360. The estalagem is very decent; the town itself has shady, narrow streets, and great remains of ancient fortifications; its population is about 2,000. The River Lima rises in the Sierra de San Mamede, in Galicia, and receiving the pretty little Cabaço, flows across Minho, and enters the sea at Vianna, after a course of 21 leagues. It is, not unnaturally, a great favourite with the Portuguese poets. Diego Bernardes gave its name to the collection of his poems; he speaks affectionately of the

"Claras aguas de nosso domo Lima."

And in another place he says:

"Junto do Lima, claro e fresco rio,  
Que Letho se chamou antigamente."

It abounds in salmon, harbels, and trout; and near the sea in lampreys, soles, and a kind of sea-eel called Moreia.

From Ponte do Lima we had once more to mount our mules and put ourselves under the charge of the arrieiros, and passing Ponte d'Abel by a rather rocky and desert country, we arrived the same evening at Barcellos, a town of greater importance than Ponte do Lima, less peopled than Vianna, but rivalling both in the beauty of its position, the elegance of its houses, and having peculiarities that belong to it alone. Situated on the right bank of the Cavado, a little blue river which flows into the Atlantic at Espoende a few leagues further down, its streets rise up the hill-side, at times so precipitously as to require steps to go from one to another. It is also approached by a bridge, on the southern side of which is a singular chapel, square, with a pyramidal head, and a lean-to colonnade all round; a very picturesque object. On the opposite side are the remains of the ducal palace. (See p. 620). Dom Afonso, illegitimate son of Dom Joao I., created Duke of Braganza, married, in 1401, Donna Brites de Pereira, daughter of the Great Constable, from whom this domain descended to the present reigning family. Above the palace is the collegiate church, a respectable but not very remarkable Flamboyant building. In the Rua de San Francisco is a pretty little chapel, with a good Flamboyant door. The Campo da Feira is a large open space in the upper part of the town; at the further end is the church of Santa Cruz, a domed modern erection, with short transepts. The Convento das Beatas, and the convent of the Third Order of San Francis, are merely modern buildings. It was at Barcellos, during her last journey to the North, that the house in which the

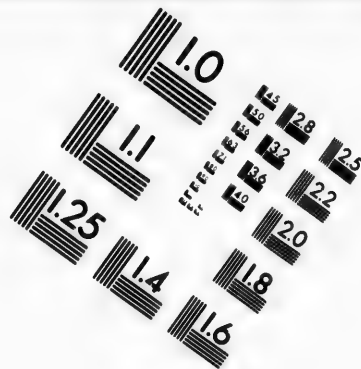
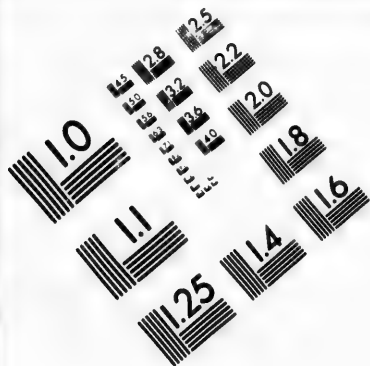
late Queen of Portugal was sleeping took fire, and she barely preserved her life by escaping in her night-dress.

Barcellos is also surrounded by an old wall, but unfortunately the belt has cracked in several places, as has also an old dungeon attached to it, and which dates back to the times of the ancestors of the house of Braganza, whose cradle this city was. It was market-day when we explored this charming old city, and this gave us a good opportunity for studying the picturesque costumes of the tricanas or peasants, and of the pescadores or fishermen. Strabo said that the Lusitani enveloped themselves in black mantles, because that was the colour of most of their flocks, the men seemed still to delight in black or brown; but the women, with great black felt hats and white kerchiefs, indulged in garments of yellow, red, and green hues. They also displayed jewellery, in the shape of ear-rings, necklaces, and chains, and were alike pretty and proud. A few of the men were distinguished by mantles with alarming colours, called "honras do mirinda," and some of the peasants were clad in straw hats and mantles, even to straw bodices and skirts, and they looked like moving beehives or savages from some remote forest.

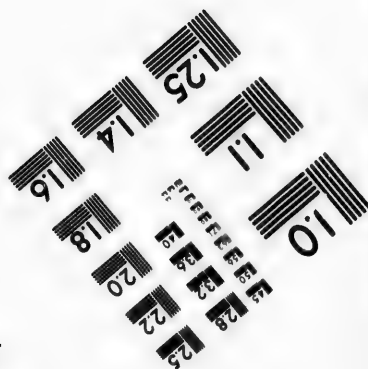
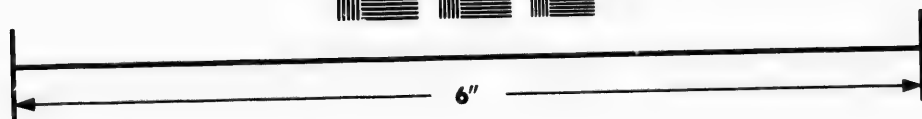
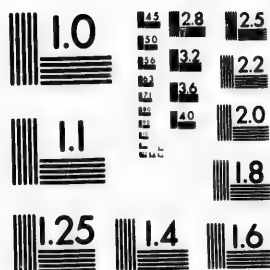
It is five Portuguese leagues from Barcellos to Braga. The road keeps for a time along the right bank of the Cavado, it is afterwards carried over the river, and then over broken country, by a second-rate road, to a plain of enchanting aspect, which is watered by three rivers, the Cavado to the north, the Doste to the south, and the Ave to the east. An isolated mound or hill rises out of the centre of this plain, and streets, roofs, walls, and the ruins of an old fortification creep up the sides of this hill, while at its foot, and without the precincts of a medieval feudality, the houses, at first grouped gradually, scatter themselves in the plain, amid trees, shrubs, and flowers. Such is Braga.

We soon found ourselves entering one of the long, spider-like legs which stretch out from the body of Braga: for let it be known that to that reptile do the inhabitants, from its shape, liken their city. We reined in our horses, and rode steadily along: for good reason we had to do so, not only that a slow pace was more suited to our scold character, but that from beneath the latticed windows on each side of the street many a bright pair of eyes were beaming forth, in whose lustre we were fain to bask, even for a moment. In common place language, I have never seen so many pretty girls looking out of windows in any town as I did during that ride through the streets of Braga. Then the windows are not common windows, which let in the garish light of day unrestrained, or the vulgar stare of the audacious crowd; but oriental-like lattices, which, lifting up like the ports of a ship, exhibit only so much of the person as the fair inmate may wish to disclose.

Now the ladies of Braga are not only very lovely, but being Christians, and good Catholics, have towards the gallant knights who may be perambulating the streets a feeling of charity and kindness, which makes them unwilling to keep those jealous blinds altogether closed; and therefore, infringing the custom of their oriental sisters, they raise them sufficiently to be clearly recognised by their admirers below, without any great difficulty on the part of either. These lattices are of various forms, painted green or dark red. Some cover the entire front of the house, so that it is difficult to say from what part the bright



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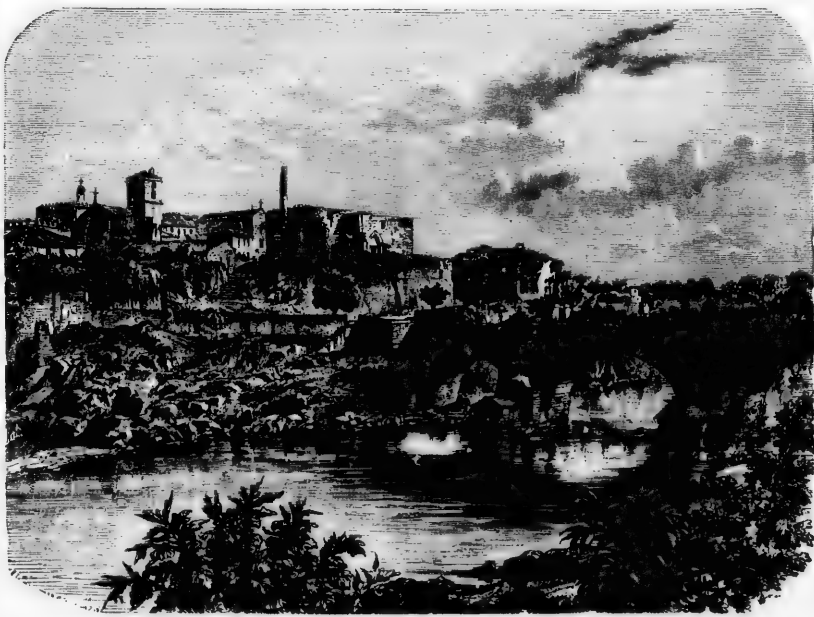


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eyes of the imprisoned beauties may be gazing forth; though these have certain parts which open on occasion, but which in all probability are generally kept locked by the discreet duennas during their absence from home, lest their fair charges might be tempted to essay their attractive powers on the sensitive hearts of the many ready to adore them without. For such things will happen, it is said—not that the duennas can mistrust their charges, of course; but merely that they have a kind and considerate regard for the feelings of the loving youths, and wish to keep the tempting fruit from their sight. Other houses have only the windows with latticed fronts, which lift up from below, and some have latticed balconies; but these latter have

regular rows of ports, which when open enable the ladies who sit working within to see, without being seen, all that goes forward in the street below.

Fortunately for us this was a holiday and saint's day, which fully accounted for the number of fair beings who, dressed in their best attire, were unwilling to allow their charms to bloom unseen, and thus, with lattices lifted to their utmost height, were looking forth on the world abroad. The tramp of the steeds of seven cavaliers on the hard smooth stone-pavement doubtless drew many to the windows, though we do not presume to say the appearance of any individual of the party had such attractive powers; indeed, we have strong fears that we were pronounced



BARCELLOS

to be a very dirty, unpolished set of travellers. However, before we had ridden five minutes through the streets we pronounced Braga to be a very delightful place.

At the end of the long street turning to our right, we entered one nearly as long and twice as broad as Sackville-street, Dublin, which, as all the world knows, is the broadest in the British Isles. Not that I mean to compare the Campo de Santa Anna of Braga with that of the Irish capital in any respect, except in width; for, instead of being paved all over, the centre is a sea of dust; and though it can boast of a church of respectable size, and several of the houses are large, there are many very small ones. But when completely

paved, as it is to be forthwith, and rows of trees planted on each side, and fountains in the centre, the effect will be very handsome, and it will much resemble the streets of one or two towns I have visited in the south of France. The towers of the ancient citadel at one end, and a church at the other, add much to its appearance. A broad pavement of beautifully regular square stones runs the entire length on each side, formed, however, I am grieved to say, by the demolition of one of the old towers of the city. Directly on entering the square our guide stopped at a large old house near the church, which we soon discovered to be the *Estalagem dos duos Amigos*. Into it we were most hospitably welcomed by a

personage who informed us that he was the Moco do ostalagem, *id est*, the waiter, that his name was Manoel, that the master was away at a quinta, and that he himself was prepared to wait upon us and sundry other guests besides.

Braga, from being an episcopal see, was formerly overrun by priests and friars, so that no ladies ventured abroad, and every one walked (as a friend described it) with their hands crossed before them, and their eyes cast to the ground. Except church music, none was heard, and dancing was an amusement so little dreamed of, that not a young lady in the place possessed that accomplishment.

"It was cards, cards, cards, and scandal all," observed a friend. No bad description of some cathedral towns in England!

"Were the people better?" he continued. "Certainly not. Were they happier? Far from it. There was more wickedness, and more mischief going forward on every side; and an immeasurable deal more of hypocrisy. Thank heaven, we have got rid of the abominable nuisance! Great changes have lately taken place. We now meet at each other's houses, where we have music and dancing. We have a capital club-house, at which we also give balls—for the ladies will not be excluded from any society; indeed, where is it perfect without them! During the Carnival we have masquerade-balls, commenced two years ago, which might vie with those of Italy, though we keep them select; but during the last Carnival, though our dresses were ordered, and arrangements made, owing to the unhappy affair of Almeida we could not have our ball. We met and consulted on the subject, but though none of our relations were engaged in the affair, how could we enjoy dancing while our countrymen were cutting each other's throats!"

I have given a faithful translation of my friend's words, for they will better describe the state of society in Braga than I can in my own. I found them to be perfectly correct.

Even at present there is a certain clerical air about Braga, and at every corner we meet priests in their robes; a sight not usual at Oporto. There are also many more shrines than in the latter city; one of which we passed in our walk, over the gate of the public prison, or lock-up house. This prison is a wretched-looking den, a recess apparently in the old castle walls, with a strongly barred iron gate in front, more suited to confine wild beasts than human beings, however turbulent. Some half-dozen most ruffian-looking wretches were thrusting out their arms and hats from between the grating, begging charity of the passers-by. Over this den there was a shrine containing the figure of a saint, whether male or female I forget, surrounded by flowers, and lighted up with numerous wax-candles, before whom every passer-by took off their hats—a few devout old women kneeling down to offer up their prayers. Following the wise rule of "Do as Rome as the Romans do," we of course bowed as respectfully as the firmest believers—or the greatest infidels—among the crowd.

Notwithstanding the exertions of the previous day, and the excessive heat of the weather, we left our hotel at ten o'clock to view some of the sights of Braga, and afterwards to make some calls on our acquaintance; having first sent a message to Senor Joao Borges to request him not to venture out on so burning a morning, his health, as we knew, being delicate.

"Beneath the lofty roof and the shady cloisters of the cathedral we shall be far cooler than in any other spot in the neighbourhood," we concluded, "except it be on the summit of those lofty serras above us, to reach which would be a toil beyond our powers." To the cathedral therefore, directly facing the bishop's palace, and which was close at hand, we bent our steps; taking advantage of every shady spot to advance. It was useless to look up at the windows in our way; the jealous lattices were closed, nor at that time of day could we expect any bright eyes to be gazing forth on us through them, or rather, I ought to say, could we expect to see any of the fair inmates of the domiciles beneath them. The heat was certainly very great, but the position of the city being high, the atmosphere was pure and rarefied, and besides, being highly interested in all we saw, we felt not what might have overcome other people.

I think my readers may, from those I have already described, picture to themselves the style of the streets through which we passed. In general, there were, first, on the ground floor open shops, that is to say, with many doors and no windows, either of French perfumery, gloves, and *bijouterie*, or those of linen-draper, grocers, or cloth-merchants; then, for one or two stories, came the vast masses of light trelliced wood-work; and above all was a story of stone, or wood, with two or three windows falling back behind the rest. The streets are paved with flat flag-stones, the gutter being in the centre, and mostly without trottoirs. Sad innovations have lately been made on the picturesqueness of the city (however the inhabitants may have gained both air and light), by the partial abolition of the trellices, and the substitution of plain handsome fronts of stone-work, with large windows to some of the houses.

The cathedral of Braga is one of the oldest Gothic ecclesiastical structures of Portugal; and although on many sides it is concealed by other buildings, the parts of which a good view can be obtained offer a very beautiful specimen of that style of architecture. The porch at the principal entrance, in particular, is most light and airy, with several delicate fluted columns, supporting a rich tracery-work, and a roof of highly-pointed arches. One end of the edifice, facing a broad street, is also very exquisitely ornamented. As I neither took measurements nor sketches of the building, and as I have never read any description of it, I cannot well say more of the exterior, but my impression was, that of itself it well merited a journey from Oporto to Braga to be viewed. The interior has been much disfigured by the execrable fashion of the last few centuries (I fear that I may say the very last), in being whitewashed, or bedaubed with bad paintings—in having the Gothic columns turned into those of the Grecian, or some nondescript order—and by altars, of the most inappropriate description, erected at the sides. How grieved would the architect be, who planned and built that once perfectly beautiful structure, were he to behold the sad changes which the hand of modern barbarians, more than of time, have worked on the produce of his genius and knowledge! how little cause would he have to say that the present age is in advance of the past. Many Portuguese gentlemen expressed to me their disgust and vexation at the vile havoc which the modern race of priestly Vandals have made on the finest productions of the architectural talents of their forefathers. They turned

aside their heads with a dissatisfied air as we passed, in our walks through the city, several of the elegant crosses, in which it abounds, disfigured by whitewash, or yellow, green, and red paint. Some portions, however, of the interior of the building of which I am speaking, have escaped this barbarous desecration of art.

Having made this prelude to my description, I will endeavour to sketch in detail much which we saw worthy of note. There are several chapels on each side of the cathedral, opening into it, and in one, that of the Holy Sacrament, I observed an altar-piece of carved wood in very high relief. The subject was the triumph of religion. War, Rapine, and Murder, represented by men with most expressive features, are being ground beneath the wheels of a chariot; preceded by a prancing steed and his rider, bearing aloft the Roman eagle and the keys of St. Peter.

An old, fat, smiling-faced mulatto, who performed the duties of sacristan, acted as our cicerone; and before he would allow us to see anything else, he insisted on our entering what he considered his *sanctum sanctorum*—the region over which he more especially presided—the sacristy itself. It was a handsome hall with arched roof. Up the centre, arranged on stands, were the rich canonicals of the bishop, and the other principal dignitaries of the establishment, while on each side were immense lockers with drawers, in which various other dresses and valuables were kept.

First, we were shown a drawer holding the golden-tissue robes of some departed bishop, who being a man of very diminutive stature, had a pair of white and gold shoes, constructed with enormously high heels, which gave him nearly half a foot more of height. They looked like caricature of such as were worn by our great-grandmothers more than a century ago. There were several mitres of white silk worked in gold with glittering jewels—but I must not say precious ones—for I suspect those robbers, the French, had carried such off, as they did everything valuable they could possibly lay hands on. There was also a beautiful piece of gold tissue, with which to cover the Holy Sacrament. Other drawers contained piles of magnificent vestments; some had been worked in Braga, others had come from Rome; some were of red silk and gold, to be worn on the day dedicated to the Holy Ghost; and others, of green silk and gold, were very handsome. The weight of some which we lifted was prodigious—sufficient, I should think, to fatigue the stoutest prelate who ever ruled the see of Braga. Those powerful bishops, however, it must be remembered, were in days of yore accustomed to don not only vestments of gold and silk, but coats of mail, and to do good service therein, when they led their followers to the field; so that they might perhaps have found no inconvenience from such cumbersome garments. One dress in particular I remember, of the richest brocade, and of great weight, with a cross worked on it, was brought from China three hundred years ago. It was used, and I suppose still is, when a new bishop is initiated in his office. On a fine marble table in the centre of the hall were arranged the gold cups and other utensils used in the communion service, covered with cloths of gold tissue. On the upper shelf of the locker which ran round the hall were numerous busts of the former bishops, and above them, paintings of the saints, and events in their lives, by Portuguese artists. In a glass case, among the bishops' heads, was the skull of Santa Candida, crowned with a wreath of

white roses; and I believe that the cathedral contains many other most precious relics, which I must own to not having seen. I fear the sacristan had not full confidence in the orthodoxy of our belief, as he did not even offer to exhibit to us those invaluable treasures.

An inscription on the outside wall near the entrance gives a long account of them, mentioning that they were presented, many centuries ago, by a certain pious prelate, who had collected them at vast expense and labour. The army of Soult never thought of carrying them off, which is a strong proof, if any were wanting, of the utter disregard they had to all religious subjects. The vile infidels! What, leave behind those invaluable relics, which were well worthy of a general crusade of all the nations of Christendom to win, and carry away instead all the vile dross of gold and silver which came within their reach? No wonder the united arms of England and Portugal drove them with ignominy from the land.

We had not yet seen half the treasures. The sacristan now opened a closet door, and displayed a fine collection of gold and silver cups and crossiers. The most beautiful was a large chalice of finely-chased gold, and surrounded with bells, which gave forth a musical sound as it was raised aloft. It was upwards of three hundred years old. Then there was a small silver cup, inlaid with gold, used at the christening of the great Alfonso Henrique, more than seven hundred years ago, and a ring and cross of even greater antiquity, belonging to some bishop, of some place or other, which, as our dark cicerone observed, it mattered but little to us to know.

Near this closet stood a trunk with all the utensils used at the sacrament and in administering extreme unction, which I had now, for the first time in my life, a good opportunity of examining. There were jugs to contain the wine, a pot and spoon to sprinkle holy water, a case to contain the oil and ointment, and other vessels, looking very like tea-pots. I must assure my readers that I touched them all with the utmost respect.

On each side of the sacristy were two Morisco-looking fountains, painted of all colours, the taps of which shut with a spring, so that they cannot be left running—an idea worth copying for those used in beer or wine-casks.

It is time we should leave the sacristy, and mount the steps of the high altar, over which stands a figure of Nossa Senhora da Pedra, to whom the cathedral is dedicated. The altar-table is covered with a cloth of gold, the subject worked on it being the lives of the twelve apostles. On one side is the tomb of Count Henri of Bezançon, the father of Alfonso Henrique, and on the other that of his wife Donna Teresa, both of stone. On the lid of the first is the recumbent statue of a knight, rudely carved, which has since been vilely mutilated, one arm being also broken. Think of the dean and chapter foreshortening Count Henri's legs to squeeze him into his present position. That of Donna Teresa has less pretensions to beauty or style of execution. On one side of the altar is the episcopal throne; both it and the canopy being covered with cloth of gold.

On the left of the principal entrance is a very ancient and beautiful font, and on the other side is the tomb of Dom Sebastian, the infant son of Dom Joao I., who died at ten years of age. It is entirely of bronze, and

the design is very elegant. On the lid of a richly-worked sarcophagus is a child sleeping, with angels watching round him, while couchant dogs support the whole tomb. A canopy of bronze raised by four light pillars shades it, and it is also surrounded by an iron railing.

Leaving the body of the church, we entered a separate chapel of pure Gothic architecture, in which no innovations have been made, dedicated to Nossa Senhora do Libramento. It contains not only the tomb, but in a glass case, on one side of the altar, the veritable mummy of the gallant Dom Lorenzo, bishop of Braga, who fought most valiantly at the battle of Aljubarrota, where he received a tremendous sabre cut, the mark of which is still to be seen on the right side of his cheek. The body is very perfect, of a light clay colour, the teeth, hair, and nails still seen, but the robes of gold tissue were renewed some twenty years back. Beneath is an inscription praising his valour and his piety. On the other side of the altar is the sarcophagus in which the body was originally preserved.

We next ascended to the organ-loft, which quite blazes with gilt carving. The organs are very handsome, of black wood, with gold ornaments, and are finely toned. By a fee to the organist strangers may at any time hear them played.

As the sacristan was showing us round, he frequently complained that such and such an ornament had been carried off by the French. "Then I suspect, Senhor Sacristao, that they are no friends of yours," I observed. "Friends, indeed," he answered with a scornful tone. "Thank heavens, I have no friends amongst the greatest thieves of the earth. How can an honest man claim them as friends, forsooth?"

We lingered amid the cool recesses of the sacred edifice, till our black cicerone informed us that he had shown us all the curiosities of the place, politely hinting at the same time that he was anxious to close the doors, and to take his dinner and siesta; so we most unwillingly were compelled to seek once more the hot furnace of the outer air.

We stood for some time admiring a fountain of elegant design, which threw around its cooling showers in front of the bishop's palace. Six figures support a large shell, on the top of which is a rock, with a castle finely carved on it. The castle is surmounted by turrets and battlements; the water flowing from beneath it, over the sides of the shell, into a large tank below.

We then entered a part of the palace open to the public, being a large hall hung round with portraits of the defunct prelates of the see; and beyond, the bishop was holding a sort of a court of justice, his predecessors having enjoyed, at one time, the rights of petty princes.

Among the other sights of Braga is the sacred hill and church of the Bom Jesus, with a bad road about a mile in length, with two chapels and iron gateway at the commencement of the ascent. Looking up an interminable range of steps above steps, and masonry piled on masonry, appeared, with here and there little chapels or resting places for the devout, like the few calm spots we meet with in the toilsome up-hill journey of life. The eminence on either side is thickly clothed with trees and bestrewn with vast stones, the chestnut, the cork tree, and the oak succeeding each other as the elevation increases. Passing the principal

church, on the highest point to which the chapels reach, is a large open space, on the further extremity of which is the crowning chapel of all, that of the Ascension. All the chapels belonging to this singular structure have iron-barred gates at their entrance, kept always closed, the whole of the interior of each being fitted up as the stage of a theatre, or some wax-work show, with figures performing different parts, as large as life or larger: the scenery is very appropriate, as are also the dresses. The figures are carved in wood, entirely by Portuguese artists, and mostly by those of Braga. The expression of their faces is admirable, and their attitudes natural. Thus, the look of surprise and awe in the countenances of the disciples at the ascension of our Saviour is very well portrayed in the first chapel. These chapels are of considerable size, and circular, or rather of an octagonal form, holding some twenty or more figures, grouped about on rocks, or beneath trees, as the scenery requires. To the right of the chapel of the Ascension is that of the Last Supper. Christ and his disciples are seated at table with a leg of mutton before them, while several attendants are bringing on other dishes of considerable magnitude. Some scribblers, profanely inclined, might find subjects in these exhibitions on which to exert their wit, and would laugh at the dog and cat in the centre of the stage, who are looking up with longing eye at the savoury viands the waiters are bearing; indeed, it is difficult at all times to preserve the gravity such subjects demand.

On the left of the first chapel is one of which the scene is the angels guarding the tomb of Christ, when Mary Magdalene and other women came with spices and ointment. This large platform is surrounded by a stone balustrade and seats. On two sides of it the hill descends precipitously to the vale below, while a beautiful view up the valley towards Chaves is seen from it. At the Festival of the Bom Jesus this is the chief point of attraction; for here the vendors of fried fish, cakes, and wine, erect their booths, and make their principal stand; and here thousands from all parts of the country collect to eat, drink, pray, and amuse themselves. It is truly a gay and enlivening scene at the time. The large square of Braga itself, the road thence to the Monte, the whole flight of steps, the church, the platform we are speaking of, and the wooded hill above, are crowded with people, in their best holiday attire, and in many varied costumes; some having arrived on foot, others on horses, mules, or donkeys; all screaming, laughing, talking, or praying together. Not only are peasants there collected, but shopkeepers, merchants, and traders of every description, resort thither; nor do the lesser gentry, or the high fidalgoes, think it derogatory to their dignity to join the festal scene. The largest fair in Portugal is held during this festival at Braga, where every species of merchandise is sold, including cattle, horses, mules, and donkeys.

But I must describe the Mount as we saw it, almost deserted, and not the Festival of the Bom Jesus, with its scenes of moving life. From this high platform, by a gradual descent, we reached two other small chapels; the first containing a representation of the Resurrection of Christ on the third day. The astonished look of some of the soldiers, and the sleepy expression of others, is exact to the life; indeed, the believing peasants may be excused if they fancy that they see before them breathing figures of flesh and blood. In

the second chapel, Christ is represented as dead, with the women mourning over him.

We now came upon a second large terrace, on which stands the principal church, with a large edifice on one side, built for the accommodation of families of higher rank, who may wish to perform their devotions in the purest air, and to enjoy a lovely view at the same time. Numbers spend several consecutive days there for that purpose. A little further off, on the side of the hill, is another long low building, where accommodation is to be found both for man and beast.

The church is an elegant structure, though of the modern style; and surely no spot could have been more appropriately chosen on which to erect a temple to the most High God. The interior is chaste and quiet, without any of that tinsel and paint which disfigures so many of the sacred edifices in Portugal. The altar-piece is curious. It consists of a figure of Christ on the Cross, as large as life, and is considered to be, and, as far as I could judge in the imperfect light, is, very beautifully executed. It was a present from Rome, and is made of pine. In front stand about twenty wooden figures, also as large as life, representing the apostles, the soldiers, and women, who were present at the crucifixion.

The sacristy was hung round with pictures of the benefactors of the work, among which were those of Dom Joao VI., the Duke of Delafons, and the Marquis of Marialva, of whom Beckford speaks so affectionately. We were shown also a very beautiful crucifix of ebony inlaid with ivory, brought from China. The name given to this crucifix is the *Bom Jesus dos Navegantes*; which may be translated, "The Good Saviour of Sailors." Before it, therefore, "they that go down to the sea in ships" come to pay their devotions.

We mounted to the summit of the belfry, which contains some fine-sounding bells, which were afterwards rung for our gratification. Thence we obtained a good view of the broad streets and white edifices of Braga, the whole valley being bathed in the glowing light of the setting sun. After sitting on the terrace for some time, listening to the sweet sound of the bells and enjoying the view, we commenced our descent.

It must be known that the whole of this vast structure has been built by the voluntary donations of the faithful, and that the entire plan is not yet complete.

On the next landing-place we reached, two new chapels were in the course of erection, of chaste design, exhibiting a very great improvement in the modern taste. Near one of them, on a summit of a large rock, is the statue of an armed knight on horseback, representing, we were told, the soldier who plunged his spear into the side of Jesus; but why he is thus commemorated, I cannot possibly say. Both the chapels and the statue were designed and executed, I believe, by two Braga artists, of whom I had before heard.

On each side of the steps, which near the top consist of two flights, are high balustrades surmounted by statues of saints and scriptural characters; on the outside are closely cut box-trees, and down the centre are a succession of fountains, to the very bottom. The first fountain is dedicated to Hope, over which Noah presides: his ark, from beneath which the water gushes forth, rests on a rock. From the second the water flows forth from the holes in which the nails were driven in the Cross, with this motto over it: "*Ejus fluent aquæ vivæ*," which one of our party read most innocently, "*Ejus fluent aquæ vitæ*," and trans-

lated, "Hence flows a fountain of brandy;" being much disappointed when he discovered the water was *neat*.

We had all the way down a fine view of Braga, and enjoyed that sublime spectacle not witnessed by me without emotion, of the sun setting in glorious splendour behind the mountains of Gerez, the whole sky glowing, for many minutes afterwards, with a vast flame of ruddy light.

On the third fountain was a curious design. It was that of a dark lantern, a rope, dice, a triangle, hammer, nails, and many other carpenter's and mason's tools, such as, it may be supposed, were used at the Crucifixion. From several consecutive fountains the water flows forth from all the organs of the senses, first separately, and then all combined; but I am unable to give any interpretation of these designs. During our descent we passed eight other chapels; the fifth from the top being that of the Descent from the Cross; the sixth, Christ compelled to bear his Cross. A figure is holding a handkerchief, with the impression of his face on it. I know not from what authority the idea is taken, but doubtless deserving of implicit belief. The seventh is the *Ecce Homo*—Christ brought bound before the people; the eighth, the crown of thorns platted on his head; the ninth I forget; the tenth, the Betrayal—Simon Peter is cutting off the ear of the high priest's servant, and his Master is rebuking him. The two last chapels on each side of the entrance contain representations of the Last Supper, and the Passion on the Mount. There are thus twelve chapels, each of which contains from ten to twenty figures, so that at the least there must be a hundred and fifty of them, as large as life, and many very well executed; but it is as a whole, and not by parts, that this work must be judged.

The idea in itself was grand, thus to build a temple on the summit of a lofty hill, with a fine flight of steps leading to it from the vale below; but the designer probably died before his work had proceeded far, and his successors did not carry out his plan.

What I had pictured to myself was an elegant temple of Grecian architecture, on the very highest point in the neighbourhood, with a single broad and wide flight of steps leading in an unbroken straight line directly to it; the smaller temples resting on terraces at each side at some little distance. This would indeed have been beautiful, and I doubt if any temple in the world could then have surpassed it. The great difficulty would have been to proportion the steps to the size of the church, as they must have been several hundred yards wide to have had a good effect at the distance.

Braga, the *Bracara Augusta* of the Romans, is said to have been founded 296 years before Christ; it was the capital of the Suevi, and one of the most important towns in the early Portuguese monarchy. The maritime discoveries gave the first blow to its splendour, and it never recovered the erection of Lisbon into a patriarchate in 1716; it still, however, contains 16,000 inhabitants, being thus the largest place in the kingdom with the exception of the two capitals and Setúbal. The first bishop of the see was San Pedro de Rates, who has a chapel in the cathedral, and who, according to tradition, was a disciple of the apostle Peter. The third prelate, San Ovidio, had the somewhat singular distinction of an epigram addressed to him, before his conversion to Christianity, by the poet Martial:



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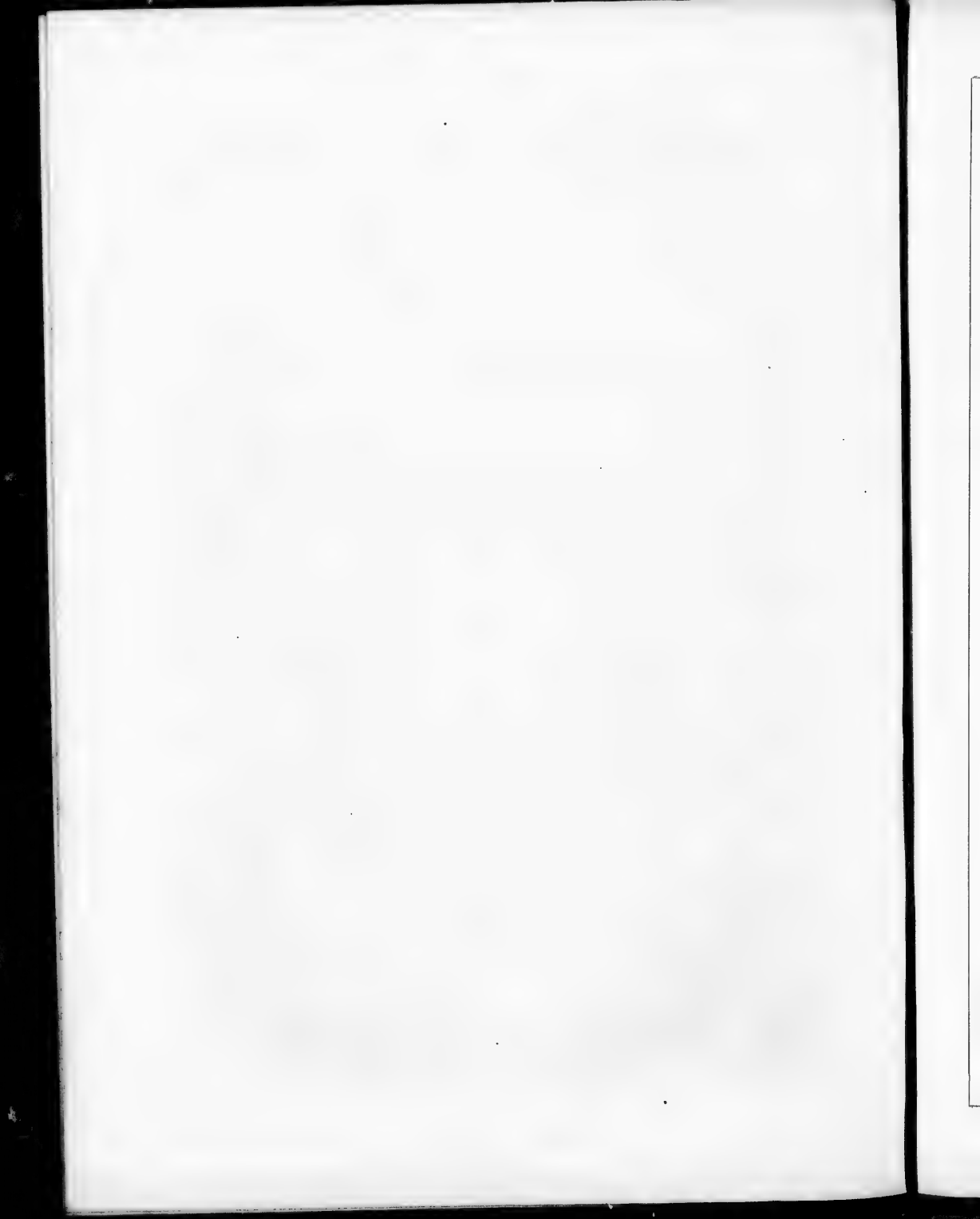
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Si credis mihi, Quinto, quod mereris,  
Natales, Ovidi, tuos Aprilis  
Ut nostras nunc Martias Calendas:  
Hic vitam tribuit, sed hic amicum;  
Plus dant, Quinto, mihi, tuas calendas.

The eighty-sixth archbishop was a person of very remarkable character and belonged essentially to the church militant. He was known as Dom Lourenço de Lourinha, but his true name was simply Lancerote Vicente, and the chapel of Nossa Senhora do Livramento, which forms the east end of the external north aisle of the cathedral, was erected for his burial place.

Having studied at Montpellier and Paris, he was raised by Dom Fernando to the see of Porto, and thence translated to that of Braga in opposition to the election of the chapter. In the siege of Lisbon by the Castilians, during the civil war which followed the death of Dom Fernando, he distinguished himself by equipping twelve galleys at his own expense; and was afterwards one of the most vigorous supporters of the Master of Aviz in the Cortes at Coimbra. Before the battle of Aljubarrota, he confessed and communicated Dom Joao I., and rode along the ranks, bestowing indulgences on the soldiers. In the battle he fought valiantly, wearing his rocket over a complete suit of armour, and having an image of Nostra Senhora de Nazareth instead of a plume, the primatial cross being carried near him. Having received a wound in the right cheek, he was carried from the field without hope of life to Nazareth, but slowly recovered. He after this enjoyed his see in peace; and it was a saying of Dom Joao I. that one of his eyes was the Great Constable, and the other the archbishop. In the latter years of his life he founded this chapel, and caused his effigy to be placed there. It is said that, when he came to see it, he found that the scar, on which he set so much value, had not been represented, on which he called for a chisel and engraved it himself, saying when he had finished, "Agora sim; que esta ao natural." He died June 4, 1397, making, as Cardosa observes, "a better end than beginning." On the anniversary of his death in 1663 his tomb was opened, and the body discovered in that state of incorruption in which it will be shown to the visitor (the episcopal vestments have, within the last few years, been renewed). The news of this discovery reached the Portuguese army just before the victory of the Lines of Elvas, and inspired them with fresh courage for their assault.

### III.

THE LINE OF SOULT'S RETREAT BEFORE THE BRITISH—START EARLY FOR SALAMONDE—ASCEND THE CARVALHO D'ESTE—TOWER OF LANHOZO—PULL UP AT ST. JEAN'S FOR REFRESHMENT—VARIOUS SCENERY OF THE ROAD—RECOGNITION OF OUR GUIDES—PORTE NOVA: DREADFUL SLAUGHTER OF THE FRENCH TROOPS—THE MISERELLA.

MR. KINGSTON made a lateral excursion from Braga to Salamonde, in order to follow up the footsteps of Soult's retreat before the British, the account of which is alike replete with local and with some permanent historical interest, and to which a primary reference to the pages of Colonel Napier's admirable *History of the Peninsular War*, commencing at the 277th page of the second volume, forms an appropriate introduction.

When Marshal Soult had been driven out of Oporto by the British army under Sir Arthur Wellesley, he retired through Valongo upon Guimaraens, and thence

taking a path across the mountains, leaving Braga on his left, he reached the heights of Carvalho d'Este, having been joined by Loison's division at Guimaraens during the night, and by Lorge's dragoons from Braga. Here, drawing up his troops on the morning of the 15th, he reorganised his army; taking command of the rear-guard himself, and giving that of the advanced guard to General Loison. From Carvalho he retired to the small village of Salamonde, in the neighbourhood of which is a bridge over the Cavado which the English general had ordered to be destroyed, but the work being imperfectly performed, the French drove the Portuguese peasantry who were defending it from their posts, and entered the dangerous and narrow defile leading to Montalegre. Before the rear-guard had passed, the British appeared on the heights above, when a scene of slaughter and confusion ensued in the French army, though they contrived, by vast exertions and courage (fighting their way across a second bridge, that of Miserella), to make good their retreat into Spain.

We quitted our couches at three o'clock, though we were not in our saddles till four, when in compact order, the stars yet shining brightly over our heads, we rode out of Braga towards the east, with two mounted servants in attendance, one leading, the other bringing up the rear. Passing near the foot of the Senhor do Monte, which it was yet too dark to see, we continued along a narrow rough road, till, daylight breaking, we perceived a beautifully rich valley on our right, along which we rode for some miles, till we commenced the steep ascent, by a most rugged path, of that range of lofty hills called the Carvalho d'Este.

We made a zig-zag way up the mountain amid large rocks and over stones which rolled down beneath our horses' feet. "It is to be hoped we shall have reached this before the return of darkness, or our necks may suffer, not to mention our horses' knees," was the far-seeing remark of one of our company.

Surmounting the acclivity, we found a good bridle-path, over which we could trot gaily along; none of the party appearing to be afraid of the rather ugly-looking slopes which bordered either one or the other side of the road. When we reached the extreme summit, a fine view of the lovely valley of Gerez (by the side of which lay our destined route) broke on our sight to the left. I reined in my steed to gaze at the beauty of the scene, so calm and soft, in the cold tints of the early morn. A silvery mist floated at the bottom of the valley, rising above which might be observed the tops of the thickly-leaved chestnut, and the delicate green of the willow, or here and there the white walls of a peasant's cottage; while the lower slopes of the green hills were already dotted by cattle, or sheep and goats on their way to pasture; the opposite rocky side of the valley appearing of a grayish tint, through a gap in which towards the west were blue intersecting lines of the distant mountains. As we rode on, the light clouds, which floated like fleeces in the east, seemed suddenly to burst into glowing masses, the sky then gradually assuming a ruddy hue, till the glorious radiance of the sun himself appeared.

"On, on to the summit of yonder mound!" we cried; and darting forward, we reached the point in time to see the bright orb of day burst upon the world, lighting up all the mountain-heights with his golden rays, and driving down the shadows into the valleys below. I shall not forget that sunrise on the mountain

of the Carvalho d'Este, or the first view of the valley of the Cavado.

It was on this ground that Soult drew up his forces after his retreat from Oporto, and before he commenced that dangerous march through the pass of Salamonde, which he must have felt was to cause either his annihilation or his preservation. Through his own talents, and fortuitous circumstances, it proved the latter. Looking over the rugged and mountainous country he must have passed to reach this position from Guimaraens, it is surprising that with a disorganised and dispirited army he could ever have performed the march. The truth is, that neither did the cruel Loison (nicknamed Maneta, the one-armed), nor a single Frenchman at that time, dare to surrender. Each man in the army well knew that only by keeping together could they expect to escape with life: most of the baggage and ammunition having already been abandoned.

Continuing at a good pace with the valley on our left, we mounted gradually to yet higher ground, when winding round the hill to our right appeared on the summit of a lofty peak the famed tower of Lanhoso. The position is wild in the extreme, standing alone as it does high amid a sea of treeless mountains, sloping and falling in every direction. It was to this castle that the warlike Donna Teresa retired, after she had been defeated under the walls of Guimaraens by her son Alfonso Henrique and the insurgent barons, and here it was, according to some accounts, that she was confined, to prevent the further effects of her turbulent disposition. On the summit of its square and lofty tower she stood, and cursed her once-beloved son, as she saw his army defile by on their march to invade the Galician territories of his cousin Alphonso VIII. That the curse had any effect, does not appear, as he was nearly always victorious, and survived it upwards of fifty years; his death taking place in 1185. Dismounting from my steed, which one of my friends held, I made a sketch of the tower of Lanhoso from the eastern side of it; indeed, it was not visible from the west.

Urging on our horses, we overtook the rest of the party as they drew up before a little estalagem in the prettily-situated village of St. Jeans; they loudly vociferated that they could proceed no further without nourishment. "Then we shall lose the advantage of the cool morning air, and not reach Salamonde till the sun is high," I observed. "Food, food, food!" was the only answer; so, turning our beasts into a stable, which occupied the entire lower story of the house, we unpacked our saddle-bags, and mounted to a verandah above. While some of the party were occupied in arranging our eatables, and making coffee in a clay jug, and which proved most execrable, I took hence a more elaborate sketch of the picturesque castle of Lanhoso, which appeared to great advantage, rising on the other side of a vale, seen over a rich profusion of trees, shrubs, and vines, with numerous ranges of mountains around and beyond.

When I am travelling through an interesting country I think little of my creature-comforts, nor till my strength gives way do I dream of rest; therefore, using the most persuasive arguments, I induced the rest of the party to mount and proceed. After leaving the village, through which the road was narrow and bad, we wound for about a league over the brow of another height, wild, rocky, and uncultivated, till we reached a second hamlet, from which a good bridle-road brought

us to the village of Padeira. We here once more came in sight of the vale of Gerez on our left, nor did we lose it again, the road winding along at a considerable height above it parallel with the stream of the Cavado, till we reached the village of Salamonde.

Although the road was a very good bridle-path in most places, yet in many there was not even room to pass an ox-cart without climbing up the bank, or running the risk of toppling over into the valley below; so that the reader may judge of the difficulties and dangers the retreating army of Soult must have encountered, hastening on with a speed on which their very existence depended.

The views for the whole way were most lovely. High above us on our right arose the southern side of a deep valley covered with lofty trees, which in many places overhung the road, while in others vines threw their slender tendrils across our path, or wild and rugged crags jutting out from the hill-side compelled us to deviate from our course, and vast dark rocks threatened to overwhelm us if we passed beneath them. Below us on the left the River Cavado, now diminished by the summer-heats, sparkled bright and clear over its rocky bed, but the water-worn crags far above its present height showed how wild and raging a torrent it must become when swollen by the winter-rains. On the other side were the lofty and precipitous cliffs of the Gerez mountains, on the top of which winds another road to Montalegre, and an old Roman way, which, I am informed by a friend who went over it, is in many places very perfect. On the other side the mountains were broken by ravines and smaller valleys which extended up from the main branch, adding variety to the views; and dry as was the season, we observed several waterfalls dashing down the sides of the mountains in foaming cataracts.

On a point from which one of the most beautiful views is to be obtained, a large handsome stone building has been erected, which, as it has a church attached to it, was probably intended as a summer-residence of the members of some monastic institution, but it was apparently never finished, and is now in a state of decay.

Passing through a small hamlet, beautifully perched on the very slope of the hill, looking as if it would slide into the stream beneath, we were courteously offered by a young girl from her pitcher a draught of the coolest and clearest water I ever drank. She told us the stream never failed, that in summer it was always thus cold as ice, and that in the winter it was warmer than other water. Most of the party, afraid of the effects of the cold, mixed brandy with it, but I could not resist a draught of the pure nectar, nor did I feel any ill effects from it. When I offered her a small silver coin, she blushing at first refused to take it, till some men standing near laughingly told her that the fidalgos had many bags full of such, and that she need have no scruples; when, with many expressions of gratitude, and a modest air, she consented to receive it.

Our party at times were at a considerable distance apart, and as none knew the road, and were far before our attendants, we more than once took a wrong turning; but fortunately each time found some peasant to direct our steps. For about two or more leagues the path, though narrow, was so good, that we were scarcely once compelled to draw rein; and well did our steeds, either at a trot or canter, carry us over it,

appearing to care nothing for the heat, which had by this time become considerable. Neither, indeed, did we ourselves suffer from it, owing to our frequent applications to the way-side fountains, the fluid from which supplied the unusual evaporation which was taking place.

I always carry on such excursions a *quaigh*, which I value much, having received it as a present when climbing the heathery heights above Dunoon on the fair Clyde, during a delightful visit I made to Scotland. It holds a decent mouthful of whisky, and as much water as a man in a violent heat may swallow with impunity: many a time that day did I use it to refresh myself from every stream and rill we passed.

By ten o'clock we reached the small village of Salamonde, the place at which Marshal Soult first halted after quitting the heights of Carvalho d'Este. The street is so narrow that three horsemen cannot pass abreast, yet through this had the whole of the French army to desfile. We had none of us any definite ideas as to the position of the bridges and pass we had come to see, having been led to suppose that both were close to Salamonde: we were therefore not a little disappointed at learning, from the innkeeper of the place, that the Ponte Nova was half a long league off, and the Miserella full another beyond that.

"Our horses will be knocked up, if we take them without rest," remarked some. "We shall be so ourselves



OUR LADY OF THE OLIVE-TREE, GUIMARAENS.

if we walk," interposed others. That we must return to Braga at night, nearly all agreed. "I am determined to have sufficient time to make some sketches of the Miserella," I insisted, "Is there anybody here who can guide us thither?" "I can, senhores," cried a young active lad, springing forth from a crowd of peasants, who were huddled in a corner of a narrow street to be clear of our horses' heels.

"But you will not serve to hold all the horses," I observed. "I have a father who will go too at your pleasure, senhores. *O! meu pai!*" cried the boy, and an old man stepped forward with a long stick in his hand, whose sinewy frame showed him to be yet capable of great activity.

"I shall be happy to accompany the gentlemen, and show them the way," he said, taking off his broad-brimmed hat. "I ought to know it, for more than fifty years have I lived in the neighbourhood, and well do I remember the day when your brave countrymen were here."

"The very man for us!" I shouted to my companions, interrupting him. "Now hear my proposal. Let us leave word to desire the two arrieros with our food and forage for our horses to follow us forthwith: we will dine at Miserella ourselves." "There is about a quarter of a league from Miserella, a stable where the horses may be put up," observed the old

man.

"All our difficulties vanish, you see, my friends!" I cried; "so onward!" And walking my horse, following the old man and his son, I found that all my friends were moving the same way.

"And your name, my friend?" I asked of our guide.

"Jozé Maria de Faria, at your service, senhor, and that lad is my son: he is a quick boy, and has learned to read and write perfectly, of which arts I, his father,

alas! know nothing. He is a good boy, too, and if you will take him into your service he shall go with you at once. I wished to send him to the Brazils, but you must know, senhor, I am poor—the means are wanting. I owned a mill down there on the stream we are about to pass, but last winter's floods carried it away, and I have spent all my money in building another, which is not yet finished."



STREET OF THE ENGLISH AT OPORTO.

Such was Senhor Jozé's account of himself; and I should advise all visitors to Misericórdia to inquire for him as the best of guides, or rather cicerones, for there is but little difficulty in finding the way. He had far more interesting narrations in store for us.

On leaving Salamonde we turned sharp off to our left, winding down the rough sides of the mountain by a steep and narrow track, among a few straggling oaks

and other trees, with small gullies and ravines running up in various directions, the mountains of Gerez being sometimes on our left, and sometimes before us. Above us were the lofty ridges of the Serra de Cabreira and the heights of Salamonde and Ruivaens.

"Well do I remember, senhor," said our guide, "the time the French and English arrived here: the weather was cold, rainy, and blowing, and it was near



night when the French appeared, and took up their quarters in and about Salamonde. We thought they would all be captured, when what was our dismay to find that the position of the Ponte Nova, which bridge we fancied had been destroyed, was taken, and that the soldiers had torn down the houses, and carried off the planks and beams to repair it! All day they were crossing, two or three only abreast; yet good reason they had to hurry, for before dark the British troops had reached those heights above us. I had escaped up the mountain, and never shall I forget seeing the long lines of bayonets drawn up as far as the eye could reach—some had come from Braga, some from Guimaraens; yet there they stood careless of the wet, the cold, or the wind. In that hollow, senior, to the right, the French threw two many mule-loads of treasure, which the English recovered: that deep gully was full to overflowing of the carcasses of mules, horses, and men, while dead bodies sprinkled the whole side of the hill. About here, senior, it is said the military chest was buried, and many people have dug for it, but no one has found it." We were passing a narrow but deep cut in the mountain which extends towards the Cavado. "The day after the battle we discovered a French dragoon and his horse, in that hollow," continued our guide: "the horse was killed, but, strange to relate, his rider was only slightly injured, and we carried him up to the hospital establishment at Salamonde."

Winding down the hill, a sudden turn of the path brought us to the side of the mountain-torrent over which the Ponte Nova is thrown, and directly on to the bridge. Colonel Napier was misinformed when he speaks of it as over the Cavado—the stream is very similar to, and runs almost parallel with that of Miserella, falling like it into the Cavado. The bridge consists of one high but small arch, of only breadth sufficient to allow of four men crossing abreast. So short, however, is the distance spanned by the arch, that an active man might almost leap across it; and nothing but the complete demolition of the whole structure could have prevented desperate men like the French from crossing. Rocks directly face each end of the bridge, the road turning sharp round in opposite directions, while on each side of the torrent the hills rise rugged and precipitous. It was near here that the greatest slaughter occurred; for before the French rear-guard had passed, the British cannon had begun to play upon them, "and then man and horse, crushed together, went over into the gulf; and the bridge and the rocks and the defile beyond were strewed with mangled bodies." Colonel Napier says that the peasants tortured and mutilated every sick man or straggler who fell into their power; but our old guide, on whose word I can rely, assured us that he assisted in succouring many wounded Frenchmen. This, however, was under the eye of the English, and doubtless many atrocities were committed in stern retaliation of those of which the French themselves were guilty.

"It was late in the evening when the English appeared," said our old guide, "nor was a moment lost in attacking; night alone putting an end to the slaughter: indeed, before all the French had crossed the bridge, it was destroyed by them, and it took the English some time again to repair it. By that time the French had escaped; but as they marched along the guerrillas hovered on the hills above them,

harassing them dreadfully, and cutting off numbers by the way. Those were sad times, Senior."

When our whole party were collected on the Ponte Nova, "Let us give three cheers for the honour of Old England!" exclaimed one of the party, in a fit of military enthusiasm. "As you like it," I answered; "though this is not exactly the spot where much was done to boast of. Hear, however: May the foes of Great Britain and Lusitania fly ever before them as they did through this pass! Hip! hip! hurrah!" and we made the welkin ring again with a hearty British shout.

As I rode along, listening to Senhor Jozé's descriptions, I could almost have wept with vexation as I thought of the escape of those lawless devastators of the rich fields of Portugal, and could well enter into the feelings of rage which must have possessed the bosoms of the brave men, who, after so many days of toil, saw their foe thus eluding their grasp.

On crossing the bridge, the road turned sharp round to the left, and then continued running parallel with the Cavado, generally so narrow that not more than three foot-soldiers could have marched abreast. Dark rocks were above, and precipices were below, over which a false step, or the bullet of a guerrilla, must have sent many an unhappy horseman. The views were much the same as I have before described, but rather increased in beauty and wildness, though more words can scarcely express the difference of the scenery; looking up the valley especially, the mountains were more lofty, rugged, and broken by ravines, while overhead the trees were more aged, of more luxuriant growth, and more fantastic in their shapes. At about a small league from the Ponte Nova we found a low house of two stories which had formerly been an estalagem. "Can you give food and shelter to our horses, my friend?" I asked of a man whose head was projecting from the window of the building.

"They may go into the stable; but except some dried grass I have no food," answered the said personage, who was a little man with a large hooked nose, and a most dull expression of countenance.

"What, no milho?" we exclaimed.

"Not a grain, Senhores."

"You have some broa, then?"

"Not a particle: our broa is but just put into the oven," was the unsatisfactory answer.

"Now, my friend," I urged, vexed at his real or pretended stupidity, "both corn, bread, and wine are to be procured at no great distance—they must be found." Saying this, I walked away, and took up my seat under a shed, whence I made a sketch of the magnificently wild mountain scenery before me, looking up the valley towards Montalegre, the direction the French took in their retreat. My friends in the meantime made up their minds, that, taking a glance at Miserella, we must return forthwith to Salamonde. "I mean to dine and spend some hours at Miserella, and so will you," was my answer as I sketched away.

Before I finished my sketch our muleteers with the saddle-bags arrived, as did a sack of milho for the horses, and some broa for ourselves, our own white bread being nearly exhausted. I must say, to the credit of the thoughtful mogo do estalagem, Manoel, he had supplied the said saddle-bags with meat most plentifully. Our old guide, throwing the bags over his shoulders, and his boy carrying a jug to fetch water, we commenced our walk in better spirits towards the

bridge. Not to mislead people, I must observe that the road is perfectly practicable for horses. The scenery increased in beauty and wildness as we advanced; indeed, it was altogether the most romantic I have seen in Portugal.

Walking for rather more than half a mile, with declivities sloping steeply down to the Cavado on our left, and the rugged sides of the mountain above us, we wound gradually round to our right, and soon came upon the precipitous banks of the torrent of Miserella, a little way from the mouth of which is the narrow, one-arched bridge which the French were obliged to storm before they could cross. On each side are high cliffs, or rather vast broken crags, with trees clinging around the crevices in them, the torrent leaping down with falls of ten and twenty feet at a time, from a deep rent in the mountain above. On the eastern side, among the rocks, the Portuguese guerillas were stationed, with slight entrenchments thrown up; but had the bridge been destroyed, and regular troops with good officers been in their place, the utmost bravery of the French could not have driven them from their post. After taking a general survey of the whole scene, I crossed the bridge and clambered down the rugged banks, to make a sketch of it, looking up the ravine. At my feet amid huge masses of rock the water dashed, foaming and boiling along, yet now was the driest time of summer. What must it have been when swollen by the melting snows and the rains of winter! Alas! the hapless wretches who were once plunged into its raging tide!

I had just finished my sketch, when I saw my fellow-travellers scrambling down amid the crags, on the opposite side, towards a clear, deep, calm pool, beneath the arch, evidently with the intention of bathing: the temptation was great, and I rose to join them. As I was crossing the narrow bridge, and looking down into the deep abyss below, "For the love of God, do not venture into that deep pool, Senhor!" said our old guide. "It looks calm enough, and you fancy you can touch the bottom, but believe me nobody has ever reached it; for it sinks down into the bowels of the earth." "Fear not, my friend," I answered; "we intend only to swim on the surface."

Though on one side the water is of this great depth below the arch, on the other the fall is so considerable that it appears but a few feet below it. We found a delightfully shady spot beneath a large rock, on a slab level with the water, and in a few minutes I with those who could swim were floating on the clear stream, while the rest resorted to a shallow spot in a channel worn by the torrent. We found the water refreshing after the heat and dust of the morning, though far from cold; it having been well warmed by its passage down the valley, into which the rays of the sun darted fiercely. I took a sketch of the spot, as I did afterwards a third of the bridge looking down the valley; and then a loud call summoned me to dinner, which I found spread on the bank, beneath the shade of a large tree, surrounded by the rest of the party, who were doing ample justice to it, quaffing quails full of wine to the success of the British arms in every part of the world.

The day had sped faster than we fancied: unwillingly, therefore, were we compelled to quit that lovely spot. On our return, the rays of the sun falling more horizontally, the views appeared to double advantage, there being on the more distant cliffs that light blue

haze which contrasts so beautifully with the bright green of the foreground.

Reaching the *ci-devant* estalagem, which our hooked-nosed acquaintance Senhor Antonio da Cruz owned (for by that name was he known), we mounted our steeds, who appeared quite fresh. Senhor Antonio, like many stupid-looking persons, was fully alive to his own interests, if we might judge by the outrageous charge he made for the use of his stable and the grass he had afforded our beasts. When desired to mention the items he modestly named so many jugs of water brought from the neighbouring spring. In truth, the ex-innkeeper looked the rogue, and was one; nevertheless, I advise any of my friends who intend returning to Salamonde to bring corn thence, and to make use of his stable.

While my companions were halting at Salamonde, feeling in a meditative mood, I rode on ahead, and being well mounted, completely distanced them, enjoying by myself the superlative beauty of that magnificent pass. The shades of evening were fast approaching before I had made good half our distance to Braga, so on I pushed, every instant expecting my friends to overtake me at a gallop. I had crossed one barren height, and fully believed that I was close to the village where we had breakfasted in the morning. It was now perfectly dark, when I saw a light burning in a cottage window. "Ah!" I thought, "there is the inn, and there will I cook some coffee, and wait for my friends." When I reached the door, I was told the inn was a little further on, and as my steed seemed perfectly to know his way, which I must confess I could not even see, I threw the reins on his neck, and let him proceed at his own pace. Sometimes he trotted, sometimes cantered, and on, on he went, till I found that we were on the barren summit of a hill, whence it appeared that tracks were radiating off in every direction. Two ideas at that moment occurred to me; the first, that the horse might possibly be as ignorant of the road as I was; and secondly, I recollected having been told at Braga that there was a greater probability of encountering banditti in that neighbourhood than in any other part of the north of Portugal. I never, however, felt more perfectly unconcerned or contented in my life, and in a minute my confidence in the animal's sagacity was restored. He never stopped nor hesitated. I did not for a single moment attempt to guide him, merely keeping the rein sufficiently short to aid him in case he should step on treacherous ground. For a whole league did we thus proceed, sometimes with precipices on one side or the other, and sometimes down steep descents, which appeared to me to lead into some dark chasm, till at last my good steed struck into a lane with high banks on each side; in passing through one part of which, where trees overhung the road, I could scarcely see even his head. At last I heard the sound of human voices: how sweet and clear they rung through the calm night-air! for they were those of young girls whose joyous laughter struck like music upon my ear. "Am I near St. Jean's, my pretty maidens?" I cried. Suddenly their laughter ceased. I repeated the question. "It is here! it is here!" cried several, and then they broke forth afresh with a merry peal, I fancy at the compliment I had thus paid at hazard. The moment I loosed the rein my horse trotted on, and suddenly bolting to the left, nearly knocked my head against a ramada which was over the door of the

stable where he had been fed in the morning. Calling to the people of the estalagem to open the door, I gave him a good feed of Indian corn, which he so richly deserved at my hands, and sat down by his side till he had finished it. Then with the aid of the fat old landlady's two daughters, who were blowing up the fire, I prepared coffee for my friends, while I rested on a bench with my back against a heap of faggots, and entered into conversation with a variety of persons who came into the kitchen—the common room of the inn. More than an hour thus passed before the party arrived, with an account of a variety of disasters; such as horse-shoes lost, missing the road, and missing me, of whom during the latter part of the way they could gain no tidings.

Some of them, almost knocked up, were for remaining the night here, but four beds only were to be seen, and those none of the cleanest; others were for pushing on, and the latter gained their point. We had, by Manoel's forethought, brought three torches, but those even of the very best sort could not last us one half of the distance, two very long leagues (from eight to ten miles). Having matches, we reserved them therefore till we should reach the descent of the Carvalho d'Este, and the precipices before we arrived there. The chief muleteer led, we following in single file, and our second man brought up the rear. It was most dreary work, for we could not see many yards on either side, yet in spite of the dangers of the path, we could scarcely keep our eyes open, and O'Shaughnessy declared he was unable at times to tell whether his horse was moving with his head or tail foremost. We had long passed the castle of Lanhoso when the first torch was lighted, but so dried had it been by the sun during the day that it rapidly burnt out. We luckily found a pool in which to moisten the others, or we should have soon been left in darkness on the mountain's summit. So long was our line that the single torch in the front only increased the difficulties both to horse and man in the rear; nor at times, when I was riding there, could I see even the person before me. The light, too, increased my inclination to sleep; sometimes I thought it was the setting sun, next the rising moon—and again, the great light, the emblem which first bursts upon the amazed sight of the initiated in the Egyptian mysteries.

Suddenly, as we were passing a very narrow path with a steep precipice on our right, my drowsiness was banished completely, by a cry from one of the party, the man before sharply pulling up his horse, "Good God!" he exclaimed, "he is over!" It was impossible to offer assistance—one horse could not pass the other without the risk of sharing our friend's fate. The horse of L— had fallen with great force, his rider's legs were entangled in the stirrups—he gave one roll over towards the steep declivity—it was a moment of dreadful suspense. L— providentially extricating himself, scrambled up the bank, while his beast, with instinctive dread springing back, recovered his feet. Our friend again mounting, we rode on for some time without any further disaster, till after ascending for some distance a barren hill, our guides gave us the pleasing information that they had lost the way.

"The very spot where Manoel warned us we should be shot down like partridges if we ventured to pass it at night!" exclaimed one.

"He told us so because he knew we should most certainly venture in consequence," said another.

"Ay, and bought the torches to tempt us!" cried a third.

"Depend on it Manoel expects us to eat the supper he has provided, though I fear he will be disappointed," observed a fourth. "I deem the chances are we shall spend the rest of the night on the mountain's brow; but do not mind, we have cigars: we are not very hungry, we can light a fire, and the heather will afford us clean couches. I have slept on it in a colder climate."

"But not with a white jacket only and thin trousers on," cried the most desponding.

Our guides now tried to recover the way back, lighting, as we retrograded, piles of dry heather which had a fine appearance, blazing on every point in the neighbourhood. I was apprehensive that the flames would extend over the whole hill, but the universal "Nao tem duvida," assured me the muleteers thought differently. At last the right track was found, which led us to the very worst bit of road that I trust I may ever be compelled to descend on a dark night—I refer to that on the side of the Carvalho d'Este. L— preferred walking, while his horse, whose knees were dreadfully cut, followed sagaciously in the rear alone, one of the muleteers being on foot, with a torch to light us at the worst spots. By setting fire to tufts of dry grass, those who followed were able to see the way clearly; and bad as the road unquestionably was, not a horse stumbled or appeared tired. Scarcely had we reached the bottom when our last torch expired, and for a long weary league, in almost Tartarian darkness, did we jog on till the lights of Braga cheered our sight. At the Duos Amigos a good supper, served by the active Manoel, renovated our strength, though it could not keep us awake; and for my own part, I have a consciousness that I fell fast asleep at the table. It was now three o'clock. Thus three and twenty hours had passed since we left the inn, the whole of which time we were in the open air, and, except a few minutes at breakfast and dinner, in violent exercise—riding, walking, and swimming. During the last hours the exercise we went through indeed was not violent, it must be owned, but the slow pace at which we were compelled to move was more fatiguing than a faster rate. For full fifteen hours we were on horseback, which also speaks well for the endurance of Corneiro's steeds; but the best advice I can give my friends is—not to do the same, if they can possibly avoid it.

#### IV.

PRACA DOS CARVALHOS—ROMAN ANTIQUITIES—HOSPITAL OF BRAGA—ANECDOTES OF THE IRON DUKE—GUIMARAENS—ANCIENT ANECDOTES—CHURCH OF NOSSA SENHORA DA OLIVEIRA—LEGEND OF THE HOLY TREE—PRACA DA FEIRA—THE CASTLE AND PALACE—ANCIENT CHAPEL—DOMINICAN CONVENT—LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.

AMONG other interesting points visited on the return to Braga, we must not omit to notice the Praca dos Carvalhos, a sort of public garden, formed by the camara of the city to contain the Roman remains discovered on the Gerez mountains. In the centre of the garden, on a pedestal, is a large circular slab, which must, I should suppose, have served the purpose of an altar in one of the high places. In regular order about the garden are arranged numerous pillars of from five to six feet in height, with inscriptions on them deeply cut, and very perfect. From having been discovered on the Via Romana, which, as I have observed, runs

along the summit of the Gerez mountains, they are supposed to have served the office of mile-stones; but what the antiquaries say on the subject, I do not know. Certain it is that the Romans must at one time have very thickly inhabited this part of the country, as their numerous architectural remains abundantly testify. In a lower part of the valley to the south of Braga the foundations of a town of considerable size have been discovered, the stones and bricks of which probably served to build that which stood on the site of the present city, and which in like manner has given way to more modern structures. Outside the Praca dos Carvalhos are many other columns, not yet set up; and I regret that I had not time to copy the inscriptions on them.

Our friend then led us to a praca of some size, at one end of which stands the hospital. To the right is the church of the Crucifixion, the front of which is curiously ornamented with all the emblems of that event, well cut in stone, of considerable size, and on the left is a large convent. On one side of the hospital is the church belonging to it, which we visited on account of a mosaic sarcophagus sent from Rome, and also to drop our contributions on behalf of that admirable institution into a box near the altar.

We then entered the hospital, which, as it should be, is a building of the most simple style of architecture. Every useless piece of ornament on an edifice of that description I consider as being so much abstracted from the purposes of the charity, to feed the vanity of the townspeople or nation. The dispensary to the right of the entrance is a large room well furnished with the very best drugs. There are two principal physicians and four surgeons attached to the establishment, who are esteemed the most skilful in Portugal, where the study of medicine and surgery has been much attended to in late years, though formerly sadly neglected. The edifice is built round a quadrangle, with arcades on the two first stories, beneath which the patients may take air and exercise, sheltered from the sun and rain. The area is laid out with flower-beds, in the centre of which plays a clear fountain. The whole building, both the interior and the outside, is neatly whitewashed, the wood-work being picked out with various colours. We traversed several of the wards, which afford an example of neatness, cleanliness, and good arrangement, to any country. The beds run in a single row lengthways round the ward, each being separated from the other by a lath and plaster partition, while in the inside a passage runs the whole extent, to admit the attendants, and to allow of the freest possible circulation of air. Each compartment was furnished also with curtains, so as to form a separate chamber for every inmate. I was told that it contains generally from one hundred and fifty to two hundred patients; two-thirds of the necessary funds being supplied by voluntary contributions, the smaller portion having been left by the founders of the charity. Since the abolition of the monastic orders, the contributions and bequests have very greatly increased; one benefit, at all events, arising from the suppression of these crying evils.

The air of Braga is certainly very pure, and the water also is said to possess most salubrious qualities, which, aided by the skill of the medical attendants, have worked cures considered elsewhere hopeless. At the end of one gallery we looked into a neatly laid out burial-ground. A large building is in the course of

erection, joined by a covered way to the hospital, for the reception of patients of the upper ranks; the rooms in the main building appropriated for that purpose being found insufficient. This circumstance alone speaks for the high credit in which the institution is held.

Quitting the hospital, much pleased with our visit, we entered a broad street which led directly to the beautiful end of the cathedral of which I have before spoken. This must, in times long past, have been one of the aristocratical quarters of the city, from the number of ruinous palaces it contains, of the same date evidently as the cathedral itself. Winding our way among the most shady streets, we then crossed the city to the north side, where, on the highest point of ground, stands a church, from which as lovely a prospect as any city in Portugal can boast is obtained. This building is placed in the centre of a circular terrace, which has a parapet wall round it, with stone seats beneath shady trees. The view to the west extends over the city, and far down the smiling vale, with hills rising in the distance; to the south, looking down upon the Campo de Santa Anna in front and on the hill-side beyond it appeared the shrine of the Bom Jesus. To the east, directly below us, amid verdant gardens, was a convent, now used as an asylum for female orphans; and further to our left, on the steep sides of the Carvalho d'Este, was situated a large building belonging formerly to the Jesuits in their days of power, now the property of a gentleman of Braga. The immense thickness of the walls, and the long airy corridors and arcades, make it a delightfully cool summer residence, through the small cells and vast halls are not calculated for the reception of a family. Behind us was a rocky and wood-covered mound, the most western spur as it were of the Gerez mountains. At the foot of this beautiful hill it is in contemplation to form a public walk and drive, where a band of music will play in the evening, as an attraction to unite the people in one focus; and I doubt not, from what I saw of the enterprise and public spirit of the gentlemen of Braga, that this laudable purpose will ere long be effected.

We here parted from our kind friend, who we saw was overcome with the heat and his exertions in our service, and returning to our hotel, found the rest of the party still at breakfast. They all then adjourned to my room, the coolest in the house, where, collecting the chairs from other rooms, and throwing ourselves on them and on the beds, we spent the hottest hours of the day in smoking our cigars and talking over our past adventures, till the cool evening air tempted us again to rally forth.

We soon wandered to the Monte, the lovely spot above described, where we found a few groups of people, and among them, to our great pleasure, one of the kind and attentive friends to whom I had been introduced. In the course of conversation he made the following observations, on the correctness of which, as corroborated by the natives of other places, I can entirely rely. "I do not speak of the higher orders; they differ but little from each other in any country," he observed; "but of the second rank, for instance. It is said a native of Braga is always known at Coimbra, among other students, for the quickness of his parts, and for his applications; he generally carrying away all the honours. We have two sculptors in the city, whose juvenile productions gave promise of the highest excel-

lance; but, alas; here they have no models from which to study, and the expense of sending them to Italy is so great that no one is able to afford it."

"Then let them be sent at the expense of the city!" I exclaimed: "they will bring you honour in return."

"You know what town-councils are," he answered, shaking his head and smiling as he continued: "You hear that piano being struck. Now the girls who are playing are my tailor's daughters: they play very well, as also do many of their rank." Not only were the tailor's daughters performing well, but their piano was a very fine one. "I know not if that piano was made here," he continued; "but a native of Braga has manufactured several very good ones: he was a self-taught artisan, and with one model only before him, by several ingenious contrivances he brought his work to perfection. We have painters also with considerable talent, but without the works of the great masters before them what can you expect?"

I then spoke of our visit to Salamonde. "Ah! well do I remember that time!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm, seizing my arm; "I was a boy then. I recollect seeing the first two soldiers of the British army who entered the city. They were two dragoons with carbines in their hands, who rode up that street without uttering a word to any one, and then halted like two statues. Soon afterward others followed, and then the whole of that gallant host appeared. I cannot express to you the joy of our hearts—the enthusiasm with which your countrymen were received. Had a god descended on earth, he could not have been welcomed with more delight. My father, who spoke English perfectly, had received notice that Sir Arthur Wellesley would take up his quarters in his house, and dinner was prepared accordingly. It was towards the evening, and I was with my father, when an officer, wrapped in a large cloak, entered the saloon, and told him that he was come to remain there. 'I regret,' said my father, 'that I cannot give you the best accommodation my house affords, as the general is coming here himself.' 'I am the general,' said the officer; and for the first time I saw your great duke. Throwing off his cloak, and an orderly bringing in a case of maps, he desired my father to accompany him into an inner room, and there for two hours did they sit looking over them while my father was describing the country. During all this time was dinner waiting; but not a particle of food would the general touch till he had formed his plans. The following morning the army again marched in pursuit of the robber-troops of the French general, and had it not been for the sad neglect in not destroying the bridges of the Saltador and the Miserella, not a man of them would have escaped. Ah! those were stirring times."

Between Braga and Guimaraens, the country is very pleasant, well wooded and in parts as well cultivated; here and there villages are seen on the hill-sides or in the valley with the modest church-tower rising above the peasants' huts, but the road was in very bad order, or, to speak more correctly, it never had been in good order.

Guimaraens is seated in a beautiful valley, where the learned pretend to have discovered the traces of the ancient Avaduca, signalled by Ptolemy, and whose inhabitants had very wisely put themselves under the protection of Ceres. Conquered in olden times from the Moors, by the Kings of Leon, and of Oveido, the

town rises at a short distance from the River of Ave, and on the right bank of the Ave, whose tranquil flood wends its way listlessly to the ocean between the two strongholds of Azuar and Villa do Conde. At first a county, and erected at a later period into a duchy, to become the hereditary domain of the eldest of the House of Braganza, Guimaraens is surrounded by fortifications due in part to old King Diriez, behind which the renowned Marshal Soult entrenched himself in modern times.

This very ancient city was the cradle of the Portuguese monarchy and the residence of Count Henrique. Here his son Afonso Henriques was born in 1109. The name of Egas Moniz, the celebrated Portuguese hero, is inseparably connected with Guimaraens. When the city, in 1127, was besieged by Afonso VII. of Leon, the partisans of Afonso Henriques, finding themselves unable to maintain an effectual resistance, declared in the name of their youthful sovereign, that he should acknowledge himself a vassal of the crown of Leon. Egas Moniz, one of the most powerful of the Portuguese barons, pledged himself to the fulfilment of this treaty. The King of Leon raised the siege and retired into Galicia; when in the following year Afonso Henriques acquired full possession of the sovereign power, the pledge given at Guimaraens was forgotten by all but Egas Moniz. Followed by his wife and children, he went with bare feet and a halter round his neck, to the court of that monarch, professing that he came prepared to atone by his death for the violation of his oath.

E com seus filhos e mulher se parte,  
A levantar com elles a fanga  
Descalços, e despidos, de tal arte.  
Que mais move a piedade, que a vingança;  
Se pretendes, Rei Alto, de vingar-to  
De minha tenearia confiança,  
Dizia, eis-aqui venho offerecido.  
A te pagar co' a vida o prometido.  
Lusiad, Canto iii., 99.

The enraged king, struck by so singular an instance of fidelity, allowed him to depart uninjured. This story is credited even by Herculano (*Historia de Portugal*, i. 228, and note p. 468), and may therefore be considered as well authenticated. If a Portuguese *estalagem* boasts any pictures at all, one of them is sure to be the surrender of Egas Moniz.

Dom Joao I. marched from this place to Aljubarrota; and, in consequence of a vow made before his departure, erected, after this great victory at that place, among other edifices, the celebrated collegiate or cathedral church of Nossa Senhora da Oliveira, of which we give a view at page 629.

The whole interior of this building has been renewed in a modern style; but being free from the paint and gilding so much in use in Portugal, it is a remarkably chaste edifice. "To the right of the altar," Mr. Kingston relates, "I observed an elaborately chased silver shrine, which, by some miracle, escaped the sharp eyes and pillaging hands of the French."

We then wandered into the sacristy, but could find no one to show us the treasures it contains. These treasures are called "The Treasures of Our Lady"—*Os Tesouros de Nossa Senhora*. A young lady of my acquaintance made an odd mistake on that subject when visiting Guimaraens some time ago—a very natural one, it must be confessed. On her first arrival while dressing, the maid-servant at the hotel informed her that among the many wonderful things her native

city contained were those in the cathedral, particularly "Os Tesouros de Nossa Senhora," which she understood—Our Lady's scissiors. When, therefore, she with the rest of her party visited the sacristy, and several venerable priests, whose fair round bellies were with fat *caldó* lined, were standing round, and politely exhibiting the holy treasures of their shrine, she, after all had been shown, with much hesitation, from considering that they might be unwilling to allow eyes profane to behold so valuable a relic, begged to see "the scissiors of Nossa Senhora." "What does the lady want to see?" said one worthy priest, holding his sides, while his cheeks filled out, his lips curling and a bright sparkle illuminating his eyes. "The scissiors of Nossa Senhora," said the young lady quietly. "The scissiors of Nossa Senhora! Ha! ha! ha! ha! The scissiors of Nossa Senhora! Ha! ha! ha!" repeated the priests in chorus; and never was such holy cackinination before heard. At length the first who recovered his breath and voice, with tears in his eyes, explained, amid numerous bursts of merriment, that however much they should value so inestimable a treasure, they did not possess it; that they had already exhibited "*os thesouros*, de Nossa Senhora," but that for "*suas tesouras*," they unhappily possessed them not. Ha! ha! ha! ha!" and again they all laughed. Whoever visits the cathedral of Guimaraens, and wishes to hear a hearty laugh, let them ask to see the "scissiors" of Nossa Senhora. It should be explained, that *thesouros* are treasures, and *tesouras* are scissiors.

We did not then see them, though we afterwards did; and again wandering forth, we examined the exterior of the building. The belfry is square, with beautifully-worked, delicate columns at the outside corners; the windows of the purest and most elegant Gothic, as is a vaulted apartment on the ground-floor, seen through them. The principal entrance and a window over it are of the most elaborately worked Gothic architecture, but, alas! one end of the edifice, having fallen into decay, has been repaired with an Ionic column. How the man who erected that column could be guilty of such a solecism in architecture, I know not; but yet more dull and destitute of taste were the whole band of reverend prebends who allowed so barbarous an innovation on their elegant cathedral.

To the right of the principal entrance was an inscription in modern and ancient Portuguese. The modern I copied, but lost patience before I had finished the first line of the ancient: the tablet on which the latter was carved was surrounded with small shields bearing the arms of Portugal.

The translation of the inscription is as follows:

"It was in the year one thousand three hundred and eighty-five, on the sixth day of the month of May, that this work was begun by order of Don John the First, king of this realm of Portugal, son of the very noble king Don Pedro of Portugal. This king Don John engaged in a royal battle with the king Don John of Castile, and was the conqueror of him; and in honour of the victory which the Holy Mary gave he ordered this work to be performed."

Nearly in front of the chief entrance stands the little Gothic shrine or temple of which I spoke. It is formed of four pointed arches, with a domed roof, and in the centre stands a highly carved cross. Near it is also the ancient tree so much respected by all the inhabitants.

I had been examining its high pointed arches, and

massive pillars, when I turned round to look at the tree which on a green mound surrounded by iron palings stands near it. I was wondering why it was thus carefully preserved, when I heard a voice in a low tremulous tone, with but a slight touch of the beggar's whine, asking for alms, and taking a small silver coin from my pocket I let it drop into the withered skeleton-looking hand I saw extended towards me. "May God and the Holy Virgin and all the saints guard you from harm, my young fidalgo," said the voice, which I found proceeded from a woman of advanced age, as her white locks, her tottering steps, and her bent body, which she supported by a long stick, fully declared; yet she made no attempt to excite compassion by a squalid or tattered dress; on the contrary, her clothes, though patched in many places, were as neat and clean as her circumstances would probably admit. She had too, I doubt not, in her youth been lovely as the lily of the valley, a being on whom lordly man might have set his fondest affections, or who might have warmed his bosom with the most ardent flame—now she was one from whom he would turn aside with disgust. I judged this from the regularity of her thin parchment-like features, and the large eye now sunk and dim, which had been either of a dark blue or a purplish blue grey, a colour so attractive among the fair Hibernians.

"You are gazing at that little tree, Senhor, with a curious eye; yet, perchance, you have not heard the tale of its holy origin," she observed. I confessed my ignorance, and begged the old woman to enlighten me, if in her power so to do. "I can, Senhor, and gladly shall I thus be able to repay you, though inadequately, for your charitable feeling towards a poor forlorn old woman like myself—in Heaven must you look alone for your great reward." "I am eager to hear your tale, my good lady!" I exclaimed; "pray commence it." "I will, I will, Senhor. Youth is always in a hurry," she muttered.

"You must know, Senhor, that many hundred years ago—I might almost say thousands—there lived in this province a man of the name of Wamba. He was a person noted for his extraordinary piety, his bravery, and his learning; for it was well known that although he could not write like the learned clerks to be found in the monasteries, he was well able to read, and thus was he reputed far and wide by those of all ranks who knew him throughout the Peninsula. The former king of the country having died, the people were anxious to elect a new one, but had great difficulty in making their choice. In this emergency they fixed their eyes on Wamba. At that time the spot where we now stand was an open space, in a fine grove, where the neighbouring proprietors used to assemble to exchange their cattle or corn and wine for what they might require. There was one day a collection of people far greater than usual on the spot, when the principal ones again began to discuss the subject of electing a king; and at last it was agreed that no man was more fitted for that office than Wamba. He had not then made his appearance, but scarcely had he been unanimously elected, when he was seen approaching the spot, driving before him with his long stick a remarkably fine pair of oxen. He drove them into the crowd, and offered them in exchange for so much corn and wine and oil, which he was anxious to present to some holy monks who lived up in that sheltered nook in yonder mountain, which you see from hence; when what was his





THE PRIEST'S TOWER, OPORTO.

surprise on beholding all the surrounding people take off their hats and hail him king.

"Wamba was a pious man, and modest respecting his own virtues and acquirements—a sign of true talent, it is said, Senhor; he therefore, at once taking off his

own hat, entreated his friends not to expose him thus to ridicule, but if they wished to make a mockery of any one, to select some other person as their laughing-post. They one and all declared, that far from wishing to mock the good Wamba, they were never more serious

in their lives; again entreating him to accept the regal dignity. 'It cannot be! it cannot be!' he exclaimed, 'I am not fitted for so high an office. Heaven has appointed me to the quiet life of an humble *lavrador*, and in that, please God, I will remain. Receive many thanks, my friends, for your good opinion of me, of which I am sufficiently proud, and do you select some more worthy person.' 'No one is more worthy than Wamba! no one is more worthy than Wamba!' was shouted among the crowd; and the chief people again stepped forward, entreating him with prayers to accept the regal crown. Now Wamba, though a pious man, was a little impatient in his temper, as even the best of us are at times when tried; and he was anxious to dispose of his oxen, and to return home to his wife; so when thus unexpectedly delayed, he began to lose patience. 'It is enough, my friends; I beg you do not mock me,' he cried, 'I must away to my home.' But as he endeavoured to retire from the little mound on which he was standing, they thronged still more round him, taking hold of his robes to detain him. 'This is folly, my friends,' he exclaimed, striking, in his vexation, his long iron-pointed goad (his *paú*) into the ground with considerable force. 'When my stick, which I out twenty years ago, begins to flourish, then, if it please Heaven, I will be your king, or anything you require; but till then I swear on the four evangelists and the holy gospels I will never make so great a fool of myself.' At hearing these words the people were sadly disappointed, for they knew well that no earthly power would make him break so great an oath; and though they were determined to have a king, they knew not whom else to select.

They were all retiring disconsolate to their homes, and the humble Wamba was about disposing of his oxen, when a loud exclamation of wonder was heard from those standing round the little mound where in his vexation he had left his stick. They rushed to the spot, when what was their amazement to behold the dry iron-pointed stick, which they had seen thrust into the ground a few minutes before, now sending forth green leaves in every direction! Wamba flew towards it, and his first impulse was to attempt to draw it forth, thinking it was the work of witchcraft, but it resisted all his efforts; it had taken too firm root—an emblem of the Portuguese monarchy. Overcome by his feelings of pious amazement, he fell on his knees, beseeching power might be vouchsafed him from above to fulfil the onerous and honourable task he now clearly perceived he had been especially selected by Heaven to perform. He was at once proclaimed king with loud shouts from all the people as they rose from their knees, on which they had fallen at sight of the wonderful miracle. He no longer made a pretence of refusing the regal crown. They immediately set to work to erect a palace for him near the spot where Heaven had itself conferred this dignity on him; and that was the very first house built in Guimaraens, which has since become so important a place. His reign was long and prosperous, nor were the people ungrateful for the benefit Heaven had conferred on them. The tree, too, has always been preserved with religious care by succeeding generations, but has never increased nor decreased in size, being the first to put forth leaves in the early spring, and the last to shed them in the autumn; a living manifestation of the truth of miracles which the most sceptical cannot doubt.

Having thoroughly examined the cathedral, we

strolled onward towards an open space, called the *Praca da Feira*, at one end of which a most lovely view appeared before us. Over a small stream, by whose sides grew several large and gracefully weeping willows, a bridge with statues at each end, half shrouded by the light green foliage, led to an elegant church. To the right of the church appeared a grove of olive trees, and further on to the left, on an elevated terrace, the palace of the Baron de Villa Pouca, while beyond all arose a range of richly clothed hills, dotted with quintas, cottages, and convents. Passing the bridge we mounted by a flight of steps to the broad terrace in front of the mansion of the baron. Having the honour of his acquaintance, and having but a few days previous received a kind invitation to visit him at one of his many houses in another part of the country, I knew that he was not there, and consequently did not wish to intrude into the house. This much-esteemed and amiable nobleman is not only the senior baron of Portugal, but is also one of the oldest family in the country. His father was the Visconde de Pezo de Regos; but he takes the older title, which is hereditary, the higher one not being so.

The magnificent view from the terrace amply repaid us for our walk. Before us lay the town, full of convents, churches, and steeples, and surrounded by gardens; fertile fields stretching away on every side, interposed with pretty quintas, groves, and orchards. In the centre appeared on a rocky mound the lofty square towers of the castle and palace of Alfonso Henrique, while around arose the green laughing hills which form the sides of the basin in which stands Guimaraens.

On our walk through the streets we remarked that they were paved with very large flat flag-stones, and that even the smallest houses were built of well cut square blocks of considerable size, nearly all having broad balconies.

There was to be no rest for us this day, so with a guide to show us the lions, we sallied forth again. Passing through a long street with a handsome nunnery in it, that of St. Clara, and several large houses belonging to *fidalgos*, we turned to our right, and ascending a rocky mound through a grove of olive trees, we stood before the gates of the palace, built, it is said, by the warlike Alfonso Henrique, the first monarch of Portugal. It is yet very perfect, and part of it, of course repaired, is used occasionally as barracks for troops. To the left stands the once proud castle of Guimaraens, yet a stalwart ruin, refusing to sink into decay. The castle was built by the gallant Count Henri of Besançon, the father of King Alfonso.

This Count Henri was a French knight, who marrying Teresa, the illegitimate daughter of Alfonso VI., king of Spain, the government of Portugal was conferred on him, in consequence of the assistance he had rendered his father-in-law (the famous conqueror of Toledo) against the Moors. Before that time, A.D. 1095, that part of Portugal not in possession of the Moors had been subject for several centuries to local governors, dependent on the counts of Galicia. Count Henri, died A.D. 1112, leaving his son, Alfonso, only in his second year, during whose minority the administration of the country was assumed by Teresa his mother. This Donna Teresa appears to have been a princess not only of a fierce and warlike disposition, but addicted to the softer passion of love, if the scandal relating to a certain Dom Fernando Peres is to be

credited. At all events, her son quarrelled with her, and routing her army under the walls of this very castle, drove her to take shelter in that of Lanhozo. It appears he took her prisoner, and bringing her back to Guimaraens, he shut her up within a lofty tower which has but one entrance, twenty feet from the ground. This he did from being a great advocate of female morality, and wishing that his mother should set a better example to his subjects than she had previously done.

The Count Alfonso first assumed the dignity of royalty A.D. 1140, after his ever-memorable victory on the plains of Ourique (in the Alemtejo), obtained over the Moors. A winding pathway amid rugged rocks and crumbling walls conducted us to the narrow and strongly-guarded gateway of the castle. The walls and turrets are still perfect to their full height on the outside; though within time has made greater ravages. The building is of an oblong form, with square towers guarding the entrance, also one at each corner and half way at each side. In the centre rises the enormously high, dark, frowning tower, which formed the prison of the naughty Donna Teresa. It is said that for centuries no one has entered that prison tower. Climbing over a ruined wall, through a narrow doorway, we looked up at the lofty keep, and there, surely enough, appeared a narrow window, or doorway, full twenty feet from where we were standing, while the other sides were destitute of any opening at all to a considerably greater distance from the ground. It is affirmed that there was no subterraneous entrance to this same keep. This tower was probably intended to serve as the last place of defence in case of the outer part of the castle being stormed, and in the good old days, before gunpowder was invented, it might have enabled the garrison to hold out for a considerable length of time, till relieved by their friends. It is more likely that it was built for the above purpose, than, as the keeper of the castle informed us, to confine the fiery Donna Teresa.

Besides the rooms of the keeper who has charge of the castle, we found several of the turrets roofed in and inhabited. In one square tower, with strongly-barred windows, wretched maniacs of the male sex are at times confined, and an opposite tower is destined for females; but neither now contained any occupants. Into a dark vault, the roof of which had given way, we looked down: it is said to have been the dungeon of the castle, and such probably, from its central position and gloomy appearance, was its use, though a castle of that consideration must, in those times, have contained many more prison-holds.

The view from the walls, as we walked round them, was beautiful in the extreme. Directly below us was the palace of Alfonso, beyond, the town, with the quintas of the Baron of Villa Pouca and of Senhor Aruxelles, all which were surrounded by fields and groves, interspersed with the cheerful white habitations of men: then, again, rose bosomy hills covered with trees and shrubs, among which could be discerned the convent of da Costa; and above all, on a serrated ridge, appeared the little chapel of Penha, built up there to tempt the piously inclined thus to win their way towards heaven.

We were much amused by the keeper's description of the castle and palace. "You must know, Senhores," he observed, "that yonder palace was built by a certain count, who came from a far distant country,

a long way over the sea; but what the *diabo* was his name, I cannot recollect"—and he shrugged his shoulders, took off his hat, and scratched his head; but to no purpose; so we allowed him to continue his tale. "Know, Senhores, that in that very palace was born, many years ago, one of the greatest kings the world ever saw—the mighty Alfonso Henrique, who, when a baby, was baptised in the little chapel below, which I am about to shew you. Now, the king Alfonso, when he grew up, had a wife, who, unfortunately, was no better than she should be, so he built that high tower which almost breaks your neck to look up at, and shut her up in it, which served her right, and there she died: this is all I know on the subject. Let us now, Senhores, descend to visit the chapel, which is well worth seeing."

A few steps brought us to the door of a small very ancient-looking chapel in the olive grove near the castle. The interior of the chapel is of roughly-hewn stone, and contains nothing worthy of notice, except a printed paper in a frame, which the keeper showed us with great reverence, certifying that A.D. 1008, was here baptised the great king Alfonso Henrique. Without the leave of the alcade, even the bishop himself cannot enter the church. Throughout the building everything was simple—the chairs on which the alcade sits, and the confessional box, which was a mere screen of thin wood with a seat behind it, and a French print stuck to it. The edifice was renewed in 1795. This was the first church in Guimaraens.

We then entered the court-yard of the palace, and wished to penetrate into the ruined church beyond: the finely-trelliced and highly-worked windows of which we could see through another window directly facing us, also beautifully carved; but, unfortunately, the person who held the key could nowhere be found. Much of the palace was pulled down to build the convent of the Capuchins. Thus many of the most beautiful Gothic and Moorish remains have been treated, and now, in their turn, the convents are being destroyed, or converted into dwelling-houses, barracks, or stables.

It must have been one of the most delightful residences in ancient days, for the rooms are large and lofty, with windows of good proportions, looking down upon a view which could never have been otherwise than lovely. At two corners of the building were turrets, with winding stairs leading to them, which establishes the antiquity of that part of the building. Some of the rooms had fire-places with enormous chimneys, and indeed so had the castle itself, which proves that Count Henri, though a great warrior, was fond of his comforts. All the very old houses in Portugal have fire places, and those only of late days are without them, for what reason I cannot understand.

The court-yard is a large square, with the walls of the palace and its offices on each side, the church in front, and the gateway and towers on the fourth side; indeed, the whole pile must have been in a style of magnificence rarely to be found in those days, but worthy of the gallant warriors who inhabited it. Some of the rooms had those broad tables round them intended for soldiers' bed-places, as had others pallets for the non-commissioned officers; but the windows were open and the floors swept, so that all looked clean and in order. Should the spirit of the war-like Alfonso think fit to revisit his abode on earth, he would at times find

some hundred men ready-armed to follow him at a moment's notice to battle—only, I suspect, he would experience considerable difficulty in manœuvring them.

We passed outside the ancient walls, which have, like those of Oporto, indeed of almost all the towns I have seen in Portugal, pointed parapets. They extend in a line of considerable length, part of them serving to enclose the garden of the convent of Santa Clara. After paying another visit to the garden of the Baron de Villa Pousa, we passed through several open spaces with churches in them, and entered the large square of the city.

Here are numbers of the shops of cutlery for which Guimaraens is celebrated in Portugal. The iron comes from abroad by way of Oporto, and being manufactured both here and at Braga, is distributed over the country in the shape of every description of knife, spurs, locks, and carpenter's adzes. One of the party bought a most formidable-looking cut-and-thrust clasp knife, with a spring and hilt, and a saddle at the end of the handle on which to place the thumb, in order to drive it with greater force into an antagonist's body. The cutlery which was shown us, though inferior to the English, looked well and neatly made, and the blades of the knives properly tempered. It is manufactured here on account of the abundance of wood, and the consequent cheapness of charcoal.

While the party were completing their purchases, I amused myself by looking on at the proceedings of people in the square. In the centre was an elegant fountain, formed by a succession of shell-like basins, placed one above another, decreasing in size towards the summit, whence the water flowed forth, splashing in sparkling showers over the lower ones, and falling into a large circular tank below. A pretty young girl sat with her basket by her side on a stone seat near me, her face so placid that I thought she could not see me as I stood admiring her beauty, till seeing a modest blush rise on her cheek, her eyes sparkle, and a smile wreath itself round her lips, I discovered that the little rogue had been all the time aware of the admiration she had been exciting. *Così fanno tutte*. I leave it to my fair friends to decide whether she was displeased. I shall not forget quickly that pretty face, albeit Lusitania contains so many, that it would require a large album to contain them. A crowd of lazy people had collected round to gaze at us strangers, when some respectable-looking men passing by, thinking we did not hear them, endeavoured to disperse the idlers, observing, "Why do you stand rudely gazing at those gentlemen! They do not differ from us. Go home, go home." Such is the delicate civility which a stranger who comports himself according to their notions of propriety universally receives from all classes; and when I have heard of instances to the contrary I have invariably found that the first offence has been committed by the stranger, sometimes, of course, unintentionally, through a misunderstanding of each other's language.

We now returned to our hotel to prepare for our departure, when our cicerone hurried in to inform us that if we would proceed immediately to the cathedral, we could see "the Treasures of Our Lady." "On no account would we miss so gratifying a sight," we answered; and following the guide into the sacristy we had before entered, we found two worthy priests standing before a large folding oaken door, who bowing politely as soon as they perceived us, they threw open,

and exhibited to our sight a cupboard filled with numerous gold and silver ornaments. The most worthy of notice was a silver shrine, gilt, and beautifully chased. It served as the travelling shrine of Don John king of Castile, to be placed in his tent, and was captured from him on the field so glorious to Portugal, of Algebarota, by the brave Joao I., king of Portugal, in 1403. Here also is preserved the very coat king Dom Joao wore on that bloody day—a thickly-padded silken jerkin, somewhat, as may be supposed, the worse for wear. I remember, besides, another small silver shrine, most beautifully worked, a number of cups and crosses, and a silver statue of St. Sebastian, shot to death by arrows. The most valuable, however, of all the treasures is a crown of pure gold, used on state occasions, as it was on that day, to adorn the head of Nossa Senhora herself, whom we had observed as we entered standing with regal dignity near the high altar. All these, and other treasures, having been exhibited, we also asked to see "the scissors of Our Lady." A smile rose on the lips of the grave and polite priest who was acting as showman, when suddenly there entered the sacristy a long line of reverend canons, clothed in the richly-worked vestments of their order, and who had just concluded the performance of high mass. Immediately the smile vanished from the face of our friend, the portals of the treasure-house were closed, the priests commenced unrobing, and we bowed, and in return were bowed out of the hall. We forthwith repaired to the hotel, and packing our baggage, despatched it towards Braga, we ourselves soon after mounting our horses to follow in the same direction.

Few towns in Portugal are more pleasantly situated, or surrounded by a more fertile and lovely country than Guimaraens. In the orchards in the neighbourhood grow those delicious plums, which being dried are packed in small round boxes by the uns, and ornamented with silver and silk flowers. They are well known in England by the name of Guimaraens plums. I remarked particularly the great number of elegant crosses of every shape throughout the town, chiefly of stone, the stems of a light spiral form, with merely a small cross piece at the top; also in every direction the numerous shrines, the architecture and ornaments of which were far from deserving of the same admiration. I understand that there are many other objects to be shown in the town, which we did not see; particularly various relics of peculiar sanctity, not exhibited except to devout eyes of true believers; but I trust on a second visit I may be considered as such, and enjoy the inestimable satisfaction of viewing them, when I promise to give a full and exact description of their peculiar virtues.

There is a proverb which says that Guimaraens has a cathedral without a bishop, a palace without a king, and a bridge without a river. The so-called cathedral being in reality a collegiate church, and the river becoming dried up at certain seasons of the year. The so-called Casa da Camara stands on a triple row of pillars on the right hand, as the visitor leaves the cathedral, or the left on entering. Not far off is the Dominican convent, now belonging to the Third Order, which still exists. The cloisters, apparently of the fourteenth century, and very beautiful, are the property of the Camara, and are being restored for municipal purposes. The church to the right hand, to which these belong, has a fine Flamboyant west end, but is much Italianised inside. The church to

the left hand is not worth visiting, but the hospital to which it is attached is : it belongs to the Third Order, and contains some curious portraits, especially one of the great and good Archbishop-Primate D. Bartolomeu dos Martyres. The drawings of modern benefactors are so execrably bad as to be ludicrous.

Guimaraens was the birthplace of Pope S. Damasus, one of the two Portuguese who have attained that dignity : also of Gil Vicente, commonly called the Portuguese Plautus, the first, and it may be said the best, dramatic author his country has produced. The date of his birth is unknown, and but few particulars of his life are recorded. A piece written by him in 1504 to celebrate the birthday of the Infante Dom Joao, afterwards Dom Joao III., is still extant. He was much patronised at court, and acquired so European a fame that Erasmus learnt Portuguese on purpose to read his plays. He is supposed to have died at Evora about 1540. See the *Ensaio Biographico Critico* of José Maria do Costa e Silva, tom. i. p. 241-295. The Testament of Maria Parda, given in that essay, is an excellent specimen of the style of Gil Vicente. His works, which were extremely difficult to procure, have lately been reprinted in the *Bibliotheca Portuguesa*, in which they form three vols., and only cost a trifle.

Like other travellers we must acknowledge that we are indebted for this last tit bit of useful information, as well as for many others, to Mr. Murray's invaluable *Handbook*.

## V.

PORTO, OR OPORTO — ITS HISTORICAL ANTECEDENTS — TOPOGRAPHICAL RAMBLE — PRINCIPAL STREETS — SUSPENSION BRIDGE — FOUNTAINS — CONVENT OF SAN BENTO DAS FÉRRAS — LOCALITIES OF DIFFERENT TRADES — PRACAS, OR SQUARES — TOWN HALL — ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE — SUBURBS OF OPORTO.

A NEWLY-CONSTRUCTED broad macadamised road establishes a communication between Guimaraens and Oporto. It is, however, badly made, full of stones and ruts, rugged and broken. Luckily, our stout active steeds disdain such trifling impediments ; and, cantoring away gaily past green and fertile fields of Indian corn, past villages and pine groves, and ultimately leaving the serrated ridge on which the Miguelite entrenchments were thrown up in 1833, we descended into the roughly-paved streets of Oporto. We had been some sixteen hours on horseback, and it is almost needless to say with what pleasure we gained the refreshing roof of the Hotel do Commercio in the Rua Nova dos Ingleses, of which we have given a sketch at page 630. There is also an English hotel in the city, kept by Mary Castro, and a Hospidaria Inglesa, in the Rua do Calvaria, both good. It is evident that the "Ingleses" are the great upholders of tavern life in this great wine mart.

The loyal and unconquered city of Porto—such is its official title—the second in the kingdom, one of the seventeen administracoes and an episcopal See, is situated on the north side of the Douro, and about a league from its mouth, and with its suburbs contains more than 90,000 inhabitants. Its extreme length along the river, from the Padrao de Campanha at the east, to the Praya do Bicalho in the west, is about a league ; its extreme breadth, from the Lapa church in the north to the Praca da Ribeira in the south, is about half a league.

During the siege it was divided into three Bairros—

VOL. II.

Santo Ovidio, Cedofeita, and Santa Caterina ; there are at present four parishes within the city—the Se, San Ildefonso, San Nicolao, and Victoria ; and eight in the suburbs—the Cedofeita, Massarelos, Miragaia, Campanha, San Joao da Foz, Lordello do Ouro, Paranhos, and Bomfim. Porto, as we have seen, with its opposite suburb of Cale, gave its name to the kingdom. After being a city of great importance during the domination of the Moors, it was utterly destroyed by Almanzor of Cordova, in 820, and remained a desert till 999, when it was refounded and re-peopled by an expedition of Gascons and French. Hence its name of *Portus Gallorum*, whence some would derive Portugal. It was always a favourite of the Portuguese monarchs ; its walls, 3000 paces in circumference, and thirty feet in height, which are still to be seen here and there, were constructed during the reigns of Dom Affonso IV., Dom Pedro I., and Dom Fernando I. In the ancient Cortes, its deputies were seated on the highest bench. In the civil war between Dom Diniz and his son Dom Affonso, it took the part of the latter, and remained faithful to him when he, in his turn, was at war with his son Dom Pedro.

Porto has always been subject to sudden outbursts of popular insurrection. In 1628, on occasion of a tax imposed on all linen or woollen manufacturers, the women arose, routed the soldiers, and attacked Dom Francisco do Lucena, the obnoxious minister, who narrowly escaped with his life. This is called the insurrection das Macarceas. In 1661, a tax on stamped paper gave rise to another outburst, which was not put down without great loss of life. In 1756, when the wine monopoly was created by Pombal, there was an insurrection, which lasted only for a day, but for which twenty-six persons were put to death by that unprincipled minister, besides many sentences of confiscation and lesser punishments. In June, 1807, Porto set the example of attempting to throw off the French yoke ; and on May 11th, 1809, it was rewarded by witnessing the successful passage of the Douro, perhaps the most brilliant action of the Duke's whole career. So bold was the attempt, and so utterly impossible did it seem to the French, that Soult, who had himself superintended breaking up the bridge of boats on the preceding night, was actually sitting down to a banquet in the Carrancas, when he had to gallop from the city, and to leave his dinner to be eaten by the Duke and his staff. Since 1820, Porto has seldom been quiet long together. In that year the inhabitants proclaimed the Constitution, which, in 1836, they again substituted for the Charter ; in 1842, they replaced the former by the latter, and, in 1846, the latter by the former. The great event, however, of the history of Porto, is the siege, in 1833 and 1833. Dom Pedro, having landed at Arnoa, July 8th, 1832, at the head of an army of 7500 men ; and, wanting ability to advance to Lisbon, shut himself up in Porto, where he was unsuccessfully besieged by Dom Miguel.

"The heroic and ever-unconquered city of Oporto," as it is grandiloquently designated, is built upon two granite hills at the foot of which flows the Douro. The Villa Nova de Gaia (*Portus Cale*), which has become a mere annexation to the old *Castrum Novum*, occupies the left bank. The cathedral and the episcopal palace dominate the town ; the convent of Serra do Pilar, transformed into a citadel by Dom Pedro, in 1832, protects or threatens the suburbs, according to circumstances, or the relation of parties. Oporto is

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connected with Villa Nova de Gaia by a suspension bridge. Vessels, with the flags of all nations, encumber the harbour, whilst streets, succeeding one another, like so many terraces, and reached by as many staircases, run alongside the hill, except when relieved by the native rock, which, projecting like a side scene, imparts a most picturesque aspect to a view, the background of which is formed by the Douro disappearing in semi-obscurity.

It is probable, however, that the citizens of Oporto would willingly exchange a portion of their picturesque beauty for greater facilities of locomotion. Mr. Kingston says, for example, it is one of the most irregularly built towns with which he was acquainted. Few of its streets are level, and fewer still run at right angles with each other; indeed, its inhabitants seem to have an abhorrence of right angles; it is, however, a very picturesque, interesting place. It well earned the title of heroic from the gallant defence it made against the army of the usurper Dom Miguel, in 1832, when every military man declared that, according to all the rules of military tactics, it ought to have been taken. The armed inhabitants, the few regular troops, and the foreign auxiliaries, thought otherwise, or, being ignorant of the art of war, did not know when to yield! so the city was preserved, to prove the nucleus whence the genial beams of true liberty and enlightened education may radiate over the fair surface of Lusitania. As to its claim to the title of "the ever-unconquered," the inhabitants, when they gave it, surely must have forgotten the circumstances of its capture by Soult, and all the miseries they suffered during the short time his army held possession; as also too, probably, its relief by the gallant British troops under our great duke. The Portuguese have so well proved their prowess under their great duke (of Braganza), that they ought to be above any vain boast; they ought not to forget that the fierce hosts of Gallia brought havoc, destruction, and all war's miseries into their fair land—they ought to remember that the armies of Britain brought them succour, peace, and happiness.

The extreme width of Oporto is rather less than a mile from the river: it commences about three miles from the sea, and extends in length about one mile along the banks of the Douro, up hill and down dale; half this space, too, being occupied by gardens, which few houses are without, except those close to the river. It contains, if I am informed rightly, about eighty thousand inhabitants, but no one seems to be exactly certain on the subject. The houses are built to the very edge of the water, whence the city rises on two high steep hills, which are themselves again broken into smaller hills and valleys. (See p. 649.)

It was once surrounded by a wall of large square stones, fastened without any cement—many suppose built by the Moors; but it is in reality of much later date than the time of their short sojourn in Oporto, though an imitation of their style. The greater part of the wall still remains entire, but the city has grown very far beyond it. That part along the side of the river is in perfect preservation, with a walk extending its whole length, on which the doors of houses open, flanked on the western end by a low round tower. At each end of the city it runs directly up the hill from the river, surmounted by a pointed parapet, and having a steep precipice on the outside. Two square towers, and some hundred yards of the wall, are also to be seen

from the Rua de St. Antonio, which is now the very centre of the city. The architecture of the houses varies very much: those on the wall facing the river put me in mind of Havre de Grace, and similar Norman towns, while others, in the oldest parts of the city, are of substantial stone, richly carved, somewhat like the old town of Edinburgh; and others, again, would almost vie with many of the Italian palaces, in size, if not in elegance; but the buildings of a later date are of an architecture peculiar to themselves, in which all rules and plans have been entirely discarded. Indeed, esteeming the Portuguese as I do, for their many admirable qualities, I must say that at the present day they are the very worst architects I have in any country ever met. Looking at the city from the river, the most conspicuous object is the episcopal palace—a large square stone building with many windows, standing on the summit of a hill in the centre of the oldest part of Oporto. Near it is seen the cathedral, a substantial edifice of stone, whose towers rise above the surrounding houses. Again is seen high above the many bell-towers scattered throughout the city the arabesquely-embellished tower of the Clerigos. (See p. 637). To the extreme east is an elegant chain suspension-bridge, lately erected, connecting the two banks of the river, and just above it is one of the ancient towers of the city walls, in later years converted into a summer-house for the nuns of Santa Clara, whose convent, built on the edge of the rugged precipice, is seen near it. On the summit of a high and rugged cliff on the south side stands the now dilapidated, but once rich convent of the Serra, with its lofty circular church and domed roof. Below the convent, directly facing Oporto, and extending down the river on the sloping sides of its banks, is the town of Villa Nova de Gaia, the long low buildings seen in which are the wine-stores of the Oporto merchants.

Such is a rough sketch of Oporto from the river. We will now land and wander through the city, first setting foot on the new, broad, handsome quay near the Custom-house, at which vessels of two hundred tons' burden can discharge their cargoes. Passing up a short steep hill among bales of goods and ox-carts, with the Custom-house, a shabby-looking building, on the right, we enter the Rua Nova dos Ingleses—the New Street of the English. It is of no great length, but the broadest in the city, and contains some good houses, the finest of which is the English Factory House. (See p. 630.) High above it, at one end, appears the bishop's palace, looking down from its cyrie, and at the other is a collection of churches. Here the merchants hold their exchange, and congregate to talk of business, or the last new opera. At one end a broad street has lately been opened, extending up the slope of the hill, in which a fine stone front is being erected to the extensive walls of the suppressed convent of St. Francisco. It is to serve as an exchange, with rooms for offices. Within the building a handsome hall has already been opened, on the plan of the commercial rooms in most large English towns: here also the Commercial Association hold their sittings. Close to the exchange another fine stone building is rapidly rising, intended for the banking-house of the Branch Bank of Lisbon. Both buildings will soon be completed, and will add much to the beauty and dignity of the commercial part of the city. In the Rua Nova and its neighbourhood are the counting-houses of the merchants; but their dwelling-houses are generally in the higher parts of the city, or in the



country. The most regularly built street is the Rua Nova de San Joao, rising on a steep hill from the river, and crossing the eastern end of the Rua Nova dos Ingleses. By a regulation, which has been strictly adhered to, each house must correspond with the one opposite to it, to prevent we may suppose, the one staring the other out of countenance, so that if the builder of one side has displayed any remarkably bad taste (no uncommon occurrence), the builder of the other, though a man of superior judgment, has been obliged to imitate him. As it is, the effect when landing is good, for the houses are high, with gaily painted and gilt balconies; a handsome stone fountain against the gable end of a house to the right, and reaching to the roof, first meeting one's sight. Had the suspension-bridge been carried across the river from the foot of this street, as was first intended, it would have been a sight of which the people of Oporto might have been justly proud. As it is, the bridge is placed completely out of the way, with a wretched approach at each end. This fault was committed to take advantage of the solid rocks on each side, in which to fix the chains, and because the river is there a few feet narrower. It was erected by a French engineer, and belongs to a company. By its bad position a large sum is lost, occasioned by the number of persons who cross the river in boats who would otherwise have gone on foot.

The idea of making the opposite houses match, originated, it is said, with the Marquis of Pombal, who ordered several streets to be built, and planned many others, of which the monuments remained for many years in the shape of very magnificent door-ways and lower window-frames of highly carved stone, some covered with the humble roof of a cottage, and others serving as walls to gardens. Of late years, as the city has increased in wealth, most of those buildings have been completed. Granite being the foundation on which the city stands, every edifice has the window and door-frames of well-carved stone, and is most substantially built; even the lowest cottage being formed to endure for ages.

In all parts of the city are fountains, generally formed after Moorish models, in what I call the arabesque style. Some are built under arches, and against walls, as are to be seen in Italy—but all have some carved work about them, and are, at all events, far more elegant and ornamental to a city than is the Aldgate-pump, *par exemple*! At every hour of the day they are surrounded by Gallegos with their water-barrels, and girls, some with pitchers, to fetch water, and others washing clothes. The inhabitants of all warm climates delight in fountains, and lavish the greatest care on their construction; indeed, when walking the streets on a hot sultry day, it is truly delightful to see the pure bright water bubbling forth, and running over the stone basins or tanks in every direction.

At the top of the Rua Nova de St. Joao, turning to our right, we enter the Rua das Flores, the best paved street, and containing the richest merchandise of any in the city. It is principally inhabited by the goldsmiths and cloth-merchants: the shops of the latter are dingy-looking places, without glazed windows, the light being admitted by two open door-ways, in front of which the bales of cloth are piled up. The goldsmiths' shops are very attractive, being filled with the most beautiful ornaments of light flagree work in gold,

very similar to those made in Genoa of silver. Even the richest shops are of small size: the commoner ornaments are hung up in glass cases on each side of the windows, to attract the peasantry as they pass on a market-day, and the counters are elegantly decorated with the more costly jewels, also in glass cases. The gold used is without any alloy, nor can that so called by English jewellers be worked in the same way. The Portuguese look upon it as some base metal, unworthy of the name of gold. Their precious stones and jewels are also very beautiful, and are sold at a much lower price than is paid for inferior ones in England.

At the end of this street is the large and once wealthy convent of San Bento das Freiras, the Nuns' Convent of St. Bento. A few nuns advanced in years still reside there, who employ their time, and gain a livelihood, by making sweetmeats and ornamenting boxes of dried fruit, which they sell chiefly to the English merchants. A flight of steps leads to a court-yard in front, through which is the principal entrance. It is a high white-washed edifice, full of closely barred windows, whence in days of yore many a fair face has gazed forth with a hopeless, wistful look, longing to escape. The church is on one side, and behind it is a secluded garden, of which the old wall of the city forms one barrier.

Turning to the left for a few yards, we enter the Praça de Dom Pedro, at the foot of two of the widest and gayest streets, the Calçada dos Clerigos and the Rua de Sant Antonio, which face each other, rising up two steep hills. At the summit of the first is the church and lofty tower of that name, of which I have before spoken, and at the top of the Rua de Sant Antonio is the Church of Sant Ildefonso. The shops in these streets are chiefly those of the linen-draper, mercers, French hair-cutters and milliners, and of French bijouterie. Here are to be found the trunk and saddle-makers, and the manufactories of hats, of which great numbers are exported to the Brazilia.

The people of each trade congregate very much together. The grocers live in the Rua Nova de San Joao, the shoemakers chiefly in the Bello Monte, the ironmongers in a dark, narrow, winding street, that of Santa Anna, the timmen in one equally dirty and obscure by themselves, the shops of the shoe-makers are found in numbers together. The shoe is the wooden shoe worn by all the lower orders: the sole is formed of orange-wood with a high heel, the upper part, generally of some bright leather, is shaped like a slipper. As the wearer runs along the pavement they make a loud clattering noise, and one is surprised that they can be kept on the feet: a novice attempting to walk in them will most assuredly kick them off at the first step he makes.

But to return to the shopkeepers. Unlike most other shopmen, they appear to be utterly careless whether they sell or not, throwing about their goods without seeming to know even the prices; generally asking at first more than they will take, and indeed being perfectly ignorant of the illustrious Sam Slick's art of dealing in 'soft sawder.' I have frequently entered a shop with the intention of purchasing some article, and have quitted it without getting what I required, merely from the people not choosing to take the trouble to search for it, although I have had no doubt that the shop contained that, or something which would have answered my purpose. They are both in manners and appearance the most disagreeable class of

the inhabitants of the city, yet even they at times are polite and attentive to a stranger. They are also absurdly proud, and expect to be addressed by the title of "O Senhor"—as, "The gentleman will have the goodness to show me a pair of gloves." These remarks refer more to the shopmen, frequently raw lads from the country, than to the masters; though there is abundance of room for improvement in them also.

There are seven or eight large open spaces in the city rightly called *Pracas*, to which we in England should give the name of squares; though as few of them are built with much mathematical precision, they cannot lay claim to the latter appellation. The largest

is the *Praca de St. Ovidio*, one of the highest parts of the city, whence there is a fine view; the air also is excessively pure and healthy. On one side stand the principal barracks, a fine building, capable of containing three thousand men, the space in front serving as their exercise ground: here also all grand reviews are held. On another side is the house of the Visconde de Beira, with some pretty gardens before it, which he throws open to the public every Sunday in summer. Behind the barracks is the handsome church of *Nossa Senhora da Lapa*, containing the heart of Dom Pedro; a broad well-paved space being in front, and a fine flight of steps leading to it. Near the church is also a beautiful terrace cut in the side of the hill, planted



THE EXCHANGE AT OPORTO.

with trees, and ornamented with a balustrade and stone seats. The view hence over the city, rich and fertile, and the neighbouring country, covered with pine-groves, fields, and hamlets—the isolated rocky height of St. Joao to the right, and the castle and town of St. Joao do Foz in front, with the broad extent of the Atlantic beyond—is very beautiful. The high road to Braga passes here, and it is by far the best approach to the city.

The next *praca* in size is the *Cordoaria*, or rope-walk, so called from being exclusively appropriated to the use of the rope-makers, who ply their trade across it. It was formerly surrounded by noble trees, three only of which now remain, the others having been cut down during the siege to form balustrades for the trenches; but it has again been planted with young

ones. In every direction appear fine buildings, but so irregularly placed that their effect is lost. On one side is the prison, a handsome edifice of dark stone—opposite is a college, incomplete, but already occupied as a school of medicine, and behind it is the Foundling Hospital. In one corner is the lofty tower of the Clerigos, or of the Priests, and close to it the new market-place, in constructing which the useful has decidedly been more consulted than the ornamental. (See p. 637.) On the other side, towards the sea, is the fish-market, on the side of the hill, so that the roof alone is seen. (See p. 625.) Near it is the small pretty church of the Anjo; and in another corner the grand hospital, by far the finest edifice in the city, but much of it is hid from view; the ground sloping down to it, and a row of houses

standing in front on a more elevated site. The other sides of the Cordoaria are filled with the houses of the rope-makers, and by a number of miserable sheds, which are being gradually pulled down. If, however, the rope-walk were removed, as proposed, to a more proper position on the banks of the river, this would be a very fit place for public gardens; being in a central position, and the approaches to it easily made good. Just below the Cordoaria is a very pretty spot for a public walk, called the Virtudes—a terrace on the summit of a wall built up to a great height from a valley; but it is of small extent. It is ornamented with rows of lime trees, which in spring emit a most delicious odour, and has stone seats along it, reposing on which one may enjoy a view of the shipping crowding near the quays below, the shrubs of Macarellas, the whole length of the river, with its rugged cliffs and shallow bays, to the very mouth, the castle of St. Joao, and the bright blue glittering sea beyond. Yet lovely as it is, from being open to the road, few people except those living in the immediate vicinity ever resort thither.

Leaving the Cordoaria, we descend the broad street called the Calçada dos Clerigos, and reach the square now called the Praça de Dom Pedro; but it has changed names with each revolution in the form of government. On one side is the Casa da Camara, or town-hall, exhibiting a specimen of the taste of the Camaristas; it being painted on the outside a bright blue and yellow. Some of the rooms are of considerable size, but as a building its pretensions to beauty are not very great. The side next is occupied entirely with the church and convent of the Congregados, now used partly as a tobacco-manufactory, and part fitted up for private houses. On the other side are dwelling-houses and shops, and in one corner appears the old city wall. The centre space is perfectly level, and is surrounded by stone pillars, and an iron railing, with trees planted on each side, forming a neat and pretty square. This was formerly the place of execution, and here the ten constitutional judges who had formed the Provisionary Government were put to death by Dom Miguel when he usurped the crown—two others who were respited being compelled to witness the death of their friends. So little did the unfortunate men believe in their danger, that though they might have escaped from prison they refused to do so.

Ascending the broad but somewhat steep street of St. Antonio, to the right of which, between gaps in the houses, is seen the old wall of the city, we reach the Praça de Batalha, where, at one end, stands the church of St. Ildefonso, and, at the other, the Italian Opera house, a large pile having not the slightest claim to architectural beauty, being a high oblong edifice, with pink walls, and crowded with windows.

There are several large houses here, the principal one being that of the Condessa de Pangim and Senhor Manoel Guedes her husband. This is the most irregular praça in Oporto: all the buildings appear to have started forward eager to reach the centre, but finding the ground too rough for their advance, had remained twisted and turned in every possible direction. At the end of the street leading from hence is the Praça de San Lazaro, the only one laid out in public gardens. They are surrounded with stone-work and a handsome iron railing: the flower beds are in the French style, with numerous seats, and a large circular basin with *jet d'eau* in the centre: altogether a very pretty spot,

each year improving as the trees grow up, and the resort on a summer evening of many respectable people; sentries being stationed at the gates to prevent those who are not so from entering. Two entire sides of the praça are formed by convents; one, the nunnery of Sant Lazaro, is still inhabited by a few of its former inmates: it contains also an establishment for young ladies who are left orphans and have no friends with whom to reside. The other is now converted into a public library and a picture gallery. A little way beyond it are some gardens, established by an Italian, the former *impresario* of the Italian Opera House. He has given the name of Tivoli to them. They are completely in the French taste, containing a Montagne Russe, roundabouts, swings, a shooting gallery, and other means of amusement; but are not much patronised by the fashionables of Oporto society.

Turning down a narrow lane from the Batalha, we reach the beautiful but much-neglected walk of the Fontainhas, running along the very edge of the cliffs above the river. Few cities are able to boast of a more lovely view than that seen from it. In the depths below, the dark-shining stream glides rapidly along, spanned on the right by the graceful iron suspension bridge, above which, crowning rugged cliffs on the north side, appear the ancient walls and towers of the city; and on the opposite side, on the summit of yet higher rocks, the circular dome-roofed church and convent of the Serra, now falling into decay. Beyond, again, stretching along the shore and up the hill, is seen the wide extending town of Villa Nova. To the left, between the high and barren cliffs, we catch a glimpse of green and smiling banks covered with trees, and the turrets of the picturesque palace of the Freixo in the distance. Here and there, too, below us a tiny cottage is seen on some jutting point, or the white sails of a windmill—vines and shrubs growing among the broken crags, and many a sparkling stream darting down over the moss-grown rocks. At the end of the walk, to the east, is a ruined building called the Seminary, the first post the British gained at the passage of the Douro. A large space near it, formerly the gardens of the bishop's quinto, is now converted into a public cemetery—one of the most important improvements made of late years in Oporto.

Besides the praças or largos I have mentioned, there are, close to the Cordoaria, those of the Ferradores and the Carmo, in which is the most frequented church in Oporto. The barrack of the municipal guard is in the convent to which the church formerly belonged. In the former are a number of wine shops, and also the shops of the makers of deal boxes, chairs and tables—the highest-priced costing half a crown: they are formed of the pine of the country, fastened together by wooden pegs, but are strong and servicable. In the centre of the Carmo is the corn market, where the dealers in corn sit on the market days, before movable stalls, with trays, on which their samples are displayed, while their carts and cattle are collected around. Out of the Ferradores runs a long street, called the Cede-feita, in which are several good houses, and from it numerous other new, well-paved streets branch off to the north, all the houses of which have gardens: they may be considered the outskirts of the city. There are also several other praças, the names of which I forget.

I must not, however, omit to mention a large open space, within the barriers to the west of the city, called

the Largo do Torre da Marca, on the summit of some cliffs overhanging the river, a road running down at their base. It takes its name from a mark which formerly stood there for the entrance of vessels into the river, shaped like the gable end of a church with a large arched window in it. The building was knocked down by the cannon-balls from an opposite battery during the siege of Oporto, and the materials were carried off to erect a new mark in a more convenient position, nearer the mouth of the river. On one side is a group of beautiful quintas, one below the other, nearly to the water's edge; on the other, some barracks for soldiers; indeed, this space is often used as their exercise-ground. Both up and down the river the views are lovely: to the west between the cliffs the entrance to the river is seen, with the castle of St. Joao da Foz on one side of it, and a long sand-bank on the other, between which the richly laden barks dash boldly on from the wild waves of the ocean into the tranquil waters of the Douro. To the east the city is seen rising from the stream, house above house, many a church steeple elevating its head among them, till all are crowned by the elegant tower of the Clerigos. On the opposite side is the now shattered, but picturesque convent of the Serra; the wide-spreading town of Villa Nova extending in the form of a theatre up the hill, while far beyond are seen range above range of mountain-chains, each more blue and indistinct, till lost in distance. The river, taking a sharp bend some way higher up, gives the water from hence the appearance of some land-locked arm of the sea, increasing its picturesque beauty. Nearly opposite is the site of the ancient Calle, the hill on which it stood now crowned by a round signal-tower, and directly in front the church of St. Antonio, belonging to a suppressed convent, whose once picturesque gardens, full of statues and fountains, are now rooted out and destroyed. On the inner side of this beautiful spot is a row of dirty houses; but I have heard it proposed to pull them down, and to build in their stead a fine crescent, such as adorn some of the heights on which Bath and Clifton stand. Should such a plan ever be followed out, the residences here will be the most desirable in Oporto; for even in the calmest day of summer the sea-breeze seldom fails to reach this spot. Behind it is one of the largest houses in the city, the residence of the Conde Terrena Jose: a square edifice, with a fine old square tower at one corner. Near it is also another large building, called the *Casa das Carrancas* (The House of Ugly-faces), where the Emperor Dom Pedro took up his abode during the siege, and which was successively occupied by Marshal Soult and Lord Wellington during the Peninsular War. This is the most airy and cleanest part of the city, and in this neighbourhood the greater number of English reside. Here of late years several straight, level, and broad streets have been opened, and a number of good houses have sprung up—indeed a variety of improvements are still going on.

The suburbs of Oporto to the north and east extend for a considerable distance on each side of the principal roads; the houses being chiefly small, but here and there a few of good size appear. The chief high roads are those of Viana, still left in the old style of badness; to Braga, a fine broad macadamised road; to Guimarães, also a fine new road; to Amarante, a tolerable paved road for some distance; and to Valongo near the river, partly macadamised and partly paved—then

across the river, and through Villa Nova to the south towards Lisbon, a fine road is progressing rapidly.

It may justly be said, that in comparison with most other cities of the Peninsula, the streets of Oporto are light, clean and airy, with the exception of the most ancient, which run along the river within the wall, and those which surround the height on which stands the *Se*, or cathedral, and on which hill there is no doubt the first foundations of the city were laid. These streets are, however, well worthy of an exploring visit to those who have any taste for antiquarian research, as, though narrow, dark and winding, the houses are lofty, of fine hewn stone, now blackened by time, and contain many curious specimens of that elaborate carving with which our ancestors delighted to adorn their domiciles. Here, as in the old town of Edinburgh, many of the ancient families possess mansions, now mostly abandoned for more airy situations, or inhabited only during their short visits to this the northern metropolis of Portugal.

One of the most foreign-looking (if I may be so allowed to call it) of the streets of Oporto, is the Rua das Hortas, which is paved entirely across with large smooth flag stones, and is of great length, extending up to the Campo do St. Ovidio. Like the streets in many Spanish towns, it has no raised trottoirs: the houses are high, with several rows of projecting balconies, and so narrow a space between, that people in them can conveniently carry on a conversation across the street. When on the day of some grand procession, crowded with well-dressed ladies, and hung with various coloured flags and cloths, the ground being strewn with flowers, the effect is excessively pleasing. Few of the houses in Oporto are without one or more rows of balconies, supported by brackets of carved stone, and having iron railings painted and gilt, which give them a very gay appearance.

## VI.

SOCIETY IN OPORTO—ASSEMBLY ROOMS—THE PORTUGUESE AT HOME—MANNERS AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE DIFFERENT GRADES OF SOCIETY—ROMARIA, A FESTA OR MERRY-MAKING—COURTESHIP AND MARRIAGE—CHRISTENINGS—BURIAL OF THE DEAD—PENEIRO, OR VISIT OF CONDOLENCE.

Few persons are more qualified by long residence and early impressions than Mr. Kingston to describe the society in Oporto, and yet he himself proclaims it to be a delicate task; for, as he justly remarks, praise may be considered as flattery, and censure would be condemned as ingratitude towards those from whom one has received constant attention and kindness.

Lord Porchester observes: Were I asked in what country society had attained its most polished form, I should say in Portugal. This perfection of manner is perhaps most appreciated by an Englishman, when seen in that portion of the aristocratic class which has adopted in minor points the refinements of the first European society, and has retained the spirit, while it has in some degree dropped the exaggerated ceremonial of the old Portuguese courtesy. Portuguese politeness is delightful, because it is by no means purely artificial, but flows in a great measure from a natural kindness of feeling. A Portuguese has a real repugnance to wound the feelings of the humblest individual, and sedulously avoids any expression which can possibly have that effect; not only because it is ill-bred, but because the act of inflicting pain on another is disagreeable to himself. A Portuguese possessed of strong

sarcastic talent will seldom direct it, however veiled, against any individual present, and will use the utmost circumlocution in conveying an unpleasant truth.

The restless feeling so often perceptible in English society hardly exists in Portugal: there are no ardent aspirations after fashion; there is little prepared wit, and no one talks for the mere purpose of producing an effect, but simply because his natural taste leads him to take an active part in conversation. In spite of manners apparently artificial, society is more unaffected in Portugal than superficial observers would at first suppose.

Speaking of the fair Portuguese, his lordship observes: They do not possess, to the same extent, the heady passions and romantic feelings of their beautiful neighbours; but they are softer, more tractable, and equally affectionate. Certainly, with some few exceptions, they are not highly educated; they feel little interest on general subjects, and consequently have little general conversation. A stranger may at first draw an unfavourable inference as to their natural powers, because he has few subjects in common with them; but when once received into their circle, acquainted with their friends, and initiated in the little intrigues that are constantly playing along the surface of society, he becomes delighted with their liveliness, wit, and ready perception of character. The best society in England is perhaps the best in the world, because it combines civilisation of manner with cultivation of mind; but without reference to intellectual culture, the last finish of polished breeding distinguishes perhaps in a still greater degree the higher orders of Portugal.

With the above observations of that highly-talented and amiable nobleman, an able discriminator too of character, I, says Mr. Kingston, most cordially agree. In one respect he would find an improvement. Education, now widely extending among all classes, has not been neglected by the fair and young *fidalgas*. Many with whom I am acquainted possess all the usual accomplishments of our own fair countrywomen; they are well read on many subjects, and speak both French and English with facility; some also Italian. To a stranger they are as reserved as Englishwomen generally are, if not more so; and the idea of displaying their knowledge never entering their heads, a visitor to the country may remain a considerable time, and depart, under the impression that they do not possess it. Many English residents not mixing in the more select circles of their society, have been unable to form a correct opinion on the subject; indeed, I know of few writers on the country who have enjoyed opportunities of observing the higher classes correctly. The known character and rank of Lord Porchester at once gave him the *entrée* into the best society, and he therefore has described the nobility of Portugal in true and very pleasing colours. With few exceptions, the Portuguese gentlemen of the present day, whatever may be their rank or fortune, are possessed of an elegant education, though their classical attainments rarely equal those which our universities afford.

There are but trifling differences in the style of general society of the present day throughout all the large cities of Europe, particularly where, as in Portugal, the aristocratical privileges,—those barriers which served to keep the different classes asunder,—have been completely overthrown. At the large balls in Oporto all ranks of gentle birth and education meet on equal

terms; the daughters of the highest noble giving their hands in the dance to any gentleman, whatever may be his lineage, who claims the honour, without waiting for the formal introduction of the lady of the house, or the master of the ceremonies. There are at Oporto two assembly-rooms, which the higher classes frequent, being invited by the respective members of the association to which the rooms belong. The oldest is the British Association, commonly called the English Factory House, established some fifty years ago by twelve or rather more of the principal British merchants of the city. The ball-room is of most elegant proportions, with a drawing-room and supper-rooms on each side; and I have seen it crowded with a brilliant assemblage of rank and beauty, such as few other establishments of a similar nature can boast of. Many royal guests have honoured it by their presence; balls having been given by the members to the Emperor Dom Pedro, the young king of Portugal, the young Prince de Lippe, Lord Beresford, and many other personages of distinction who have visited Oporto. I mention these names merely to shew the style of the society in these assemblies. At one time the *fidalgos* only, with few exceptions, were invited there, including the chief military and civil authorities in the place, with their families. Now, however, it would be impossible to keep up such a distinction, and consequently all respectable families, who mix in the general society of the place, are in turn invited.

That next established was the *Assembleia Portueuse*, or Oporto Assembly Rooms. Every gentleman of whatever nation is eligible to become a member by ballot; most of the principal people in the place belonging to it. It is a regular club-house, with the addition of a very handsome ball-room, rather larger than that of the Factory House, where six balls are given during the winter, ladies only being invited; no gentleman who does not belong to the club being admitted, unless he is a stranger. The greater number of the *fidalgas* frequent them, and the music and refreshments are very good. There are also several large private houses in which balls are given, but far less frequently than formerly.

It is however on their own estates in the country, surrounded by their relations and dependants, that the Portuguese nobility are seen to the greatest advantage; and if a stranger is pleased with their demeanour when meeting them in the society of a city, he will be doubly so on such occasions. In the country their houses are open nearly every evening for the reception of their neighbouring acquaintances, who there meet and amuse themselves much in the same way that we do in England, though perhaps with more vivacity. Dancing, of course, where there are young people, forms one of the principal sources of amusement. They have a variety of games, such as French blind-man's-buff, cross questions and crooked answers, and one in which a person gives a line, and each of the rest of the party must add another rhyming to it. Then there are few young ladies who do not play on the piano—generally very well. Most of them, as well as many gentlemen, touch the guitar, with which they accompany their voices in their exquisite *modinhas*, and they will frequently sit round in a circle, each of the party following the other, singing *improvisos* verses. There is also scarcely a neighbourhood without its poet, who recites his verses on all great occasions, without the slightest degree of *matuaise honte*; and if

there are two or more present, they will frequently enter into an amicable contest for superiority, like the bards of old. The Portuguese language is admirably adapted, as well for tender and pathetic (of which there exist as beautiful specimens as any language can produce) as for comic and satirical poetry, in which the people certainly excel; and on the occasions of which I speak, much amusement is afforded by the poets reciting verses of the latter style; for though they will generally raise a good-natured laugh against some of the party present, they take care never to make use of expressions which can offend.

As in most continental countries, it is much the custom for people to visit each other in their boxes at the Opera—a very agreeable way of passing the time between the acts, and during the ballet; though they love music too well not to attend to the singing while that is going forward.

From what I have said, it may justly be supposed that the best society in Portugal is most agreeable and polished; nor can even a stranger fail to be pleased with it. Of the second class I know less, though there are two other assembly-rooms in club-houses, besides those I have mentioned, to which a great number of members belong, where large balls are constantly given; one called the *Civilizadora*, the other *Recreative*. Many of the young ladies whose families frequent them are possessed of considerable beauty; and though I cannot say how far their mental education may have been attended to, they all dance remarkably well, and most of them are very fair musicians: indeed, there is scarcely a house of any respectability in Oporto which does not boast of a pianoforte. I speak of the class of society—a very large one too—whose members are not precisely the most wealthy merchants, and who are yet above tradesmen or artisans—such as rich shopkeepers, clerks in public offices, brokers, &c. In dress they vie with the higher orders; the ladies universally now appearing in Parisian costumes, as do the men; a slight difference only in the style being discernible between them and the higher orders, and the men appearing with a greater profusion of oily locks and gold chains, according to the custom of *la jeune France*.

The only time ladies now wear the mantilla is when they go to mass, or rather to confession; on which occasions it is not the etiquette for any of their gentlemen acquaintance to notice them, as they are supposed to be *incognita*; even that custom is gradually going into disuse, and I believe many ladies do not even possess this article of dress. The richer females wear a mantilla of thick black silk; it consists of a petticoat and a long hood with a triangular piece of pasteboard at the top bent over the head. It is then kept in front by the hands of the wearer, and is far from an ungraceful costume. The lower orders wear it made of a sort of camel. In a few years it will probably entirely disappear; for little girls even of the lower ranks are invariably dressed in bonnets, though their mothers adhere to their old style of dress. The third class of the social body have also their peculiar amusements; the principal of which is a visit on a holiday to some neighbouring village, where there is a *romaria*, a festa or merry-making. (For an illustration of a *romaria* see that of the Festival del Pilar, given at page 617.) A *romaria* is a *fête* held in honour of some saint, generally in an open space before the village church. Here booths and stalls are erected for

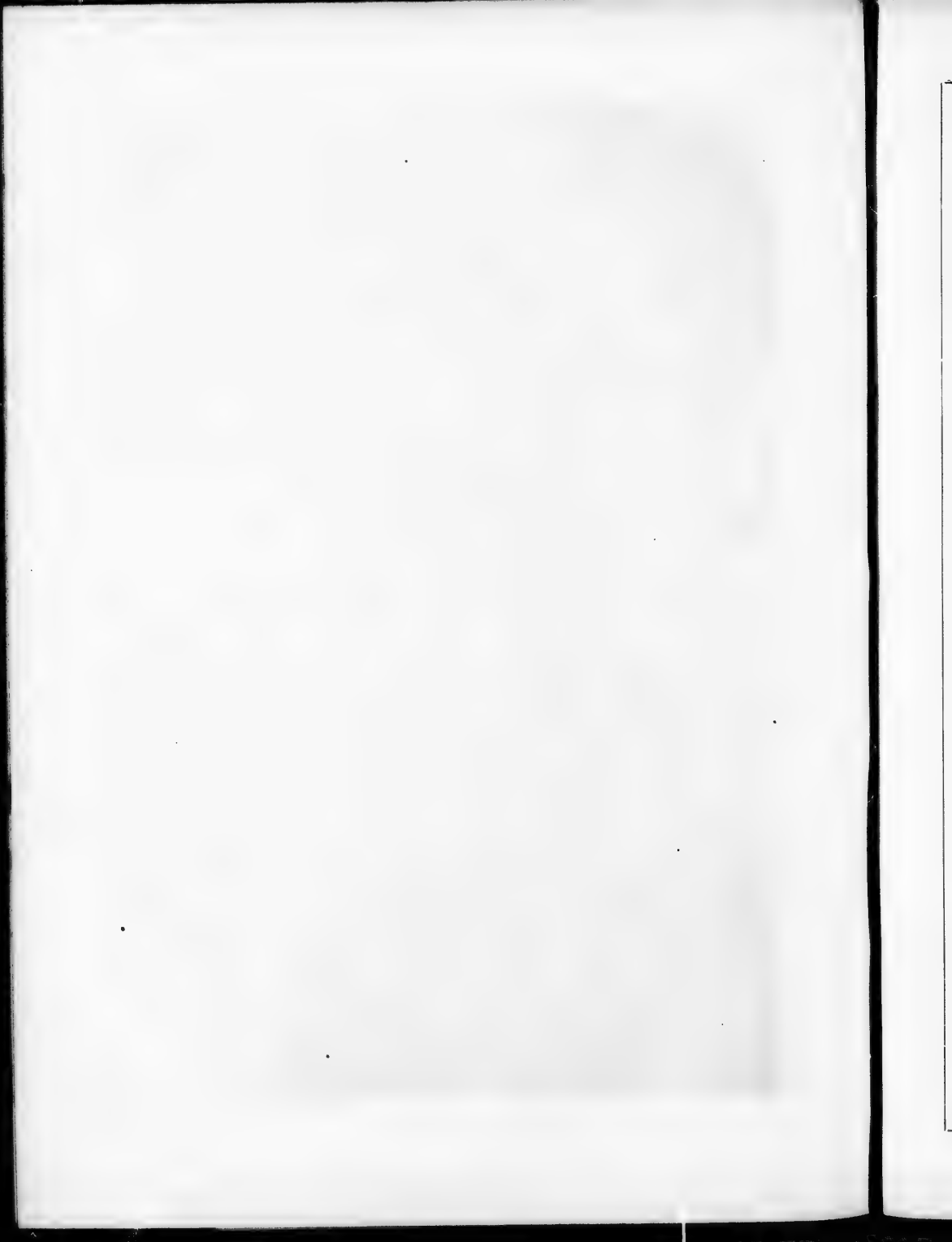
the sale of fried fish, sweet cakes, and prints of the saint, with the latter of which the visitors adorn their hats on their return home. The people from the neighbourhood for several miles round assemble in their gayest costumes, the young men with their low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, set jauntily on one side, their jackets thrown over one shoulder to exhibit their bright-coloured waistcoats and white shirt-sleeves, most of them carrying their three-stringed guitars in their hands; the young women in a far greater variety of dress—some with a white handkerchief thrown over the head, and a gay one over the neck, with or without any cloak; others wearing low-crowned broad-brimmed hats, from beneath which the most coquettish cork-screw ringlets appear. Then again others have high-crowned ponderous black hats, bedecked with flowers and ribands, and a bright shawl worn on the shoulders. But the most magnificent of all are the farmers' wives, with the last-mentioned style of hat, and a blue riding habit, their necks literally covered with gold chains, and large gold rings of filagree work pendant from their ears. They generally arrive on the back of a mule, donkey, or horse, their lords following on one of those animals behind them; nor can the noblest lady in the land look more proud than they, as they return, having their hats adorned with a print of the saint, and well filled with bacalhao, sweetmeats, and wine. The older men wear long blue coats, carrying a thin stick of considerable length in their hands. Then come the citizens—the wife with a bonnet of a far from fashionable shape: for want of style a profusion of flowers makes amends—a bright shawl covering all other defects—either on foot, or on a pack-saddle; the husband sometimes, if they are not blessed with offspring, on a small donkey, or else carrying, with paternal solicitude, his last infant in his arms, and leading one or two other little cherubs by the hands; the mother and the maid-servant accompanied by a like number each. The people on these occasions perform a small quantity of prying, a good deal of eating and drinking, and a vast quantity of dancing and singing; but although numberless wine-casks are brought to the ground in carts, drunkenness is very rare; nor are there any of those quarrels or disorders which take place on similar occasions in most other countries. The dances consist (the partners first facing each other) in performing the figure of eight to a slow tune, with sundry hops and skips, but without much spirit; their countenances generally wearing a grave expression—except perhaps when a witty observation is made by one of the beaux, on which the girls will clap their hands, and give way to a hearty shriek of laughter, apparently almost uncontrollable. The castanets are peculiarly Spanish, I believe; at all events, I have never seen them used in Portugal. The guitar is the instrument generally used, accompanied by the voices of the dancers, except on grand festas, when large bands of musicians attend.

It is highly amusing to accompany a large party of people returning from a *romaria*, a dozen or more men walking together with their guitars, or rather violas, in their hands, with which they accompany their voices, as one after the other they give forth extemporary poetical effusions; sometimes pathetic, and at others jocose, as their spirits incline them; the women answering them in return. There is a monotony in their airs, which may at length fatigue the ear, but it is extraordinary what beautiful images these rustic poets





VIEW OF OPORTO.



will invent; nature—the great master—being their best instructor. The bright skies of day, and glittering stars of night, the pure sparkling atmosphere of their delicious clime, their green fertile vales, their picturesque mountains, their clear streams, and, more than all, their dark-eyed maids, the gallant sons of Lusitania, and their love of liberty, are in their turns the subjects of their muse. I have heard the same style of singing in Germany, and it must be confessed that the peasantry of that country are far more scientific musicians, though I doubt their being such good poets.

In my walks I have frequently stopped at the door of a cottage, where a large party have been assembled, amusing themselves with music and dancing. The dances I have then seen performed have been very similar to quadrilles, with all the gravity and decorum to be seen in more brilliant assemblies; and I must do the people the justice to say, that I have never seen in their behaviour anything at which the most fastidious person could cavil—except such as would deprive the humble peasant of all light and innocent amusements suited to their taste.

From dancing we naturally turn to the style in which courtships are carried on in Portugal. Here the gentleman seldom enjoys the same opportunities of paying his addresses to his mistress as in England: not that love-matches are not common, but the arrangements are more frequently made by the parents, and a *méalliance* is consequently scarcely ever heard of. With regard to the higher ranks, there is but little difference, if indeed any, with the custom of our own country.

The courtship concluded, the marriage ceremony takes place, among the lower orders in the parish church. The priest literally ties the hands of the loving couple together with the end of his surplice, before he puts on the ring. He reads the service in Latin, the spectators all the time not thinking it necessary to act with any great decorum; and as soon as it is over they salute the bride and bridegroom with showers of bouillons, before even they can get out of the church. I remember on one occasion seeing the officiating priest almost blinded by one hitting him in the eye, greatly to the amusement apparently of all present. The higher orders are married in the private chapels belonging to their houses, the ceremony being the same as in other catholic countries; a ball afterwards taking place at the house of one of the party, at which the newly-married couple are invariably present.

They frequently live on for years in the house either of the lady's or gentleman's parents, till their family increasing over much they seek another home, though more often till it becomes their own.

Christenings being frequently consequent on marriages, it next occurs to me to describe them. Those I have seen have taken place in private chapels. I once accompanied an English Protestant friend who had been requested to stand godfather to the child. The guests first assembled in the drawing-room, when refreshments were handed round, and we then repaired to the chapel, where each person was presented with a long wax taper, with which in our hands we stood round the font on the left side of the entrance. There was only one godfather and one godmother. They stood close to the priest, who, habited in rich vestments, took the infant in his arms, anointing its lips

and eyes with oil, and afterwards made the sign of the cross with water on its brow. A few prayers quickly hurried over in Latin completed the ceremony, when we gave our tapers to a servant, and took our leave. One important thing may be noted, that people can scarcely be called bigoted who will admit of Protestant sponsors, for it is at once acknowledging them equally good Christians with themselves; and I know many Protestant residents in Portugal who have several Catholic godchildren. Perhaps, however, the most rigid Catholics would not allow it.

The only church ceremony which is in Portugal performed in an imposing manner is the burial of the dead: all others are hurried over as fast as the priests can get through the work. When a person of distinction dies, he is laid out in state on the following day in his chapel, which is lighted up by candles. In the evening the corpse is carried in an open coffin to one of the principal churches, where it is placed beneath a black velvet canopy trimmed with silver, on a bier covered with the same. The attendant mourners line the church, with long waxen tapers in their hands, while the burial-service is read, and some music is performed—frequently very fine, though the tunes are not always appropriate to the gravity of the occasion. The coffin is then closed, and the key handed to the person of highest rank present, or to the most intimate friend of the deceased, whose duty it is to hand it to the nearest relation. The mourners then accompany the coffin to a cemetery near at hand. The same coloured canopy is used for matrons, but for maidens it is always blue and silver, and for young children of various gay colours. The canopies I speak of might be called temples, raised for the occasion in the centre of the church: the devices are elegant, and the pillars being ornamented with silver wound round them, they have a very handsome appearance.

The Portuguese give the very poetical name of *aninhos*, little angels, to young children when they die; and considering that they are at once translated to heaven, without the unpleasant passage through purgatory, instead of mourning for them, they rejoice, putting on their gayest attire: thus at their funeral no one appears in black, and the parents are congratulated instead of condoled with. I remember attending the funeral of a friend's child, but when people went up to congratulate him, he shook his head, observing, "A father feels the same whatever may be his child's age."

Hearses have lately been introduced at Oporto, which were much required, as the cemeteries are all now on the outskirts of the city. Throughout the country it is prohibited to bury the dead in churches; a wise regulation, which followed close upon that made in England to the same effect. The poor think much of the way their children are buried, and will make any sacrifice to get the little corpses decked out gaily. One frequently meets a woman with a small blue coffin open on her head, and a dead child, dressed in silk and tinsel, with its cheeks painted, to give it the appearance of life. I like the idea which prompts this, for at the last glance the mother takes of it, before it is closed for ever from her sight, it appears to her eyes to retain all its beauty, and she thus thinks of it only as a lovely angel about to enter the realms of bliss.

The most disagreeable, and I think absurd ceremony which takes place after the death of a person of any family, is the visit of condolence to the nearest rela-

tions of the deceased, called the *pesemo*. On entering the house the visitor finds the hall and passage dimly lighted, and following a servant he is conducted into a room hung with black, with a single small taper burning in it. Gropping his way up to where he supposes the owners of the house are sitting, he bows and makes some appropriate speech—they rise, and bow in return, and he then retires from them, and finds a place on the seats arranged round the walls of the room among the other guests, with whom he may converse in whispers. He ought to sit there till some fresh guests arrive, when he may rise, make his bow, and depart. I have always found these visits the greatest tax upon my politeness; and I should think that, having thus to sit up for three evenings, must be excessively irksome to people whose feelings have just been agitated by the loss of a near relative. The custom arose from the more intimate friends calling to console those who were in affliction, but at present it is considered incumbent on all persons to receive even their common acquaintance. It has now become the practice to issue notes of invitation to funerals, and rather curious compositions they are. The paper surrounded by a broad black edge, and a print of a tomb at the top, sets forth, that as Heaven has pleased mercifully to take to itself the illustrious *Senhor Jose Antonio Teixeira Pinto Alvarenga d'Aziverdo*, his widow requests you will do your utmost in paying respect to his memory, and accompany his body to the grave. These invitations are frequently issued by the undertakers, who send round according to the lists they have had on former occasions, without reference to your acquaintance with the family of the deceased, but of course in such case it is not necessary to comply with them.

A relation of mine, commanding in this district, was once asked to take charge of the key of the coffin of some person of consequence, who had died, and to deliver it to the widow. One of his officers, led by curiosity, approached the coffin after it had been locked, and examining it, found that there were no hinges. He afterwards mentioned the circumstance—"Oh," said somebody present, laughing, "of course the sacristan would never think of burying the fine clothes with which the corpse is covered, and that handsome coffin: the clothes he will sell for a good price, for they will serve to deck some of our city dandies, and the coffin will probably contain the remains of fifty other illustrious personages."

The truth is, that in general the Portuguese think little of the bodies of their friends after death: the last obsequies are paid—they have done their duty—and it is given over to the arch-devourer of kings and beggars, the hungry worm. It is for the soul, the *alma*, the essence, they utter their ejaculations: they stir up their prayers, and expend sums in masses, to free it from purgatory. This idea, or feeling, is, I conceive, more general among the southern nations of Europe, than those of colder climes, and is certainly more philosophical than the one which causes people to regard with affection the mouldering remains of their friends. The North American Indians bury the implements which will they think be required in the happy hunting-field; the ancient Irish laid the weapons of the warrior by his side; the Scandinavians did so also; the Saxons raised magnificent monuments to the dead, whom they fully believed appeared often in their bodily forms;—even in the present day the Russians, Swedes, Danes, Germans, and English, talk and think

far more of the body of the deceased than of the spirit. We speak of our departed friends—the Portuguese invariably express themselves regarding the souls of the *dead*. They pledge each other to the *alma* of the departed. I remember particularly a friend of mine relating a circumstance to that effect. During a *pesemo* visit the lady of the house rose from her seat, and pouring out a glass of wine put it to her lips, saying in a solemn voice, "Let us drink to the soul of my deceased brother." The effect of the speech may be more easily conceived than described.

## VII.

CHURCHES AND CONVENTS OF OPORTO—THE SERRA CONVENT  
—SAN DOMINGOS—SAN FRANCISCO—SAN BENTO—NUNNERIES  
—RELIGIOUS ORDERS—CATHEDRAL—NOSSA SENHORA DA  
LAPA—THE CROFITA—THE CLEIGIOS.

THERE were, before the siege of Oporto, no fewer than twenty-four monastic establishments in Oporto and Villa Nova, though here they at no time flourished in the rich luxuriance to which they attained in other parts of the kingdom; which may give one a tolerable idea of the vast number scattered over the country. Not a town, scarcely a village, was without one or more in the neighbourhood; and now, although not very many years have passed away since, in perfect security, they seemed not of destruction, where are they? Strong and vast as were those proud edifices of the monks, they are now masses of blackened stones or deserted ruins, in whose wide halls, where once resounded the ringing laugh of the jovial friar at his bountiful repast, now flit the screeching owl and the gloom-loving bat; and as to the former inhabitants—who can tell what has become of them? Wanderers and outcasts, they starve where once they feasted, or, lawless brigands, they plunder where, a short time since, as lords they gave in charity. Many have long since sunk under the hardships they were driven to endure, and others still subsist at the houses of the religious and charitable of their party, though perhaps their hosts have themselves but a pittance on which to exist.

One of the largest and most wealthy convents was that of the Serra, so called from being situated on the summit of some lofty cliffs overlooking the river on the southern bank. It contained twenty-eight monks, canons of the order of Saint Augustin, called *Fraides Cruzes*; none but men of noble rank being admitted into the brotherhood. Their revenues amounted to about four thousand a-year, exclusive of many other gains. The monks appeared in the streets always on mules, and their robes, of the best materials, were clean and put on with a certain air which showed them to be the clerical dandies of the place. Though not esteemed for the depth of their knowledge, or extraordinary talents, their aim was to shine in conversation, and they delighted to indulge in wit and satirical observations on the rest of the world.

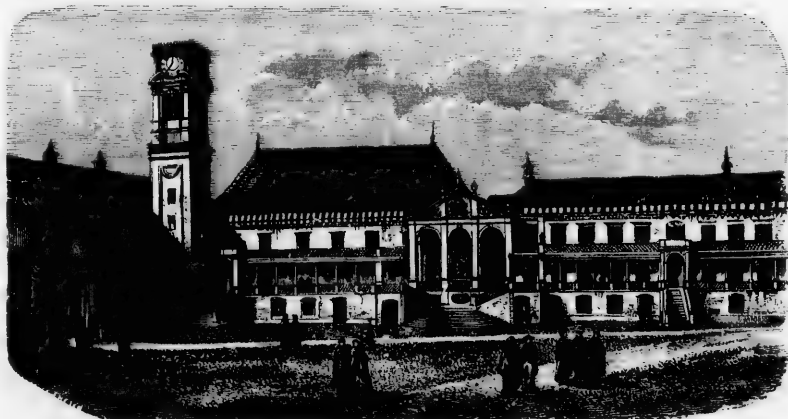
The church of the Serra is a round solid structure, with a domed roof, built after that of the Santa Maria di Roma, called the Redonda, and was richly ornamented. The cloisters are of the same shape, and the dormitories are beneath the roof of a low building of great length extending towards the east. The gardens were extensive, with terraces, statues, fish ponds, flower beds, full of sweet-smelling plants, and surrounded by trees. A lofty aqueduct of considerable

extent on arches brought the purest water to it from the neighbouring mountains. Indeed, the noble friars enjoyed the sweets of life, with few of its toils; they eat, drank, and grew fat—so fat that it was truly a pleasure to behold three or four of them walking arm-in-arm along one of their terraces—for their walks were made broad on purpose. One felt as one looked at their fine portly and dignified figures, their robes well filled out like the bulging sail of a ship before a steady breeze, that the food they had eaten and the wine they had drunken had truly benefited them, forming a pleasing contrast to those ungrateful wretches who feed hugely, and yet grow not the fatter.

The year which gave liberty to Portugal brought destruction to these honest gentlemen. Some time elapsed after the entrance of Dom Pedro and his little army into Oporto, before, at the earnest recommendation of Colonel Hare and Colonel Badcock, the Serra was occupied as a military post. Then, like the

unhappy Boabdil departing from his beloved Alhambra, the last friar sighed as he passed through its portals—no more to return! The trees of the surrounding wood were ruthlessly cut down to form palisades, and to prevent the enemy having a place of shelter behind them, the walls were levelled, rough entrenchments took the place of the broad terraces, the neat walks, the ponds and flower-beds. The once peaceful garden, the abode of contentment and ease, became the scene of the most desperate and bloody encounters, and now, a straggling rose-bush, or a broken column just peeping above the earth, alone remain—sad epitomes of the richly-cultivated and highly-ornamented quinta which formerly stood there!

The strenuous endeavours made by the Miguelite army to gain possession of the Serra, proved the importance they attached to it as a military post; indeed had it not been occupied in the first place, or had they succeeded in capturing it, the fall of the city,



UNIVERSITY OF COIMBRA.

completely overlooked as it is by this convent, must have been inevitable. It was most gallantly defended by Col. Torres and Major Bravo, commanding the Queen's Volunteers, aided, whenever any important movement took place, by troops passed over from the city. During the first attack the enemy succeeded in gaining the threshing-floor in the farm-yard on the east side of the convent, when a desperate charge made by the commandant and his lieutenant drove them back again. After that time the outrenchments were much increased in strength, and were never again passed.

The spot is now one of utter desolation and disorder. The church was so showered on by shot and shell, that not a part remains free from their marks; a large aperture appearing in the domed roof through which entered a shot from a gun of vast size yelet Joao Paolo. The walls are shattered, and the dormitories, the spacious passages, the refectories and kitchen, are exposed to the rains of heaven. The new road to Lisbon, now in active progress further on,

is to lead round with a gradual ascent beneath the Serra; and I hope then to see the site of that ruin occupied by some useful and ornamental edifice.

Most of the other convents in Oporto are either pulled down or occupied in some useful manner. The greater part of that of San Domingos, the most ancient convent in the city, has been pulled down; a fine broad street leading from the foot of the Bello Monte, over the spot where it stood, to the Rua Nova. The remainder is now employed as a bank and storehouse.

The friars were one and all staunch advocates of absolutism; and what made them still more hated and feared was, that beneath their convent were, it is said, vaults intended for a branch of the Inquisition, an institution they were anxious to re-establish. The convent of San Domingos was founded in A.D. 1239, and contained forty friars.

At the foot of the new street is the former convent of San Francisco, founded 1241: it contained eighty friars, who went barefooted, and employed themselves

in begging, whereby we may estimate the service they were to society. It was reduced almost to ruins by fire during the siege, but is now undergoing extensive alterations, to make an Exchange. The church of San Francisco has been lately repaired, and service is performed in it. The roof is richly carved and covered with gilding, so that it has a handsome appearance, and is well worthy of a visit.

The convent of San Bento, inhabited by Benedictine monks, forty in number, was decidedly the handsomest in the city. It stands next to the prison, and is now employed as a barrack, though mass is still performed with military music in the church attached to it. It is said to have been built on the site of the synagogue, destroyed by the same gross bigotry which banished thousands of its most useful and enterprising inhabitants from the kingdom. The following Latin verses over the entrance refer to the circumstance of its foundation :—

*"Quæ fuerit sedes tenebrarum et regia solis,  
Expulsa tenebris Soli  
Benedictus erat."*

The convent of San Antonio da Porta dos Carros contained fifty friars, and also possessed halls where lectures were delivered on rhetoric, philosophy and theology; but, what was valued far more than human learning, which the wisest must consider but as vanity, its church



PORCH OF THE CASA DO CAPITULO.

contained among other valuable relics, the ashes of Saint Severino, St. Eugenio, and the holy martyr St. Clement, deposited in three urns! It is impossible to describe the miracles these invaluable remains have worked; indeed, I must confess myself not very learned in their history, nor am I quite confident that they were not carried off when the monks took to flight. They were unwilling to leave such precious relics behind them—for the urns were of silver!

There were numerous other convents of monks, numbering twelve in all, and if we reckon fifty professed members of each, there must have been six hundred friars, and twice that number of lay brothers and servants in Oporto alone.

The number of nunneries was about the same, some of which still exist, others have been converted into military storehouses, like that of Monchique near the river. It was founded A.D. 1575, by Donna Beatriz Vilhena, to whom the mansion belonged; but on her husband's death, having no children, she took the veil, and converting it into a convent, got it dedicated to the Madre de Deos—the Mother of God. The convent of Santa Clara on a height overlooking the river near the Betalha, was the wealthiest, the largest, and most ancient in the city, containing about three hundred inha-



bitanta. None but daughters of noble families were received into the body of this community, as appears to have been the rule of all the convents of that name. They belonged to the strict order of St. Francis. A few still remain to drag out a sad existence, one by one dropping off, with no young fresh faces to keep them company. The church is richly gilt, and at one time contained many valuable ornaments, but they have long since disappeared. Their garden is bounded by the old wall of the city, one of its towers serving them as a summer-house, whence they can enjoy a most lovely view both up and down the river.

The convent of Ave Maria, commonly called San Bento, at the end of the Rua das Flores, is still inhabited by a few nuns, advanced in years, who are celebrated for the very delicious sweetmeats they manufacture, as much as for the size of their convent and the richness of their church. It was founded in 1580, by the renowned King Dom Manoel.

Not to enumerate any more, there must at one time, no doubt, have been as many nuns as monks in the city.

The financial departments of almost all the nunneries throughout Portugal are in a very deplorable condition; and some time ago I heard of several in which the poor women were reduced to a state of absolute starvation, their allowances not being paid, and all their revenues being alienated.

The different orders of friars were supposed to be distinguished from each other by certain characteristics. The Cruzes, canons of St. Augustin, I have described as wealthy and aristocratic, although their internal constitution was on the republican principle. The most civilised in society, they were far from being learned, and husbands with jealous dispositions were unwilling to leave them too much in the company of their spouses.

The Benedictines, on the contrary, prized culture of the intellect above the gratification of the senses. Their almost emaciated figures, and the ascetic cast of their countenances, showed that they lived up to their rules, and the quick penetrating glances of their eyes proved that they were well able to read the characters of those with whom they conversed. They also possessed ample funds, which prevented their resorting to mean devices in order to increase their revenues; and they were consequently more respected than any of the other orders.

The Loyos were few in number, and wealthy. Their dress of blue cloth they wore tastefully disposed, and always aimed at being considered as belonging to the aristocracy of the friararchy.

The Congregados, like the Benedictines, were highly educated, but they were long regarded with suspicion, as being similar in their system to the Jesuits, who, since they were banished by Pombal, have been looked upon with the greatest dislike by the Portuguese. The college once belonging to this latter order is near the cathedral, and has one of the finest churches in Oporto attached to it.

The Franciscans were a mendicant body, hard-working in their vocation, tolerably well informed, and much addicted to jocular conversation, by means of which, and the employment of the most persuasive eloquence, they contrived to collect an abundant supply of the good things of this life.

The Bernardines were the acknowledged jesters of

the monkish body, and their wealth procured them an entrance into all society, of which they were ever willing to become the butt. They were celebrated for their mistakes and amusing stories, though more were told of them by others than they themselves related. Take them all in all, a most useful set of gentlemen were the good friars of St. Bernardo.

Then there were the Capuchins, the poorest of all the orders.

But of all the orders, the Carmelites were regarded in Oporto with the most universal dislike. They were mendicants, wearing a dark gown, a drab hood and cape, with sandalled feet. Their convent is now converted into a barrack for the municipal guard, and their church is the most fashionably attended of any in the city.

Oporto is full of churches, most of them of a style of architecture peculiar to Portugal—large, strong, and magnificent buildings; but, as Murphy observes, totally devoid of everything that constitutes scientific architecture: theirs is of a species between the Teutonic and Tuscan. The materials of which they are formed are excellent, and the masonry part not without merit. The cathedral is of great antiquity, having been rebuilt by Count Henry, father of Alfonso I. It stands on the summit of a hill, with a flight of steps leading to it, as also a steep winding road. The roof is supported by columns of a reddish tint, which are very picturesque. The scallop-shells for holy water at the entrance are elegant, and it boasts of a silver shrine of great value. Near it is the bishop's palace; the entrance-hall to which is one of the handsomest in the country, and decorated in a very rich style.

Nossa Senhora da Lapa is one of the finest churches in the city, and standing on a commanding height, it is a conspicuous object far out to sea. From a broad open space in front a noble wide flight of steps leads up to its principal entrance, the façade being of finely-hewn stone, supported by Corinthian pillars. The interior is in a simple and handsome taste, of the same material. It contains in a stone sarcophagus the heart of the heroic Dom Pedro, which he left to the city as a remembrance of the gallant manner in which the inhabitants fought for his daughter, and from a confidence that there it would ever be surrounded by freemen. A mass is here performed on the 24th of September, the anniversary of his death, and is an imposing and interesting service.

The most ancient church in Oporto is a small Gothic building to the north of the city, called the Celofeita. It was founded by Theodomiro, King of the Suevi, in the year 559, who being, with his son Ariamiro, converted to Christianity, of the Arian church, they were there baptized. The cause of the king's conversion was, of course, miraculous, as the story relates. He had a daughter, a very lovely maiden, who was seized with a malignant distemper, which the art of none of the professors of healing in his court could conquer. St. Martin, I believe, or some other holy father of the church, was fortunately on a journey to gain proselytes travelling that way, and hearing of the circumstance, he repaired to the palace of the sovereign. King Theodomiro taking him for a disciple of Esculapius, ordered him instantly to exert his talents in curing his daughter, "I work not by such means, O king," answered the saint; "but if my prayers and fasting will avail, they shall not be wanting." It appears that the prayers and penances of the holy man had not the

desired effect, as the invalid was nothing benefited by them; so, as a last resource, he proposed a pilgrimage to Rome. The king himself was unable to go, nor could his daughter be removed; but he sent an ambassador with rich presents in the saint's company to the pope. A short time only had the envoys departed, when, to the surprise of all the court, the maiden recovered suddenly from her malady; and it was afterwards discovered that this happy event coincided with the very day on which the presents were laid before the feet of his holiness. The king, in gratitude, built a church, which he named, from this felicitous incident, *Cedofeita*, which may be interpreted, quickly done; and from it a whole parish has taken its name, and also one of the longest streets in Oporto.

The tower of the church is a solid mass of masonry, of a flint-coloured stone, with two arches on the summit for bells. The whole building is of the same description of material. A lamb is rudely chiselled out on the key-stone of the arched doorway forming the principal entrance, which shows how slightly advanced the fine arts were in the country in those days.

The church of the *Clorigos*, built in 1748, has the highest tower in Portugal attached to it, and under the same roof is an hospital for poor clergymen. The façade, with steps and balustrades before it, would look well from the street, were not the building crooked, and narrowing off towards the tower. (See p. 637.)

The church of the *Misericordia*, in the *Rua das Flores*, is a handsome building, and the institution to which it belongs the most useful and charitable in the city.

### VIII.

SEGREGATION OF TRADES—VARIOUS ARTICLES OF MANUFACTURE—SHOP SIGNS—DISPOSAL OF GOODS—THE GALLEGOES—STYLE OF BARGAINING—DIFFERENT KINDS OF VEHICLES.

THE followers of each trade live very much together in Oporto, and thus they are able to combine, either for their own protection, or to impose on the community. They have been accused of being very bad workmen; but I will do them justice to say, that, though seldom possessed of much inventive genius, they perform their usual work as well as any men, and that they imitate any model placed before them with considerable accuracy. The greatest improvement has taken place in cabinet-making within the last few years, and now every article of furniture is made in the city, from the best English or German patterns, with much neatness and strength.

There are two iron-foundries, in which, though the directors are respectively English and French, the artisans are Portuguese, and hence grates, stoves, and all domestic utensils, are well turned out. In the English one the iron-work of the suspension-bridge was manufactured, and also the engines for a small steamer have been supplied.

The Portuguese make very neat boots and shoes, at half the price that they cost in England. As tailors they excel the general run of English workmen; and one sees even the volunteers and young tradesmen in well-fitting clothes. There are several hat manufactories in the country, which not only supply the greater part of the inhabitants, but also furnish a considerable number for exportation to the Brazils.

Large quantities of silk stuffs are manufactured in and about Oporto, where there are many hundreds, I

may say thousands, of looms; nearly every other small house in the suburbs containing one. There are manufactories, also, where a number are collected under one roof, but in general each mechanic works in his own cottage, and is paid by the piece. That these people are industrious I am convinced, for at whatever hour of the day or night I have passed their cottages, some of the looms have been going, one man probably relieving the other. A thick woollen cloth with a long nap, somewhat like blanketing, is also manufactured, and being gaily tinted, serves for winter shawls. Glass is made in Oporto, but the finer sort comes from a manufactory near Aveiro. An abundance of pottery-ware is produced in and about the city, some red and some very thin and black, which is well adapted to withstand intense heat.

The Portuguese linen cloth is very strong, and of many degrees of fineness. Some is fine enough for shirts, but it is more particularly adapted for sheeting and towels: for the latter purpose I prefer it to anything I have seen elsewhere. This fabric is all made from thread spun by hand. In the country, it is the practice of a farmer who possesses a loom to collect the thread spun by his neighbours' wives and daughters, and weave it into cloth. A Portuguese female peasant is never seen without a distaff under her arm. Even walking to market with a basket on her head she spins all the way, and also in tending cattle or driving a cart her fingers are actively employed.

The Oporto citizens are very fond of what may be called standing jokes, as exhibited in the signs over their shop-doors. A carpenter has over his door, Professor of Boxes. On a hat-maker's board he announces himself to be the Editor and Publisher of Hats. A vendor of cordials and spirits, more honest than many of his brethren, wittily declares that he is the fabricator of real Dutch gin; and another, that he owns a manufactory of English butter. Most of the shops have some sign before them. The dentists hang out rows of teeth, with enormous fangs; barbers, invariably a Mambrino's helmet; gloves, a golden glove; and vintners, the ancient sign of the bush—a small branch serving the purpose. Hosiers suspend outside a whole row of the articles they sell; and hatters, an old battered beaver—not as a specimen of those they have within, but as a *memento mori*, I conclude, to remind the passers-by of the state to which their own may soon be reduced.

The goods are generally exposed in the door-ways of the shops, which cannot boast of much neatness or elegance, though in that respect they have, during the last few years, much improved. There are two or three large haberdashers' shops with glazed windows, as have some of the shoemakers. Formerly, such a thing as a pastrycook's shop was not known—now there are several, where very nice confectionary is vended. Bread was formerly made with leaven, which gave it a bitter acid taste, now yeast is used; and it is impossible to have sweeter or more wholesome bread. Loaves are made very small, either in the shape of twists, which are the best, or in oblong lumps.

Here also are a number of booksellers' shops: the best, kept by a Frenchman, has a handsome appearance; but the greater number do not tempt the passer-by to enter, for, like the cloth shops, they are small and dark. There is a fruit shop, but generally fruit of every description is hawked about the streets by women, who carry it on their heads in baskets. Fish is sold in the

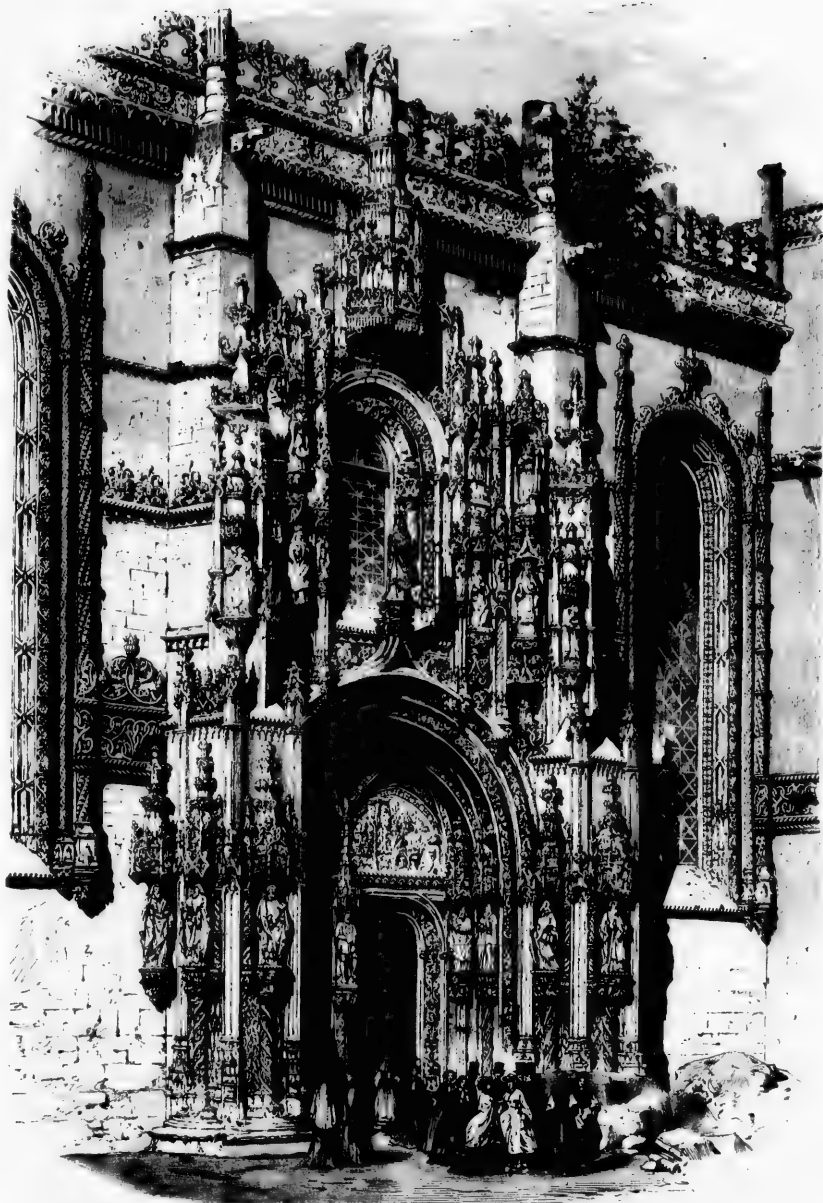
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same way by women, as is poultry, but wild-fowl and game exclusively by men. Honey is cried about the streets by a man who carries a jar of it on his back. Vinegar is always sold by an old man, who has two small barrels of it slung on the back of a decrepit donkey. His cry is amusing, and highly laudatory of the article he has to sell: "Beautiful vinegar, beautiful vinegar—the richest vinegar in the province. Who has seen the like? It is just finishing, just finishing—come then and buy, come buy." Thus he commences early in the morning, and continues all day, so that at some time or other during that period he must have departed slightly from the truth.

The cones of the pine tree, which are much used to light fires, are brought into the city in large nets on the backs of donkeys. There are pedlars who sell nothing but paper, a sheet at a time, if required: they carry their property in a dirty cloth under their arms. They are generally, I believe, Gallegos. A goat's milk cheese, made in the Upper Douro, is also sold by women in the streets. The most remarkable are the chestnut women, who are to be found at the corner of most streets in the city, sitting on a low stool with a basket of raw chestnuts by their side, and a little stove of black clay, with a round pot of the same material full of holes, in which the chestnuts are roasted. There they sit from morning till night, inviting everybody who passes to buy a farthing's worth of their fruit. Boiled chestnuts are also sold by women who carry them about in a round oblong jar, wrapped up in their cloak to keep them warm.

In summer, refreshing beverages are sold by men, who carry a moveable table with a lemonade-fountain in the centre, and cups ranged round it. In the autumn the large heaps of melons, piled up on the pavement at the corners of various streets, look most attractive, particularly the cool juicy water-melon. Both sorts grow to a large size in the country. Melons are here considered very wholesome, and a person may eat half a common-sized one without fear of disagreeable consequences.

Of all classes of the community, the Gallegos are the most remarkable. There are many thousands in the country employed in domestic service, while others gain their livelihood as porters and water-carriers: these wear badges on their arms, and are very honest hard-working fellows. They carry the water from the fountains to the houses in high barrels narrowing towards the top. Nobody says "Call a porter," but if a parcel is to be sent, "Call a Gallego." "Oh Gallego!" is the mode of summoning one, and he comes immediately, to carry a note, or to bear an hundred-weight. He would prefer the latter, for he expects to be paid higher. They are most parsimonious, living on the coarsest food, clothed in the commonest habiliments, and sleeping in some wretched hovel which they hire by clubbing together. When, after years of toil, they have scraped together a few pounds, they return to their homes to end their days in ease.

Oporto is full of French milliners and dress-makers, who have abundance of employment in adorning the fair inhabitants according to the latest fashions; and here also is a most enterprising perruquier of the same nation, who, besides selling every article of *bijouterie*, imports live bears to turn into grease. Indeed, this place has in that respect fully kept pace with the age.

Notwithstanding the steepness of the hills, carriages are in general use in Oporto, of many different descrip-

tions, from the antiquated family coach to the modern light britska. The former is a curious vehicle, all inside, without rumble or even a coach-box; for the driver is a humble individual, very different from the sleek, fat, liveried, and bewigged English coachman. He is habited in a coat of straw, his hat is battered, and if he has shoes they are made of wood, while in his hand, instead of a whip, he carries a long thin pole tipped with iron. No horses could drag that huge, lumbering, rolling machine up the hills, and therefore a couple of patient oxen are yoked to it, who have probably been employed during the morning in ploughing or drawing cart-loads of mud.

Of long standing also is the calesca. It is in shape between a chariot and a cab, partaking of the qualities of both, and hung excessively high, between large wheels. It is drawn by two horses or mules; and although, as I have watched one descending a steep hill, I have thought it must inevitably break down or be overturned, accidents very seldom occur to them. There are many English carriages in the city, both open and closed; and, as the roads in the neighbourhood improve, there will probably be many more. Horses are even now kept at a small expense, and of course, when the communication into the interior is facilitated, provender will be still cheaper. A very tolerable horse can be hired for about six shillings a day.

Litters are much used for journeys. They are odd-looking machines, gaily painted, and with curtains, carrying two persons uncomfortably and one tolerably at his ease. They are something in shape like small Isle of Wight socables, with shafts before and behind, which rest on the shoulders of two mules. The mules employed for the purpose are of the largest size, and the strongest and most docile; for if they fall, or are vicious, the passengers' lives are in imminent peril.

Ladies generally pay their evening visits in sedan-chairs, which are precisely similar to those used in England. The chairmen are always Gallegos, and wear a large livery cloak, and hat with a band, the servant preceding them bearing a torch. Nearly all the houses in Oporto having large entrance-halls, the ladies are thus carried to the very foot of the stairs.

## IX.

CHARITABLE AND USEFUL INSTITUTIONS—THE SANTA CASA DA MISERICORDIA—COLLEGE FOR FEMALE ORPHANS—WEALTHY BROTHERHOODS—FOUNDLING HOSPITAL—ASYLUMS FOR THE AGED—ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE—MINOR THEATRES—PRINTING OFFICES AND PERIODICAL WORKS—PUBLIC LIBRARY—SCHOOLS—PUBLIC CEMETERIES.

Oporto contains four hospitals, numerous friendly brotherhoods, several schools admirably conducted, various asylums for decrepit age, or helpless childhood; a medical college; a public library, of which any city might be proud; a gallery of paintings adjoining, of which less must be said; a commercial association, which possesses a handsome hall of meeting in the New Exchange; four club-houses, not to mention the British Factory House; two public banks, of great credit; insurance offices, both for ships and houses; a Steam Navigation Company; several barracks, and a prison (a fine structure); a naval and military arsenal; markets, well supplied with all the necessities of life; companies for the improvement of the internal communication in the country; several burial-grounds, on

the outskirts of the city, well laid out; an Italian Opera House of large size, and two minor theatres; many printing-offices; besides other associations for various purposes.

Such is Oporto at the present day; and it is worthy of notice, that except the hospital, the barracks, the theatre, the prison, and perhaps one or two others, all these institutions have arisen within the last ten years of constitutional liberty.

Of all the institutions of Oporto the most admirable is that of the Santa Casa da Misericordia—the Holy House of Pity. It is under the direction of some of the principal men of the place, who have very large funds at their disposal, to support hospitals, to send medical assistance and food to the sick, and to bury the poor. Among other establishments under their care is the magnificent hospital of Santo Antonio, in the Cordoaria; one of the directors taking it by turns to act for a month as major domo. The hospital is attended by two physicians and three surgeons. The building is in a most airy situation, of vast size, and yet incomplete; indeed, the plan was far too great for the necessities of the district. It is even now capable of containing many hundred persons. The wards are lofty, airy,\*and kept very clean. The food of the patients is of the best kind; indeed, the Portuguese would be shocked at our union-house rations. The dispensary is considered excellent. There are private rooms for invalids of a superior class, the charge for which is slight.

There is a college in the square of St. Lazaro, entitled Collegio de Nossa Senhora da Esperanca das Orfãos, superintended also by the Misericordia, into which girls of respectable families left orphans are received and very highly educated; those who can afford it paying something towards their own maintenance.

An asylum exists in Oporto into which husbands may put their wives during their absence from home. There is another establishment where those whose conduct has caused uneasiness to their husbands, or who have proved faithless, are shut up. There are also two asylums for children abandoned by their parents. Two infant schools are in full activity, under the care of some of the first ladies of Oporto, who take it by turns to inspect the establishments, and many attend daily to give instruction. Here is a college also for orphan boys of the upper ranks, who are instructed in all the accomplishments necessary to fit them for society. Five or six wealthy and highly respectable brotherhoods may likewise be enumerated, composed generally of all ranks, who have hospitals for their poor and sick brethren, and schools for the instruction of their children.

Next to the Misericordia, that of the Trindade is the most important and wealthy. The clergy have also a brotherhood for the support of those of their body who are old and destitute. Some are wealthy—others have but a precarious means of existence.

The Foundling Hospital in the Praca da Cordoaria is in considerable request. Before it, at times, may be seen the nurses waiting to receive the little beings they are to bring up at their own homes; the greater number being nursed in this way. There is a wheel in front of the building for the reception of the new-born infants. It is in the shape of a cylinder revolving perpendicularly in the wall, with an aperture on one side, in which the child is placed, and it then being turned round a bell is rung to give notice of the arrival of the

little stranger. The number of those who grow up in comparison to those who die is small. Many of the boys are apprenticed to the rope-makers, who reside close at hand; all of whom, it is said, have come out of the wheel. They are generally a wretched set of beings.

Advanced age is not neglected in Oporto. There is an asylum for old and decrepit women in the Praca da Cordoaria, under the name of the Hospital de Santa Clara. Each old woman has a room, a dress once a year, one meal and fourpence in money a-day; and if ill, is sent to the hospital free of any expense. Another of the same kind also in the Praca de St. Lazaro; but I believe neither of them have sufficient funds for the support of the numerous claimants.

An hospital for British sailors and other subjects of Great Britain, is placed under the care of an English physician, Dr. Henry Jebb. It is now supported by private contributions, the government having withdrawn a subscription they formerly paid towards it.

Among the other establishments of Oporto, I must not forget to mention the Italian Opera House, one of no little importance if considered rightly, and so the government have at all times judged, as an aid in the prevention of disturbances, revolts and revolutions. People have then the Opera House to which they may adjourn for most nights in the week, and the other evenings are employed in discussing the entertainments. The Portuguese government therefore wisely bestows some thousand pounds annually towards the maintenance of the Opera Houses of Lisbon and Oporto. The performances at the former are justly celebrated all over Europe for their excellence, nor are those at the latter, at times, much inferior.

The Opera House at Oporto is a large unsightly building, standing in the Praca da Batalha. It was built, I believe, about sixty years ago, many English residents assisting the funds. The interior is handsome. It has five tiers of boxes, closed like those of other opera houses, and the most commodious pit of any I have ever been in, each of the seats having well-shaped backs and arms. In size it is larger than any of the London minor theatres, but rather smaller than Drury Lane or Covent Garden. Its great fault is that the stage is too shallow, and people in some of the boxes do not hear very well. It is tastefully ornamented, and kept tolerably clean. The audience are of the most respectable class, and no females are admitted into the pit. The price of admittance is very low. A box can be hired in the best circles for about ten shillings a night, and only three shillings is paid for the pit-stalls—even less, by taking one for a month. Except on gala occasions, when the theatre is lighted up, the ladies do not appear in full dress, and men in any costume are admitted into the pit; few appearing in evening dresses. The consequence is, the greater part of the audience walk, or ride there on donkeys, in the most independent style; a very pleasant custom during the fine evenings in spring. It is the custom for people to pay visits to each other's boxes; so that altogether the Oporto Opera House is a very agreeable place in which to spend an evening.

When there is no opera, Portuguese and Spanish plays are performed on the stage of the theatre of Saint Joao. There are few even tolerable actors among them: the women are the worst, for it is not considered a very creditable profession. The Spanish actors who have appeared at Oporto were very superior in every respect, and always drew large audiences.



There are two minor theatres at Oporto. The Portuguese are passionately fond of private play-acting, and for amateurs are admirable performers. There are numerous small private theatres in the city, and one of the largest companies have hired a theatre, and another acts frequently in that of Saint Joao. The female parts are, however, on these public occasions taken by men, which of course spoils any tragic piece. A few years ago the English possessed a very elegant private theatre, where plays were acted by the young English residents, once a fortnight, to audiences amounting to seldom less than three hundred persons; all of whom understood the language of the performers.

There are nine printing-offices in Oporto, whence issue daily five newspapers, and two papers merely for advertisements. There are numerous booksellers' shops; by far the best being that in the Calçada dos Clerigos, where most of the first-rate French, English, and Portuguese works are to be found.

The Public Library of Oporto, in the Praça de Saint Lazaro, is well worthy of admiration. The walls of the building containing it formed part of an old convent. The rooms are most elegantly fitted up, of great size, well ventilated, and lighted; indeed, I fear the literary tastes of the inhabitants scarcely deserve so handsome a hall. The works of all the Portuguese authors are to be found there, with many thousand volumes of monkish books, into which probably no one will ever look, collected from all the suppressed convents in the north of the country. There are also a good number of English, French, and Italian works, which I have looked over.

I have, I believe, given a sketch of nearly all the establishments in Oporto. I will now conclude with the last scene of all, which ends this "strange eventful history," the public cemeteries. Their establishment was one of the greatest improvements under the present régime. The first formed, and which contains the greatest number of tombs, is that of the Lapa; the inhabitants preferring it from its being near a church. It is situated among some rocky hills, behind the church of the Lapa. The largest cemetery is in the ground formerly occupied by the bishop's quinta and the seminary, at the end of the Walk of the Fontainhas. The site is admirably chosen, as the ground can be easily drained, and it commands a beautiful view. Near the church of the Cedofeita there is another very neat cemetery. The Protestant burial-ground attached to this elegant chapel has many pretty monuments, shaded by magnificent lime-trees.

### X.

THE BRIGHTON OF OPORTO—THE MIRACULOUS IMAGE OF MATOSINHOS—MONASTERY OF LUÇA DO BALIO—VILLA DO CONDE—COIMBRA—CATHEDRAL—COLLEGE—LIBRARY—UNDERGROUND CHAMBERS—OBSERVATORY—MUSEUM—GALLANT DEFENCE OF COIMBRA IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY—THE QUINTA DAS LAGIMAS AND DONA INEZ DE CASTRO—CANAL DOS ANJOS—SANTA CRUZ—THE MONASTERY.

On the 30th of April we floated down the Douro to San Joao da Foz, the Brighton of Oporto. Here passengers are landed from the steamer at the jetty called the Cantareira. There are a great many new and comfortable houses, assembly-rooms, a club-house, and billiard-tables. The bathing is excellent. There are patches of fine sand between the rocks, on which are pitched a number of tents, intended for dressing-rooms for the bathers. Ladies issue forth in a kind of Tur-

kish trousers and very short dress; gentlemen wear the same trousers, with scanty coats, and caps long and hanging down. The ladies are attended by bathing-men, and the gentlemen by bathing-women; and, with the crowds of spectators, seated on chairs for their accommodation, the bright dresses of the bathers, the laughing and talking, it is a very pretty, though to an Englishman rather an extraordinary, scene. The English ladies have a bathing-place to themselves at some distance from the rest.

Close to Foz is the frightful Bar of the Douro, on which so many lives have been lost. The latest and one of the most terrible accidents happened on March 29, 1852. The *Porto* steamer, on her voyage to Lisbon, was obliged to put back; she crossed the Bar in safety, but struck on a sunken rock, unshipped her rudder, became unmanageable, drifted on to the rocks, and was there knocked to pieces. Sixty persons perished within a stone's throw of the castle, and within hearing of the crowds, who were utterly unable to render any assistance. It was from this catastrophe that the Humane Society of Foz had its origin; a large proportion of the funds was contributed by British houses. It is at Foz that the various kinds of Portuguese boats may be seen to the greatest advantage. The *catraia* is the boat employed to land the mails and passengers; about thirty feet long, sharp at both ends, with a Dutch-hung rudder, and with only one sail, carried by a very long slender yard. In fine weather these vessels will carry from twenty-five to thirty passengers, with their luggage, over the Bar. The *barco de tolde* is a kind of clumsy gondola. The *caique* is a flat-bottomed punt. Then there are the Aveiro boats, which have already been described; the *raca*, the prettiest vessel to be seen anywhere, employed in the coasting-trade, with three little stumpy masts, and a long taper lateen sail; and the *hiade*, a very ugly kind of schooner. Here also may be seen the low schooners, sharp at the prow, with square yards on raking masts, which are still employed in the slave-trade.

Proceeding thence along the north shore we visited Matosinhos or Matasinhos, celebrated for the most famous of the miraculous images of Portugal: 30,000 pilgrims annually visit the church in which it is kept. The legend regarding it is as follows:—Nicodemus, it seems, made five wooden images of Our Lord, which are now—one in Syria, one at Lucca, one at Burgos, one at Orense, and this, the most famous of all. The image was thrown into the sea at Joppa, in order to avoid being exposed to profanation, floated down the Mediterranean, was dashed against the African side of the Straits of Gibraltar, and lost its left arm; was thence washed into the Atlantic, and on May 3, A.D. 117, was thrown ashore near the rocks called the Leixões; and here they say no shipwreck has occurred from that time to this. A church having been built for its reception, it was endeavoured to fit on a left arm; but none would ever adhere to the body, and the image therefore was left imperfect. Fifty years afterwards an old woman, picking up wood on the sea-shore, found an oddly-shaped piece that bore some resemblance to an arm. When she attempted to light her fire with it, to her astonishment it leaped out into the middle of the room; and the prodigy having been repeated several times, she very naturally took advice as to what it might mean. Some one suggesting that it might possibly be the long-lost arm of the miraculous image, it was carried to the church, and there of its own accord it was attracted to

its natural place, to which it has adhered firmly ever since. And this is the tradition respecting Nostra Senhora de Matozinhos or de Bouças, from the name of the place (called also Espinheiro) where the arm was discovered, which the visitor may hear for himself at great length from the worthy sacristan, and which forms the subject of the following work of constant occurrence in Portuguese book-shops—*História e Milagres da prodigiosa Imagem de N. S. de Bouças*. It is also treated of by the following authors: De Castro, *Mapa do Portugal*, tom. ii., p. 226; Cardoso, tom. ii., p. 615; Dos Anjos, *Jardim de Portugal*, 182; and the *Relação* of Tavares do Carvalho, printed here in 1645.

The Leca is one of the prettiest little streams in Portugal, and disputes with the Leina the honour of being the Lethe of the Latin soldiers. It forms the subject of one of the most charming lyrics of Sá de Miranda. A little way up it is crossed by the Ponte de Leca do Balio, where is a decent estalagem or inn, at which, having refreshed ourselves, we proceeded to visit the monastery of Leca, which lies about half a mile to the left.

This ancient monastery is mentioned in a document of 1003; it was then Benedictine, and contained, as was not unusual, a nunnery also. It was united in 1094 to the see of Coimbra by Dom Raymundo, Count of Galicia, and came into possession of the Hospitallers before 1118. The present church was erected by Dom Fr. Estevao Vasques Pimental in 1336. The greater part of the cloisters were demolished 1844. The building has quite a military appearance: the tower, which is at the south-west, is exceedingly picturesque, from the little galleries boldly corbelled out at its angles. Within these are several curious tombs. In a north chapel is the kneeling figure of Fr. Christovao Cernache: + 1569: he distinguished himself in the gallant, though unsuccessful, defence of Rhodes against Soliman II., 1522. In the Capella de Ferro is the resting-place of Fr. Estevao, the founder of the church: + May 14th, 1336. The tomb was "restored" in 1814; but the brass legend, with its engravings of the Annunciation, &c., is very curious; it narrates the good actions of the deceased, among which it reckons his possession of five commendams besides this priory, and ends thus:—

"Ut rosa flos florum, sic S. Prior iste priorum;  
Carmen ini tumulo atq. tibi pro titulo.  
Mil tercentenis et septingenta quaternis  
Hic oblit madio mense quasy medio."

Era 1374 = A.D. 1336. In the same chapel is the tomb of Dom Fr. Joao Coelho, Balio of Negropont: + 1518. Observe on the north side of the nave the tomb of B. Garcia Martins + 1306, with its lamp and ex-votos. He is still spoken of in the neighbourhood as the Homem Santo or Homem Bom. The font, which is very handsome, was the gift of Fr. Joao Coelho. On the south of the priory are the remains of an old tower, called by the singular name of Torre do Inferno—Hell's Wicker Basket. About one hundred yards to the east of the church is a remarkably handsome cross of the sixteenth century. In this priory the infamous marriage of Dom Fernando I. and Donna Leonor Telles de Menezes took place in 1372.

When Dom Frei Estevao Vasques Pimental founded this monastery at Leca, the country was liable at any moment to be ravaged by the followers of Osman, the Moorish chief of Granada, and hence it was constructed

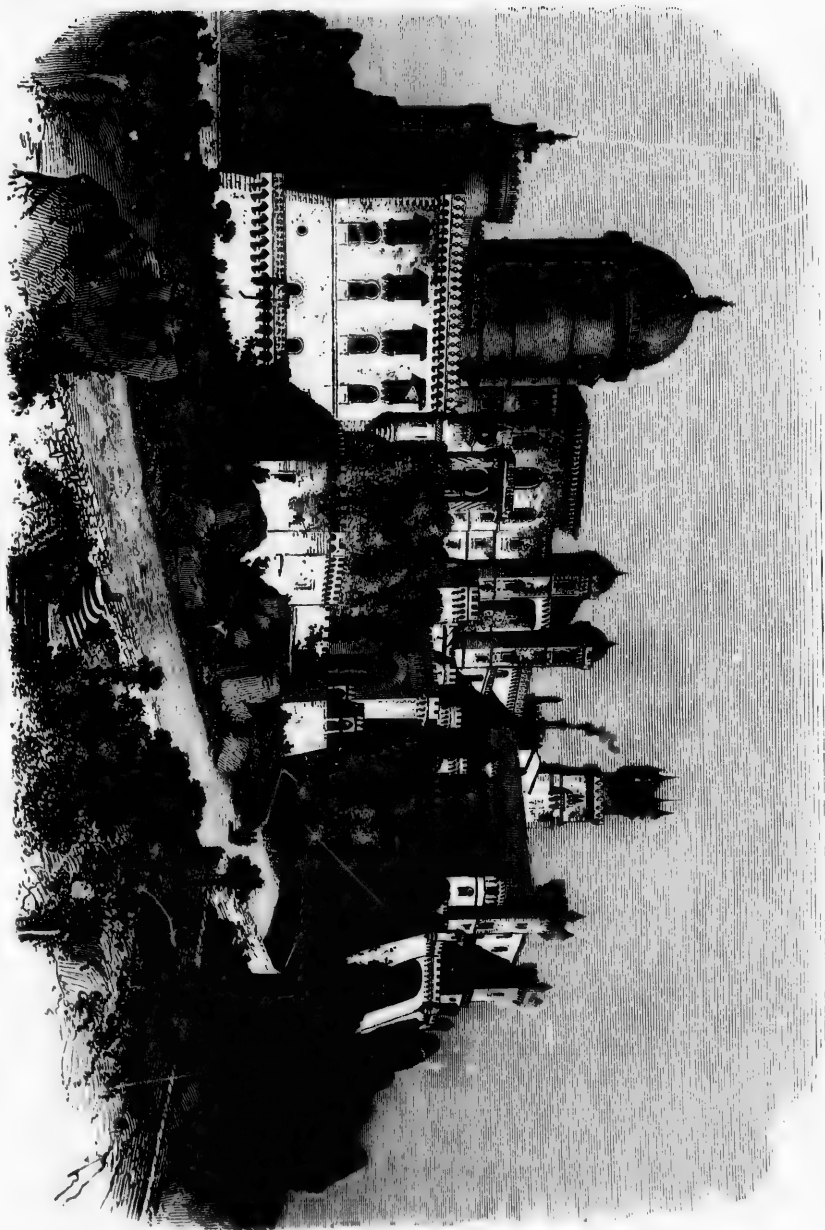
as much with a view to defence as to religious seclusion and ceremonial. The gates only communicated with the interior by a narrow winding staircase; and it was protected at its north-west angles by two stately round towers, the vestiges of which now only remain; otherspacious buildings were destroyed as late as 1844, but the mass of incongruous buildings that still remain excite the deepest feelings of interest, attached, as their history is, to such eventful times as those of Moorish horsemen and knights of St. John, and bringing back as they do, in the most forcible manner, ideas of manners and customs long gone by.

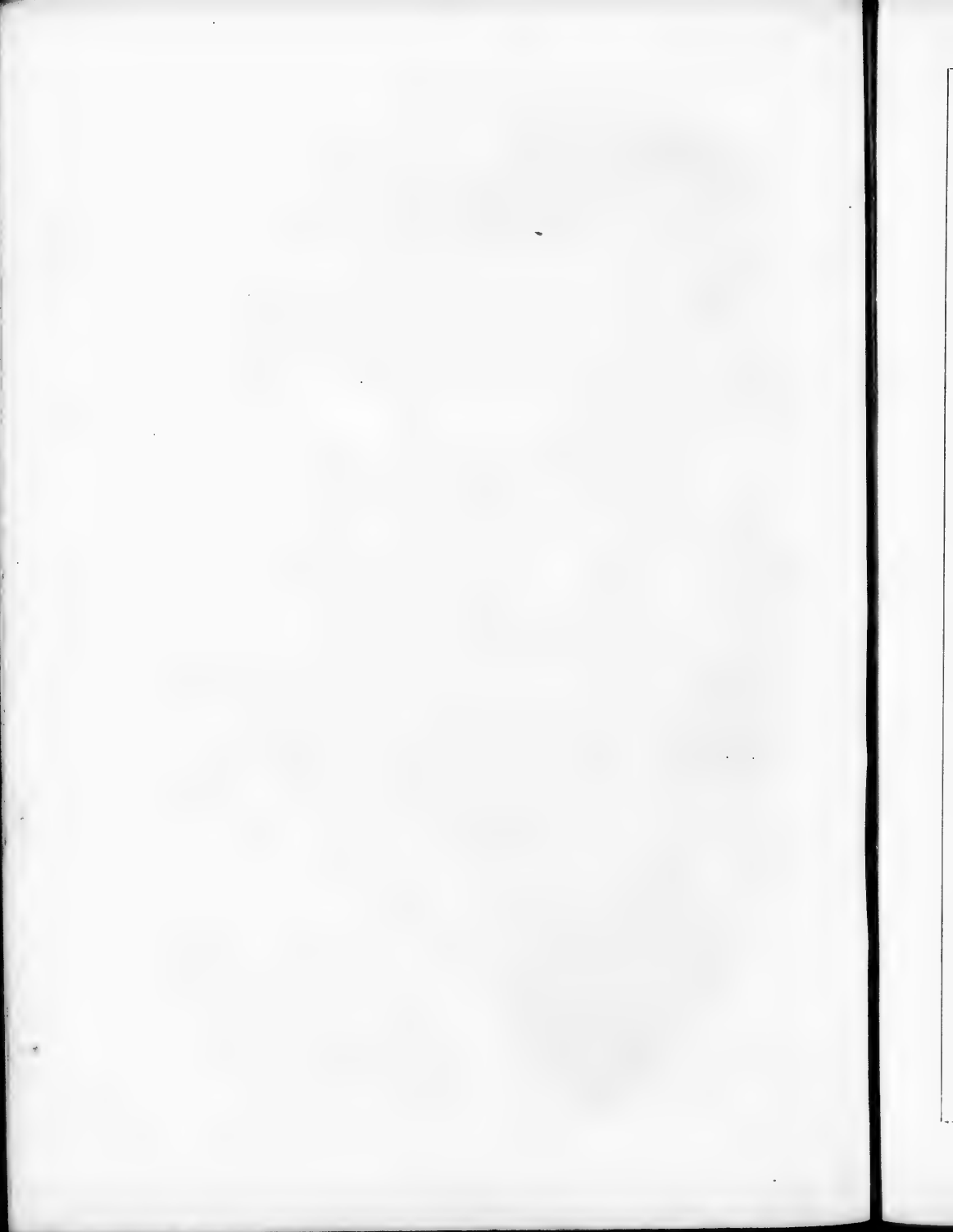
Two leagues further on is a spot over to be remembered by the constitutionalists, called Mindello, where Dom Pedro and his liberating army landed in 1832. A small stone obelisk was, some time ago, erected there by public subscription: it serves as a monument to his memory, and to mark the ground, which ought ever to be consecrated in the hearts of those who would be free. A little bay, with a beach of smooth sand, and with dark rocks on each side, a pine grove on a hill being behind it, was the spot chosen for the disembarkation of the troops. The first who landed having secured the hill, protected the remainder from the troops of Santa Marta, who menaced them at first, but afterwards retired; and, without any opposition, they marched in triumph into Oporto. Had they at once followed up their success with energy, there is every reason to believe the war would have quickly terminated, instead of which, shutting themselves up shortly after in Oporto, they endured a siege of many months, and all the horrors which can visit a city—not the least of which were shot and shell, starvation and plague.

About four leagues from Oporto, yet further to the north, on the sea-coast, is the town of Villa do Conde, on the River Dave, the entrance to which is protected by a small fort, and it has a long wooden bridge over it. The ruins remain of a bridge of stone, which was overthrown by a flood, and replaced by the one above mentioned. The most conspicuous building in the town is the large convent of Santa Clara, on the summit of some precipitous rocks overlooking the river; and daring must have been the loving youth who, to visit a mistress, would have attempted to gain an entrance on that side. It is supplied with water by an aqueduct of lofty arches, extending to some hills full six miles off. The convent was built, it is said, under the direction of a brother of the lady abbess, who being sent to raise a regiment in the district, allowed the men exemption from military service, provided they engaged to work on it for a certain time. None but daughters of noble families were admitted into this convent, as professed nuns, and it was consequently considered the most aristocratic retirement in the province. The view from the windows over the wide Atlantic, the pretty town below, the picturesque river, and the rich country beyond, must be very fine. Villa do Conde, the town of the Count, takes its name from a son of the good King Dom Dinis bearing that title, to whom the surrounding lands were given. He built a castle on the height where the convent now stands, and the town springing up round it, was called after him. Here a number of small craft are constructed, of very pretty models, and even brigs of considerable size; but the water on the bar is too shallow to allow of large vessels crossing it.

Returning to Oporto by way of Braga previously

CASTLE OF PENHA DA CINTA.



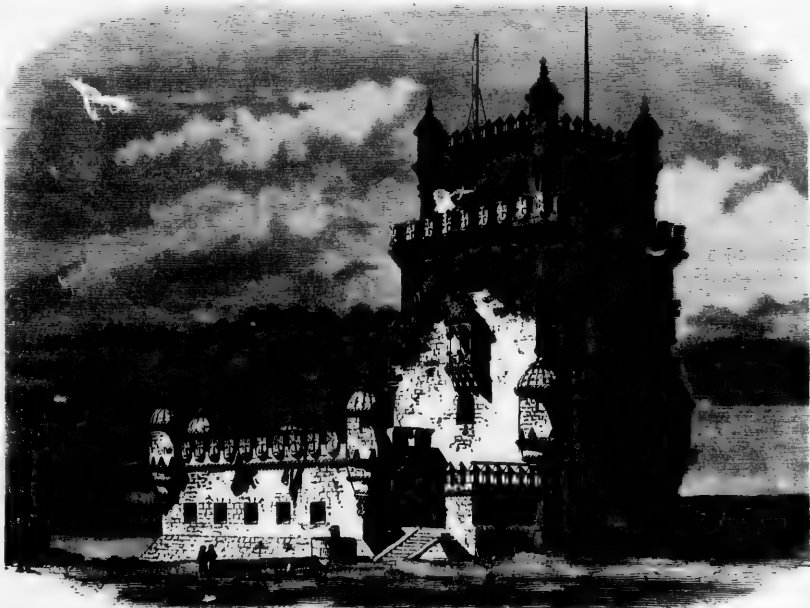


described, our next excursion was to Coimbra, between which and Oporto there is an excellent road and a swift diligence, dispensing with mules and saving all the usual fatigues and annoyances of dilatory horseback travel. The Estrada Real, as the diligence route is called, has, however, a drawback, that it follows the shortest of the four lines that lead from Oporto to Lisbon, and the least interesting by Villa Nova—a long row of straggling houses whence the traveller first loses sight of the Douro and of the city of innumerable towers, ever conspicuous among which is that of the Clerigos.

Passing Oliveira d'Azemeis, a strong military position, which served as head-quarters to Don Miguel

in 1832, and to the Duke of Saldanha in 1847, we crossed the Antica and soon reached Sardoal, where the wine is grown, which, from being shipped at Figueira, at the mouth of the Mondego, is known in England as Figueira or Barraida wine. Leaving the memorable mountain of Busaco to our left, the towers and convents of Coimbra came into view, like some huge castle rising against the sky and passing through the wide street of Santa Sofia lined on each side with vast convents, we were ultimately comfortably housed in the hotel of the Passo do Conde.

Coimbra stands on several hills, which rise somewhat abruptly from the Mondego, over which river extends a long stone bridge, built it is said, on the ruins of two



TOWER OF SELEM.

former ones. On the southern side rise wood-crowned banks, interspersed with quintas and convents. Among the former is the far-famed Quinta das Lagrimas, and the principal of the latter is the extensive Convent of Santa Clara. In the centre of the city the lofty and elegant tower of the Observatory shoots up, close to the chief buildings of the University, one side of which is on the summit of a precipice directly above the river. Far around are seen the towers of numerous handsome churches and vast monastic piles.

The streets are narrow and steep, and are paved with small, round, dark flint-stones, most disagreeable to walk on. The exterior of the private houses have

no pretensions to architectural beauty, being in general mean and shabby; though their interior is far superior to their outside promise. A tree in the north part of the city, of such vast dimensions that it requires several men joining hands to embrace it, is one of the curiosities of Coimbra. It is, I believe, of equal antiquity with the city itself.

Coimbra contains a great number of convents, whose lofty and dreary walls occupy one-half of the city; the broad street of St. Sofia having few other edifices in it. Some of those formerly belonging to the friars are now converted into a variety of beneficial purposes, as public offices, barracks, schools, and two are employed as hospitals. It is impossible to find

uses for them all, so that many are falling into decay. Some ground belonging to one has been employed as a Botanical Garden, which is a credit to the city, and to the members of the university, who support it.

The environs of Coimbra afford a number of beautiful views, which I will describe in the course of my rambles. There are many handsome churches attached to the convents, and two cathedrals, an old and a new one, the latter a superb temple formerly belonging to the Jesuits' College. Indeed, Coimbra is a most interesting and picturesque city. Camcens thus describes it:—

"Here castle-walls in warlike grandeur lower,  
Here cities swell, and lofty temples tower:  
In wealth and grandeur each with the other vies;  
When old and loved the parent-monarch dies!"

as Mickle elegantly translates the lines of the immortal bard. The last line refers to the good King Diniz, one of the earliest monarchs of Portugal, who in 1306 instituted the University of Coimbra.

The University (See p. 653) was once or twice removed to Lisbon, undergoing many vicissitudes, till the accession of the Marquis of Pombal to power. It had at that time fallen into much decay and disrepute, owing to the greater number of the professors' chairs being possessed by the Jesuits. On the banishment of that sect of religionists from the shores of Portugal, the great minister completely remodelled the University, appointing the most learned and enlightened men to fill the vacant chairs. It has ever since enjoyed a deservedly high reputation as a seat of learning, and as being the birthplace and nurse of liberal sentiments.

Hence we proceeded to the new Sé, or Cathedral, formerly the church of the Jesuits' convent, one part of which building has been converted into a museum, another into a hospital. The interior architecture of the Sé is plain and handsome, free from that tawdry gilding which disfigures so many churches. The arches are round; the pillars of granite square and massive; the altars and organ-loft are richly carved and gilt.

Thence we repaired to the College, entering a handsome square through an archway called the Iron Gate. To the right is a large building, a flight of steps leading to it, with an elegant colonnade in front, known by the classic name of *Via Latina*. This building, which extends along the greater part of another side of the square, is the College, containing the residence of the rector, the halls, and lecture-rooms. In front of us was the Library, a building with a handsome exterior: a view of the river and opposite hills was seen from the corner of the square, and on our left rose the lofty tower of the Observatory.

Entering the College, we were first shown the public examination hall, which has a roof ornamented with arabesque paintings of great antiquity, and is hung round with portraits of all the sovereigns of Portugal. Some of the portraits are well executed. We then entered a smaller hall in the same style, for private examinations, containing the portraits of all the rectors; and grim-looking characters they were, all having been friars, except the first, and the much esteemed Conde de Terrena. The floors of these halls are covered with Indian matting; the furniture is of ancient form; the whole kept in the most perfect order, and having a very antique appearance. Passing through several long galleries lined with paintings, we looked down from balconies above each, into the different lecture rooms, eight or ten in number, which open into a

quadrangle in the centre of the building. They are of elegant shape, good size, and newly painted.

We were shown the large hall in which Pombal held a court at the re-opening of the University on its reformation. It is left precisely as it was in those days, and had been for many previous centuries. The colours on the ceiling have been admirably preserved. The chapel contains a fine organ; the roof is painted in arabesque; the lower part of the walls is covered with blue tiles; and on the wall of the gallery is painted an open door so well, that it is impossible to discover the deceit till close to it. The taste of this species of ornament is questionable. In a corner of the College is a tower—the old observatory, I believe.

The library consists of three compartments, forming one lofty and beautiful hall. The roof is richly painted, a cornice of gold and blue running round the walls; and though some centuries old, the colours retain their pristine brightness. The bookcases, which reach to the ceiling, are of black wood, ornamented with arabesque patterns in gold, which give it a very handsome appearance.

We next descended to a story under ground, used till 1836 as a prison for refractory students; but now, all divisions being thrown down, it is fitted up as a library—its large hall well lighted, and full of books. I ought to observe, that as the College stands on the edge of a precipice, the walls at the back run to a considerable depth below the front. We were amused with the lines cut deep into the massive shutters by the captives of former days. One ran thus: "Here the most illustrious and most excellent J. J. N. P. was most unjustly confined by the severe tyranny of his judges. Think of it, ye Muses, and mourn for his fate." Below this story is another now filled with an immense number of useless theological works, brought from the suppressed convents, and here left to rot. This story is divided into dungeons, so artfully arranged, that they might have defied the efforts of any captive to break from them. It was at one time the prison of the city, where the worst criminals were confined; a novel appropriation of a portion of the collegiate buildings! The only entrance is from above, into a hall, from which passages with many turnings branch off; there being at each turning a massive iron door, and the dungeon at the furthest end.

Ascending again, we walked round the galleries of the hall, and thence on to the roof, whence we could examine the antique architecture of the college, and admire a lovely view spread before us. On one side was the city with its towers and convents, glittering in the sun, on the other, the silvery stream of the shallow Mondego, the convent of Santa Clara, surrounded by woody heights, and the Quinta das Lagrimas. Looking up the stream was the Botanical Garden, the Ecclesiastical College, and a surgical hospital, formerly a convent, while hills rose above hills in long succession in the distance.

The Observatory is a building perfect in its kind, and in excellent order, furnished with all the best astronomical instruments. From the second story extends a broad terrace over the roof of the lower part, from which the view is most lovely. The roof and part of the wall of the tower open, to allow of observations being taken; and in the centre also of the roof is a circular aperture, through which the transit of any planet is observed. Other observatories are, I believe, on the same principle.



Leaving the *Praca do Collegio* we proceeded to the Museum, a very fine structure, the architecture simple and chaste. The front elevation contains about thirty windows, having a good space between them. Before the Museum is a large open plot of ground, well paved, and facing it is a building used as a laboratory. This also is in excellent taste, and admirably suited to the purpose. Having no upper story, it covers a large extent of ground, the grand hall forming the centre.

I was much pleased when looking around as I stood in the square, to discover nothing which could in the least offend the eye. All was in perfect order, good taste, and unexceptionably clean; the air blowing pure and fresh from the hills to the south, on which side the *praca* is perfectly open. On the doors of the laboratory being opened, we entered the building. In the centre is an extensive and lofty lecture-room, well arranged for seeing as well as hearing. On each side are large rooms, where in glass-cases the apparatus used for illustration is preserved. But the laboratory itself, or experiment-hall, is most worthy of notice. It is a large lofty room, fitted with stone tables, a variety of furnaces, bellows and retorts, on the grandest scale. The building contains likewise a geological lecture-room, and rooms to preserve specimens, besides a small smelting-room; which we severally inspected.

We then crossed to the Museum, entering first the anatomical department to the right, which is properly kept separate from the other part. The lecture-hall is very handsome, the seats for the pupils rising in a circle round the lecturer's table, which is composed of a single slab of fine marble, and turns on a pivot. In another apartment were several other anatomical tables and surgical apparatus, swivelling beds, &c.

By a decree of Pombal, all dead bodies within three leagues of Coimbra were, if demanded, sent to the Anatomical Museum; but now the numerous hospitals afford abundance of subjects.

Returning to the street, we entered the centre hall, which is remarkably handsome. A fine flight of steps leads to the upper story, ornamented much in the same style as the Bank of England. A vast number of rooms running the whole length of this floor, and communicating by side-doors, have a fine effect. The conchological collection is considered the best. The entomological is incomplete; but a large number of insects are expected from the Brazils. In minerals it is very rich.

I was much interested with a miscellaneous collection of curiosities, begun in the despotic days of Pombal, who ordained that anything possessing more than ordinary interest should be sent hither for preservation; entirely regardless of the owner's unwillingness to part with it. Among them is a magnet, said to be the most powerful in the world: it lifts the enormous weights of 3786 pounds. We each of us hung on to an iron ring attracted by it; though I cannot say it drew the pen-knives from our pockets. After witnessing its powers, one could almost believe the wonderful adventures of the renowned Sinbad. There is a small one lifting eight pounds. We saw a skein of thread, spun by a lady of a neighbouring village, in the days of Pombal, of as fine a texture as that produced by the silk-worm. How delicate indeed must have been her sense of feeling! There were the very muskets with which the brave old Joao de Castro defended Diu against the infidels, and, equally esteemed, the bolts of the ancient gates of the city.

When the old fortifications of Coimbra were pulled down, the University demanded the gates, much revered as relics of bygone times; but finding them too large to admit within the building, they were satisfied with the bolts alone. In the year 1248 Coimbra was governed by a brave soldier, Dom Martin de Freitas, who had been appointed to the command by his king, Sancho the Second. Alfonso, the brother of the king, having revolted against his sovereign, whom he deposed, and declared himself regent, laid siege to the city, which Dom Martin defended for several months with the most determined bravery, refusing to accede to all propositions of capitulation, till he had received orders from his master to yield up his command. Sancho dying in captivity during the continuation of the contest, a rumour of the event reached the city; but the sturdy governor still refused to yield till he had ascertained the accuracy of the report. He demanded therefore of Alfonso a truce, which being obtained, he proceeded to Toledo, where Sancho was buried, and having satisfied himself that his beloved master was no more, by a sight of his inanimate body, he deposited on it the keys of the city, asking permission of the dead king to present them to the regent. Interpreting silence into acquiescence, he resumed them, and returning to Coimbra, opened the gates to Alfonso. The new king was so struck with the gallantry and loyalty of Freitas, that he confirmed him in the governorship of the city without exacting homage, settling at the same time a rich estate on his heirs. Dom Martin, however, looking on Alfonso as an usurper, and considering that he had but performed his duty to his master, not only refused to accept the boon, but laid his curse upon such of his heirs to the fourth generation as should take advantage of the grant.

We examined a large collection of South American and Indian arms, dresses, and other implements. I was interested also with looking over 1263 samples of the beautiful woods of Brazil; indeed, there were many other objects well worthy of notice, of which it was impossible to make a satisfactory examination.

We afterwards ascended a hill through the *Praca de Feira*, to visit the Botanical Gardens, passing the picturesque old *Sé*, and beneath a lofty aqueduct, which leads from the hills to the convent of Santa Cruz. A handsome iron railing with bronze ornaments, the work of a native of Coimbra, surrounds the gardens; the gateway having then been finished but a month. It is situated on the sides of a valley with numerous terraces, one rising above another, covered with rare and fine trees. The lower and warmer situations are devoted to tropical plants, many of which thrive here without the protection of glass. On one side are the conservatories, some of large dimensions being in the course of erection. Above them is a convent, now belonging to the Botanical Society. On the opposite side, on a height surrounded by trees, is the hospital for surgical cases; also formerly a convent.

Near the gardens, with a broad space before it, is the Priests' College, or rather seminary. The church attached to it is small, but richly ornamented; the roof supported by fine marble columns. We entered at a side door, beyond which we did not advance, for the body of the church was occupied by the students, some thirty in number, who, habited in clerical robes, were on their knees with their hands raised before them, I presume either learning to chant the service, or at prayer.

Issuing thence, and leaving the youthful acolytes still uttering their monotonous chant, we proceeded to a far different scene, a lovely terrace on the brow of a neighbouring hill, overshadowed by trees, and looking down upon a rich valley, full of the dark-leaved olive, the glistening orange, and other fruit-bearing trees, surrounding many a smiling cottage or country-house; the gardens and fields divided by hedge-rows of the prickly pear or cactus. Hither, their favourite resort on a summer-evening, come the students to pass the short cool hour before night sets in, with their guitars, and to enjoy the fresh breeze from the mountains. I have before observed that the Portuguese of all ranks are passionately fond of music. It is also much practised by the students, many of whom possessing fine voices, they have here, beneath the unconfined vault of heaven, full scope for their exercise.

Having still an hour of daylight before us, I was anxious to visit the far-famed Quinta das Lagrimas—the Garden of Tears—the scene of the loves of Dom Pedro and the beautiful, though, alas! not guiltless Donna Inez de Castro, and of her early and tragical death. Proceeding down a steep hill, beneath the walls of the university, we crossed the long stone bridge over the Mondego.

Close to the river, near the south end of the bridge, are the ruins of the ancient convent of Santa Clara, founded by Queen Isabella. By a sudden rise of the river, swelled by the melting of the snows of winter, the waters rushed in and overwhelmed it; the ground being now almost on a level with the arch of the front entrance. The present convent, a building of great extent, stands considerably higher up the hill, with one belonging formerly to an order of friars just below it. The left wing was appropriated to the reception of guests. Till of late years, there being but few inns in the country, and those of the very worst description, nearly every monastic edifice had a certain portion set apart for the reception of travellers, who were expected to contribute a trifle for their entertainment, probably in support of the church of the convent. The convent of Santa Clara received, like those of the same name at Lisbon and Oporto, none but the daughters of *fidalgos*, the nobles, within its walls. It still contains a large number of inmates, about fifty, including ladies and servants.

Turning to the left, along the banks of the river, we soon came to the Canal dos Amores, "the Canal of Love," so called from a tradition that Donna Inez used to send her letters down it, in a little boat, from the fountain whence it leads, to Dom Pedro, who anxiously awaited them by the river's side. Part of the garden has been lately inclosed, and a handsome house built near the site of her residence, the property of Senhor Antonio Maria Azorio, a *fidalgo* and peer of the realm, though he has no title. He has attempted to inclose the whole, and to shut up a pathway from time immemorial open to the public, leading to that fountain by whose side the fair dame sat and mourned, bathed in pearl-like tears which rivalled in purity the drops from the sparkling stream. The inhabitants of the city resisted the sacrilegious attempt, and when the owner found that he could not succeed, he allowed the spot to fall into neglect, hoping thus to deprive it of its attractions.

Thither, skirting the walls of the garden, we next wended our way. I approached it with reverential steps, for to a lover of the verses of the immortal

Camoens it is classic ground. The bright water bubbles out of a small cavern in a high moss-covered rock, overtopped by several magnificent cedars and a drooping willow, which throws a cool, thick shade below and upon the silvery streamlet flowing from it. The streamlet falls into a tank, whence issues the Canal dos Amores, the conveyer, perchance, of many a tender epistle from the lovely lady to her lord. The very seat on which she reclined beneath the overhanging rock still remains, the hard stone (yet not so hard as the hearts of her ruthless destroyers), worn by the corroding effect of time. By the side of the fountain is a tablet, with some of the exquisite lines of Camoens engraved on it, erected by that gallant soldier, General Sir Nicholas Trant, when governor of the province.

Such is the Fonte dos Amores, the same which Camoens has described in lines whose beauty and pathos no poet has ever surpassed. The view from the Quinta dos Amores, as seen from beneath the wide-spreading trees, is very beautiful—the lofty walls and towers of Coimbra rising on the other side of the Mondego, with the neighbouring hills and far blue mountains.

Unwillingly I quitted it, but the shades of evening were fast approaching, and my companion was wearied, I suspect, with his exertions in my service. We sat for awhile to rest upon the bridge, where groups of grave priests and masters of the colleges were collected, to enjoy the fresh air, which blew up the river, while my friend gave me much information regarding the University. It contains at present about eleven hundred students, who have the means at their disposal of acquiring every branch of human learning. There are professors of most of the ancient and modern languages usually taught in our own universities—one of English Literature among the number.

Besides the University there is a fine building, called the Collegio das Artes, containing halls for the reception of the younger students. In this are the chairs of six professors of languages.

I rose by daybreak on Friday morning, and walked forth alone along the willow-bordered banks of the Mondego. The air was pure and cool, like that of a fine spring morning in England; it felt almost frosty: the dew-drops yet hung upon the boughs, sparkling, as the rays of the rising sun first glanced upon them, and the birds sung with gladness, as they felt his warming beams. I sat down beneath a willow, and made a sketch of the picturesque city. The path led along the top of a high bank bordered by willows, between which on one side was seen the river, and on the other the fertile green fields of the Mondego. Further on works of considerable magnitude are in progress to improve the navigation, by narrowing the stream, under the direction of Don Agostino. Along the banks also are numerous water-wheels to irrigate the meadows.

Returning to breakfast, I afterwards hasted with L—— to visit the church of the Santa Cruz, standing in a praça of that name, and belonging to the enormous and now suppressed convent of the same. A large stone screen stands outside, in front of the church, and is of that style of architecture to which I know not what name to give. The interior of the church is handsome, of the simple Gothic, with several fine tombs, the principal being on each side of the high altar; that on the right, of Sancho, King of

Portugal, and on the left of Alfonso Henrique, both in the florid Gothic style, and much alike. I sketched that of Alfonso. On the lid of a sarcophagus is a recumbent figure in armour, with a crown on his head, which rests on a cushion, and at his feet a lion couchant: above, in alto relievo on the wall, hangs his helmet and gauntlets. A richly worked stone canopy reaches to the roof, and is supported by delicate pointed columns, having the statue of the Virgin and Child in the centre, with those of the Saints on each side and above. There is also a pulpit elegantly carved in stone. The walls are covered with blue tiles, on which are represented various scripture-subjects.

We then, quitting the church, went round the gardens, which, like the convent, have fallen into a sad state of decay. The entrance-court is now used as a market-place, and several of the buildings surrounding it were fitting up for some public purpose. This convent is one of the largest in Portugal: it appears almost a city in itself, struggling over a wide extent of ground, up and down hills, with extensive gardens stretching a considerable way to the east of the city.

In our way back to the inn we passed the market-place, crowded with women seated either on mats spread on the ground, or on baskets reversed, generally beneath large coloured umbrellas, surrounded by their fruit and vegetables, fish, pottery-ware, or cheese.

The melons and oranges of Coimbra are remarkably fine, and in profuse abundance. Two or three of the former were sent up to us at dinner, to cut up, and select the one to our taste—their flesh was green and very sweet. In speaking of the markets, I must mention a privilege possessed by the students, which, among many others granted them by the Marquis of Pombal, would, in the present day, be considered very despotic and unjust. In the market called *Feira dos Estudantes*, opposite the new Sé, the students have the first choice of all that is sold; so that if they see anything for which they have a fancy purchased by another person, they may compel him to give it up at the market price.

The Mondego offers as great a variety of scenery as the Douro, though far inferior both in size and beauty—first rushing through lofty rock-formed mountains, and then gliding calmly between green meadows. It is navigable fourteen leagues (about forty miles) from its mouth; that is to say, seven leagues above Coimbra. Figueira, at the mouth, is a favourite bathing-place of the inhabitants of the province, who resort there in the autumn in great numbers. The society, it is reported, is then very agreeable; for the *fidalgos*, who are shut in their country houses, far from each other all the rest of the year, then meet on social terms.

### XI.

VISIT TO COIMBRICA, ANCIENT COIMBRA—POMBAL AND ITS MARQUIS OF SAME NAME—ATROCITIES OF THE FRENCH—SYRIAN LANDSCAPE—LEIRIA—CASTLE OF KING DINIZ—MONASTERY OF BATALHA—ITS ARCHITECTS—CHAPEL OF THE FOUNDER—GREAT CLOISTERS AND CHAPTER HOUSE—SMALLER CLOISTERS AND MONASTERY—OTHER CHAPELS.

We quitted Coimbra at an early hour on the 4th of May, passing Condeixa, a pretty little town of 1200 inhabitants, the female portion of whom have no very good reputation, owing to the vicinity of the University. Thence we turned off to the left to Condeixa a Velha, where are extensive ruins of olden time. This was

probably the *Conimbrica* of the Romans which anteceded and gave its name to Coimbra. The latter city was liberated from the Moors in 872, reconquered by them in 982, and finally, in 1064, re-won by Dom Fernando the Great, assisted by Dom Rodrigo de Bivar, the celebrated Cid. There are still traces of this victory in the names of the *Porta da Traicao*, by which the conquerors entered, and the *Arco de Almedina*, that is, of the "Gate of Blood," where the most desperate struggle took place. At the erection of Portugal into a kingdom, Coimbra became the capital of the monarchy, and continued so till the reign of Don Joao I. After the election of that prince by the celebrated Cortes held in this city, the nobility and deputies requested him to transfer the seat of Government to Lisbon, for the sake of the advantages derivable from the Tagus.

Heads of columns, fragments of wells, and heun stones cropping out of the soil, seemed to accompany us all the way to Redina, whence, joining the high road, we soon reached Pombal, in *Estramadura*. This town was founded by Dom Gualdim Paes, Master of the Templars in Portugal, in 1181. The arms are—on a tower, between two doves (*Pomba*), the angel Gabriel, a scroll issuing from his mouth, with Ave Maria. Here it was that, by the meditation of Santa Isabel, peace was made between Dom Diniz and his rebellious son Dom Alfonso. A peculiarity in the ecclesiastical arrangements in this place was, that in one of its three parishes baptisms only were celebrated, in another marriages, and in the third funerals.

This town is principally known from having given the title of Marquis to the most unprincipled statesman that Portugal ever possessed. Sebastiao Jose de Carvalho e Mello was born at Lisbon, May 13, 1699. He first distinguished himself as ambassador in London; thence he was sent to Vienna, where he mediated between the Austrian Government and Benedict XVI. Returning to Portugal, he obtained the greatest influence over Dom Jose, and occupied himself in all kinds of reforms, both good and bad. It was owing to his firmness that, after the great earthquake, the seat of government was not transferred to Rio de Janeiro, and he passed fourteen days and nights in his carriage, amidst the smoking ruins of the city, to preserve order and to guard the inhabitants against banditti. He has the credit, however, of the famous speech, which he never made, when Dom Jose, helplessly inquired what was to be done? "Bury the dead and feed the living," was the reply; but it was in reality made by another nobleman who was present. To Pombal is due the expulsion of the Jesuits, under circumstances of peculiar cruelty, from Portugal; and his whole administration was a continued struggle against the old nobility and their rights. To revenge himself on their opposition, it is next to certain that he got up the pretended plot of 1758, for which the Duke of Aveiro, the Marquis of Tavira, and others, were put to death with great barbarity. He was, in consequence, raised to the rank of Conde de Oeiras, and in 1770 to that of Marquis de Pombal. On the death of Dom Jose, in 1777, Pombal was disgraced; the sentence against the so-called conspirators was revised, something too late in the case of those who had been executed; the prisons were thrown open, and a great number of the ex-minister's victims, in the last stage of wretchedness, set at liberty.

Directly after the death of Dom Jose, there arrived

from Goa a vessel with an enormous sum of money, plate, jewels, and valuables of all kinds, from the suppressed convents of the Jesuits, which Pombal had quietly intended to appropriate for himself; they were sent back to India by Donna Maria I. There was a general cry for the trial and execution of the degraded minister; but, out of respect to the memory of her father, the queen contented herself with banishing him to a distance of twenty leagues from the court. Followed by the execration of all Portugal, he retired to the place whence he derived his title, and died there in 1782. That his talents as a politician have been very much overrated there can be no doubt; that it would not be easy to overrate his total want of principle is equally certain. It is far clearer that he was a bad than that he was a great man. His remains were preserved by the monks where the church of St. Francisco, where they had been buried, was accidentally burnt, and now lie unburied in a little chapel in the town.

The Igreja Matriz is a modern building; on the opposite side of the square in which it stands is an inscription setting forth that, in that house, Charles, King of Spain (*i. e.* the Pretender to that monarchy, whose support by the English gave rise to the War of Succession), slept on August 31, 1704. The castle stands well on an eminence, and is an interesting ruin. The traveller should make a point of seeing the remains of the church of the Templars, a very good specimen of Romanesque. Of the horrid atrocities committed by the French in this place, Colonel Landmann, an eye-witness, has left a faithful account.

"The author had passed a week at Pombal, about two years before its destruction, in the house of a gentleman at that place, and was treated with great kindness: the family consisted of a gentleman, his wife, one son, two daughters, and three young ladies, his nieces, all well educated and very amiable. Every evening during the said week, little parties assembled either at this house or at that of some of the friends, and to these he, the author, went as one of the family. The harmony of these meetings and the pleasantness of society were such as to baffle ordinary descriptions. The common people, too, appeared in much better circumstances than in other parts of the kingdom. In 1811, on revisiting Pombal, after the torch and sword had done their worst, the author went to the house where he had experienced so much civility, anxious to learn the fate of the family. On reaching the door, it appeared that the fire had been less active there than in other quarters: after knocking several times a feeble voice from an upper window inquired the business of the stranger; on looking up he saw the well-known countenance of the mistress of the house, but she was deeply worn by grief. The lady instantly descended, and, bursting into a flood of tears, remained speechless several minutes: at length, with a loud scream, she exclaimed, 'Oh! the French have destroyed them all!' and related the following heart-rending account: 'On the retreat of the French army from near Lisbon, my family, excepting my three nieces, thought it most prudent not to quit the house, as the enemy had always held out to us that every house which the inhabitants abandoned should be plundered. Under this delusion, we ventured to remain here, in hopes of saving our little property: we saw them enter the town, and all went on tolerably well until the last of them were about to depart. Oh! then, what scenes of bloodshed

and murders of every kind! They came in and asked for my unfortunate husband; he no sooner appeared than several soldiers demanded money, plate, jewels, &c., with their guns pointed at his breast, and threatening to shoot him on the spot if he did not satisfy them: my unhappy son was at this time in the upper part of the house, and came down to defend his sisters, thinking that insult had been offered them; as he entered the room the ruffians stabbed him through the heart: in an instant afterwards my poor husband was shot, and this noise brought my daughters from a concealed place. Oh, God! how can I declare their fate! Yet why should I cover the truth! They no sooner appeared than the soldiers rushed upon them; one, thank God! escaped into the yard, and, by seeking her death in the well, was saved from meeting the same treatment with her unhappy sister, who was detained in this room with myself, and there, before my face, suffered on this very spot, pointing to the floor, 'every infamy which delicacy forbids me to mention; and then received the death-blow from the very men who, had they been human beings, ought to have looked upon her at least with compassion; but no, they seemed to rejoice in their guilt, and stripped both of us of every article of our clothes; the house was then plundered, the furniture destroyed, and set on fire.'

"The wretched lady, at this period of her narration, seemed to be almost deprived of her senses; but, after recovering, told the author that one of her nieces at the approach of the enemy quitted the house, and she had only just been informed that a body answering the description of her person had been found dead and floating in an adjacent lake; of the two others, one had died on board a vessel in Mondego Bay, either through want or from some other cause; and the third, after suffering during several days under a dreadful state of mental derangement, had expired without once recovering her reason.

"From this house the author went in quest of some place where his horses could be put under cover during the ensuing night; and amongst other buildings he entered a church, which the enemy had evidently used as a stable: the floor had been taken up to serve as fuel, or to search for gold in the graves of the dead, and was strewn with skulls and other human bones; the decorations of the interior were totally destroyed; and, on observing some pieces of rope fastened to a high beam over the principal altar, he was informed that three of the friars belonging to the adjoining convent had been hung in their sacerdotal vestments, by the enemy, to that beam. In short, every church, house, or other building, was reduced to a state of ruin; and the author, in rambling through the adjacent grounds, particularly near the ancient castle on the hill, in search of an advantageous spot whence he could employ his pencil, was forced, by the stench of the half-buried bodies, to hurry away."

On the 5th we left Pombal for Leiria. The heat was already very great, and the country seemed to be parched and arid, almost desert, and reminded us of many a Syrian landscape, an illusion to which still greater effect was imparted by the presence here and there of nores, or Moorish wells, which the Portuguese have allowed to remain just as they were when the Arabs dwelt in those countries. Nor were occasional trains of mules, bearing baskets that hung down nearly to the ground, out of keeping with the oriental character of the landscape.

Gradually, however, the country improved: verdure and cultivation succeeded to parched uplands, and crossing the Lis, we entered the city of King Diniz—the Alfred and Charleagne of the Portuguese. The situation of Leiria is very striking. The castle crowns an exceedingly steep hill, and the valley of the Lis both ways is very rich and beautiful. The cathedral is quite modern, but handsome in its way, and in much better taste than the generality of Portuguese churches. The other churches are not worth a visit, though the city at first sight appears to abound with towers, most of them belonging to suppressed monasteries. The castle was founded by Alfonso Henrique, and remains in tolerably perfect condition. It commands an extensive view of the Serra do Junto and the sea to the west. Leiria is said to have been the ancient Callipo. Taken by Alfonso Henrique from the Moors in 1135, it was shortly afterwards retaken by them.

It was a favourite residence of Dom Diniz and San Isabel: the place where they resided is to this day called Monte Real. It was this king, rightly surnamed the Husbandman, who first planted the extensive pine forests for which Leiria is famous. He thus put a stop to the incursions of the sand, which threatened to overwhelm the city, and provided an inexhaustible supply of the best deal for his kingdom. The original trees came from Les Landes in Burgundy. It is worth while to take a ride through the Pinhal Real; the deal of these trees is said to be the best in the world. Besides the traffic in this wood, there is a large manufacture of naphtha and of glass. 3,000,000 reals are paid monthly at Leiria to the labourers in these two employments. The town was raised to be an episcopal see by Dom Joao III., in 1545; there is at present some talk of removing the bishopric to Thomar.

In July, 1808, the inhabitants, encouraged by the success that had attended the patriotic insurrection against the French at Coimbra, proclaimed their legitimate sovereign before they had the necessary means of making their rising successful. On July 5, General Margat appeared before the town, and after making a feeble resistance the Portuguese fled, leaving 800 or 900 on the field. According to the French not a person was injured nor a house burnt; whereas the truth is, that the victorious army began an indiscriminate butchery of old and young women and infants in the houses in the churches, and in the gardens. The most atrocious acts were not committed by the common soldiers only.

Leiria is honourably distinguished as being the first city in the Spains, and the fourth in Europe, which possessed a printing-press. In the year 1466 the *Coplas* of the Infante Dom Pedro, of which only four or five copies now exist, was published here.

In the Rocio, at the side of the river, there is a warm spring, which possesses medical virtues; and at the foot of Monte Sao Miguel is another fountain called the Olhos de Pedro, which sends forth from the same rock one hot and one cold stream. Here, in 1590, was born the poet Francisco Rodrigues Lobo, who ranks next to Camoens and Sa de Miranda. His chief work is the *Condestrado de Portugal*, a long historical poem on the Life of Nuno Alvares Pereira; it is not without great beauties in particular portions, but, from the writer's having tied himself down to the task of an annalist, is on the whole very tedious. Lobo enjoyed the greatest popularity during his life, and, when he was drowned in the Tagus near Santarem, his death was regarded as a public calamity. He was one of

those who had the moral courage to write entirely in Portuguese during the Castilian usurpation.

The River Lis, which flows through the city, and gives it its name, is a favourite of the Portuguese poets, and especially with Francisco Rodrigues Lobo—

"Formoso rio Lis, que entre arvoredos  
Ides detendo as aguas vagarosas  
Até que humas sobre outras invejosa  
Fiquem cobrindo o vao destes penedos."

We were, however, in a haste to get to Batalha—a spot well known to tourists as affording the greatest treat in its wondrous monastery, which has been described as "a mountaneous confusion of spires, pinnacles, pierced battlements, and flying buttresses," and which yet resolves itself into a very simple design, that is to be seen, perhaps, in all Europe. The monastery was founded by Don Joao in consequence of his many vows made at the Battle of Aljubarrota. The Dominicans persuaded him to appropriate it to their order; and the letters of donation were issued from the camp before Molgao, in 1388. From that date the works were carried forward, more or less continuously, till 1515, when, as we shall see, they were given up for want of an architect.

The whole building may conveniently be divided into five portions: 1, the original church; 2, the Capella do Fundador, at the south-west end of the south aisle; 3, the great cloisters and chapter-house on the north side of the nave; 4, the smaller cloisters and monastery itself, to the north of the great cloisters; 5, the Capella Imperfeita (called also the Capella de Jazigo, and the Capella de Manoel), at the east end of the choir.

The original church was to all intents and purposes finished before 1416. It is cruciform, with a very short choir, that has no aisles, and two small chapels at the east of each transept. There are neither side chapels nor side altars to the nave, an arrangement which so remarkably contrasts with the usual Portuguese theory, and symbolises with our own, as not improbably to be owing to the taste of Philippa of Lancaster, whom we know to have been consulted on the plan of the nave.

The traveller who enters the building for the first time towards evening, when its faults are to a great degree hidden, will probably think it the most imposing cathedral he has ever beheld. The total exterior length, however, reckoning from the extreme points, is only 416 feet, which is about that of Worcester; the interior length of choir and nave only 266 feet; the height to the apex of the nave vaulting is 90 feet. The nave has eight bays. The immense height of the pier-arches (they reached an altitude of 65 feet) almost atones for the want of a triforium. Though there is now merely a low rail to the choir, a tolerable rest for the eye is afforded by the multifoliation of the choir arch, thus distinguished from the other crossing arches. The piers themselves are exceedingly simple, and in their first general effect (though not in their mouldings) give the idea (as do all Portuguese buildings of the same date) of transitional work. The two chapels to the east of each transept are all similar, and triapsidal; the two central ones with an eastern lancet; the two exterior ones with two lancets on the external sides. The first to the north is dedicated to Santa Barbara. Here is the tomb of the Duke of Aveiro, the father of the nobleman executed for Pombal's sham plot. Its shields and inscriptions were defaced by order of that minister in his attempt to root out the very name of that hated family. The next chapel is that of Nossa

Senhora do Rosario. Here was the tomb of Donna Isabel, queen of Dom Affonso V.: it is now destroyed. The first in the south transept is Nossa Senhora do Pranto: here was the tomb of Dom Joao II. According to the infernal system which always has been adopted by the French expeditionary armies, it was not only destroyed, but the remains of the monarch were exhumed and cut in pieces. The portions that could afterwards be discovered were buried under the miserable wooden case which at present exists there. The south chapel, dedicated to San Michael, is the burying-place of the distinguished family of the Da Sousas.

The choir is painfully short, consisting of a pentagonal apse and two bays only. The whole of its fittings

are in the most wretched modern taste. Before the altar is the high tomb of Dom Duarte, son of the founder, and his queen, Donna Lianor. It is somewhat awkwardly inserted in the middle of the steps to the sanctuary, so that the foot of the monument is on a level with the sanctuary floor. The effigies were much injured by the French. The windows originally contained a series of subjects from the Old Testament in the nave, and from the new in the choir; a few specimens of the latter, as the appearance of our Lord to St. Mary Magdalene, the Annunciation, Visitation, and Ascension, still exist in the apse lancets. The greater part was irreparably injured by the French. In the year 1839 government commenced the restoration of the



MAFRA.

fabric, appropriating to that purpose the annual sum of 2,000,000 r., i. e., about £420.

From the church itself we enter the Capello do Fundador. On the death of Donna Philipps in 1416, she was buried in the centre of the choir; Dom Joao gave directions in his will that he should be laid by her side, till the new chapel which he was then erecting should be ready for their joint reception. He himself departed this life August the 14th, 1434, the anniversary of the Battle of Aljubarrota. The chapel was not then completed; he was accordingly buried in the choir, whence the remains of himself and his queen were translated with great pomp into the Capello do Fundador. There they now rest; for the vault in

which they were deposited fortunately escaped the diabolical outrages committed, after their usual fashion, by the French, on the other royal personages buried in Batalha.

The chapel forms a square of sixty-six feet, with a central octagonal lantern of forty feet in diameter. This rests on eight magnificent piers, carrying most elegant stilted arches, thirteen foiled and refoiled, the mouldings being picked out in green, crimson, and gold. Over each of these, on each side of the lantern, is a broad lancet. The vaulting is most exquisite, especially the crown-like central boss, which has angels bearing the arms of Portugal. No words can express the beauty of this lantern. In the centre is the high



tomb on which repose the effigies of Dom Joao and Donna Philippa. The height of the slab is about seven feet from the ground: the effigies, which are very fine, are larger than life. At the head of each is an octagonal canopy; these bear on the other side the arms of Portugal, and of Portugal impaling England, respectively. At each corner of the tomb is a sumptuous stone socket for the corgies burnt at the anniversary orbits of the founders. The tomb itself is quite plain, except for a rich wreath below the upper slab. This consists of briar-leaves, with the motto repeated, *Il me plait pour bien*. The allusion is to the burning bush and to the call of Moses, the deliverance of Portugal from the Castilian yoke being thus typified by that of Israel from Egypt. At the east end of the lantern was an altar, with a most elegant triptych, destroyed of course by the French.

The south side of the chapel itself is taken up with the four recessed and canopied tombs of the four younger children of the founders—their eldest son, afterwards the King Dom Duarte, having been, as was said before, in opposition to his father's express injunctions, buried in the choir. These tombs are all of the same general design, and can scarcely be surpassed. The first, to the east, is that of the Infante Dom Fernando, grand master of Aviz, and commonly called the Principe Santo, the youngest son of Philippa of Lancaster. During his mother's pregnancy, she was informed by the physicians that if she would preserve her life it was necessary to procure an abortion—a proposal which she rejected with great indignation. An expedition against Tangiers being proposed by Dom Duarte, it was put under the command of his brothers, the Infantes Dom Henrique and Dom Fernando. The siege was formed with an army of 6,000 men. The garrison made a stout defence, and was soon relieved by the Kings of Fez and Morocco at the head of 130,000 Moors. The Portuguese proposed to re-embark under cover of night, and might have done so in safety had it not been for the treachery of the chaplain, Martim Vieira. After resisting, for a whole day, the attack of the Moors on their entrenchments, the Portuguese offered to surrender Ceuta on condition of being allowed to re-embark. Dom Fernando remained as a hostage till the king's consent could be obtained to the terms. It was judged that Ceuta was too important to be given up; but any sum of money was offered which Zala-ben-Zala, the captor of Dom Fernando, would name. The offer was rejected, and when Dom Juan of Castile threatened to take up arms in behalf of the Infante, the Moorish chief transferred his prisoner to the King of Fez, by whom he was promised every kind of honour if he would embrace the creed of the false prophet. On his refusal he was shut up in a dungeon, without light or air, where he remained, in spite of the offer by Dom Duarte of Ceuta, till his death, June 5th, 1443. When Dom Alfonso V. had taken Tangiers, and obtained possession of the wife and children of its governor, Muley Zeque, he offered them liberty on condition of receiving his uncle's remains, which were accordingly given up to him, and translated with great pomp to this tomb, June 17th, 1472. Though never canonised, Dom Fernando was venerated as a saint in many places; and a brief of Pope Paul II., in 1470, was issued in his honour.

The soffit repeats the motto, *Le bien me plait*. On the sides of the tomb is the cross of Aviz, and foliage of the ground ivy. The second is that of the Infante Dom

Joao, seventh child of Dom Joao I., and master of the order of Santiago. He married his niece, the daughter of the first Duke of Bragança, and died at Alcaçor do Sal, 1442. The motto is, *J'ai bien raison*: the ornaments of the tomb are a pouch with scallops, and foliage of the wild strawberry; on the wall above is represented the Passion. The third is that of the celebrated Infante Dom Henrique, Duke of Viseu, and Master of the Order of Christ, the father of Portuguese maritime discovery. He was born in 1394, and died in 1460. His motto is, *Talent de bien faire*: the tomb is ornamented with the order of the Garter, and with foliage of the ilex: his is the only effigy. On the other tombs are placed a kind of cylinder ornamented with shields, in a manner clearly intended to represent a pall. The fourth is that of the unfortunate Dom Pedro, Duke of Coimbra, and afterwards regent of the kingdom. He was born in 1392, and fell in the Battle of Alfarrobeira, May 20th, 1449. Buried first at Alverca, his body was removed to Abrantes, thence to San Eloy at Lisbon, and finally here. The motto is, *Désir*: the ornament of the tomb is the order of the Garter and the balance of justice; the foliage is that of the oak.

The east side of the chapel is occupied by the four altars of the four Infantes: the first to the north, that of Dom Pedro, is dedicated to the guardian angel of Portugal; the next, that of Dom Henrique, to San John Baptist; the third, that of Dom Joao, to Santiago; and the fourth, that of Dom Fernando, to the Assumption. Each had a fine triptych, painted by Gran Vasco; they were all destroyed by the French.

The west side is much plainer, and merely contains four recessed arches, intended probably for the tombs of any future members of the royal family. The windows on all three sides are the same: a large central one of eight lights, and two side ones of four, the tracery being remarkably good; they were filled with scenes of Portuguese history, from the battle of Campo d'Ourique to that of Aljubarrota. The entrance from the nave, opposite the last bay but one of the south aisle, is by a very fine cinquefoiled and doubly refoiled arch.

We will now visit the cloisters, the usual entrance to which lies through the sacristy. The latter, which is approached from the eastern chapel of the north transept, is a good plain, but nowise remarkable building, vaulted in two bays, north and south, and lighted by two two-light windows at the east. Here they show the helmet worn by Dom Joao I. at Aljubarrota, and his sword. Hence we enter the chapter-house, an exquisite building, nearly square, but vaulted octagonally. This vaulting is perfectly beautiful; the east window of three lights resembles the best English middle-pointed. Opposite to this is the entrance to the cloisters, a nine-foiled refoiled arch, deeply recessed, of four orders. On each side of this is a large window of two lights, trefoiled and refoiled. The whole of this entrance, which, notwithstanding its massiveness, has an effect of extreme lightness, is one of the most beautiful things in the church. In the centre of the chapter-house are two wooden cases, replacing the tombs of Dom Alfonso V., and Dom Alfonso, the son of Dom Joao II.

The chapter-house was probably the erection of Dom Alfonso V.; if so, the corbel at its south-east angle, which is shown as the portrait of Alfonso Domingues, the first architect, must be that of one of his successors.

The cloisters, manifestly (whatever Portuguese antiquaries may say to the contrary) the work of Dom Manoel, have no rival in Europe. They are one hundred and eighty feet square, each side enriched with seven windows, of lights varying from three to six, with tracery of the most wonderful richness and variety, sometimes wrought in mere foliage without any figure, sometimes arranged in bands and circles round the cross of the order of Christ, sometimes encircling with its wreaths the sphere; no two windows are the same; scarcely any two based on the same idea; additional variety afforded by the passage to the court itself through the central window on each side. Nor are the monials less wonderful than the tracery; some are voluted, some are filleted, some are chequy; some are, as it were, wreathed with pine leaves; some seem as if they were built up with fir cones; in some, strange lizards climb up and twist themselves in and out among the foliage of oak and ivy, and, what is here a favourite enrichment, young cow-cabbages; some are dotted over with stars, some nebulous, and some chevronné. It is wonderful that one mind could devise such variety and extravagance of adornment. The gem of all, however, still remains to be mentioned. At the north-west angle a most delicate network of tracery projects inwards in two bays, inclosing a little square for a fountain. The multifoliations and refoliations of this work far exceed everything else in the cloister; and the oblique view from the north to the west side of the cloister, where the eye takes four planes of tracery, each forebortened, but all at a different angle, forms such a labyrinth of enrichment as none can conceive who have not seen it for themselves. The whole consists of three stages; and, though now dry, one may judge of its beauty when the rays of the sun fell upon its waters through the network, or it might better be said, lacework, of stone that surrounded them.

To the west is the refectory, a very plain building; and to the north, the place in which the wine belonging to the convent was stored. At the north-east of the east side is a circular-headed door, extravagantly adorned; branches of trees, cables and lizards, twisted together, form the orders of its arch. It is now blocked, but originally led into the lecture room.

The cloisters of Alfonso V., now forming part of the barracks, are good, but not very remarkable.

We will next visit the Capella Imperfeita. In order to appreciate the epoch at, and the circumstances under, which it was erected, we must remember that at the beginning of the reign of Dom Manoel, justly surnamed the Fortunate, the discoveries of Vasco da Gama in the east, and Nuno Cabral in the west, had opened to Portugal the way to conquests and to riches which the rest of Europe almost regarded as fabulous. The wealth that poured in from Coromandel and the Spice Islands, and the yet unexplored regions of Santa Cruz, now Brazil, elevated Dom Manoel to a degree of opulence which perhaps no other European monarch ever possessed. Abhorring war, and always on good terms with Spain, he was enabled to indulge his passion for building to the fullest extent; and the twenty-six years of his reign filled Portugal with a prodigious number of magnificent edifices. It appears very probable, from the constant and friendly intercourse carried on between that country and England, that Dom Manoel conceived the idea of imitating Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster, by the Capella Imperfeita: both attached to the conventual church which form the royal burying-place;

both occupying the same position, the extreme east end; both built in the fullest development of their respective styles; and for the service of both, artists summoned from the furthest parts of Europe. It seems to have been the design of Dom Manoel to translate hither the remains of the earlier Portuguese monarchs, and then to fix the place of his own sepulture among the tombs of his ancestors.

The chapel itself is octagonal, each side being triangular. Each of these chapels was to be appropriated to some Portuguese monarch, or to some member of the royal family. They are therefore furnished with piscina and ambury: the actual place, however, in which the body was to be deposited is not visible from the interior. Niched in between each two of the chapels is a kind of projection, furnished with a lancet traceried throughout. The entrance was to have been in the side of one of the adjacent chapels, but it has never been opened. Each of these chapels has a thirteen-foiled and refoliated arch of entrance, the shafts having three orders.

The glory of this chapel is, however, its western arch, surpassing in richness anything even in the cloisters. The west side of the arch has seven orders of the most elaborate foliation springing from hollow sockets: amongst knots, flowers, and foliage, the words *Tanias el Rey* are repeated over and over again. The meaning of these letters has been much disputed. The tradition on the spot is, that *El Rey* is of course Dom Manoel, and that *Tanias* was his favourite chronicler: the only objection to this is, that there never was such a person as Tanias. Other equally inadmissible derivations have been proposed by the antiquaries. The chapel had advanced to its present condition when Matheus Fernandez died, April 10, 1515. It appears that he left no working drawings behind him. The design for the completion of the chapel was therefore intrusted to his son. The new architect was a man of the new generation, and commenced on the west side in the clerestory stage, by erecting two heavy Grecian arches, spotted and spangled with stars, and with a vulgar balustrade beneath. Don Manoel, happening to pay a visit to the works, was so much disgusted as to give orders that they should instantly stop. He probably intended to provide himself with an architect more capable of carrying them on, not knowing that Christian art had reached its extreme limit. He was also much occupied with the convent of Belem at Lisbon, which, gorgeous as it is, is immeasurably inferior to Batalha. It is necessary to procure an order from the master of the works to ascend to the roof. This is nearly flat, and is very well covered with large and slightly convex tiles, firmly embedded in cement—a striking contrast to the generality of the Peninsular cathedrals, where, as for example at Burgos, the tiles are usually laid one upon another without any fastening whatever. There is a rich pierced battlement of about seven feet high, with pinnacles, and a second pierced battlement of the same character to the aisles. This was a good deal injured in the great earthquake; but has been restored and with very tolerable success. From the roof of the nave that of the choir looks mean indeed, stunted, without battlement or pinnacle, and merely strewn over with coarse red tiles. The traveller should pay particular attention to the west façade, remembering, however, that the lantern of the Capella do Fundador was originally capped by a richly panelled octagonal spire, thrown down in the great earthquake. The west door

is especially grand with its six apostles on either jamb, its seventy-eight canopied saints in the arch, its tympanum representing Our Lord with the four Evangelists, and the Coronation of Saint Mary in its canopy.

The best external views of the whole building are—1, from a little hill covered with olives about three hundred yards to the south; and 2, from a tree that overhangs the right bank of a rocky lane leading to the north-west. At some distance to the south-east of the convent is the original parish church of Batalha, now disused, the conventual church being appropriated to the parish. It has a fine west door, imitated from the entrance arch of the Capella Imperfeita, but more arabesque. In the interior there is absolutely nothing to see. The parish was dismembered from that of San Estevao at Leiria in 1512, and the church erected in 1532.

## XII.

ALCOBACA—CELEBRATED CISTERCIAN MONASTERY—CHURCH—MOORISH CASTLE—NOSTRA SENHORA DE NAXARETH—BATTLE OF ALJUBARROTA—PORTUGUESE HEROINE—CROSS THE SERRA D'ALBARDOS—OURUM—THE TEMPLES AT THOMAR—ITS WONDERFUL CONVENT—CHURCH OF SAN JOAO BAPTISTA—COTTON FACTORY—SAN GREGORIO.

We had started from Leiria on foot, leaving the arreiros to follow with the mules; and when we had feasted almost to repletion upon the exquisite details of the monastery, we mounted for Alcobaca, which we only reached after a somewhat weary and long ride. The fact is, we were tired before we started. Alcobaca is a large village, which would be passed without notice were it not for its ancient abbey, whose renown has, like Batalha, made a place of pilgrimage of it to all such as undertake an artistic tour in Portugal. The Cistercian monastery of Alcobaca is declared in the *Handbook* to be the largest in the world. Nor is the history of the foundation of this great structure without interest. Alfonso Henrique, when expelling the Moors from the country in 1143, having become master of Santarem, sent a deputation to Saint Bernard, at Notre Dame de Clairvaux, requesting from him a band of monks for the new foundation which he proposed to erect. Accompanied by the court and the newly arrived Cistercians, the king searched out the most suitable situation between the Serra d'Albardos and the sea, and began to dig the foundation with his own hands. The first church was completed in four years. At a later period it served for the Igreja Matriz, till Cardinal Henrique, afterwards king, who was then abbot, rebuilt it in the wretched taste of his time. The actually existing building was commenced in 1148 and finished in 1222. It is said that there were for a long time 399 monks in this place, but that this number never could be exceeded. They were divided, according to the rule of Saint Benedict, into deaneries: as soon as an office was finished by one set it was taken up by the next, so that praise was never intermitted. The abbot was mitred; he was ex officio high almoner, precentor of the Chapel Royal, general of the Cistercian order in Portugal, subject to Rome only, and, till the reign of Dom Joao III., visitor of the order of Christ. The black death reduced the monks to eight, a blow from which the abbey never recovered: its revenues were partially seized, and the income that was left was barely enough for a hundred monks. Still, however, Joao Donnellan, the tenth abbot, was able to send eleven bodies of his vassals to fight at Aljubarrota.

Cardinal Henrique was the twenty-sixth and the last of the abbots for life: then began the succession of triennial heads, which lasted till the suppression.

The church of Alcobaca, next to that of Batalha, is the most interesting building in Portugal. It is an excellent example of a purely Cistercian design; simple almost to sternness, it strongly resembles the abbey church of Pontigny near Auxerre, and is manifestly the work of a French architect. Its total length is 360 feet; its height is said to be 64 feet, though it is scarcely possible to help believing that the latter is underrated. The twelve pier-arches of the nave are remarkable for their prodigious height; there is neither triforium nor clerestory; the piers themselves are the perfection of majestic simplicity, and the vista down the aisles, which are necessarily the same height as the nave is, from their length and their narrowness, exceedingly grand. The church itself has a circular apse, a presbytery, or, as the Portuguese call it, *charola*, with nine chapels round it, transepts with aisles, and a south-west chapel to the south transept. The choir of the monks occupied the five east bays of the nave, the screen being at the end of the sixth. Notice more especially the fine effect of the nine windows in the apse, the two great marginals in the transepts, and the exquisite manner in which the pier-arches are stilted. In the chapel of the south transept are the tombs of Dom Alfonso II. and Dom Alfonso III., with their queens, Donna Urraca (celebrated in Southey's ballad of the "Five Martyrs of Morocco") and Donna Brites. But the most interesting monuments in the church and in the kingdom are the high tombs of Dom Pedro and Ignez de Castro. Contrary to the almost universal law of monuments, they are turned foot to foot, the king having expressly commanded this, in order that, at the Resurrection, the first object that should meet his eyes might be the form of his beloved Ignez. Nothing can be more exquisite than the details of both tombs, more especially that of the queen. The sculpture under six straight-sided arches on each side, the Crucifixion at the head and the Great Doom at the feet, are of the very best workmanship of the very best period of Christian art. Neither in the choir nor in its chapels does there now exist anything of interest; the former was much spoiled by an Englishman named William Elsdon, who "beautified it" for the monks about 1770. To the east of the charola is the sacristy, 80 feet by 38; it was the work of Dom Manoel, and is rather plainer than the erections of that king usually are. The chapels of Nossa Senhor do Desterro and do Prosepio are worth seeing. The west front of the church, with its two towers, is a barbarous erection of the seventeenth century. Fortunately, the west door, which is of seven orders, has been left in all its original magnificence. It is worth ascending to the roof of the church in order to obtain a correct idea of the size of the monastery, now principally used as barracks. It was almost destroyed by the French, and rebuilt in the style that might be expected after their expulsion. The order for consigning it to the flames, signed by Massena's own hand, during his disgraceful retreat, fell into the hands of his pursuers. The soldiers piled a quantity of inflammable materials round the piers of the church, but fortunately, though for the depth of six or eight inches their bases were reduced to lime and crumbled off, their immense massiveness preserved them from further destruction. A

similar treatment would, in a few hours, have brought such a church as Belem to the ground. The monastery was 620 ft. in width by 750 in depth, and contained five cloisters. According to the Portuguese saying, its cloisters were cities, its sacristy a church, and its church a basilica; or, as it pleases Mr. Kinsey to describe it, a basilica. The north-west end was the hospedaria or reception-house for guests; there were seven dormitories; the kitchen was 100 ft. in length by 22 in breadth, and 63 in height to the vaulting. The fireplace which stood in the centre was 28 ft. in length by 11 in breadth, and its pyramidal chimney was supported by eight columns of cast-iron. The refectory was 92 ft. by 68, divided into three aisles by piers. The library, which contained 25,000 volumes and 500 MSS., was removed at the suppression to the Bibliotheca Nacional at Lisbon. The rights conferred on this monastery by Alfonso Henrique, and somewhat curtailed by his successors, were again bestowed in full by Dom Joao IV. The only recognition by which the abbey confessed itself dependent on the crown was the custom which compelled them to present a pair of new boots to the king whenever he visited the convent in person, and even this was abrogated by Dom Alfonso III. in 1314. It must be remembered, however, that this, like all the other great houses, paid three-tenths of its yearly revenues to the state. The foolish and fanatical hatred displayed by Camara towards the English is nowhere so conspicuous as in his account of Alcobaca. Without mentioning the French, he simply says that the convent was burnt down, partly in consequence of the civil wars, and partly because the English troops set it on fire, from its containing a manufacture of cotton which rivalled their own. Here was preserved the caldron taken by the victors at the Battle of Aljubarrota. When Philip II. visited Alcobaca, he was pressed by the abbot to allow its conversion into a bell. Piqued at being thus reminded of the defeat of his countrymen, "Pray let it alone," he replied; "for if it has made so much noise in the world as a caldron, who could ever endure it when it became a bell?"

From Alcobaca an excursion may be made to the Pilgrimage Church of Nostra Senhor de Nazareth. The town of Pederneira, close to which it lies, is situated at the mouth of the little River Alcoa, and contains 2,000 inhabitants. It was to this place, according to Portuguese tradition, that Dom Roderic fled, in company with the monk San Romano, from Cauliano, near Merida, where he had taken refuge after the Battle of the Guadalete and the loss of Spain. Here they lay hid for a year, at the end of which time San Romano died; and the king, having buried him, fled to San Miguel de Fetal, near Vizcu, where he ended his wretched life. The hermitage was cruelly sacked by the French in 1808, and there and at Pederneira jewels and valuables to the amount of 600,000 crusados were carried off. Of 300 houses at Pederneira, only four escaped destruction; and the soldiers made a point of burning all the boats and nets which they could find. The tower of Nostra Senhor de Nazareth serves as a sea-mark. It was to this place that Dom Lourenco de Lourinhã, Archbishop Primate, was carried, when supposed to be mortally wounded at Aljubarrota, and here he recovered. Pederneira itself had its origin in the time of Dom Manoel, when the sea-side village of Paredes, which contained 600 houses, was overwhelmed by the sand.

Aljubarrota, a name like Alcobaca, of corrupt

Moorish origin, and still bearing the article *al* prefixed, famous for the great victory which decided the independence of Portugal, is close to the Cistercian Monastery, from which it is, indeed, only separated by a spur of the Serra d'Albardos.

At the death of Dom Fernando I., in 1383, there was no legitimate successor to the throne. Donna Brites, daughter of the late king, had, by her marriage with Dom Juan I. of Castile, lost her right of succession. Dom Pedro, father of Dom Fernando, had left an illegitimate son, then Master of Aviz. At the Cortes held at Coimbra this nobleman's pretensions were so strongly put forward by his partisans, and especially by the Great Constable, Dom Nuno Alvares Pereira, Dom Lourenco de Lourinhã, Archbishop of Braga, and the great lawyer, Joao das Regras, that he was unanimously elected king. The King of Castile, who had previously, during the Regency, invaded Portugal, on receiving this intelligence, again put his army in motion, and advanced upon Liabon. Dom Joao I., who was then in the north, hastily gathered such forces as he could, and followed the Castilian army. On the 14th August, 1385, advancing from Leiria, the head of 6,500 men, he fell in with the Spanish vanguard at a place then called Canocira, now better known as Batalha. The Castilians are reckoned variously at from 33,000 to 90,000; they had the advantage of the field, occupying its west side on a hot August afternoon, and they had ten pieces of artillery, then called trons, the first ever seen in the Peninsula. Notwithstanding these advantages, the king, who was ill with the ague, was recommended not to accept battle, but overruled all objections. The armies therefore met at the foot of the ridge, where Batalha now stands, but something more to the west: the centre of the Castilians was at Cruz da Legoa, and their rear had stretched beyond Aljubarrota. Just before the engagement, the Archbishop of Braga, riding in front of the Portuguese lines, gave indulgences to the soldiers from the true Pope, Urban VI. A Spanish bishop did as much to his nation from the Anti-Pope, Clement VII. The Portuguese were in three divisions: the left wing, which formed the vanguard, was commanded by the Great Constable; the right wing, commanded by Mem Rodriguez and Ruy Mendes de Vasconcellos, consisted of the knights who took the romantic appellation of *Namorados*; the third division, commanded by the king in person, consisted, like the first, of seven hundred lances, supported by the best part of the infantry; the rear-guard, which contained the inferior soldiers, was at a considerable distance behind. At the very moment of attack a ball from one of the trons killed two brothers in the Portuguese army. A panic began to seize the front line, when a common soldier, with great presence of mind, called out that, so far from being a bad omen, the shot was an especial mark of God's favour, inasmuch as to his certain knowledge there were no slain were desperate villains, who would not be allowed to share in the glory of the future victory.

The king himself and the constable performed prodigies of valour; the former was struck from his horse by a Spanish knight, and would certainly have been killed on the spot had it not been for the prompt assistance of Dom Gonçalo de Macedo. The great standard of Castile was finally taken, on which Dom Juan, in spite of his ague, mounted his horse, and never drew rein till he reached Santarem. His tent,

with all its furniture, fell into the hands of the victors. The silver triptych of the altar is preserved in the sacristy of Guimaraens; and a large bible, taken with it, was given to the Abbey of Alcobaca, and is now in the Bibliotheca Nacional at Lisbon. Other relics of the battle, of undoubted authenticity, are the helmet worn by Dom Joao, in the sacristy of Batalha; it requires a strong man to bear it on his head; his sword, in the same place; his pelote, in the sacristy of Guimaraens; and, till the year 1834, there was to be seen, in a house at Aljubarrota, an immense caldron, employed in cooking beans for the Castilian army. Three of these were taken: this, that at Alcobaca, which gave rise to the witticism of Philip II., and another, which disappeared soon after the battle. The Castilian prisoners were generously used; the Portuguese engaged on the enemy's side either fell in the fight or were put to death afterwards; a brother of the constable was among the latter number. Dom Joao, after remaining, as the custom was, on the field of battle three days, went to Alcobaca, where he celebrated the Festival of San Bernard (to whose intercession he attributed the victory) with great pomp.

A pleasant ride amidst rocks and bushes, the former of which kept increasing in size and confusion, till we got into a real chaos of mountain, told us we were crossing the Serra d'Albardos, and when we attained the crest a splendid panorama of magnificent mountain scenery made us still more sensible of this fact. We could see before us where the Serra broke off on the one hand into what is called the Junto, which is prolonged to Cintra, and was prolonged right into the Atlantic on the other, and where it terminates on the superbly abrupt Cape Roca. By mistake we got to Ourem instead of Thomar, our destiny, a miserable and desolate village which crowns a sharp peak of the Serra do Junto with ruinous walls and no hostelry.

After partaking of the hospitality of the worthy priest of Ourem, we proceeded the next day by a better road to Thomar, a town which, situated near the ruins of the ancient Nabantia, is by many declared to be one of the most interesting places which Portugal can show to the ecclesiologist. Its position on either side of the Nabao, the steep hill that rises to the west, and is crowned with the enormous convent of the Order of Christ, the pilgrimage chapel of Nossa Senhora da Piedade, the very curious bridge, and the spire and tower of the two ancient parish churches surpass even Coimbra.

No sufficient account of this wonderful convent has as yet been published, and even Count Raczyński dismisses the subject in a very few pages. Passing the church of San Joao Baptista (of which presently), and the little Praca beyond it, we begin to ascend the steep hill, the convent walls towering above our heads. Turning sharply to the left, we enter the postern, and then the gate, of Santiago, coming out into what is now a wheat-field, but which was formerly a court. Close to the walls are the remains of the chapel of Santa Caterina, built, as the guide will not fail to assure you, by Dom Caterina, queen of Dom Dinis; but as the only Queen Catherine of Portugal was the wife of Dom Joao III., local tradition does not preserve much accuracy here.

Descending the hill, we next visit the church of San Joao Baptista. At the west end of this is the Praca, with the Casa da Camara opposite; above that the convent. Leaving the church and retracing our

steps to the bridge, which is of good pointed work with openings at the side, we get to the south-east end of the town, passing the cemetery. Here is the church of Nossa Senhor dos Olivais, or Nossa Senhor da Assumpcao; the descent to it is by nineteen steps. The tower is detached, and stands some distance from the west end; it is Romanesque, low, and massive, and may possibly be referred to the times of Gualdim Paes. From hence we proceed to visit the cotton manufactory. Although, of course, it cannot compete with the great English mills, it is nevertheless interesting to see how these things are done in Portugal. The largest in the kingdom is at Lisbon, and is worked by steam. This, which is turned by water-power, is the second, and there is one nearly as large at Visella, near Porto. It employs 300 hands—160 women, 140 men—besides 100 hands outside the mill, in bleaching, &c. The highest pay is 2s. a day, the lowest, half a testao, 23d. Hence it is worth while to walk along the Levada, which works the mill, to the weir at its head, both for the sake of the view and for the picturesque effect of the washing and bleaching carried on in grottoes at the side of the Nabao.

Retracing our steps, and again crossing the bridge, we visit the chapel of Saint Gregorio, an octagonal building with a fine flamboyant door. Immediately above this, on the summit of a steep hill, is the pilgrimage chapel of Nossa Senhor da Piedade; the ascent to it is by 255 steps in 94 tiers, the landing-place on each tier having on each side a semicircular stone seat: the effect of the whole is very fine, but under a Portuguese sun the ascent is rather trying. Halfway up on the right-hand side is the now ruined chapel of Nossa Senhor Jesus do Monte.

## XIII.

SANTAREM—CHURCHES AND WALLS—PORTUGUESE RAILWAYS—CHURCH AND MONASTERY OF BELEM—BEMFICA CONVENT—PALACE OF QUELUZ—PALACE OF CINTRA—CASTLE-CONVENT OF PENHA DA CINTRA—THE CORK CONVENT—PENHA VERDE—THE SITIAES—THE ROCK OF LISBON—PALACE AND CONVENT OF MAFRA—THE TORRES VEDRAS.

WE were now in comparatively civilised countries, and our journey from Thomar to Santarem presented none of those difficulties which had opposed themselves to rapid progress for now some days past. This ancient city is one the seventeen civil administracoes of the kingdom, and is situated on the high ground to the north of the Tagus. It was the Scalabis or Presidium Julium of the Romans. Its present name is derived from Santa Iria or Santa Irene.

Santarem was taken from the Moors by Don Alfonso VI. of Castile in 1093, but it soon fell again into their power. Its final liberation by Alfonso Henrique is one of the most interesting episodes in Portuguese history. Santarem was the last strong place held by the Miguelites in 1833, and they only surrendered it after their three defeats at Pernes, Almoester, and Asseiceira. To the ecclesiologist, Santarem is a most interesting town. The church of San Joao do Alporao, said to be a corruption of Alcorao, the building having originally been a mosque, is now used as a theatre, and miserably defaced. The tower is detached: there is a good deal of Romanesque work remaining. Close to this is the modern church of San Martinho. Next is the church of the suppressed convent of Graca, founded by the Count of Ourem: the high tomb beneath which his remains rest is one of the finest in Portugal. Here



is also the chapel of Santa Rita, who is invoked against impossibilities: her picture, by Ignacio Xavier, a native of Santarem (1724), is much admired. The church of the Jesuits, now parochialised, was exceedingly rich, and has some good mosaics. That of Santa Maria de Marvilla (said to be a corruption of Maravilha, from a miraculous image sent hither by St. Bernard after the capture of the city) is asserted to date from 1244. The conventual church of St. Francis dates from the 13th century.

There are some remains of the ancient walls, which had formerly five gates. On the opposite side of the river is the town of Almeirim, once the famous residence of the Portuguese monarchs during summer, when its precincts abounded with game. The town was built by Dom Joao I. in 1411, the royal castle by Dom Manoel: here several of the Infantes were born, of whom the most celebrated was the cardinal king Dom Henrique. Here also that monarch, when worn out with years and sorrow, held the Cortes in which he made his final decision of leaving the crown to whoever had most *right*—that is, in plain terms, most power. He was buried in the church of this place, though his body was afterwards translated to Belem.

From Santarem we proceeded to Carregado and thence by Villa Franca, Alhandra and Pavea to Lisbon. A railway was at the time in progress along the valley of the Tagus to Santarem, a line which will, it is to be hoped, be prolonged to Spain. The railway is, indeed, now open to Santarem, and Government is promoting railway communication from Lisbon to Oporto by it, through Thomar, Pombal, and Coimbra, as also from Santarem by Abrantes, Crato and Portalegre, to Badajoz, where a junction would be effected with the Spanish, and consequently with the French railways. The rare beauties and exquisite relics of art contained in Portugal will then truly be opened to all the world. We reserve to ourselves the description of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, to another opportunity, when the illustrations, which must necessarily accompany such descriptions shall be in hand; but we shall not part from the Tagus without a word or two concerning three of its chief gems—the Church and Monastery of Belem, of which we have given a sketch at pages 657 and 665—the Palace and Castle-Convents of Cintra and of Penha da Cintra, of which latter we have also given a sketch at page 663,—and lastly of the enormous Palace and Convent of Mafra, for an illustration of which see page 672.

We made our way to Belem down the Tagus by boat, passing through a fleet of vessels of all nations, and landing at the foot of the celebrated tower, within a few paces of the no less celebrated convent. This magnificent structure was intended as an expression of gratitude for the successful result of the expedition of Vasco da Gama. The site was selected, as being the place where that hero embarked, July 8, 1497, on his adventurous expedition, and to which he returned July 29, 1499. Here originally, when the place was called the Barro do Restilho, stood a small *Ermida* founded by the Infante Dom Henrique, for the convenience of mariners. In this chapel Vasco da Gama and his companions passed the night previous to their embarkation in prayer. When it was determined to erect a magnificent church here the name of the locality was changed to Belem (Bethlehem). The first stone was laid by the king in person with great ceremony in the year 1500. The stone, which is a carbonate of lime, was obtained in the neighbour-

hood. It admits of exquisite carving, and it is very durable; originally white, it has now acquired a rich golden hue.

The whole building is erected on piles of pine-wood. It sustained scarcely any damage in the great earthquake; a small part of the vaulting then injured, and not attended to, fell down about a year after. It is entered on the south side under a rich porch, which contains more than thirty statues. In the apex is that of *Nostra Senhor dos Reyes*. The doorway is double. Above the central shaft is a statue of the Infant Dom Henrique in armour. The nave and transept are very rich specimens of the latest flamboyant. The eastern arches of the gallery that supports the *coro alto* are superbly sculptured. The arrangement of the transepts is singular; there is a kind of vestibule between choir and nave, which would at first sight be taken from them,—whereas they really form dwarf excrecences at the extremity of this. The choir is of later work, and "classical." On the north are the tombs of Dom Manoel and his Queen Maria; on the south those of Dom Joao I. and his Queen Catherine. They are all plain sarcophagi, supported on elephants. The cloisters are very rich and good.

Leaving Lisbon by the north-west road, we soon reach Bemfica, a village containing about 3,500 inhabitants; on the way, the *Aguaes Livres* and the multitude of windmills are the principal objects. Bemfica is prettily embosomed in orange-groves, gardens, and orchards; and near the *Larangeiras* stands the once celebrated Dominican convent. It is now a manufactory: the church is preserved, and contains the chapel of the Castros, and the tomb of the great lawyer, *Josa das Regras*. The former has, among other monuments, the mausoleum of the ever-famous Viceroy of India, Dom Joao do Castro, the friend of San Francis Xavier, and one of the greatest men whom Portugal can boast. In the church is an image of St. Mary, brought from Tunis by the Portuguese squadron sent to the assistance of Charles V. of Spain, under the command of Dom Luiz. Ascending the hill of Porcalhota, and passing a somewhat desolate country, we reach Queluz, at a distance of two leagues from Lisbon, a royal palace founded by Dom Pedro III., husband of Donna Maria I., a favourite residence of Dom Joao VI. and of Dom Miguel. Here is shown the bed in which Dom Pedro IV. expired; the room is called that of Don Quixote, from a series of paintings occupying eighteen panels, which represent the adventures of the Knight of La Mancha. The palace is much like other palaces; in the oratory is a monolithic Doric column of agate, found in Herculaneum; it was a present from Leo XII. The gardens, which were modelled on those at Marly, are, in their way, very fine. Hence, over a rough broken country, covered with heath, to Ramalhao, another royal palace, where the Queen Donna Carlotta was sent to reside in 1822, in consequence of her refusing to take the oath to the Constitution, and where, in conjunction with Dom Miguel, she plotted its overthrow. Dom Carlos of Spain resided here in 1832. It is now deserted. Passing the village of San Pedro, and turning the edge of the mountain, we catch the first view of Cintra, with its crags towering up above the thick foliage, the Cork convent, and the two large conical kitchen-chimnies of the royal palace, which form so curious a feature of the view from all parts.

This palace was the Portuguese Alhambra, "the



bed" of the Moorish kings, and when, in after ages, Lisbon was made the seat of the Christian Government, it became the favourite residence of its monarchs. Dom Alfonso V. was here born, and here died. Here it was that Dom Sebastiao held his last audience, before sailing on his disastrous expedition; here, also, that the miserable Dom Alfonso VI. was confined for the last eight years of his life. The palace is a singular mixture of Moorish and Christian architecture, with its fountains, terraces, gardens, arabesque windows, slender shafts, reservoirs, and towers. The Sala das Pegas, the Magpies' Saloon, is a large apartment, painted all over with magpies, each bird holding in its beak the legend *Por bem*, "For good." It is said that Dom Joao I. was discovered by his Queen, our Philippa of Lancaster, in the act of bestowing some very questionable mark of attention on one of her maids of honour; and that his only reply, on the principle of *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, was *Por bem*. In order to show that he was not ashamed of the adventure, and to satirise the gossip of his court, he gave orders for painting the Magpies' Saloon. Hence the visitor will be taken to the chapel, and to the room in which Dom Alfonso VI. was confined. It is a miserable apartment, in which the brick floor is entirely worn away on one side by the perpetual walking to and fro of the unhappy monarch, like a wild beast in his den. He died suddenly of an apoplexy while hearing mass, September 12th, 1683.

Hence we proceeded to the Penha convent, built on the very summit of one of the highest peaks, for the Jeronimites of Belem. (See page 663.) On the suppression of convents, the Penha was bought by a private gentleman, from whom it was shortly afterwards purchased by the King Regent Dom Fernando. The view from the summit is exceedingly fine, embracing the Arrabida to the south, the mouth of the Tagus, the lines of Torres Vedras, the Serra Baragueda to the north, and the huge pile of Mafra, rising from the plain, at a distance of about nine miles.

Another of the lions of Cintra is the Cork convent, founded by Dom Joao de Castro, and consisting of about twenty cells, partly built over the surface of, and partly burrowed in, the rock. They are lined with cork for the purpose of keeping out the damp, whence the name; are about 5 feet square, and have the door so low that it is impossible to enter without stooping. Cintra is thronged during the summer by Lisbon visitors, anxious to exchange the intense heat and sickening closeness of the capital, for the fresh cool shades and breezy heights of these mountains. Lodgings are to be let in every part of the town; most of the Portuguese nobility resident in Lisbon, and of the British merchants, have a quinta here; and, no doubt, the great fame of Cintra has partly arisen from the striking contrast it affords them.

From Cintra we made an excursion to the Cabo da Rosa (the Rock of Lisbon). A league to the west is the beautiful valley of Verrea and the town of Colares, celebrated for the wine of the same name. At the end of the valley is a kind of lake, where there is a pleasure boat, and to which parties are often made from Cintra. A league to the west of Colares are the Fojo and the Pedra d'Alvidar, or Alvidar. The first is a huge cavern in the rocks, tenanted by a prodigious quantity of sea-birds; the second is a headland, rising almost perpendicularly to the height of about 200 feet. The

whole of this coast is very grand: its highest peak, the Rock of Lisbon, attains an altitude of 1920 feet.

From Cintra our way lay due north across a parched and desolate tract of ground, close abutting upon the Atlantic to Mafra. Villa Chilheros was the only place passed on the way, and soon after passing it we obtained a first sight of the enormous palace and convent, which, according both to our own national *Handbook* and the *Lisbon Guide*, is "very striking"—and most assuredly it is so. (See page 672.)

The history of its foundation is this. Dom Joao V., anxious for an heir to succeed him in the throne, made a vow that, on the birth of a son, he would change the poorest into the most magnificent monastery in his dominions. On the birth of an heir he caused inquiries to be instituted with a view of fulfilling his vow; and finally selected Mafra, then a poor foundation for twelve friars, as the site of the future convent. In imitation of the Escorial, he determined that it should embrace a palace as well as a monastery. The architect was the German Ludovici: the foundation stone was laid November 17th, 1717, and this ceremony alone cost 200,000 crowns. Thirteen years were spent in the erection of the palace, and the average number of workmen was 14,700.

The whole of the edifice forms a parallelogram, of which the longest sides (those which run from north to south) measure about 770 feet. To the south is the palace called the *Residencia da Rainha*, to the north that named the *Residencia do Rei*; both are four stories in height, and terminate in magnificent towers at the extreme angles of the edifice. It contains 866 rooms, 5,000 doors, 2 towers 350 feet high, and 9 courts. The great fault of the whole is, that no one room is worthy, in its size and proportions, of the rest of this stupendous building. The *Camara de Audencia* is preserved as it existed when Dom Joao inhabited the palace; and it is the only apartment by which the traveller can judge of the effect of the whole when it was the residence of a wealthy court.

The library is three hundred feet in length, the pavement of white and red marble, the roof stuccoed, and the bookcases of the richest woods. It contains 30,000 volumes. The belfrey and clocks are perhaps the most curious portion of the building. The machinery of the latter resembles rather that of a Birmingham manufactory than that of a religious edifice. The immense cylinders covered with spikes, which set the chimies in motion, are deservedly celebrated; the entire weight of metal in each tower is reckoned at upwards of 200 tons. In the southern tower the hands of the clock mark the time in the common way; those in the north in the Roman method, with only six divisions in the circumference. The church surpasses in richness the rest of the edifice.

Close by Mafra are the commencement of the celebrated military lines or defences known as the Torres Vedras. They extended from Alhandra on the Tagus to the mouth of the little River Sizandra, near Torres Vedras. The direct line across the country, between these points, is about twenty-six miles; the line of defence was about forty.

Following the course of these lines to Alhandra and Villa Franca, through a delightful country, we returned by the steamer to Lisbon, much benefited and in no small degree improved by our trip.

## A VISIT TO ATHENS.

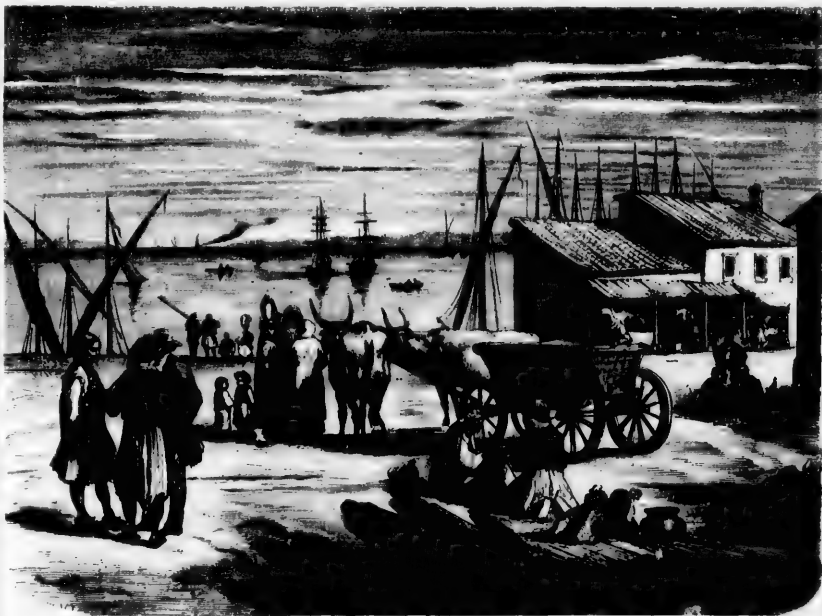
### I.

THE PIRÆUS—ACROPOLIS OF MUNYCHIA—OTHER RELICS OF ANTIQUITY—MODERN ATHENS—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—ATHENS AS IT WAS IN THE TIME OF THE TURKS—ITS FIRST INSURRECTION—TURKS TAKE REFUGE IN THE ACROPOLIS—CAPTIVATION AND MASSACRE OF THE TURKS—USURPATION OF ODYSSEUS.

AFTER some months spent in exploring that largest and most beautiful island of the Mediterranean, Sicily, I embarked at Messina for Greece. From Cape Spar-

tivento, where we bade farewell to Italy, it is but twenty-four hours' run to Cape Matapan and the island of Cerigo, where the classic land first presents itself in the shape of gloomy rocks with a naked uncultivated soil. Evening was fast approaching, and simple as the scene was, still the setting sun, which cast a lurid red tint over the cliffs, imparted to them a grandiose aspect, and seemed to reflect in sanguinary hues the reminiscences of years of heroic conflicts.

"A tree!" shouted an Englishman at our elbow, "a



THE PIRÆUS.

tree! I have been 'doing' the East these ten years, and have passed this point twenty times, but never saw that tree before, I must make a note of it." It was a tree, but a sickly and stunted one, left there probably to show that where one thinks everything has crumbled to pieces, a fragment still remains erect.

It was not till the evening of the next day that we anchored in the harbour of the Piræus, now Drako or Porto Leone. Most of the passengers hurried off to Athens the same evening, especially our sharp-eyed compatriot, in the fly-leaf of whose handbook a considerate friend had written, "Beware of the hotels of the Piræus."

Not so with us. The rocky island which became connected with the mainland within historical times, with its Acropolis, temple, theatre and Hippodameian Agora—not to mention its many historical reminiscences—had too many points of interest not to attract us to it for a day at least. The modern part does not present a very inviting aspect (*See above*), and the many little ports of old—Cantharus, Zea, now Stratiotiki, and Munychia, now Fanari—were only fit for triremes, but as time revolves, so things seem sometimes to return to what they once were only in a different shape; and if a turreted two-gun iron-boat can, in our own day, vanquish large men-of-war, why

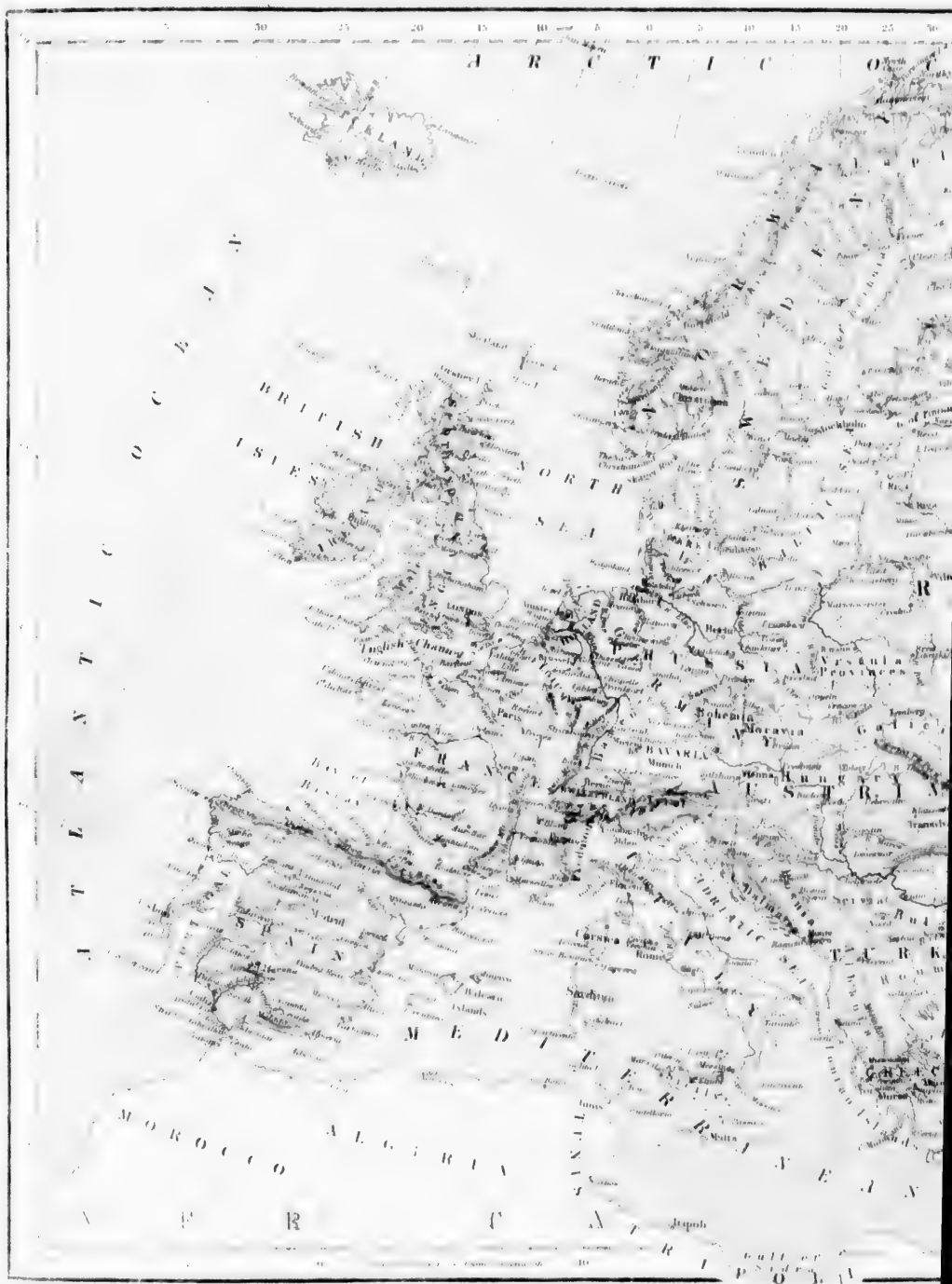
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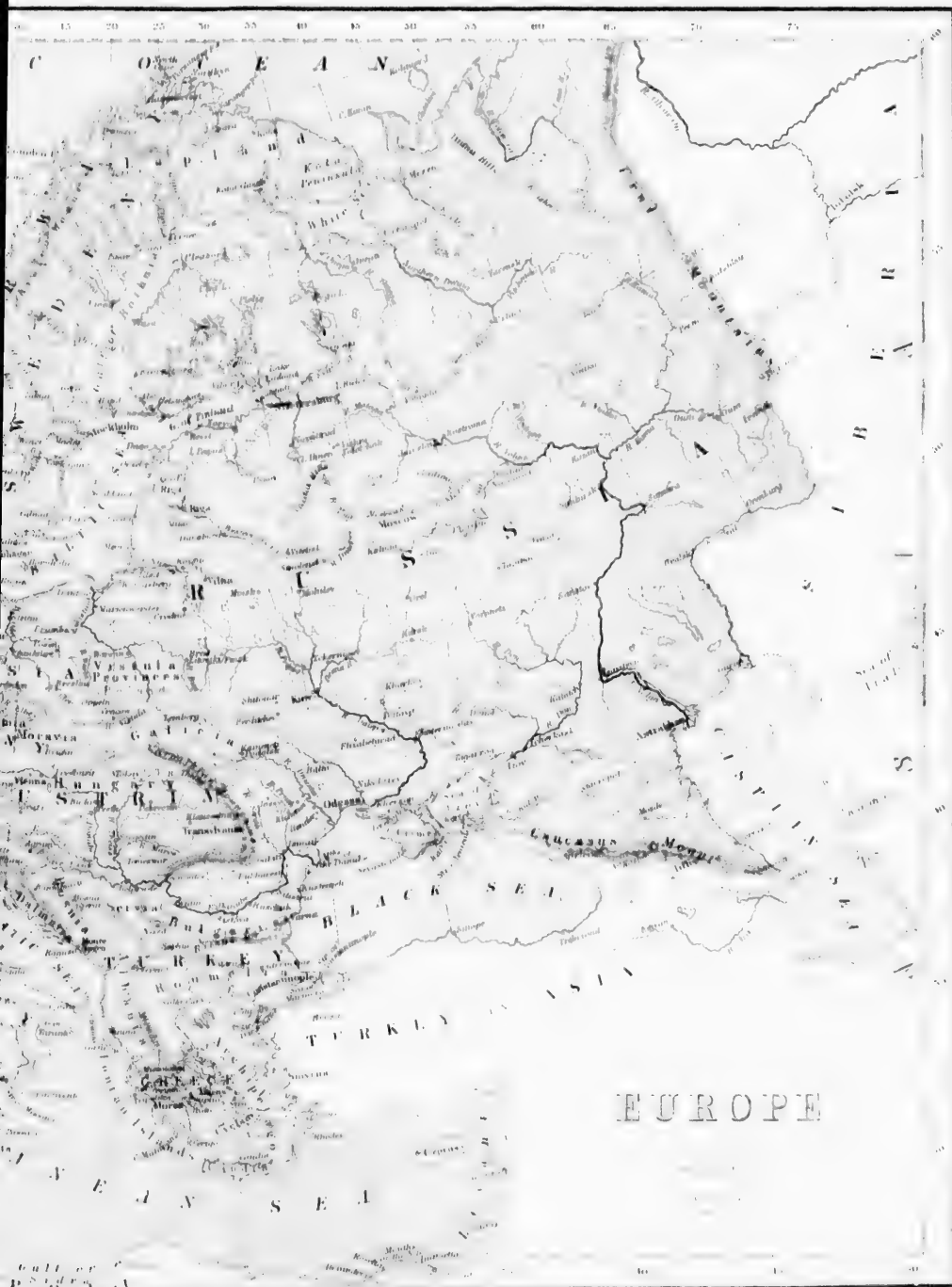
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ATHENS FROM THE ACROPOLIS





may not Greece also be once more as stout of defence as she was when assailed by the fleets of Tyre and Sidon?

The Piræus constitutes a good introduction to Athens; seen first, there is much to admire; visited afterwards, the eye is apt to rove from fragmentary ruins of olden time to the ever-living clear blue ocean, that laves its sides just as it did in the days when it was a demus belonging to the tribe Hippothontis. It was therefore with no small amount of zest that early next morning we started for the *Castella*, the loftiest of the two heights that tower out of the peninsula, and at whose foot is the smallest of the three small harbours. Leake supposed this to be the site of the Acropolis of Phalerum, but more recent authorities consider it to be the site of that of Piræus or Munychia, and which was surrounded by Themistocles with a strong line of fortifications. So also it has been shown in recent times that whilst Themistocles fortified the Piræus, it was formed into a regular planned town by Pericles, who employed Hippodamus for this purpose. Hippodamus laid out the town with broad straight streets, crossing each other at right angles, which thus formed a striking contrast with the narrow and crooked streets of Athens.

Standing upon a fragment of the fortress, from which *ThraSybulus* carried on successful operations against Athens, and which had harboured Antipater, Cassander, Demetrius Poliorcetes, Antigonus, Aratus, and a host of great men of antiquity, or it may have been of the temple of Artemis Munychia, the guardian deity of the citadel, we could contemplate below the slope where once stood the Dionysiac theatre, identified, however, by some with the ruins near the harbour of Zea, the position of the broad street that led down to the Hippodameian Agora, the site of the temple of Zeus Soter, the lesser height terminating in the promontory *Alcimus*, where stood the tomb of Themistocles, and opposite to it, the tongue of *Getionia*, where the Four Hundred erected a fort B.C. 411.

We notice here only what lay almost at our feet; but a far more comprehensive landscape was in reality embraced from the hill that was last militarily occupied by the Greeks, under General Gordon, in 1827. A level plain, in part covered with olives, stretches hence to Athens. The Acropolis rises magnificently in the background, projected on the horizon with such distinctness in the blue sky of Greece, that all its edifices can be generally discerned, though some miles distant. To the left, the long valley of the *Cephissus*, terminating in the *Phaleric Bay*, with *Phalerum* at the point opposite to the *Piræan Promontory*, is hemmed in by *Mounts Corydallos* and *Pæcilum*, part of the range of *Aegæos*, on the one side, and by *Mounts Anchesmus* and *Lycabettus*, with Athens at their foot, on the other. The smaller valley, which contains the brooks *Iliseus* and *Eridanus*, is just discerned as an opening between the two last-named hills and the spurs of *Mount Hymettus*, celebrated for its honey. Several modern villages and sites of interest are also to be detected, especially with a glass, around and on the flanks of the hills, notoriously *Prospecta*, the two *Agryles*, *Aexono*, *Thymetia*, *Corydalus*, and *Hermus*. The whole, indeed, of the central plain of Attica, which is inclosed by mountains on every side, except the south, where it is open to the sea, stands like a panorama before the *Munychian spectator*.

It requires an effort to pass from so comprehensive a scene to the details, to go down and peer out the chinks or moles formed by the prolongation of the walls, and

which, with the towers upon them, once made "closed ports" of the little harbours; to seek for traces of the temple of *Aphrodite*, near which were the five *Stom* or colonnades, beneath whose protecting shades the merchants of old transacted business, or to endeavour to picture to oneself what the armoury of *Philo*, or the *Phreattya*, the court of justice for the trial of homicides, may have been. Struck down by *Sylla*, already in the time of the *Amasian* geographer, *Strabo*, the Piræus was nothing but a small village, situate around the ports and the temple of *Zeus Soter*. It is a little better in the present day, only its *emplacement* has changed.

In this latter respect modern Athens is scarcely happier than the port now called *Drako*, from the colossal white lion removed to Venice in 1687. Few words have been more abused and misused than that of "dragon." Instead of sheltering their newly-founded city behind the Acropolis towards the sea, the *Bavarian* dynasty have exposed it to the biting winds of the north; and instead of imitating the respect of *Hadrian* for the city of *Theseus*, they have placed their heavy constructions upon the ancient ruins as if to bear them down and crush them for ever.

There is not a palm of land on this plain of Attica that has not its significance. Let the art have come from Egypt, or from Assyria, or from Lesser Asia, still it is there that that sublime expression of intelligence which, more than anything else, indicates the perfection of cultivated minds, attained its apogee; there is its real temple, and it ought to have been respected. It is absurd to oppose the usurpation of old systems by new ones, to condemn the supplanting of things that are gone by by new creations; but in a country where everything had to be inaugurated, what possible necessity was there to plant the new capital upon the very ruins of the old one? The great heavy modern palace of *Penthelic marble* that now stands not far from the Acropolis indicates precisely the distance that intervenes between an Hellenic and a Bavarian artist (See p. 681).

The plan upon which modern Athens is built can be best compared to a twelfth cake, cut into four equal portions. The two incisions correspond to the streets of *Hermes* and *Eole*; the central ornament is the palace just mentioned, an ornament that cost the nation an enormous sum of money. With the exception of these two cross streets, the rest follow any direction that seems to have best suited them. Still more recently the good taste of the people has induced them to build at a greater distance from the Acropolis, and a new quarter called *Neapolis* has arisen on the side of *Lycabettus*, which has the advantage over the other of rectilinear, or at all events continuous streets, and which boasts of at least one respectable modern structure—the University, built by *Hanson*, a Danish architect.

Of other public buildings, the less that is said of them, in the presence of the monuments of antiquity by which they are surrounded, the better. There is a hospital for the blind, a school for orphans, a seminary, and an *Amalion*, admirable charitable foundations, but not works of art. Sums of money have been put aside for the erection of an academy, of which the foundations have been laid, as also of a museum; but the restless and susceptible disposition of the modern Greeks, leading them on to incessant political insurrections, is far more fatal to the progress of the country than even the notorious incapacity of the Bavarians. The foun-

dations of a naval school have also been recently laid. Instead of being situated at the once celebrated port, the seat of a naval power which defied the greatest and most extensive state at that time in the world, the site selected for it has been in Athens itself, where, awaiting the creation of a navy, it has been converted into a gymnasium.

If the aspect of modern Athens is little prepossessing in the present day, it can easily be imagined what it was a few years ago, when in the hands of the greedy, bigoted, and tyrannical Turk. The Rev. R. Walsh, chaplain to the British Embassy in the time of Lord Strangford, has left us a brief, but graphic account of the place at that epoch. The city, he says, contains about 1,500 houses, of which 1,000 are inhabited by Greeks. We first traversed these, and perhaps you would wish to have a general idea of their appearance, though it is not easy to describe a town where you see neither streets nor houses. Conceive, then, a mud wall, or one not much better or stronger than that of a parish pound, inclosing an area of about two miles in circumference. Conceive this area to be filled and intersected with long, crooked, narrow, dirty lanes, not half so wide or so clean as those of the worst fishing-town in England; conceive these dark and winding passages, inclosed by high mouldering walls, in which there are gates like prison-doors, hammered with nail-heads, opening in the middle and always fastened by an iron chain, passed across through two large rings on the outside, as if the master, like a gaoler, had taken care to lock up all the prisoners when he went abroad; conceive everything silent and lifeless in these lanes, except at long intervals a savage dog uttering a dismal howl, a solitary Turk loosening or fastening a chain to let himself in or out, or a woman cautiously peeping through a crevice beside the gate; and this will give you a general impression of the present city of Minerva. It is not to be imagined what a contrast exists between its actual state and what you expect to find it. Modern Rome, so sadly degenerated from its former appearance, yet still bears marks and evidences of its pristine grandeur; but Athens is a miserable mass of hovels, among which you scarcely can discern a trace of its ancient glory; the few fragments of it that remain are to be sought outside the city, and for these I refer you to the details of more competent travellers.

No wonder, however, that the fiery spirit of the Greek, however long subdued, should have one day broke forth from so ignoble a bondage, so shameless and oppressive. It was very shortly (only one year) after the above sketch of Athens under the Turks was penned, that the pent-up energies of the Greeks broke out into open insurrection. The population of Athens consisted at that time of 11,000 Greeks and 2,000 Turks, of which latter 500 were well-armed soldiers. The town occupied a semi-circular space, directly under the Acropolis, which rises in a steep precipice above it, and entirely commands it. A wall inclosed the town, running from the face of the precipice till it again met it, and this was furnished with gates, which the Turks carefully closed every night.

Dr. George Finlay, writing of this first outburst in 1821, in his *History of the Greek Revolution*, Vol. I., p. 199, says:

Athens was a town of secondary importance in Greece, fallen as the other towns of Greece then were.

In population it was equal to Livadea; but one-half was of the Albanian race, and both the Christian and Mussulman inhabitants were an impoverished community, consisting of torpid landed proprietors and lazy petty traders. Yet Athens enjoyed a milder local administration than most towns in Greece. It formed a fiscal appanage of the Serail. Its ancient fame, and the existing remains of its former splendour, rendered it the resort of travellers, and the residence of foreign consuls, who were men of higher attainments than the commercial consuls in most of the ports of the Ottoman empire.

The Mussulmans of Athens formed about one-fifth of the population. They were an unwarlike and inoffensive race. The Voivode's guard consisted of sixty Mussulman Albanians, who were the only soldiers in the place. The Greeks were not more enterprising or courageous than the Turks.

The first reports of a general insurrection of the Christians caused the Muhammadans to transport their families and their valuable moveables into the Acropolis, and to fill the empty and long-neglected cisterns with water. On the 23rd of April the Turks seized eleven of the principal Christians, and carried them up to the Acropolis as hostages. This act irritated the Athenians, who sent messengers inviting the Albanian villagers of Mount Parnes to come to their assistance. On the night of the 6th of May, the people of Menidhi and Khasia, who represent the Achaïans of old, though they are Albanian colonists of a recent date, scaled the wall of the town near the site now occupied by the royal stables. About sixty Mussulmans were surprised in the town and slain. Next day the Acropolis was closely blockaded. Hunger and thirst committed great ravages among the besieged as summer advanced, but they held out obstinately, and on the 1st of August, 1821, they were relieved by Omer Vriani.

Omer Vriani had relieved the Acropolis in the autumn of 1821. Before leaving Attica he supplied the garrison with provisions and military stores. But the besieged neglected to take proper precautions for securing a supply of water. They did not clean out their cisterns during the winter, and they trusted to the imperfect inclosure of the Serpendjee for the defence of the only good well they possessed. The winter proved extremely dry. The Greeks drove the Turks from the Serpendjee; so that when the supply of water in the cisterns was exhausted, the garrison was forced to capitulate.

The capitulation was signed on the 21st of June, 1822. The Turks surrendered their arms, and the Greeks engaged to convey them to Asia Minor in neutral ships. The Turks by the treaty were allowed to retain one-half of their money and jewels, and a portion of their movable property. The bishop of Athens, a man of worth and character, who was president of the Areopagus, compelled all the Greek civil and military authorities to swear by the sacred mysteries of the Oriental church that they would observe strictly the articles of the capitulation, and redeem the good faith of the nation stained by the violation of so many treaties.

The Mussulmans in the Acropolis consisted of 1,150 souls, of whom only 180 were men capable of bearing arms, so obstinately had they defended the place. After the surrender of the fortress, the Mussulman families were lodged in extensive buildings within the

ruins of the *Stoa of Hadrian*, formerly occupied by the Voivode. Three days after the Greeks had sworn to observe the capitulation, they commenced murdering their helpless prisoners. Two ephors, *Andreas Kaimogdartes of Patras* and *Alexander Axiottes of Corfu*, had been ordered by the Greek government to hasten the departure of the Turks. They neglected their duty. The Austrian and French consuls, *Mr. Gropius* and *M. Fauvel*, on the other hand, did everything in their power to save the prisoners. They wrote to Syria during the negotiations, to request that the first European man-of-war which touched at that port should hasten to the *Piræus*. Unfortunately, before any ship of war arrived, the news reached Athens that the Ottoman army had forced the pass of *Thermopylæ*. *Lekkas*, an Attic peasant, whose courage had raised him to the rank of captain, but who remained a rude Albanian boor, excited the Athenian populace to murder their Turkish prisoners, as a proof of their patriotic determination never to lay down their arms. The most disgraceful part of the transaction was, that neither the ephors nor the demogeronts made an effort to prevent the massacre. They perhaps feared the fate of the *Moolah of Smyrna*. A scene of horror ensued, over which history may draw a veil, while truth obliges the historian to record the fact. The streets of Athens were stained with the blood of four hundred men, women, and children. From sunrise to sunset, during a long summer day, the shrieks of tortured women and children were heard without intermission. Many families were saved by finding shelter in the houses of the European consuls. But the consuls had some difficulty in protecting the fugitives; their flags and their persons were exposed to insult; and the Greeks were threatening to renew the massacre, when two French vessels, a corvette and a schooner, entered the *Piræus* and saved the survivors. Three hundred and twenty-five persons who had found an asylum in the French consulate were escorted to the *Piræus* by a party of marines with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. The party was surrounded by Greek soldiers on quitting the town, who brandished their arms and uttered vain menaces against the women and children whom the French protected, while crowds of Athenian citizens followed the soldiers shouting like demons. When this party of prisoners was safely embarked and the French vessels sailed, the Greeks appeared suddenly to become sensible of the baseness of their conduct. Shame operated, and all the Turks who remained in the Austrian and Dutch consulates were allowed to depart un molested. England, being only represented by a Greek, was helpless on this occasion. *Lekkas*, who was the first to urge this massacre, was taken prisoner by the Turks visiting Attica as a spy, after the capitulation of the *Acropolis* in 1827, and was impaled at *Negropont*.

The misconduct of the central government and the crimes of *Odyseus* left Eastern Greece in a state of anarchy during the summer of 1822. Even at Athens order was not established, though the social condition of the inhabitants afforded peculiar facilities for organizing a regular administration. There were no primates in Attica who exercised an influence like Turkish beys or Christian Turks—no men who, like *Zaimes* and *London* in *Achaia*, could waste the national revenues in maintaining bands of armed followers far from the scene of actual hostilities; nor was there any military influence powerful enough to reduce the pro-

vince to the condition of an *armatolik*. The Greek population of the city of Athens was unwarlike. The Albanian population of Attica served in several bands under local captains of no great distinction. Many of the native soldiers, both citizens and peasants, were small landed proprietors, who had a direct interest in opposing the introduction of the irregular military system, to which Greece was rapidly tending. They united with the local magistrates and the well-disposed civilians in striving to organise a local militia capable of preserving order. Power was very much divided, and administrative talent utterly wanting. Every man who possessed a little influence aspired at command, and was indifferent to the means by which he might acquire it. Athens, consequently, became a hotbed of intrigue; but it would be a waste of time to characterise the intrigues and to describe their intrigues. Something must nevertheless be told, in order to explain the result of their folly and selfishness. An Athenian citizen employed by the central government to collect the public revenues was murdered by the soldiery, who wished to seize the national resources, and make Attica a *capitanlik* of *armatoli*. An Athenian captain gained possession of the *Acropolis*, and displayed more insolence and tyranny than had been recently exhibited by any Turkish *disdar*. He was driven from power by another Athenian; but against the authority of his successor constant intrigues were carried on. The shopkeepers of the city at last imagined that, like the Turkish *janissaries* at *Constantinople*, they could unite the occupations of hucksters and soldiers, and under this delusion they undertook to garrison the *Acropolis* themselves, instead of forming a corps of regular troops. As might have been foreseen, each man did what seemed good in his own eyes, anarchy prevailed, and the persons possessing anything to lose sent a deputation to *Prince Demetrius Hyspanites*, inviting him to come and take the command of the *Acropolis*. He arrived at *Megara*, but the soldiery in the *Acropolis* refused to receive him as their leader, and in order to secure a powerful patron, they elected *Odyseus* as their general, and offered to put him in possession of the fortress. He hastened to seize the prize, and hurrying to Athens with only a hundred and fifty men, was admitted into the *Acropolis* on the 2nd of September, 1822. The authority of *Odyseus* was recognised by the Athenians as the speediest way of putting an end to a threatening state of anarchy.

Attica was thus lost to those who, from their opinions and interests, were anxious to employ its resources in consolidating civil order and a regular central administration, and was thrown into the scale of the Albanian military system, which soon extended its power over all liberated Greece.

As soon as *Odyseus* found himself firmly established as captain of Attica, he persuaded the people of Eastern Greece to form a provincial assembly at Athens, where he held the members under his control. This assembly dissolved the *Areopagus*, and appointed *Odyseus* commander-in-chief in Eastern Greece. Without waiting for his confirmation by the central executive, he assumed the administration of the revenues of Attica, and compelled the municipality of Athens to sell the undivided booty surrendered by the Turks at the taking of the *Acropolis*. This money he employed in paying his followers, and in laying up stores of provisions and ammunition in the *Acropolis*,

which all parties had hitherto neglected. He subsequently added a strong angular wall to the Acropolis, in order to inclose a well situated below the northern wing of the Propylæa.

But while he was making these prudent arrangements, he also gratified his malicious disposition by a cruel as well as a vigorous use of his power. Three persons were brought before him accused of treasonable correspondence with the Turks. The truth was, that they favoured the government party; but the accusation afforded Odysseus a pretext for revenging private opposition. He remembered the lessons of his old patron, Ali of Joannina. Two of the accused were hung, and the third, who was a priest, was built up in a square pillar of stone and mortar. As the mason constructed the wall which was to suffocate him, the unfortunate man solemnly invoked God to witness that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge.

## II

THE EGYPTIANS OCCUPY THE MOREA—SIEGE OF MESOLONGHI—ATHENS INVESTED BY THE TURKS UNDER RESHID PASHA—DEATH OF GOURA—HIGIOTTES THROWS HIMSELF INTO THE ACROPOLIS—KARAISSAKI'S OPERATIONS TO RAISE THE SIEGE—FABVIER REINFORCES THE ACROPOLIS—STATE OF GREECE DURING THE WINTER OF 1826-27.

THE state of his relations with Russia, and the destruction of Ali Pasha's power, was what had enabled Sultan Mahmud to make his first great effort in 1822 for reconquering Greece, and which led among other episodes to the capitulation of Athens and to the usurpation of Odysseus. A new phasis was given to the war by Muhammad Ali of Egypt, engaging to assist the Sultan in 1823, and the landing of Ibrahim Pasha at Modon, February 24th, 1825, with four thousand regular infantry and five hundred cavalry. The first marked feature in the campaign, after the defeat of Kolokotronis, at Makryplagi and at Trikorphas, was the siege of Mesolonghi, celebrated in connection with the heroism of Lord Byron, by the combined Turkish and Egyptian forces, and the fall of which place was followed by the investment of Athens.

As soon as the affairs of Western Greece were settled on a footing that promised at least a temporary security for the restoration of order, Reshid marched into Eastern Greece, occupied the passes over Ceta, Kuenia, Parnassus, and Parnes, strengthened the garrison of Thebes, and organised regular communications by land between Larissa and Chalcis in Eubœa. He entered Attica before the crops of 1826 were gathered in.

The exactions of Goura had exceeded those of Odysseus, for Odysseus allowed no extortions but his own, while Goura permitted his mercenaries to glean after the harvest of his own rapacity had been gathered in. A great proportion of the Attic peasantry was driven to despair, and the moment Reshid's forces appeared in the Rataadena, or hilly district between Parnes and the channel of Eubœa, they were welcomed as deliverers. On advancing into the plain of Athens, they were openly joined by the warlike inhabitants of Menidhi and Khasia, who vigorously supported Reshid's government as long as he remained in Attica.

The contributions which Goura levied under the pretext of preparing for the defence of Attica were exclusively employed for provisioning the Acropolis,

and in garrisoning that stronghold with four hundred chosen mercenaries in his own pay. These men were selected from those whom the civil war in the Morea had inured to acts of tyranny, and they were taught to look to Goura and not to the Greek government for pay and promotion. The citizens of Athens were not allowed to form part of the garrison of their own citadel.

The Turks took possession of Sepolia, Patissia, and Ambelokeros without encountering serious opposition. On the 28th of June, Reshid arrived from Thebes, and established his head-quarters at Patissia. His army did not exceed seven thousand men, but his cavalry, which amounted to eight hundred, were in a high state of efficiency, and he had a fine train of artillery, consisting of twenty-six guns and mortars. The siege of Athens was immediately commenced. The hill of the Musœon was occupied, and batteries were erected at the little chapel of St. Demetrius, and on the level above the Phnyx.

He soon obtained a brilliant victory over the Greeks. About four thousand armatoli had been concentrated at Eleusis. The Greek chiefs who commanded this army proposed to force their way into the town of Athens, and expected to be able to maintain themselves in the houses. Reshid divined their object, and forestalled them in its execution. On the night of the 14th of August he stormed the town, and drove the Athenians into the Acropolis, into which Goura could not refuse to admit them.

The Greek troops persisted in advancing from Eleusis, though they seem to have formed no definite plan. Their numbers were insufficient to hold out any reasonable probability of their being able to recover possession of Athens. The irregulars amounted to two thousand five hundred under the command of Karaiskaki, the regulars to one thousand five hundred under Fabvier. The Greek force crossed the mountains by a pathway which leaves the Sacred Way and the monastery of Daphne to the right, and took up a position at a farmhouse with a small tower called Khaidari. Instead of pushing on to the Olive Grove, and stationing themselves among the vineyards, where the Turkish cavalry and artillery would have been useless, they awaited Reshid at Khaidari. On the 20th of August the attack was made, and the Greeks were completely defeated. The two leaders endeavoured to throw the whole blame of the disaster on one another, and they succeeded in convincing everybody who paid any attention to their proceedings that both of them had displayed great want of judgment. Nobody suspected either of them of want of personal energy and daring, but both were notoriously deficient in temper and prudence.

Karaiskaki soon regained his reputation with his own soldiers, by sending a large body on a successful foray to Skourta, where they captured a numerous herd of cattle destined for the use of the Turkish army. Fabvier withdrew his corps to Salamis.

Reshid bombarded the Acropolis hotly for some time, but seeing that his fire did the besieged little injury, he attempted to take the place by mining. Though he made little progress even with his mines, he persisted in carrying on his operations with his characteristic perseverance.

A body of Greek troops, consisting of Ionians and Romelots, made two unsuccessful attempts to relieve the besieged. The summer dragged on without any-



thing decisive, when the death of Goura drew public attention to the dangerous position of the garrison and the neglect of the Greek government. The soldiers in the Acropolis manifested a mutinous spirit in consequence of the ineffectual efforts made to relieve them. Many succeeded in deserting during the night, by creeping unobserved through the Turkish lines. To prevent these desertions, Goura passed the night among the soldiers on guard, and in order to secure the assistance of the enemy in preventing the escape of his men, he generally brought on a skirmish which put them on the alert. On the 13th of October, while exchanging shots with the Turkish sentinels, he was shot through the brain. His opponent had watched the flash of the powder in the touch-hole of Goura's rifle.

A cry of indignation at the incapacity and negligence of the members of the Greek government was now raised both in Greece and the Ionian Islands. Greece had still a numerous body of men under arms in continental Greece, yet these troops were inactive spectators of the siege of Athens. General Gordon, who had recently returned to Greece, records the general opinion when he states that these troops were condemned to inaction by the bickerings of their leaders. Some attempts were at last made to interrupt Reshid's operations. Fabvier advanced into Boeotia with the intention of storming Thebes, but being deserted by his soldiers, he was compelled to fall back without attempting anything. Reshid, who was well informed of every movement made by the Greeks through the Attic peasants who acted as his scouts, sent forward a body of cavalry, which very nearly succeeded in occupying the passes of Oitharon, and cutting off Fabvier's retreat to Megara. On his return, Fabvier was left by the Greek government without provisions; and attempts being made in the name of Karaiskaki and Niketas, perhaps without their authority, to induce his men to desert, he found himself obliged to withdraw the regular corps to Methana in order to prevent its dissolution.

Karaiskaki advanced a second time to Khaidari. This movement enabled Grigiottes to land unobserved in the Bay of Phalerum, near the mouth of the Cephissus, and to march up to the Acropolis, into which he introduced himself and four hundred and fifty men without loss.

As Athens was now safe for some time, Karaiskaki moved off to Mount Helicon, where a few of the inhabitants still remained faithful to their country's cause. He expected to succeed in capturing some of the Turkish magazines in Boeotia, and in intercepting the supplies which Reshid drew from Thessaly by the way of Zeituni.

The Acropolis was now garrisoned by about one thousand soldiers, but it was encumbered by the presence of upwards of four hundred women and children. The supply of wheat and barley was abundant, but the clothes of the soldiers were in rags, and there was no fuel to bake bread. Reshid, who determined to prosecute the siege during the winter, made arrangements for keeping his troops well supplied with provisions and military stores, and for defending the posts which protected his communications with Thessaly.

The Turks neglected to keep a naval squadron in the channel of Euboea, though it would always have found safe harbours at Negrepont and Volo. The Greeks were therefore enabled to transport a large

force to attack any point in the rear of Reshid's army. It was in their power to cut off all the supplies he received by sea, and, by occupying some defensible station in the northern channel of Euboea, to establish communications with Karaiskaki's troops on Mount Helicon, and form a line of posts from this defensible station to another of a similar kind on the Gulf of Corinth. Talanta and Dobrena were the stations indicated; but instead of attempting to aid the army, the Greek navy either remained idle or engaged in piracy. Faction also prevented a great part of the Greek army from taking the field, and the assistance which the Philhellenic committee in Paris transmitted to Greece was employed by its agent, Dr. Bailly, in feeding Kolokotronis's soldiers, who remained idle in the Morea, without marching either against the Egyptians or the Turks. Konduriottes and Kolokotronis, formerly the deadliest enemies, being now both excluded from a place in the executive government, were banded together in a most unpatriotic and dishonourable opposition to a weak but not ill-disposed government, composed of nearly a dozen members, many of whom were utterly unfit for political employment of any kind. Some feeble attempts were made to organise attacks on Reshid's rear, but each leader was allowed to form an independent scheme of operations, and to abandon his enterprise when it suited his convenience.

The command of one expedition was intrusted to Kolettes, a man destitute both of physical and moral courage, though he looked a very truculent personage, and nourished a boundless ambition. The feeble government was anxious to prevent his allying himself with Konduriottes and Kolokotronis, and to effect that object he was placed at the head of a body of troops destined to destroy the magazines of the Turks in the northern channel of Euboea. Nobody expected much from a military undertaking commanded by Kolettes, but the selfish members of the executive body, as usual, consulted their personal and party interests, and not their country's advantage, in making the nomination.

Kolettes collected the Olympian armatoli who had been living at free quarters in Skiathos, Skopelos, and Skyros for two years. The agents of the French Philhellenic committees supplied the expedition with provisions and military stores, and Kalergy, a wealthy Greek in Russia, paid a considerable sum of money into its military chest. Kolettes' troops landed near Talanti in order to gain possession of the magazines in that town, but the Turks, though much inferior in number, defeated them on the 20th November, 1826. The armatoli escaped in the ships, and Kolettes abandoned his military career, and returned to the more congenial occupation of seeking importance by intriguing at Nauplia.

Karaiskaki about the same time began active operations at the head of three thousand of the best troops in Greece. Though he was compelled to render all his movements subordinate to the manner in which his troops could be supplied with provisions, he displayed both activity and judgment. His object was to throw his whole force on the rear of Reshid's army, master his line of communications, and destroy his magazines. The diversion, which it was expected would be made by Kolette's expedition, would enable Karaiskaki's troops to draw supplies of provisions and ammunition from the channel of Euboea through Eastern Loric, as

went as from Megara and the Gulf of Corinth. The victory of the Turks at Talanti occurring before the Greek troops had entered Phocis, Karaïskaki determined to cut off the retreat of Mustapha Bey, who had defeated Kolettes, and proposed falling back on Salona. Both Turks and Greeks were endeavouring to be first in gaining possession of the passes between Mounts Cirphis and Parnassus. Karaïskaki sent forward his advanced guard with all speed to occupy Arachova, and his men had hardly established themselves in the village before they were attacked by a corps of fifteen hundred Musulman Albanians. Mustapha Bey had united his forces with that of Elmas Bey, whom Reshid had ordered to occupy Arachova and Budunitza, in order to secure his communications with Zeituni.

The boys endeavoured to drive the advanced guard of the Greeks out of Arachova before the main body could arrive from Dystomo to its support, but their attacks were repulsed with loss. When Karaïskaki heard of the enemy's movements, he took his measures with promptitude and judgment. He occupied the Triodas with a strong body of men, to prevent the Albanians falling back on Livadea; and he sent another strong body over Mount Cirphis to take possession of Delphi, and prevent them from marching on to Salona. While the boys lingered in the hope of destroying the advanced guard of the Greeks, they found themselves blockaded by a superior force. They were attacked, and lost the greater part of their baggage and provisions in the engagement. During the night after their defeat they made a bold attempt to escape to Salona by climbing the precipices of Parnassus, which the Greeks left unguarded. The darkness and their experience in ambuscades enabled them to move off from the vicinity of Arachova unobserved, but a heavy fall of snow surprised them as they were seeking paths up the rocks. At sunrise the Greeks followed them. Escape was impossible, for the only tracks over the precipices which the fugitives were endeavouring to ascend, were paths along which the shepherd follows his goats with difficulty, even in summer. They were all destroyed on the 6th of December. Their defence was valiant, but hopeless; quarter was neither asked nor given. Many were frozen to death, but three hundred, protected by the veil of falling snow, succeeded in climbing the precipices and reaching Salona. The heads of four boys were sent to Egina as a token of victory.

Karaïskaki was unable to follow up this success; want of provisions, more than the severity of the weather, kept his troops inactive. Reshid profited by this inaction to strengthen his posts at Livadea and Budunitza. Part of the Greek troops at last moved northward to plunder his convoys, while the rest spread over the whole country to obtain the means of subsistence which the Greek government neglected to supply. The Turks intrenched themselves at Daulis. Omer Pasha of Negrepont at last attacked the Greek camp at Dystomo, and this attack compelled Karaïskaki to return and recall the greater part of his troops. After many skirmishes the Turks made a general attack on the Greeks at Dystomo on the 12th of February, 1827, which terminated in their defeat. But the country was now so completely exhausted that Karaïskaki was compelled to abandon his camp and fall back on Megara and Eleusis, where the presence of his army was deemed necessary to co-operate in a direct attack on Reshid's forces before Athens.

After Goura's death, several officers in the Acropolis pretended to equal authority. Grigiottes was the chief who possessed most personal influence. All measures were discussed in a council of chiefs, and instability of purpose was as much a characteristic of this small assembly of military leaders as it was of the Athenian Demos of old. One of the chiefs, Makriyannes, who distinguished himself greatly when Ibrahim attacked the mills at Lerna, was charged to pass the Turkish lines, in order to inform the Greek government that the supply of powder was exhausted, and that the garrison was so disheartened that succour must be sent without delay. Makriyannes quitted the Acropolis on the 29th November, 1826, and reached Egina in safety. His appearance awakened the deepest interest. He had distinguished himself in many sorties during the siege, and he was then suffering from the wounds he had received. His frank and loyal character inspired general confidence. The members of the executive government again felt the necessity of immediate action.

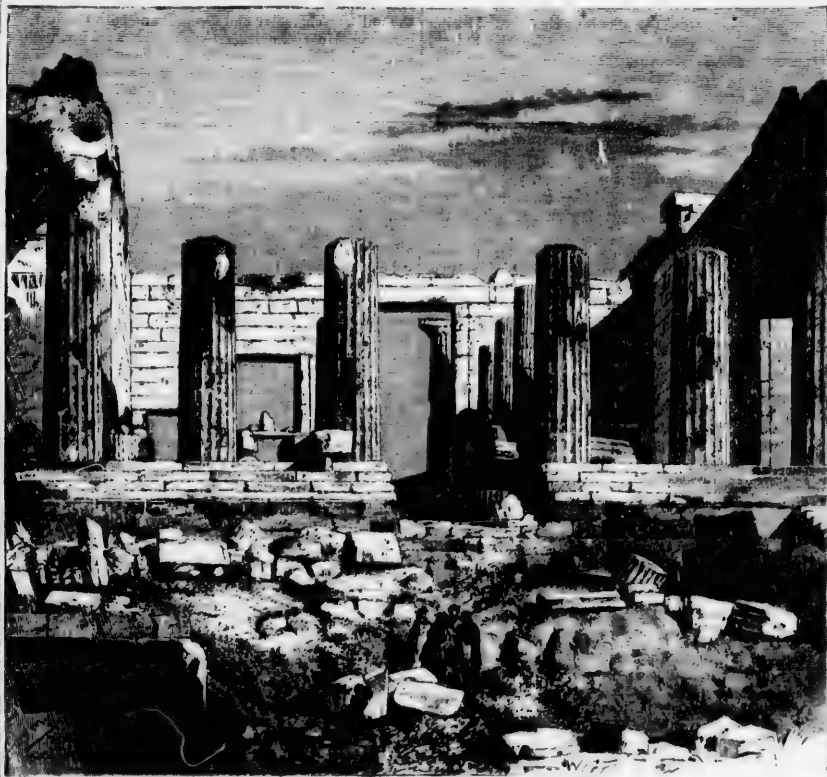
Colonel Fabvier, who had brought the regular corps into some state of efficiency at Methana, was the only officer in Greece at this time capable of taking the field with a force on which the government could place any reliance. He was not personally a favourite with the members of the executive body. They feared and distrusted him, and he despised and distrusted them. Fortunately the news of Karaïskaki's victory at Arachova rendered him extremely eager for immediate action. The fame of his rival irritated his jealous disposition and excited his emulation. He therefore accepted the offer to command an expedition for the relief of Athens with pleasure, and prepared to carry succour to the Acropolis with his usual promptitude, and more than his usual prudence.

Fabvier landed with six hundred and fifty chosen men of the regular corps in the Bay of Phalerum, about midnight on the 12th December, 1826. Each man carried on his back a leather sack filled with gunpowder. The whole body reached the Turkish lines in good order and without being observed. They were formed in column on the road which leads from Athens to the Phalerum, a little below its junction with the road to Sunium, and rushed on the Turkish guard with fixed bayonets, while the drums sounded a loud signal to the garrison of the Acropolis to divert the attention of the besiegers by a desperate sortie. Fabvier cleared all before him, leading on his troops rapidly and silently over the space that separated the enemy's lines from the theatre of Herodes Atticus, under a shower of grape and musket balls. To prevent his men from delaying their march, and exchanging shots with the Turks, Fabvier had ordered all the flints to be taken out of their muskets. A bright moon enabled the troops of Reshid to take aim at the Greeks, but the rapidity of Fabvier's movements carried his whole body within the walls of the Acropolis, with the loss of only six killed and fourteen wounded. In such enterprises, where the valour of the soldier and the activity of the leader were the only qualities wanted to insure success, Fabvier's personal conduct shone to the greatest advantage. His shortcomings were most manifest when patience and prudence were the qualities required in the general.

His men carried nothing with them into the Acropolis but their arms, and the powder on their backs. Even their greatcoats were left behind, for Fabvier

proposed returning to the vessels which brought him on the ensuing night. The garrison of the Acropolis was sufficiently strong, and any addition to its numbers would only add to the difficulties of its defence by increasing the number of killed and wounded, and exhausting the provisions. Unfortunately most of the chiefs of the irregular troops wished to quit the place and leave the regular troops in their place, and they took effectual measures to prevent Fabvier's departure by skirmishing with the Turks, and putting them on

the alert whenever he made an attempt to pass their lines. It is also asserted with confidence, by persons who had the best means of knowing the truth, and whose honour and sagacity are unimpeachable, that secret orders were transmitted from the executive government at Egina to Grigiotas, to prevent Fabvier from returning to Methana. This unprincipled conduct of the Greek government and the military chiefs in the Acropolis caused great calamities to Greece, for Fabvier's presence hastened the fall of Athens, both by



THE PROPYLÆA

increasing the sufferings of the garrison, and by his eagerness to quit a fortress where he could gain no honour. After the nomination of Sir Richard Church as generalissimo of the Greek troops, Fabvier's impatience to quit the Acropolis and resume his separate command at Methana was immoderate; and Gordon asserts that, had only Greeks been in the Acropolis, it might have held out until the battle of Navarin saved Greece.

Greece fell into the chronic state of political anarchy

during the latter part of the year 1826, which perpetuated the social demoralisation that continued vainly to influence her history during the remainder of her struggle for independence. The executive body, which retired from Nauplia to Egina in the month of November, was the legal government; but its members were numerous, selfish, and incapable, and far more intent on injuring their rivals in the Peloponnesus, who established a hostile executive at Kastri (Hermione), than on injuring the Turks who were besieging Athens.

Kolokotronis, who was the leader of the faction at Kastri, formed a coalition with his former enemy, Kounduriotes, and this unprincipled alliance endeavoured to weaken the influence of the government at Egina, by preventing Greece from profiting by the mediation which Great Britain now proposed as the most effectual means of saving the Greek people from ruin, and the inhabitants of many provinces from extermination.

The treaty of Akerman, concluded between Russia and Turkey on the 6th of October, 1826, put an end to the hopes which the Greeks long cherished of seeing Russia ultimately engaged in war with the Sultan. But this event rather revived than depressed the Russian party in Greece, whose leading members believed that the emperor would now interfere actively in thwarting the influence of England. At the same time, the agents of the French Philhellenic committees displayed a malevolent hostility to British policy, and seized every opportunity of encouraging faction, by distributing supplies to the troops of Kolokotronis, who remained idle, and withholding them from those of Karaiskaki, who were carrying on war against the Turks in the field.

The active strength both of the army and navy in Greece began to diminish rapidly about this time. The people in general lost all confidence in the talents and the honesty both of their military and political leaders. The bravest and most patriotic chiefs had fallen in battle. Two names, however, still shed a bright light through the mist of selfishness, Kanaris and Miaoulis, and these two naval heroes belonged to adverse parties and different nationalities. The Greek navy was unemployed. A small part of the army was in the field against the Turks; the greater part was engaged in collecting the national revenues, or extorting their subsistence from the unfortunate peasantry. The shipowners and sailors, who could no longer find profitable employment by serving against the Turks, engaged in an extensive and organised system of piracy against the ships of every Christian power, which was carried on with a degree of cruelty never exceeded in the annals of crime. The peasantry alone remained true to the cause of the nation, but they could do little more than display their perseverance by patient suffering, and never did a people suffer with greater constancy and fortitude. Many died of hunger rather than submit to the Turks, particularly in the Morea, where they feared lest Ibrahim should transport their families to Egypt, educate their boys as Muhammadans, and sell their girls into Mussulman harems.

The Philhellenic committees of Switzerland, France, and Germany redoubled their activity when the proceeds of the English loans were exhausted. Large supplies of provisions were sent to Greece, and assisted in maintaining the troops who took the field against the Turks, and in preventing many families in different parts of the country from perishing by starvation. The presence of several foreigners prevented the executive government at Egina from diverting these supplies to serve the ambitious schemes of its members, as shamelessly as Kounduriotes' government had disposed of the English loans, or as Kolokotronis' faction at this very time employed such supplies as it could obtain. Colonel Heideck, who acted as the agent of the King of Bavaria; Dr. Goss of Geneva, who represented the Swiss committees, and Mr. Eynard; Count Porro, a noble Milanese exile; and Mr. Kœring, an expe-

rienced German administrator,<sup>1</sup> set the Greeks an example of prudence and of good conduct by acting always in concord.

Two Philhellens, General Gordon and Captain Frank Abney Hastings, had also some influence in preventing the executive government at Egina from completely neglecting the defence of Athens.

General Gordon returned to Greece at the invitation of the government with £15,000, saved from the proceeds of the second loan, which was placed at his absolute disposal. He was intimately acquainted with the military character and resources of both the belligerents. He spoke both Greek and Turkish with ease, and could even carry on a correspondence in the Turkish language. His *History of the Greek Revolution* is a work of such accuracy in detail, that it has served as one of the sources from which the principal Greek historian of the Revolution has compiled his narrative of most military operations. Gordon was firm and sagacious, but he did not possess the activity and decision of character necessary to obtain commanding influence in council, or to initiate daring measures in the field.

Captain Hastings was probably the best foreign officer who embarked in the Greek cause. Though calm and patient in council, he was extremely rapid and bold in action. He brought to Greece the first steam-ship, which was armed with heavy guns for the use of shells and hot shot; and he was the first officer who habitually made use of these engines of war at sea. At this time he had brought his ship, the *Karteria*, into a high state of discipline.

Mr. Gropius, the Austrian consul at Athens, who then resided at Egina, was also frequently consulted by individual members of the executive body. His long residence in the East had rendered him well acquainted with the character and views of the Greeks and Turks, but his long absence from Western Europe had prevented him from acquiring any profound political and administrative views.

Mavrocordatos and Tricoupi were generally the medium through which the opinions of the foreigners who have been mentioned were transmitted to the majority of the members of the executive body. Mavrocordatos possessed more administrative capacity than any of his countrymen connected with the government at Egina; but the errors into which he was led by his personal ambition and his planarist education had greatly diminished his influence. Tricoupi was a man of eloquence, but of a commonplace mind, and destitute of the very elements of administrative knowledge. These two men served their country well at this time, by conveying to the government an echo of the reproaches which were loudly uttered, both at home and abroad, against its neglect; and they assisted in persuading it to devote all the resources it

<sup>1</sup> This singular man came to Greece with Dr. Goss, who assisted him in escaping from the Continent on receiving his word of honour that he was not flying from any fear of criminal law; yet even Dr. Goss never knew his real name. He was of great use to Dr. Goss in organising the manner of distributing the stores sent by the various committees, and he displayed a degree of administrative experience, and an acquaintance with governmental business, which could hardly have been acquired by service in an inferior position. To wealth or rank, even to the ordinary comforts of life, he seemed to have renounced all claim. Though of some use to Capodistrias, he was neglected by that statesman, who feared him as a liberal; and he died of fever during the president's administration.

could command to new operations for the relief of Athens.

It has been already observed, that the simplest way of raising the siege of Athens was by interrupting Reshid's communications with his magazines in Thessaly. The Greeks could easily bring more men into the field than Reshid, and during the winter months they commanded the sea. An intelligent government, with an able general, might have compelled the army before Athens to have disbanded, or surrendered at discretion, even without a battle; for with six thousand men on Mount Parnassus, and a few ships in the northern and southern channels of Eubœa, no supplies, either of ammunition or provision, could have reached Reshid's army. The besiegers of Athens might also have been closely blockaded by a line of posts, extending from Megara to Eleuthere, Phyle, Decelcia, and Rhomus. This plan was rejected, and a number of desultory operations were undertaken, with the hope of obtaining the desired result more speedily.

The first of these ill judged expeditions was placed under the command of General Gordon. Two thousand three hundred men and fifteen guns were landed on the night of the 5th February, 1827, and took possession of the hill of Munychia. Thrasybulus had delivered Athens from the thirty tyrants by occupying this position, and the modern Greeks have a poetic love for classical imitation. In spite of this advantage, Reshid secured the command of the Piræus by preventing the Greeks from getting possession of the monastery of St. Spiridon, and thus rendered the permanent occupation of Munychia utterly useless.

While Gordon was engaged in fortifying the desert rock on which he had perched his men, the attention of the Turks was drawn off by another body of Greeks. Colonel Burbaki, a Cephaloniot, who had distinguished himself as a cavalry officer in the French service, offered to head a diversion, for the purpose of enabling Gordon to complete his defences. Burbaki descended from the hills that bound the plain of Athens to the west, and advanced to Karastero near Menidi. He was accompanied by eight hundred irregulars; and Vassos and Panayotaki Notaras, who were each at the head of a thousand men, were ordered to support him, and promised to do so. Burbaki was brave and enthusiastic; Vassos and Notaras selfish, and without military capacity. Burbaki pushed forward rashly into the plain, and before he could take up a defensive position in the olive grove, he was attacked by Reshid Pasha in person at the head of an overwhelming force. Burbaki's men behaved well, and five hundred fell with their gallant leader. The two chiefs, who ought to have supported him with two thousand men, never came into action: they and their followers fled in the most dastardly manner, abandoning all their provisions to the Turks.

After this victory Reshid marched to the Piræus, hoping to drive Gordon into the sea. On the 11th of February he attacked the hill of Munychia. His troops advanced boldly to the assault, supported by the fire of four long five-inch howitzers. The attack was skillfully conducted. About three thousand men, scattered in loose order round the base of the hill, climbed its sides, covered by the steep declivities which sheltered them from the fire of the Greeks who crowned the summit. Several gallant attempts were made to reach the Greek intrenchments; but as soon as the Turks issued from their cover, they were received with

such a fire of musketry and grape that they fled back to some sheltered position. A diversion was made by Captain Hastings, which put an end to the combat. He entered the Piræus with the *Karteria* under steam, and opened a fire of grape from his 68-pounders on the Turkish reserves and artillery. The troops fled, one of the enemy's guns was dismounted, and the others only escaped by getting under cover of the monastery. The Turkish artillerymen, however, nothing daunted, contrived to run out one of the howitzers under the protection of an angle of the building, and opened a well-directed fire of five-inch shells on the *Karteria*. Every boat belonging to the ship was struck, and several shells exploded on board, so that Hastings, unable to remain in the Piræus without exposing his ship to serious danger, escaped out of the port. His diversion proved completely successful, for Reshid did not attempt to renew the attack on Gordon's positions.

Reshid had some reason to boast of his success; and in order to give the Sultan a correct idea of the difficulties with which he was contending, he sent to Constantinople the 68-lb. shot of the *Karteria* which had dismounted his gun, and a bag of the white biscuits from Ancona, which were distributed as rations to the Greek troops. At the same time he forwarded to the Porte the head of the gallant Burbaki and the cavalry helmet he wore.

### III.

EXPEDITIONS UNDER GORDON, BURBARI AND HEIDECCK.—GENERAL SIR RICHARD CHURCH—LORD COCHRANE (EARL OF DUNDONALD)—ELECTION OF CAPODISTRIAS AS PRESIDENT OF GREECE—NAVAL EXPEDITION UNDER CAPTAIN HASTINGS—OPERATIONS OF CHURCH AND COCHRANE TO RELIEVE ATHENS—EVACUATION OF THE ACROPOLIS AND FALL OF THE CITY.

THE failure of the double attack on Reshid's front persuaded the Greek government to recommence operations against his rear. General Heideck was appointed to command an enterprise similar to that in which Kolettis had failed in the disgraceful manner previously recounted. But Oropos was selected as the point of attack instead of Talanti. Oropos was the principal magazine for the supplies which the army besieging Athens received by sea. These supplies were conveyed to Negrepont by the northern channel, and sent on to Oropos in small transports. Heideck sailed from the Bay of Phaleron with five hundred men. The naval force, consisting of the *Hellas* frigate, the steam corvette *Karteria*, and the brig *Nelson*, was commanded by Minoia. On arriving at Oropos, the *Hellas* anchored about a mile from the Turkish battery; and Hastings, with the *Karteria*, steamed to within musket-shot of the Turkish guns, silenced them with a shower of grape, and took possession of two transports laden with flour. One of the carcass-shells of the *Karteria*'s 68 pounders set fire to the fascines of the Turkish battery, destroyed the carriage of a gun, and exploded the powder-magazine. The evening was already dark, but Minoia urged Heideck to land the troops immediately and storm the enemy's position, or at least endeavour to burn down his magazines, while his attention was distracted by the fire in his battery. Heideck declined to make the attempt on account of the darkness, which the admiral thought favoured his attack. Next day the Greek troops landed in a disorderly manner, nor did Heideck



himself put his foot on shore, or visit the *Karteria* which remained at anchor close to the enemy's battery. The Turks, however, contrived to remove a gun, which they placed so as to defend their position from any attack on the side where the Greeks had landed. Nothing was done until, a body of cavalry arriving from Reshid's camp, Heideck ordered his men to be re-embarked, and sent them back to the camp at Munychia.

The conduct of Heideck on this occasion fixed a stain on his military reputation which was extremely injurious to his future influence in Greece. It furnished a parallel to the generalship of Kolettis, and encouraged the enemies of military science to express their contempt for the pedantry of tactics, and to proclaim that the maxims and rules of European warfare were not applicable to the war in Greece. It was in vain to point out to the Greeks, immediately after this unfortunate exhibition of military incapacity, that it was by gradually adopting some of the improvements of military science, and establishing some discipline, that the Turks were steadily acquiring the superiority both by sea and land.

Immediately after Heideck's failure, the affairs of Greece assumed a new aspect by the arrival of Sir Richard Church and Lord Cochrane.

Sir Richard Church had commanded a Greek battalion in the British army, but had not risen to a higher rank than lieutenant-colonel in the service. After the peace he had entered the Neapolitan service, where he attained the rank of lieutenant-general. He now came to Greece, at the invitation of the Greek government, to assume the command of the army. His popularity was great among the military chiefs who connected his name with the high pay and liberal rations which both officers and men had received while serving in the Anglo-Greek battalion.

The prominent political as well as military position which Sir Richard Church has occupied for many years in Greece, and the influence which his personal views have exercised on the public affairs of the country, render it necessary for the historian to scrutinise his conduct more than once, both as a statesman and a general, during his long career. The physical qualities of military men exert no trifling influence over their acts. Church was of a small, well-made, active frame, and of a healthy constitution. His manner was agreeable and easy, with the polish of great social experience. The goodness of his disposition was admitted by his enemies, but the strength of his mind was not the quality of which his friends boasted. In Greece he committed the common error of assuming a high position without possessing the means of performing its duties: and it may be questioned whether he possessed the talents necessary for performing the duties well, had it been in his power to perform them at all. As a military man, his career in Greece was a signal failure. His plans of operations never led to any successful result; and on the only occasion which was afforded him of conducting an enterprise on a considerable scale, they led to the greatest disaster that ever happened to the Greek army. His camps were as disorderly as those of the rudest chieftain, and the troops under his immediate command looked more like a casual assemblage of armed mountaineers than a body of veteran soldiers.

Shortly after his arrival, Sir Richard Church obtained from a national assembly the empty title of

Archistrategos, or Generalissimo; and often, to win over independent chiefs to recognise this verbal rank, he sacrificed both his own personal dignity and the character of the office which he aspired to exercise. He succeeded in attaching several chiefs to his person, but he did so by tolerating abuses by which they profited, and which tended to increase the disorganisation of the Greek military system.

As a councillor of state, the career of Church was not more successful than as a general. His name was not connected with any wise measure or useful reform. Even as a statesman he clung to the abuses of the revolutionary system, which he had supported as a soldier.

Both Church and the Greeks misunderstood one another. The Greeks expected Church to prove a Wellington, with a military chest well supplied from the British treasury. Church expected the irregulars of Greece to execute his strategy like regiments of guards. Experience might have taught him another lesson. When he led his Greek battalion to storm Santa Maura, his men left him wounded in the breach; and had an English company not carried the place, there he might have lain until the French could take him prisoner. The conduct of the Greek regiments had been often disorderly; they had mutinied at Malta, and behaved ill at Messina. The military chiefs who welcomed him to Greece never intended to allow him to form a regular army, if such had been his desire. They believed that his supposed influence with the British Government would obtain a new loan for Greece, and for them high pay and fresh sources of peculation.

Sir Richard Church arrived at Porto Kheli, near Kastri, on the 9th of March, and was warmly welcomed by Kolokotronis and his faction. After a short stay he proceeded to Egina, where he found the members of the executive dissatisfied with his having first visited their rivals.

Lord Cochrane (Earl of Dundonald) arrived at Hydra on the 17th March. He had been wandering about the Mediterranean in a fine English yacht, purchased for him out of the proceeds of the loan in order to accelerate his arrival in Greece, ever since the month of June, 1826.

Cochrane was a contrast to Church in appearance, mind, character, and political opinions. He was tall and commanding in person, lively and winning in manner, prompt in counsel, and daring but cool in action. Endowed by nature both with strength of character and military genius, versed in naval science both by study and experience, and acquainted with seamen and their habits and thoughts in every clime and country, nothing but an untimely restlessness of disposition, and a too strongly expressed contempt for mediocrity and conventional rules, prevented his becoming one of Britain's naval heroes. Unfortunately, accident, and his eagerness to gain some desired object, engaged him more than once in enterprises where money rather than honour appeared to be the end he sought.

Cochrane, with the eye of genius, looked into the thoughts of the Greeks with whom he came into close contact, and his mind quickly embraced the facts that marked the true state of the country, and revealed the extent of its resources. To the leading members of the executive body he hinted that the rulers of Greece ought to possess more activity and talent for government than they had displayed. To the factious op-



position at Kastri he used stronger language. He recommended them, with bitter irony, to read the first philippic of Demosthenes in their assembly. His opinions and his discourse were soon well known, for they embodied the feelings of every patriot, and echoed the voice of the nation. His influence became suddenly unbounded, and faction for a moment was silenced. All parties agreed to think only of the nation's interests. The executive body removed from Egina to Poros, and a congress was held at Danala, called the National Assembly of Troezen.

The first meetings of the national assembly of Troezen were tumultuous. Captain Hamilton fortunately arrived at Poros with his frigate the *Cambrian*. His influence with Mavrocordatos and the executive, the influence of Church with Kolokotrones and the Kastri faction, and the authority of Lord Cochrane over all parties, prevented an open rupture. Matters were compromised by the election of Count Capodistrias to be president of Greece for seven years. Lord Cochrane was appointed arch-admiral, and Sir Richard Church arch-general. As the national assembly could



TEMPLE OF WINGLESS VICTORY

not invest them with ordinary power, it gave them extraordinary titles. As very often happens in political compromises, prospective good government was secured by the resolution to remain for a time without anything more than the semblance of a government. A commission of three persons was appointed to conduct the executive until the arrival of Capodistrias; and three men of no political talent and no party influence, but not behind any of their predecessors in corruption and misgovernment, were selected.

The election of Capodistrias was proposed by Kolo-

trones and the Russian party, in order to counterbalance the influence which England then exercised in Greece in consequence of the enlightened zeal which Captain Hamilton displayed in favour of Greek independence, and the liberal policy supported by Canning. A few men among the political leaders, whose incapacity and selfishness had rendered a free government impracticable, endeavoured to prevent the election of Capodistrias without success. Captain Hamilton observed a perfect neutrality, and would not authorise any opposition by an English party. Gor-

don's description of the scene on the day of the election is correct and graphic. He says the Anglo-Greeks hung down their heads, and the deputies of Hydra, Spetzas, and Psara walked up the hill to Damala with the air of criminals marching to execution.

It has been said already that the Turkish army before Athens drew the greater part of its supplies from Thessaly. These supplies were shipped at Volo during the winter, and forwarded by sea to Negrepont and Oropos. It was at last decided that an expedition should be sent to destroy the Turkish magazines and transports at Volo, and the command of the expedition was given to Captain Hastings. He sailed from Poros with a small squadron to perform this service.

The Gulf of Volo resembles a large lake, and few lakes surpass it in picturesque beauty and historical associations. Mount Pelion rises boldly from the water on its eastern side. The slopes of the mountain are studded with many villages, whose white dwellings, imbedded in luxuriant foliage, reflected the western sun as the Greek squadron sailed up the gulf on the afternoon of the 20th April, 1827.

The fort of Volo lies at the northern extremity of the gulf, where a bay, extending from the ruins of Demetrius to those of Pagasæ, forms a good port. At the point near Pagasæ, on the western side of the bay, the Turks had constructed a battery with five guns. These guns crossed their fire with those of the fort, and commanded the whole anchorage. Eight transports were moored as close to the fort as possible. The *Karteria* anchored before the fort at half-past four in the afternoon, while the corvette and brig anchored before the five-gun battery. The Turks were soon driven from their guns. A few rounds of grape from the *Karteria* compelled them to abandon the transports, which were immediately taken possession of by the Greeks. Five of these vessels, which were heavily laden, were towed out of the port, but two, not having their sails on board, were burned; and the eighth, which the Turks contrived to run aground within musket-shot of their walls, was destroyed by shells. About nine o'clock a light breeze from the land enabled the Greek squadron to carry off its prizes in triumph.

After carefully examining every creek, Hastings quitted the Gulf of Volo on the 22nd. On entering the Northern channel of Eubœa he discovered a large brig-of-war and three schooners in a bight near the scale of Tricheri. This brig mounted fourteen long 24-pounders and two mortars. It was made fast head and stern to the rocks, and planks were laid from its deck to the shore. A battery of three guns was constructed close to the bows, and several other batteries were placed in different positions among the surrounding rocks, so that the brig was defended not only by her own broadside and four hundred Albanian marksmen, but also by twelve guns well placed on shore. Hastings attempted to capture it by boarding during the night. The Greek boats moved silently with muffled oars, but when they had approached nearly within musket-shot, heaps of faggots blazed up at different places, casting long streams of light over the water, while at the same time a heavy fire of round shot and grape proved the strength and watchfulness of the enemy. Fortunately the Turks opened their fire rather too soon, and Hastings was enabled to regain the *Karteria* without loss.

On the following day the attack was renewed from a

distance in order to destroy the brig with hot shot, for the dispersed positions of the batteries, and the cover which the ground afforded to the Albanian infantry, rendered the grape of the *Karteria's* guns useless. Seven 68-pound shot were heated in the fires of the engine, brought on deck, and put into the guns with an instrument of the captain's own invention; and as the *Karteria* steamed round in a large circle about a mile from the shore, her long guns were discharged in succession at intervals of four minutes. When the seven shot were expended the *Karteria* steamed out of range of the enemy's fire to await the result. Smoke soon issued from the brig, and a great movement was observed on shore. Hastings then steamed near the land, and showered grape and shells on the Turks to prevent them from extinguishing the fire. A shell exploding in the brig gave him the satisfaction of seeing her abandoned by her crew. Fire at last burst from her deck, and she burned gradually to the water's edge. Her guns towards the shore went off in succession, and caused no inconsiderable confusion among the Albanians; the shells from her mortars mounted in the air, and then her powder-magazine exploded. The *Karteria* lost only one man killed, a brave Northumbrian quartermaster, named James Hall, and two wounded.

Experience thus confirmed the soundness of the views which Hastings had urged the Greek government to adopt as early as the year 1823. It was evident that he had practically introduced a revolution in naval warfare. He had also proved that a Greek crew could use the dangerous missiles he employed with perfect security. Sixty-eight pound shot had been heated below, carried on deck, and loaded with great ease, while the ship was moving under the fire of hostile batteries. The *Karteria* herself had suffered severely in her spars and rigging, and it was necessary for her to return to Poros to refit.

In passing along the eastern coast of Eubœa, Hastings discovered that Reshid Pasha did not depend entirely on his magazines in Thessaly for supplying his army before Athens with provisions. Several vessels were observed at anchor off Kumi, and a number of boats were seen drawn up on the beach. Though the place was occupied by the Turks, it was evidently the centre of a considerable trade. It was necessary to ascertain the nature of this trade. Hastings approached the shore, and a few Turks were observed escaping to the town, which is situated about two miles from the port. The vessels at anchor were found to be laden with grain, shipped by Greek merchants at Syra; and it was ascertained that both Reshid and Omar Pasha of Negrepont had, during the winter, purchased large supplies of provisions, forwarded to Kumi by Greeks. Hastings found a brig under Russian colours and a Psarian schooner just beginning to land their cargoes of wheat. A large magazine was found full of grain, and other magazines were said to be well filled in the neighbouring town. About one-third of the grain on shore was transferred to the prizes taken at Volo. The Russian brig was not molested, but two vessels, fully laden with wheat, were taken to Poros, where they were condemned by the Greek admiralty court. On his return Hastings urged both Lord Cochrane and the Greek government to adopt measures for putting an end to this disgraceful traffic; but the attention of Lord Cochrane was called off to other matters, and there were some soundrels

who possessed considerable influence with the Greek government, and who profited by licensing this nefarious traffic.

Military operations were now renewed against the Turkish army engaged in the siege of Athens. Karaiskaki, after his retreat from Dystono, established his force, amounting to three thousand men, at Keratsina, in the plain to the west of the Piræus. Repeated letters had been transmitted from the Acropolis, written by Fabvier and the Greek chiefs, declaring that the garrison could not hold out much longer.

Sir Richard Church commenced his career as generalissimo by establishing an army at the Piræus of more than ten thousand, with which he proposed driving Reshid from his positions. He caused, however, considerable dissatisfaction by hiring a fine armed schooner to serve as a yacht, and establishing his headquarters in this commodious but most unimilitary habitation.<sup>1</sup>

It was decided that the navy should co-operate with the army, so that the whole force of Greece was at last employed to raise the siege of Athens.

Lord Cochrane hoisted his flag in the *Hellas*, but continued to reside on board his English yacht, not deeming it prudent to remove his treasure, which amounted to £20,000, from under the protection of the British flag. He enrolled a corps of one thousand Hydriots to serve on shore, and placed them under the command of his relation, Lieutenant Urquhart, who was appointed a major in the Greek service. The enrolment of these Hydriots was a very injudicious measure. They were unable to perform the service of armatoli, and they were quite as undisciplined as the most disorderly of the irregulars. When landed at Muniychia they excited the contempt of the Romeliot veterans, strutting about with brass blunderbusses or light double-barrelled guns. The army had also reasonable ground for complaint, for these inefficient troops received higher pay than other soldiers.

Lord Cochrane's own landing at the Piræus was signalled by a brilliant exploit. On the 25th of April, while he was reconnoitring the positions of the two hostile armies, a skirmish ensued. He observed a moment when a daring charge would insure victory to the Greeks, and, cheering on the troops near him, he led them to the attack with nothing but his telescope in his hand. All eyes had been watching his movements, and when he was seen to advance, a shout ran through the Greek army, and a general attack was made simultaneously on all the positions occupied by the Turks at the Piræus. The fury of the assault persuaded the Muhammadans that a new enemy had taken the field against them, and they abandoned nine of their small redoubts. Three hundred Albanians throw themselves into the monastery of St. Spiridion; the rest retired to an eminence beyond the head of the port.

The troops in the monastery were without provi-

sions, and only scantily supplied with water. In a short time they must have attempted to cut their way through the Greek army, or surrendered at discretion. Unfortunately, it was determined to bombard the building and carry it by storm. In order to breach the wall of the monastery, the *Hellas* cannonaded it for several hours with her long 32-pounders. The building looked like a heap of ruins, and the Greek troops made a feeble attempt to carry it by storm, which was easily repulsed by the Albanians, who sprang up from the arched cells in which they had found shelter from the fire of the frigate.

Attempts were made next day to open negotiations with the Albanians, who it was supposed would be now suffering from hunger; but a Greek soldier who carried proposals for a capitulation was put to death, and his head was exposed from the wall; and a boat sent from Lord Cochrane's yacht with a flag of truce, was fired on, and an English sailor dangerously wounded. The frigate then renewed her fire with no more effect than on the previous day. The garrison found shelter in a ditch, which was dug during the night behind the ruins of the outer wall, and its courage was increased by observing the trifling loss which was caused by the tremendous fire of the broadside of a sixty-four gun frigate. The Turks, having now placed four guns on the height to which they had retired on the 25th, opened a plunging fire on the ships in the Piræus, and by a chance shot cut the mainstay of the *Hellas*.

There was little community of views between the lord high admiral and the generalissimo. Cochrane objected to granting a capitulation to the Albanians in the monastery, as tending to encourage obstinate resistance in desperate cases, and he reproached the Greek chiefs with their cowardice in not storming the building. The irregulars refused to undertake any operation until they gained possession of the monastery. There could be no doubt that a storming party, supported by a couple of howitzers, ought to have carried the place without difficulty. Church determined to make the attempt, and Gordon, who commanded the artillery, was ordered to prepare for the assault on the morning of the 28th of April.

In an evil hour the generalissimo changed his plans. Surrounded by a multitude of counsellors, and destitute of a firm will of his own, he concluded a capitulation with the Albanians, without consulting Lord Cochrane or communicating with General Gordon. Karaiskaki was intrusted with the negotiations. The Albanians were to retire from the monastery with arms and baggage. Several Greek chiefs accompanied them as hostages for their safety. But the generalissimo took no precautions for enforcing order, or preventing an undisciplined rabble of soldiers from crowding round the Mussulmans as they issued from the monastery. He must have been grossly deceived by his agents, for his report to the Greek government states "that no measures had been neglected to prevent the frightful catastrophe that ensued." Nothing warranted this assertion but the fact that Karaiskaki Diavellas, and some other chiefs, accompanied the Albanians as hostages.

As soon as Lord Cochrane was aware that the commander-in-chief of the army had opened negotiations with the Albanians, he ordered Major Urquhart to withdraw the Hydriots from their post near the monastery to the summit of Muniychia.

<sup>1</sup> Gordon blames Church for remaining too much on board this schooner, and not exhibiting himself sufficiently to the troops, and also of being too fond of employing his pen, which was a very useless instrument with armatoli. Gordon himself set the fashion of generals keeping yachts in Greece; but Gordon lived on shore while he commanded at Muniychia, and sent his yacht to Salamis. The insecurity contained in the published despatches of Sir Richard Church were caused by his isolation on board.

The Albanians had not advanced fifty yards through the dense crowd of armed men who surrounded them as they issued from St. Spiridon, when a fire was opened on them. Twenty different accounts were given of the origin of the massacre. It was vain for the Mussulmans to think of defending themselves; their only hope of safety was to gain the hill occupied by the Turkish artillery. Few reached it even under the protection of a fire which the Turks opened on the masses of the Greeks. Two hundred and seventy men quitted the monastery of St. Spiridon, and more than two hundred were murdered before they reached the hill. "The slain were immediately stripped, and the infuriated soldiers fought with each other for the spoil," as we are told by a conscientious eye-witness of the scene.

This crime converted the Greek camp into a scene of anarchy. General Gordon, who had witnessed some of the atrocities which followed the sack of Tripolitza, was so disgusted with the disorder that prevailed, and so disatisfied on account of the neglect with which he was treated, that he resigned the command of the artillery and quitted Greece. Reshid Pasha, on being informed of the catastrophe, rose up and exclaimed with great solemnity, "God will not leave this faithlessness unpunished. He will pardon the murdered, and inflict some signal punishment on the murderers."

Nothing now prevented the Greeks from pushing on to Athens but the confusion that prevailed in the camp and the want of a daring leader. Some skirmishing ensued, and in one of these skirmishes, on the 4th of May, Karaiskaki was mortally wounded. His death increased the disorder in the Greek army, for he exercised considerable personal influence over several Rousliot chiefs, and compressed the jealousies of many

captains, who were now thrown into direct communication with the generalissimo.

Karaiskaki fell at a moment favourable to his reputation. He had not always acted the patriot, but his recent success in Phocis contrasted with the defeats of Fabvier, Heideck, and Church, in a manner so flattering to national vanity, that his name was idolized by the irregular troops. He was one of the bravest and most active of the chiefs whom the war had spared, and his recent conduct on more than one occasion had effaced the memory of his unprincipled proceedings during the early years of the Revolution; indeed, it seemed even to his intimate acquaintances that his mind had expanded as he rose in rank and importance. His military talents were those which a leader of irregular bands is called upon to employ in casual emergencies, not those which qualify a soldier to command the numerous bodies required to compose an army. He never formed any regular plan of campaign, and he was destitute of the coolness and perseverance which sacrifices a temporary advantage to secure a great end. In personal appearance he was of the middle size, thin, dark-complexioned, and haggard, with a bright expressive animal eye, which joined to the cast of his countenance, indicated that there was gipsy blood in his veins. His features, while in perfect repose, wore an air of suffering, which was usually succeeded by a quick unquiet glance.

Sir Richard Church now resolved to change his base of operations from the Piræus to the cape at the eastern end of the Bay of Phalerum. Why it was supposed that troops who could not advance by a road where olive-trees, vineyards, and ditches afforded them some protection from the enemy's cavalry, should be expected to succeed better in open ground, has never been explained.

On the night of the 5th May, the generalissimo transported three thousand men, with nine field-pieces, to his new position, but it was nearly daybreak before the whole were landed. It was then too late to reach the Acropolis before sunrise, and the road lay over open downs. Gordon calls the operation "an insane project," and says that "if the plan deserves the severest censure, what shall we say to the pitiful method in which it was executed?"

Early dawn found the Greek troops posted on a low ridge of hills not more than half-way between the place where they had landed and the Acropolis. A strong body of Ottoman cavalry was already watching their movements, and a body of infantry, accompanied by a gun, soon took up a position in front of the Greek advanced guard. The position occupied by the Greeks was far beyond the range of any guns in the Turkish lines, but Sir Richard Church, who had not examined the ground, was under the erroneous impression that his troops had arrived within a short distance of Athens, and counted on some co-operation on the part of the garrison of the Acropolis. Had he seen the position, he could not have allowed his troops to remain on ground so ill chosen for defence against cavalry, with the imperfect works which they had thrown up. The advance-guard had not completed the redoubt it had commenced, and the main body, with the artillery, could give no support to the advanced-guard.

Reshid Pasha made his dispositions for a cavalry attack. They were similar to those which had secured him the victory at Potta, at Khaidari, and at Kamatera. He ascertained by his scouts that his enemy had not a

<sup>1</sup> The author was serving as a volunteer on the staff of General Gordon, and accompanied him to join the storming-party on the 28th of April. It had been observed from Gordon's yacht, which was anchored in the Piræus, that communications passed between the Albanians and the Greeks during the whole morning. The Hydriots were also seen retiring to the summit of Munychia. As Gordon passed in his boat under the stern of Lord Cochrane's yacht, the author prevailed on him to seek an explanation of what was going on. Cochrane said that he, as admiral, had no right to concur in a capitulation, unless the Albanians laid down their arms, and were transported as prisoners of war on board the fleet. He added, that Lord Cochrane had concluded a capitulation. While this conversation was going on, the author was watching the proceedings at the monastery with his glass, and seeing the Albanians issue from the building into the armed mob before the gates, he could not refrain from exclaiming, "All those men will be murdered!" Lord Cochrane turned to Gordon and said, "Do you hear what he says?" to which the general replied, in his usual deliberate manner, "I fear, my Lord, it is too true." The words were hardly uttered when the massacre commenced. The author landed immediately to examine the effect of the frigate's fire on the monastery. He witnessed a strange scene of anarchy and disorder, and while he remained in the building two Greeks were killed by shot from the guns on the hill. The Hydriots under Major Urquhart maintained at being deprived of their share of the spoil. Lord Cochrane sent Mr. Masson to pacify them with this message, "My reason for ordering the Hydriots to muster on Munychia was to remove the force under my command from participating in a capitulation, unless the Turks surrendered at discretion. My objects were to preserve the honour of the navy unsullied, and at the same time to secure an equal distribution of the prize-money." The author visited the yacht of the generalissimo shortly after, and found the staff on board in high badger at what they called the treachery of the Greeks. He did not see the generalissimo. The feeling among the Philhellenes in the camp, and there were many officers of many nations, was amusement at the neglect on the part of the generalissimo.—*MS. Journal*, 28th April, 1827.

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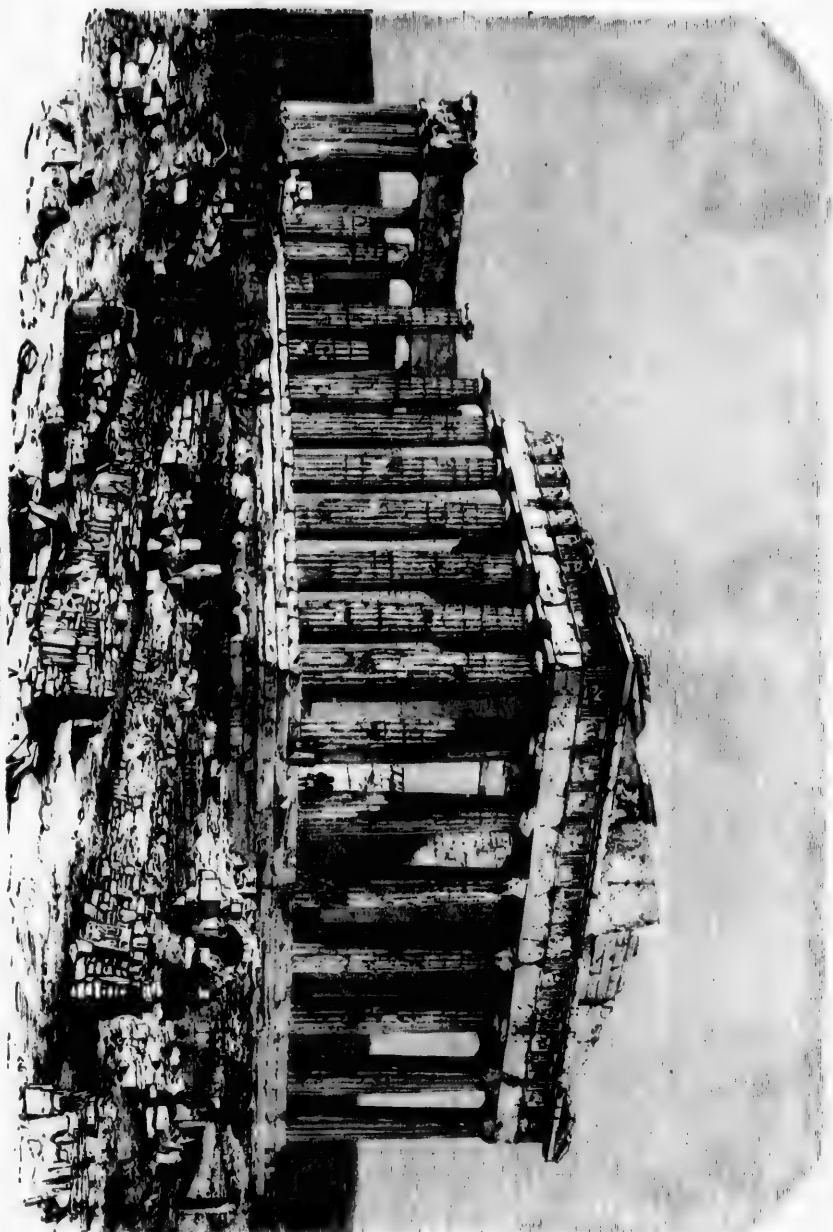
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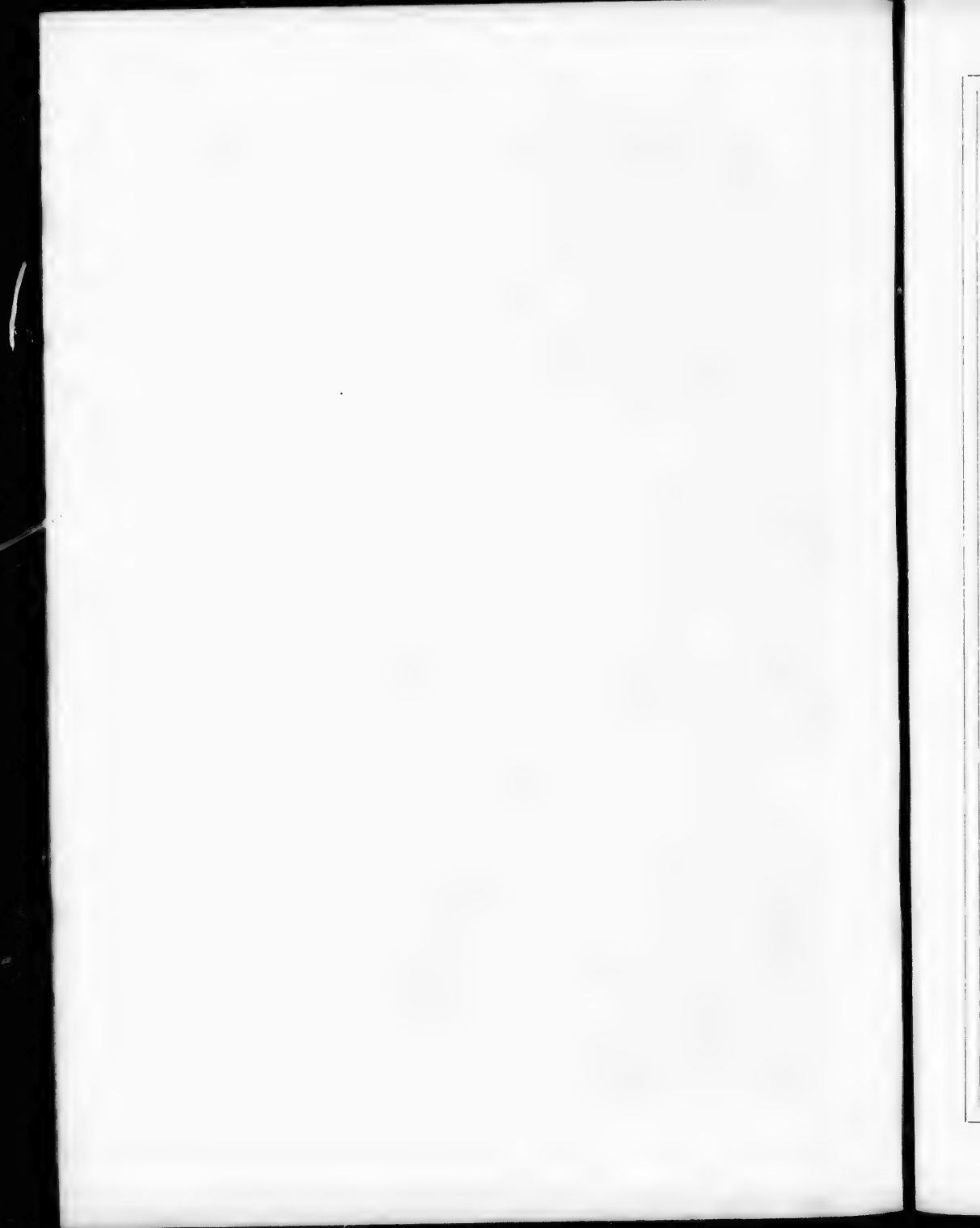
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THE PARATHENON, ATHENS







single gun to command the easy slope of a ravine that led to the crest of the elevation on which the advanced redoubt was placed. Two successive charges of cavalry were repulsed by the regular troops and the Suliots, who formed the advanced-guard of the Greek force. But this small body of men was left unsupported, while the Turks had collected eight hundred cavalry and four hundred infantry in a ravine, by which they were protected until they charged forward on the summit of the ridge. The third attack of the Turks decided the contest. The cavalry galloped into the imperfect redoubt. A short struggle ensued, and completed Reshid's victory. The main body of the Greeks fled before it was attacked, and abandoned the guns, which remained standing alone for a short interval before the Turkish cavalry took possession of them, and turned them on those by whom they had been deserted. The fugitives endeavoured to reach the beach where they had landed. The Turks followed, cutting them down, until the pursuit was checked by the fire of the ships.

Sir Richard Church and Lord Cochrane both landed too late to obtain a view of the battle. The approach of the Turkish cavalry to their landing-place compelled them to regain their yachts. Reshid Pasha, who directed the attack of the Turkish cavalry in person, was slightly wounded in the hand.

Fifteen hundred Greeks fell in this disastrous battle, and six guns were lost. It was the most complete defeat sustained by the Greeks during the course of the war, and effaced the memory of the route at Petta, and of the victories gained by Ibrahim Pasha in the Morea. The Turks took two hundred and forty prisoners, all of whom were beheaded except General Kalergis, who was released on paying a ransom of 5000 dollars, and who lived to obtain for his country the inestimable boon of representative institutions by the Revolution of 1843, which put an end to Bavarian domination, and completed the establishment of the independence of Greece.

The Battle of Phalerum dispersed the Greek army at the Piræus. Upwards of three thousand men deserted the camp in three days; and the generalissimo was so discouraged by the aspect of affairs, that he ordered the garrison of the Acropolis to capitulate. Captain Leblanc, of the French frigate *Junon*, was requested to mediate for favourable terms, and was furnished with a sketch of the proposed capitulation. This precipitate step on the part of Sir Richard Church drew on him a severe reprimand from the chiefs in the Acropolis, who treated his order with contempt, and rejected Captain Leblanc's offer of mediation with the boast, that "We are Greeks, and we are determined to live or die free. If, therefore, Reshid Pasha wants our arms, he may come and take them." These bold words were not backed by deeds of valour.

Church abandoned the position of Munychia on the 27th of May, and the garrison of the Acropolis then laid aside its theatrical heroism. Captain Corner, of the Austrian brig *Vesuvius*, renewed the negotiations for a capitulation, and the arrival of the French admiral, De Rigny, brought them to a speedy termination. The capitulation was signed on the 5th of June. The garrison marched out with arms and baggage. About fifteen hundred persons quitted the place, including four hundred women and children. The Acropolis still contained a supply of grain for several months' consumption, and about two thousand pounds of powder, but the water was scarce and bad. There was no fuel

for baking bread, and the clothes of the soldiers were in rags.

The surrender of the Acropolis, following so quickly after the bombastic rejection of the first proposals, caused great surprise. The conduct of Fabvier was severely criticised, and the behaviour of the Greek chiefs was compared with the heroism of the defenders of Mesolonghi. The sufferings of those who were shut up in the Acropolis were undoubtedly very great, but the winter was past, and had they been inspired with the devoted patriotism of the men of Mesolonghi, they might have held out until the Battle of Navarin.

The conduct of Reshid Pasha on this occasion gained him immortal honour. He showed himself as much superior to Sir Richard Church in counsel, as he had proved himself to be in the field. Every measure that prudence could suggest was adopted to prevent the Turks from sullying the Muhammadan character with any act of revenge for the bad faith of the Greeks at the Piræus. The pasha patrolled the ground in person, at the head of a strong body of cavalry, and saw that his troops who escorted the Greeks to the place of embarkation performed their duty.

The fall of Athens enabled Reshid to complete the conquest of that part of continental Greece which Karaïskaki had occupied; but the Turks did not advance beyond the limits of Rumelia, and the Greeks were allowed to remain unmolested in Megara and the Dervenokhoris, which were dependencies of the pashalik of the Morea, and consequently within the jurisdiction of Ibrahim Pasha. Many of the Rumeliot chiefs now submitted to the Turks, and were recognised by Reshid as captains of armatoli. In his despatches to the Sultan, he boasted with some truth that he had terminated the military operations with which he was intrusted, and re-established the sultan's authority in all that part of continental Greece placed under his command, from Mesolonghi to Athens.

#### IV.

BATTLE OF NAVARIN—FRENCH EXPEDITION TO THE MOREA—OPERATIONS IN EASTERN AND WESTERN GREECE—TERMINATION OF HOSTILITIES—PRINCE LEOPOLD—ASSASSINATION OF CAPADISTRIAS—GENERAL ANARCHY—THE FRENCH IN GREECE—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE BAVARIAN DYNASTY.

THE destruction of the Ottoman and Egyptian fleets at Navarin (October 20th, 1827) made no change in the determination of Sultan Mahmud, nor was the courage of Ibrahim Pasha depressed by his defeat. The action of the allies was crippled by misunderstandings among themselves. Whilst England and France wished to preserve the Sultan's throne, as well as to establish the independence of Greece, Russia was even more eager to destroy the Ottoman empire than to save Greece. Hence it was that there was not wanting those who looked upon Navarin as "an untoward event." The weakness of the British cabinet allowed Russia to assume a decided political superiority in the East, but after the conclusion of the war between Russia and the Porte, in 1828-29—a war which reflected little honour on the armies of the Emperor Nicholas—the French government undertook to send an army to expel Ibrahim, so the utter exhaustion of Greece prevented the government of Capodistrias from making any effort to expel the Egyptians from the Peloponnese, whilst the mutual jealousies of England and Russia threatened to

retard the pacification of Greece indefinitely. On the 19th July, 1828, a protocol was signed, accepting the offer of France; and on the 30th August, an army of fourteen thousand men, under the command of General Maison, landed at Petalidi in the Gulf of Coron. The convention concluded by Codrington at Alexandria had been ineffectual. It required the imposing force of the French general to compel Ibrahim to sign a new convention for the immediate evacuation of the Morea. The convention was signed on the 7th of September, 1828, and the first division of the Egyptian army, consisting of five thousand five hundred men, sailed from Navarin on the 16th. Ibrahim Pasha sailed with the remainder on the 5th October; but he refused to deliver up the fortresses to the French, alleging that he had found them occupied by Turkish garrisons on his arrival in Greece, and that it was his duty to leave them in the hands of the Sultan's officers.

After Ibrahim's departure, the Turks refused to surrender the fortresses, and General Maison indulged their pride by allowing them to close the gates. The French troops then planted their ladders, scaled the walls and opened the gates without any opposition. In this way Navarin, Modon, and Coron fell into the hands of the French. But the castle of Rhion offered some resistance, and it was found necessary to lay siege to it in regular form. On the 30th October the French batteries opened their fire, and the garrison surrendered at discretion.

France thus gained the honour of delivering Greece from the last of her conquerors, and she increased the debt of gratitude due by the Greeks by the admirable conduct of the French soldiers. The fortresses surrendered by the Turks were in a ruinous condition, and the streets were encumbered with filth accumulated during seven years. All within the walls was a mass of putridity. Malignant fevers and plague were endemic, and had every year carried off numbers of the garrisons. The French troops transformed themselves into an army of pioneers; and these pestilential medieval castles were converted into habitable towns. The principal buildings were repaired, the fortifications improved, the ditches of Modon were purified, the citadel of Patras reconstructed, and a road for wheeled carriages formed from Modon to Navarin. The activity of the French troops exhibited how an army raised by conscription ought to be employed in time of peace, in order to prevent the labour of the men from being lost to their country. But like most lessons that inculcated order and system, the lesson was not studied by the rulers of Greece.

The Morea being thus liberated, nothing remained for Capodistrias, who had been elected President of Greece on the 14th April, 1827, but to clear the remainder of the country of the Turks. The Russian war compelled Reshid Pasha to leave continental Greece and Epirus almost destitute of troops, and he was threatened with an insurrection of the Albanian chieftains in his own pashalik of Ioannina. In autumn the Greeks advanced to Lombotini, famous for its apples, and drove the Turks into Lepanto. Hypsilantes about the same time occupied Dacchia and Phocis, and on the 20th of November the Turks in Salona capitulated, and the capitulation was faithfully observed by the Greeks. On the 5th of December, Karpenisi was evacuated. A few insignificant skirmishes took place during the winter. The Turks were too weak to attempt anything, and the anarchy that still prevailed

among the Greek chiefs prevented the numerical superiority of the Greek forces from being available.

The army of Western Greece was not more active than that of Eastern during the summer of 1828. Capodistrias visited the camp of Sir Richard Church near Mytika, and he declared that, on inspecting the troops in Acarnania, he found less order than in those he had reviewed at Træzene. This visit gave the President a very unfavourable opinion of the generalissimo's talents for organisation. In September the Greeks advanced to the Gulf of Arta, and occupied Loutraki, where they gained possession of a few boats. Capodistrias named Pasano, a Corsican adventurer, to succeed Hastings as commander of the naval forces in Western Greece. Pasano made an unsuccessful attempt to force the passage into the Gulf of Arta, but some of the Greek officers under his command, considering that he had shown both cowardice and incapacity in the affair, renewed the enterprise without his order, and passed gallantly under the batteries of Previsa. This exploit secured to the Greeks the command of the Gulf of Arta. Pasano was recalled, and Admiral Krievs, a Hydriot officer of ability and courage, succeeded him. The town of Vonitza, a ruinous spot, was occupied by the Greek troops on the 27th December, 1828; but the almost defenceless Venetian castle did not capitulate until the 17th March, 1829. The passes of Makry-noros were occupied in April.

Capodistrias, who had blamed both Hypsilantes and Church for incapacity, now astonished the world by making his brother Agostino a general.

Count Agostino Capodistrias, besides not being a military man, was really little better than a fool; yet the President, blinded by fraternal affection, named this miserable creature his plenipotentiary in Western Greece, and empowered him to direct all military and civil business. The plenipotentiary arrived in the *Hellas*. On the 30th April, 1829, the garrison of Naupaktos (Lepanto) capitulated, and was transported to Previsa. On the 14th May, Mesolonghi and Anatolikon were evacuated by the Turks.

Reshid Pasha escaped the mortification of witnessing the loss of all his conquests in Greece. His prudence and valour were rewarded with the rank of Grand Vizier, and he quitted Joannina to assume the command of the Ottoman army at Shumla before the Turks evacuated continental Greece.

The war terminated in 1829. The Allied Powers fixed the frontier of Greece by a protocol in the month of March. Yet the Turks would not yield possession of the places they still held in Eastern Greece, and some skirmishes ensued, in which a great deal of powder was wasted, and very little blood was shed. A body of Albanians, under Aslan Bey, marched from Zeituni by Thermopylae, Livades, and Thebes, and reached Athens without encountering opposition. After leaving a small and select garrison in the Acropolis, Aslan Bey collected all the Turks in Attica and Boeotia, and commenced his retreat. But on arriving at the pass of Petra, between Thebes and Livades, he found a body of Greek troops strongly posted to dislodge the passage. The Turks, unable to advance, concluded a capitulation on the 28th of September, 1829, by which they engaged to evacuate all Eastern Greece, except the Acropolis of Athens, and the fort of Kambaba on the Euripus.

The sovereignty of liberated Greece curtailed by the sacrifice of Acarnania and great part of Etolia, was offered by the protecting powers, and accepted by

Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who however soon wearied out by the intrigues and dissensions that pervaded the country, left it a prey to the unconcealed tyranny of Capodistrias. Insurrection, the natural consequence of such a state of things (as it has been, in our own days, of the incapacity of the Bavarian king) was, as has also been the case in the present instance, put down by the intervention of the Allies, more especially of Russia. Capodistrias fell, however, shortly afterwards by the hands of assassins, and Greece, which had been depraved by his tyranny, only became more utterly demoralised by his death.

An interval of anarchy succeeded. Agostino Capodistrias was elected to the Presidency, only to be ejected by an insurrection of the Romelioti. The French occupied Nauplia to arrest the progress of disorder and civil war; Kolokotronis rallied the Capodistriani, whilst Djavellas occupied Patras, and at the end of the year 1832 Greece was in a state of almost universal decomposition. The government acknowledged by the three powers exercised little authority beyond the walls of Nauplia. The senate was in open rebellion. The Capodistriani under Kolokotronis and Djavellas had never recognised the governing commission. A confederation of military chiefs attempted to rule the country, and blockaded the existing government. The commission of three members, which exercised the executive power, alarmed at the prospect of being excluded from power before the king's arrival, implored the residents to invite the French troops to garrison Argos. Four companies of infantry and a detachment of artillery were sent from Messina by General Guichenot to effect this object. In the meantime, General Corbet, who commanded at Nauplia, detached two companies and two mountain-guns to take possession of the cavalry barracks at Argos, in order to secure quarters for the troops from Messina. The town was filled with irregular Greek soldiery, under the nominal command of Grigiottes and Tzokrea. These men boasted that they would drive the French back to Nauplia, and that Kolokotronis would exterminate those who were advancing from Messina. The prudent precautions of the French officers prevented the troops being attacked on their march, and the whole force united at Argos on the 15th of January, 1833.

On the following day the French were suddenly attacked. The Greeks commenced their hostilities so unexpectedly, that the colonel of the troops, who had arrived on the preceding evening, was on his way to Nauplia to make his report to General Corbet when the attack commenced. The French soldiers who went to market unarmed were driven back into the barracks, and a few were killed and wounded. But the hostile conduct of the Greek soldiery had prepared the French for any sudden outbreak, and a few minutes sufficed to put their whole force under arms in the square before their quarters. The Greek troops, trusting to their numbers, attempted to occupy the houses which commanded this square. They were promptly driven back, and the streets were cleared by grape-shot from the French guns. The Greeks then intrenched themselves in several houses, and fired from the windows of the upper stories on the French who advanced to dislodge them. This species of warfare could not long arrest the progress of regular troops. The French succeeded in approaching every house in succession with little loss. They then burst open the doors and

windows of the lower story, and, rushing upstairs, forced the armatoli and klephts to jump out of the windows, or finished their career with the bayonet. In less than three hours every house was taken, and the fugitives who had sought a refuge in the ruined citadel of Larissa were pursued and driven even from that stronghold.

Never was victory more complete. The French lost only forty killed and wounded, while the Greeks, who fought chiefly under cover, had a hundred and sixty killed, and in all probability a much greater number wounded. Grigiottes was taken prisoner, but was soon released. A Greek officer and a soldier, accused of an attempt at an assassination, were tried, condemned, and shot.

While the Greek troops were plundering their countrymen and murdering their allies, the three protecting Powers were labouring to secure to Greece every advantage of political independence and external peace. A treaty was signed at Constantinople on the 21st July, 1832, by which the Sultan recognised the kingdom of Greece, and ceded to it the districts within its limits still occupied by his troops, on receiving an indemnity of forty millions of piastres, a sum then equal to £462,480. The Allied Powers also furnished the king's government with ample funds, by guaranteeing a loan of sixty millions of francs. The indemnity to Turkey was paid out of this loan.

The Allied Powers also secured for the Greek monarchy an official admission among the sovereigns of Europe, by inviting the Germanic Confederation to recognise Prince Otto of Bavaria King of Greece, which took place on the 4th October, 1832. The protectors of Greece have often been reproached for the slowness of their proceedings in establishing the independence of Greece; yet when we reflect on the anarchy that prevailed among the Greeks, the difficulties thrown in their way by Capodistrias, the desertion of Prince Leopold, and the small assistance they received from Bavaria, we ought rather to feel surprise that they succeeded at last in establishing the Greek kingdom.

The King of Bavaria concluded a treaty of alliance between Bavaria and Greece on the 1st November, 1832. He engaged to send 3,500 Bavarian troops to support his son's throne, and relieve the French army of occupation. This subsidiary force was paid from the proceeds of the Allied loan; for Bavaria had neither the resources, nor, to speak the truth, the generosity, of France. A convention was signed at the same time, authorising Greece to recruit volunteers in Bavaria, in order that the subsidiary force might be replaced by German mercenaries in King Otto's service.

On the 16th January, 1833, the veterans of the Greek Revolution fled before a few companies of French troops; on the 1st of February, King Otto arrived at Nauplia, accompanied by a small army of Bavarians, composed of a due proportion of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers. As experience had proved that there were no statesmen in Greece capable of governing the country, it was absolutely necessary to send a regency composed of foreigners to administer the government during King Otto's minority. The persons chosen were Count Arnimsparg, M. de Maurer, and General Heideck.

The Bavarian troops landed before the king. Their tall persons, bright uniforms, and fine music, contrasted greatly to their advantage with the small figures and well-worn clothing of the French. The numerous

mounted officers, the splendid plumes, the prancing horses, and the numerous decorations, crosses, and ornaments of the new concert, produced a powerful effect on the minds of the Greeks, taught by the castigation they had received at Argos to appreciate the value of military discipline.

The people welcomed the king as their saviour from anarchy. Even the members of the government, the military chiefs, and the high officials, who had been devouring the resources of the country, hailed the king's arrival with pleasure; for they felt that they could no longer extort any profit from the starving population. The title, however, which the Bavarian prince assumed—Otho, by the grace of God, King of Greece—excited a few sneers even among those who were not republicans; for it seemed a claim to divine right in the throne on the part of the house of Wittelsbach. But every objection passed unheeded; and it may be safely asserted that few kings have mounted their thrones amidst more general satisfaction than King Otho.

As long as the literature and the taste of the ancient Greeks continue to nurture scholars and inspire artists, modern Greece must be an object of interest to cultivated minds. Nor is the history of the modern Greeks unworthy of attention. The importance of the Greek race to the progress of European civilisation is not to be measured by its numerical strength, but by its social and religious influence in the East. Yet, even geographically, the Greeks occupy a wide extent of sea-coast, and the countries in which they dwell are so thinly peopled that they have ample room to multiply and form a populous nation. At present their influence extends far beyond the territories occupied by their race; for Greek priests and Greek teachers have transfused their language and their ideas into the greater part of the Christian population of European Turkey. They have thus constituted themselves the representatives of Eastern Christianity, and placed themselves in prominent opposition to their conquerors, the Ottoman Turks, who invaded Europe as apostles of the religion of Muhammad. The Greeks, during their subjection to the yoke of a foreign nation and a hostile religion, never forgot that the land which they inhabited was the land of their fathers; and their antagonism to their alien and infidel masters, in the hour of their most abject servitude, presaged that their opposition must end in their destruction or deliverance. The Greek Revolution came at last. It delivered a Christian nation from subjection to Muhammadanism, founded a new state in Europe, and extended the advantages of civil liberty to regions where despotism had for ages been indigenous.

Yet if we are to believe our great authority in the matter, and one to whom we are so largely indebted—Dr. George Finlay—the Greek Revolution was not an insurrectional movement, originating solely in Turkish oppression. The first aspirations for the delivery of the orthodox church from the sultan's yoke were inspired by Russia; the projects for national independence by the French Revolution. The Greeks, it is true, were prepared to receive these ideas by a wave in the element of human progress that had previously spread civilisation among the inhabitants of the Ottoman empire, whether Mussulman or Christian.

The origin of the ideas that produced the Greek Revolution explain why it was pre-eminently the movement of the people; and that its success was

owing to their perseverance, is proved by its whole history. To live or die free was the firm resolve of the native peasantry of Greece when they took up arms; and no sufferings ever shook that resolution. They never had the good fortune to find a leader worthy of their cause. No eminent man stands forward as a type of the nation's virtues; too many are famous as representatives of the nation's vices. From this circumstance, the records of the Greek Revolution are destitute of one of history's most attractive characteristics; it loses the charm of a hero's biography. But it possesses its own distinction. Never in the records of states did a nation's success depend more entirely on the conduct of the mass of the population; never was there a more clear manifestation of God's providence in the progress of human society. No one can regard its success as the result of the military and naval exploits of the insurgents; and even the Allied powers, in creating a Greek kingdom, only modified the political results of a revolution which had irrevocably separated the present from the past.

Let us now examine how far the Greek Revolution has succeeded. It has established the independence of Greece on a firm basis, and created a free government in regions where civil liberty was unknown for two thousand years. It has secured popular institutions to a considerable portion of the Greek nation, and given to the people the power of infusing national life and national feelings into the administration of King Otho's kingdom. These may be justly considered by the Greeks as glorious achievements for one generation.

But yet it must be confessed that, in many things, the Greek Revolution has failed. It has not created a growing population and an expanding nation. Diplomacy has formed a diminutive kingdom, and no Themistocles has known how to form a great state out of so small a community. Yet the task was not difficult; the lesson was taught in the United States of America and in the colonial empire of Great Britain. But in the Greek kingdom, with every element of social and political improvement at hand, the agricultural population and the native industry of the country have remained almost stationary. The towns, it is true, are increasing, and merchants are gaining money; but the brave peasantry, who formed the nation's strength, grows neither richer nor more numerous; the produce of their labour is of the roughest kind: whole districts remain uncultivated; the wealthy Greeks who pick up money in foreign traffic do not invest the capital they accumulate in the land which they pretend to call their country; and no stream of Greek emigrants flows from the millions who live enslaved in Turkey, to enjoy liberty by settling in liberated Greece.

There can be no doubt that the inhabitants of Greece may, even in spite of past failures, look with hope to the future. When a few years of liberty have purged society from the traditional corruption of servitude, wise councils may enable them to resume their progress.

But the friends of Greece, who believed that the Revolution would be immediately followed by the multiplication of the Greek race, and by the transfusion of Christian civilisation and political liberty throughout all the regions that surround the Egean Sea, cannot help regretting that a generation has been allowed to pass away unprofitably. The political position of the Ottoman empire in the international system of Europe is already changed, and the condition of the Christian

population in Turkey is even more changed than the position of the empire. The kingdom of Greece has lost the opportunity of alluring emigrants by good government. Feelings of nationality are awakened in other Oriental Christians under Ottoman domination. The Greeks can henceforth only repose their hopes of power on an admission of their intellectual and moral superiority. The Albanians are more warlike; the Servians are more laborious; the Roumans dwell in a more fertile land; and the Turks may become again a powerful nation, by being delivered from the lethargic influence of the Ottoman sultans.

The Ottoman empire may soon be dismembered, or it may long drag on a contemptible existence, like the Greek empire of Constantinople under the Paleologues. Its military resources, however, render its condition not dissimilar to that of the Roman empire in the time of Gallienus, and there may be a possibility of finding a Diocletian to reorganise the administration, and a Constantine to reform the religion. But should it be dismembered to-morrow, it may be asked, what measures the free Greeks have adopted to govern any portion better than the officers of the Sultan? On the other hand, several powerful states and more populous nations are well prepared to seize the fragments of the disjointed empire. They will easily find legitimate pretexts for their intervention, and they will certainly obtain a tacit recognition of the justice of their proceedings from the public opinion of civilised Europe, if they succeed in saving Turkey from anarchy, and in averting such scenes of slaughter as Greece witnessed during her Revolution, or as have recently occurred in Syria.

It is never too late, however, to commence the task of improvement. The inheritance may not be open for many years, and the heirs may be called to the succession by their merit. What, then, are the merits which give a nation the best claim to greatness? Personal dignity, domestic virtue, truth in the intercourse of society, and respect for justice, make nations powerful as surely as they make men honourable.

## V.

HARMONY BETWEEN ATHENIAN ARCHITECTURE AND THE SOIL AND CLIMATE.—THE ACROPOLIS.—THE PROPYLÆA OR PORTICOES.—TEMPLE OF THE WINGLESS VICTORY.—THE PARTHENON, "THE VIRGIN'S HOUSE"—COLossal STATUE OF THE VIRGIN GODDESS—WAS IT CONTAINED WITHIN THE BUILDING, OR DID IT STAND OUT ABOVE IT?

It has been justly remarked of the celebrated Mount Lycabettus, now commonly called the Hill of St. George, and which used to be identified by topographers with the Anchemus, that it is to Athens what Vesuvius is to Naples, or Arthur's Seat to Edinburgh—the most striking feature in the environs of the city (See p. 681).

South-west of Lycabettus, and at the distance of a mile from the latter, is the Acropolis, or Citadel of Athens, a square craggy rock rising abruptly about one hundred and fifty feet, with a flat summit of about a thousand feet long from east to west, by five hundred feet broad from north to south. Immediately west of the Acropolis is a second hill, of irregular form, the Areopagus. To the south-west there rises a third hill, the Phnyx, on which the assemblies of the citizens were held; and to the south of the latter is a fourth hill, known as the Muscum.

The plain of Athens is barren and destitute of vegetation, with the exception of the long line of olives which stretch from Mount Parnes by the side of Cephissus to the sea. "The buildings of the city possessed a property produced immediately by the Athenian soil. Athens stands on a bed of hard limestone rock, in most places thinly covered by a meagre surface of soil. From this surface the rock itself frequently projects, and almost always is visible. Athenian ingenuity suggested, and Athenian dexterity realised, the adaptation of such a soil to architectural purposes. Of this there remains the fullest evidence. In the rocky soil itself walls have been hewn, pavements levelled, steps and seats chiselled, cisterns excavated, and niches scooped; almost every object that in a simple state of society would be necessary, either for public or private fabrics, was thus, as it were, quarried in the soil of the city itself." (Wordsworth, *Athena and Athens*, p. 62.)

Not only did the Athenian soil, but its configuration also, and equally so the climate, exercise an important influence upon the buildings of the city. They are characterised by Milton in his noble lines:

"Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,  
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil."

Mr. Pennethorne has only recently explained the secret of that beauty which at once awakens enthusiasm, without its true source being always fathomed. Mr. Pennethorne, and since him Mr. Penrose, have subjected the Athenian monuments to minute measurements, and they have found that in this architecture, as in nature, all the lines follow a curve or an inclination. It can then now be understood how the Greek monuments tally with nature, and it is from this perfect harmony of their lines with the lines that surround them, that has sprung that fulness of character which no art has been able to attain. It is as questionable if pure Greek architecture, harmonising as it does with the limestone hills and valleys of Greece and Sicily, is any more at home on the boulevards of Paris, or the streets of London, than a pyramid or obelisk torn from the vast open plains of Egypt would be transplanted to one of our green parks, whose intricate foliage might find some relief in Gothic tracery; but is only placed in rude contrast when interrupted by a simple monumental shaft.

Wordsworth accounts in part for the practical defects of the domestic architecture of the Greeks, the badness of their streets, and the proverbial meanness of the houses, even of the noblest individuals among them, to the same surpassing beauty and clearness of the Athenian atmosphere, and which allows the inhabitants to pass much of their time in the open air.

Hence it was that in the best days of Athens the Athenians worshipped, they legislated, they saw dramatic representations, under the open sky. The transparent clearness of the atmosphere is noticed by Euripides, and modern travellers have not failed to notice the same peculiarity. Mr. Stanley speaks of "the transparent clearness, the brilliant coloring of an Athenian sky; of the flood of fire with which the marble columns, the mountains, and the sea are all bathed and penetrated by an illumination of an Athenian sunset." The epithet which Ovid applies to Hymettus, "purpureus colles Hymetti," is strictly correct, and the writer whom we have just quoted mentions "the violet hue which Hymettus assumes in the evening sky, in contrast to the glowing furnace of

the rock of Lycabettus, and the rosy pyramid of Pentelicus." (Stanley in *Classical Museum*.)

Mr. Mure, in his *Tour in Greece*, has also ably depicted the harmony that exists in Attica between architecture and soil and climate. The great national amphitheatre, he remarks, of which Athens is the centre, possesses, in addition to its beauty, certain features of peculiarity, which render it the more



MUSIC THEATRE AT HERODES.

difficult to form any adequate idea of its scenery but which enables the eye the better to apprehend its from a personal view. The chief of these is a certain whole extent and variety at a single glance, and thus degree of regularity, or rather of symmetry, in the to enjoy the full effect of its collective excellence more arrangement of the principal parts of the landscape, perfectly than where the attention is distracted by a





THE ROOM OF ATCHAK

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less orderly accumulation of even beautiful objects. Its more prominent characteristics are—first, the wide extent of open plain in the centre; secondly, the three separate ranges of mountain—Hymettus, Pentellus, and Parnus—to the eye of nearly the same height, and bounding the plain at unequal distances on three sides, to the south-east, north-east, and north-west; thirdly, the sea on the remaining side, with its islands, and the distant mainland of Peloponnesus; fourthly, the cluster of rocky protuberances in the centre of the plain, the most striking of which either form part of the site of the city, or are grouped around it; and fifthly, the line of dark, dense olive groves, winding like a large green river through the heart of the vale.

Any formality, which might be expected to result from so symmetrical an arrangement of these leading elements of the composition, is further interrupted by the low graceful ridge of Turovouni, extending behind the city up the centre of the plain, and by a few marked undulations of its surface about the Peiræus and the neighbouring coast. The present barren and deserted state of this fair, but not fertile region, is perhaps rather favourable than otherwise to its full picturesque effect, as tending less to interfere with the outlines of the landscape, in which its beauty so greatly consists, than a dense population and high state of culture.

The Acropolis of Athens was at one and the same time the fortress, the sanctuary, and the museum of the city. Although the site of the original city, it had ceased to be inhabited from the time of the Persian wars, and was appropriated to the worship of Athena and the other guardian deities of the city. By the artists of the age of Pericles its platform was covered with the master-pieces of ancient art, to which additions continued to be made in succeeding ages. The sanctuary thus became a museum, and in order to form a proper idea of it, we must imagine the summit of the rock stripped of everything except temples and statues, the whole forming one vast composition of architecture, sculpture, and painting, the dazzling whiteness of the marble relieved by brilliant colours, and glittering in the transparent clearness of the Athenian atmosphere. It was here that Art achieved her greatest triumphs; and though in the present day a scene of desolation and ruin, its ruins are some of the most precious relics of the ancient world.

The Acropolis stood in the centre of the city. Hence it was the heart of Athens, as Athens was the heart of Greece. It was to this sacred rock that the magnificent procession of the Panathænic festival took place once in four years. The chief object of this procession was to carry the *Peplus*, or embroidered robe of Athena to her temple on the Acropolis. In connection with this subject it is important to distinguish between the three different Athenas of the Acropolis. The first was the *Athena Polias*, the most ancient of all, made of olive wood, and said to have fallen from heaven; its sanctuary was the Erechtheion. The second was the *Athena of the Parthenon*, a statue of ivory and gold, the work of Phidias. The third was the *Athena Promachus*, a colossal statue of bronze, also the work of Phidias, standing erect, with helmet, spear, and shield.

The surface of the Acropolis appears to have been divided into platforms, communicating with one another by steps. Upon these platforms stood the temples, sanctuaries, or monuments, which occupied all the summit.

On the ascent to the Acropolis from the modern town our first attention is called to the angle of the Hellenic wall, west of the northern wing of the Propylæa. It is probable that this wall formed the exterior defence of the Acropolis at this point. Following this wall northwards, we come to a bastion, built about the year 1822 by the Greek General Odyseus to defend an ancient well, to which there is access within the bastion by an antique passage and stairs of some length cut in the rock. Turning eastwards round the corner, we come to two caves, one of which is supposed to have been dedicated to Pan; in these caves are traces of tablets let into the rock. Leaving these caves we come to a large buttress, after which the wall runs upon the edge of the nearly vertical rock. On passing round a salient angle, where is a small buttress, we find a nearly straight line of wall for about 210 feet; then a short bend to the south-east; afterwards a further straight reach for about 120 feet, nearly parallel to the former. These two lines of wall contain the remains of Doric columns and entablature, to which reference has already been made. A mediæval buttress about 100 feet from the angle of the Erechtheion, forms the termination of this second reach of wall. From hence to the north-east angle of the Acropolis, where there is a tower apparently Turkish, occur several large square stones, which also appear to have belonged to some early temple. The wall, into which these, as well as the before-mentioned fragments, are built, seems to be of Hellenic origin. The eastern face of the wall appears to have been entirely built in the Middle Ages, on the old foundations. At the south-east angle we find the Hellenic masonry of the Southern or Cimonian wall. At this spot twenty-nine courses remain, making a height of forty-five feet. Westward of this point the wall has been almost entirely cased in mediæval and recent times, and is further supported by nine buttresses, which, as well as those on the north and east sides, appear to be mediæval. But the Hellenic masonry of the Cimonian wall can be traced all along as far as the Propylæa under the casing. The south-west reach of the Hellenic wall terminates westwards in a solid tower about thirty feet high, which is surmounted by the temple of Nike Apteros, described below. This tower commanded the unshielded side of any troops approaching the gate, which, there is good reason to believe, was in the same position as the present entrance. After passing through the gate, and proceeding northwards underneath the west face of the tower, we come to the Propylæa. The effect of emerging from the dark gate and narrow passage to the magnificent marble staircase, seventy feet broad, surmounted by the Propylæa, must have been exceedingly grand. A small portion of the ancient Pelasgic wall still remains near the south-east angle of the southern wing of the Propylæa, now occupied by a lofty mediæval tower. After passing the gateways of the Propylæa, we come upon the area of the Acropolis, of which considerably more than half has been excavated under the auspices of the Greek government. Upon entering the inclosure of the Acropolis the colossal statue of Athena Promachus was seen a little to the left, and the Parthenon to the right; both offering angular views, according to the usual custom of the Greeks in arranging the approaches to their public buildings. The road leading upwards in the direction of the Parthenon is slightly worked out of the rock; it is at first of considerable breadth, and

afterwards becomes narrower. On the right hand, as we leave the Propylæa, and on the road itself, are traces of five votive altars, one of which is dedicated to Athena Hygieia. Further on, to the left of the road, is the site of the statue of Athena Promachus. Northwards of this statue, we come to a staircase close to the edge of the rock, partly built, partly cut out, leading to the grotto of Aglauros. This staircase passes downwards through a deep cleft in the rock, nearly parallel in its direction to the outer wall, and opening out in the face of the cliff a little below its foundation. In the year 1845 it was possible to creep into this passage, and ascend into the Acropolis; but since that time the entrance has been closed up. Close to the Parthenon the original soil was formed of made ground in three layers of chips of stone, the lowest being of the rock of the Acropolis, the next of Pentelic marble, and the uppermost of Peiræic stone. In the extensive excavation made to the east of the Parthenon there was found a number of drums of columns, in a more or less perfect state, some much shattered, others apparently rough from the quarry, others partly worked and discarded in consequence of some defect in the material. The ground about them was strewn with marble chips; and some sculptors' tools, and jars containing red colour, were found with them. In front of the eastern portico of the Parthenon we find considerable remains of a level platform, partly of smoothed rock, and partly of Peiræic paving. North of this platform is the highest part of the Acropolis. Westwards of this spot we arrive at the area between the Parthenon and Erechtheium, which slopes from the former to the latter. Near the Parthenon is a small well, or rather mouth of a cistern, excavated in the rock, which may have been supplied with water from the roof of the temple. Close to the south, or Caryatid portico of the Erechtheium, is a small levelled area, on which was probably placed one of the many altars or statues surrounding that temple.

Mr. Penrose has further called attention in his important work, *An Investigation of the Principles of Athenian Architecture*, to the remarkable absence of parallelism among the several buildings. "Except the Propylæa and Parthenon, which were perhaps intended to bear a definite relation to one another, no two are parallel. This asymmetry is productive of very great beauty; for it not only obviates the dry uniformity of too many parallel lines, but also produces exquisite varieties of light and shade. One of the most happy instances of this latter effect is in the temple of Nike Apteros, in front of the southern wing of the Propylæa. The façade of this temple and pedestal of Agrippa, which is opposite to it, remain in shade for a considerable time after the front of the Propylæa has been lighted up; and they gradually receive every variety of light, until the sun is sufficiently on the decline to shine nearly equally on all the western faces of the entire group." Mr. Penrose observes that a similar want of parallelism in the separate parts is found to obtain in several of the finest medieval structures, and may conduce in some degree to the beauty of the magnificent Piazza of St. Marc at Venice.

Pericles raised the magnificent monument called the Propylæa at the top of the road which led from the agora up the western slope of the Acropolis, and was paved with slabs of Pentelic marble, and covered the whole of the western end of the Acropolis, which was 168 feet in breadth. The central part of the building

consisted of two Doric hexastyle porticoes, covered with a roof of white marble, which attracted the particular notice of Pausanias. Of these porticoes the western faced the city, and the eastern the interior of the Acropolis; the latter, owing to the rise of the ground, being higher than the former. They were divided into two unequal halves by a wall, pierced by five gates or doors, by which the Acropolis was entered. The western portico was 43 feet in depth, and the eastern about half this depth; and they were called Propylæa, from their forming a vestibule to the five gates or doors just mentioned. Each portico or vestibule consisted of a front of six fluted Doric columns, supporting a pediment, the columns being 4½ feet in diameter, and nearly 29 feet in height. Of the five gates the one in the centre was the largest, and was equal in breadth to the space between the two central columns in the portico in front. It was by this gate that the carriages and horsemen entered the Acropolis, and the marks of the chariot-wheels worn in the rock are still visible. The doors on either side of the central one were much smaller both in height and breadth, and designed for the admission of foot-passengers only. The roof of the western portico was supported by two rows of three Ionic columns each, between which was the road to the central gate.

The central part of the building which we have been describing, was 58 feet in breadth, and consequently did not cover the whole width of the rock; the remainder was occupied by two wings, which projected 2½ feet in front of the western portico. Each of these wings was built in the form of Doric temples, and communicated with the adjoining angle of the great portico. In the northern wing (on the left hand to a person ascending the Acropolis) a porch of 12 feet in depth conducted into a chamber of 35 feet by 30, usually called the Pinacotheca, from its walls being covered with paintings. The southern wing (on the right hand to a person ascending the Acropolis) consisted only of a porch or open gallery of 26 feet by 17, which did not conduct into any chamber behind. On the western front of this southern wing stood the small temple of Nike Apteros. The spot occupied by this temple commands a wide prospect of the sea, and it was here that Ægeus is said to have watched his son's return from Crete. From this part of the rock he threw himself, when he saw the black sail on the mast of Theseus. Late writers, in order to account for the name of the Ægean sea, relate that Ægeus threw himself from the Acropolis into the sea, which is three miles off.

The Propylæa, which constituted so suitable an entrance to the wonderful works of architecture and sculpture within, were, although the idea was borrowed from Egypt, considered one of the master-pieces of Athenian art, and are mentioned along with the Parthenon as the great architectural glory of the Periclean age. When Epaminondas was urging the Thebans to rival the glory of Athens, he told them that they must uproot the Propylæa of the Athenian Acropolis, and plant them in front of the Cadmean citadel.

There are still considerable remains of the Propylæa. (See p. 689.) The eastern portico, together with the adjacent parts, was thrown down about 1656 by an explosion of gunpowder which had been deposited in that place; but the inner wall, with its five gateways, still exists. The northern wing is tolerably perfect, but the southern is almost entirely destroyed; two columns of the latter are seen imbedded in the adjacent

walls of the mediæval tower. These walls attest the astonishing precision with which the Greeks piled up their stones without mortar. The enormous blocks seem as if superposed a few days ago, and the gigantic character of the construction contrasts strangely with the little temple of Wingless Victory to the right.

In the time of Pericles, Nike or Victory was figured as a young female with golden wings, but the more ancient statues of the goddess are said to have been without wings. Nike Apteros, or the Wingless Victory, was also identified with Athena and called Nike Athena. According to others, the figure indicated that Theseus returning from Crete, did not send news of his victory before he came himself, and again it has been opined that the temple was raised to Victory never destined to fly from Athens.

Standing as the wingless deity did at the exit of the Acropolis, her aid was implored by persons starting on dangerous expeditions. Hence the opponents of Lysistrata are described by Aristophanes, upon reaching the top of the ascent to the Acropolis, as invoking Nike, before whose temple they were standing.

This temple was still in existence when Spon and Wheler visited Athens in 1676; but in 1751 nothing remained of it but some traces of the foundation, and fragments of masonry lying in the neighbourhood of its former site. There were also found in the neighbouring wall four slabs of its sculptured frieze which are now in the British Museum. It seemed that this temple had perished utterly, but the stones of which it was built were discovered in the excavations of the year 1835; and it was rebuilt with the original materials by the Archaeological Society of Athens, after the plans published by Spon and Wheler, and under the auspices of Ross and Schaubert. The greater part of its frieze was also discovered at the same time. The temple now stands on its original site, its façade being composed of four monolithic fluted columns surmounted with Ionic capitals, and at a distance it looks very much like a new building with its white marble columns glittering in the sun. (See p. 693.)

The frieze, which runs round the whole of the exterior of the building, is one foot six inches high, and is adorned with sculptures in high relief. It originally consisted of fourteen pieces of stone, of which twelve, or the fragments of twelve, now remain. Several of these are so mutilated that it is difficult to make out the subject, but some of them evidently represent a battle between Greeks and Persians or other oriental nations. It is supposed that the two long sides were occupied with combats of horsemen, and that the western end represented a battle of foot soldiers.

The original building, it has been further remarked, must have been erected after the Battle of Salamis, since it could not have escaped the Persians, who destroyed everything upon the Acropolis; and this style of art shows that it could not have been of the age of Pericles. But as it is never mentioned among the buildings of this statesman, it is generally ascribed to Cimon, who probably built it at the same time on the southern wall of the Acropolis. Hence its sculptures have been supposed to be intended to commemorate the recent victories of the Greeks over the Persians.

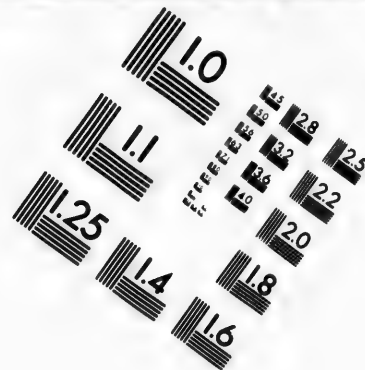
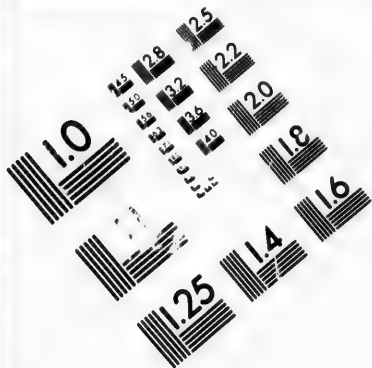
There stands at present on the western front of the northern wing of the Propylæa a lofty pedestal, about 12 feet square and 27 high, which supported some

figure or figures, as is clear from the holes for stanchions on its summit. Moreover, we may conclude from the size of the pedestal that the figure or figures on its summit were colossal or equestrian. Pausanias, in describing the Propylæa, speaks of the statues of certain horsemen, respecting which he was in doubt whether they were the sons of Xenophon, or made for the sake of ornament; and as in the next clause he proceeds to speak of the temple of Nike on the right hand (or southern wing) of the Propylæa, we may conclude that these statues stood in front of the northern wing. Now, it has been well observed by Leake, that the doubt of Pausanias, as to the persons for whom the equestrian statues were intended, could not have been sincere; and that, judging from his manner on other similar occasions, we may conclude that equestrian statues of Gryllus and Diodorus, the two sons of Xenophon, had been converted, by means of new inscriptions, into those of two Romans, whom Pausanias has not named. This conjecture is confirmed by an inscription on the base which records the name of M. Agrippa in his third consulship; and it may be that the other Roman was Augustus himself, who was the colleague of Agrippa in his third consulship. It appears that both statues stood on the same pedestal, and accordingly they are so represented in the accompanying restoration of the Propylæa.

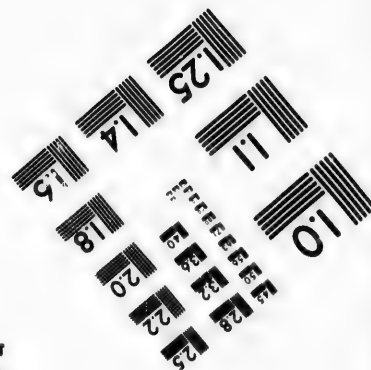
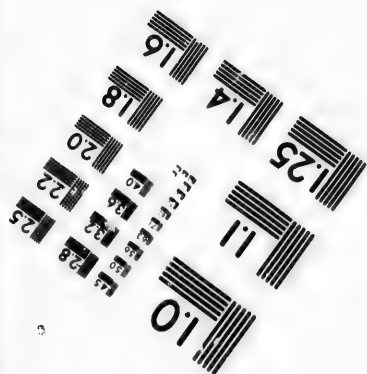
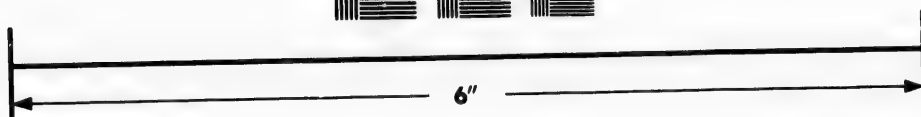
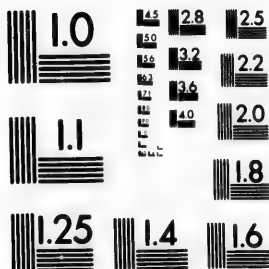
There is also an aperture in the walled inclosure of the Acropolis, in front of the Propylæa, upon which is the following inscription, in Greek and French. "France discovered the gate of the Acropolis, the walls, the towers, and the staircase. Boulé, 1853." Some archaeologists think that this aperture, only about four feet wide, could scarcely have harmonised with the plan of the Propylæa, and Mr. Proust doubts the existence of a staircase, and he designates the Pelægic wall of M. Boulé as an "opus incertum."

The Parthenon, or the Virgin's House (See p. 697), was the great glory of the Acropolis, and the most perfect production of Grecian architecture. It derived its name from its being the temple of Athena Parthenon, or Athena the Virgin, a name given to her as the invincible goddess of war. The Parthenon was erected under the administration of Pericles, and was completed in B.C. 438. It was sometimes called Hecatompædos, the Temple of One Hundred Feet from its breadth. It has been supposed to have been built on the site of an earlier temple, destroyed by the Persians, and Mr. Penrose found, indeed, the foundations of another and much older building under the stylobate of the present Parthenon.

The Parthenon stood on the highest part of the Acropolis. Its architecture was of the Doric order, and of the purest kind. It was built entirely of Pentelic marble, and rested upon a rustic basement of ordinary limestone. The contrast between the limestone of the basement and the splendid marble of the superstructure enhanced the beauty of the latter. Upon the basement stood the stylobate or platform, built of Pentelic marble, five feet and a-half in height, and composed of three steps. The temple was raised so high above the entrance of the Acropolis, both by its site and by these artificial means, that the pavement of the peristyle was nearly on a level with the summit of the Propylæa. The dimensions of the Parthenon, taken from the upper step of the stylobate, were about 228 feet in length, 101 feet in breadth, and 68 feet in height to the top of the pediment. It consisted of a cella, surrounded



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by a peristyle, which had eight columns at either front, and seventeen at either side (reckoning the corner columns twice), thus containing forty-six columns in all. These columns were 6 feet 2 inches in diameter at the base, and 34 feet in height. Within the peristyle at either end, there was an interior range of six columns, of 5½ feet in diameter, standing before the end of the cella, and forming, with the prolonged walls of the cella, an apartment before the door. These interior columns were on a level with the floor of the cella, and were ascended by two steps from the peristyle. The cella was divided into two chambers of unequal size, of which the eastern chamber or naos was about 98 feet, and the western chamber or opisthodomus about 43 feet. The ceiling of both these chambers was supported by inner rows of columns. In the eastern chamber there were twenty-three columns, of the Doric order, in two stories, one over the other, ten on each side, and three on the western return: the diameter of these columns was about 3½ feet at the base. In the western chamber there were four columns, the position of which is marked by four large slabs, symmetrically placed in the pavement. These columns were about four feet in diameter, and were probably of the Ionic order, as in the Propylea.

Such was the simple structure of this magnificent building, which, by its united excellencies of materials, design, and decorations, was the most perfect ever executed. Its dimensions of 228 feet by 101, with a height of 66 feet to the top of the pediment, were sufficiently great to give an appearance of grandeur and sublimity; and this impression was not disturbed by any obtrusive subdivision of parts, such as is found to diminish the effect of many larger modern buildings, where the same singleness of design is not apparent. In the Parthenon there was nothing to divert the spectator's contemplation from the simplicity and majesty of mass and outline, which forms the first and most remarkable object of admiration in a Greek temple; for the statues of the pediments, the only decoration which was very conspicuous by its magnitude and position, having been inclosed within frames which formed an essential part of the designs of either front, had no more obtrusive effect than an ornamented capital to an unadorned column. The whole building was adorned within and without with the most exquisite pieces of sculpture, executed under the direction of Phidias by different artists. The various architectural members of the upper part of the building were enriched with positive colours, of which traces are still found. The statues and the reliefs, as well as the members of architecture, were enriched with various colours; and the weapons, the reins of the horses, and other accessories, were of metal, and the eyes of some of the figures were inlaid.

Of the sculptures of the Parthenon the grandest and most celebrated was the colossal statue of the Virgin Goddess, executed by the hand of Phidias himself. It stood in the eastern or principal apartment of the cella; and as to its exact position some remarks are made below. It belonged to that kind of work which the Greeks called chryselephantine; ivory being employed for those parts of the statue which were unclothed, while the dress and other ornaments were of solid gold. This statue represented the goddess standing, clothed with a tunic reaching to the ankles, with her spear in her left hand, and an image of victory, four cubits high in her right. She was girded with the ægis, and had

a helmet on her head, and her shield rested on the ground by her side. The height of the statue was twenty-six cubits, or nearly forty feet. The weight of the gold upon the statue, which was so affixed as to be removable at pleasure, is said by Thucydides to have been 40 talents, by Philochorus 44, and by other writers 50: probably the statement of Philochorus is correct, the others being round numbers. It was finally robbed of its gold by Lachares, who made himself tyrant of Athens, when Demetrius was besieging the city.

There has been a great controversy among scholars as to whether any part of the roof of the eastern chamber of the Parthenon was hypæthral, or pierced with an opening to the sky. Most English writers, following Stuart, had arrived at a conclusion in the affirmative, but the discussion has been recently reopened in Germany, and the author of the article "Athens," in *Smith's Dictionary*, says that it seems impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion upon the subject. Yet the same writer, after discussing the matter, is decidedly against the hypæthral theory.

We know that, as a general rule, the Grecian temples had no windows in the walls; and consequently the light was admitted either through some opening in the roof, or through the door alone. The latter appears to have been the case in smaller temples, which could obtain sufficient light from the open door; but larger temples must necessarily have been a comparative darkness, if they received light from no other quarter. And although the temple was the abode of the deity, and not a place of meeting, yet it is impossible to believe that the Greeks left in comparative darkness the beautiful paintings and statues with which they decorated the interior of their temples. We have moreover express evidence that light was admitted into temples through the roof. This appears to have been done in two ways, either by windows or openings in the tiles of the roof, or by leaving a large part of the latter open to the sky. The former was the case in the Temple of Eleusis. There can be little doubt that the naos or eastern chamber of the Parthenon must have obtained its light in one or other of these ways; but the testimony of Vitruvius cannot be quoted in favour of the Parthenon being hypæthral, as there are strong reasons for believing the passage to be corrupt. If the Parthenon was really hypæthral, we must place the opening to the sky between the statue and the eastern door, since we cannot suppose that such an exquisite work as the chryselephantine statue of Athena was not protected by a covered roof.

The most satisfactory explanation of the real state of things is probably that given by Mr. Edward Falkener in his admirable work, *Dædalus; or, the Causes and Principles of the Excellence of Greek Sculpture*: a work which revives and even excels the best days of Winkelmann; and had more regard been had to the accessories of soil and climate, would have been perfect in its way. Mr. Falkener, in his restoration of the Parthenon, supplies for the first time a Greek temple with a vaulted ceiling, with an hypæthron or skylight in the centre—the whole sufficiently lofty to have contained the celebrated Minerva of Phidias, her spear touching the ceiling. As Mr. Falkener sensibly remarks, "Animated, as all antiquaries should be, by the like zeal for truth and love of art, a difference of opinion in details must yet always be expected." It

is, however, no slight difference of detail to decide whether the colossal statue of the virgin goddess stood within a covered temple, or her head and bust rose above it into open space; and any theory that would explain away the absurdity of the latter supposition, without infringing historical data and ancient canons of art and architecture, as far as they are known, was a real boon made to common sense and to universal taste.

Before quitting the Parthenon, there is one interesting point connected with its construction which must not be passed over without notice. It has been discovered within the last few years, that in the Parthenon, and in some others of the purer specimens of Grecian architecture, there is a systematic deviation from ordinary rectilinear construction. Instead of the straight lines in ordinary architecture, we find various delicate curves in the Parthenon. It is observed that "the most important curves in point of extent are those which form the horizontal lines of the building where they occur; such as the edges of the steps, and the lines of the entablature, which are usually considered to be straight level lines, but in the steps of the Parthenon, and some other of the best examples of Greek Doric are convex curves, lying in vertical planes; the lines of the entablature being also curves nearly parallel to the steps and in vertical planes." The existence of curves in Greek buildings is mentioned by Vitruvius (iii., 3), but it was not until the year 1837, when much of the rubbish which encumbered the stylobate of the Parthenon had been removed by the operations carried on by the Greek government, that the curvature was discovered by Mr. George Penethorne, an English architect then at Athens. Subsequently the curves were noticed by Messrs. Hofer and Schaubert, German architects, and communicated by them to the *Wiener Bauzeitung*. More recently a full and elaborate account of these curves has been given by Mr. Penrose, who went to Athens under the patronage of the Society of Dilettanti for the purpose of investigating this subject, and who has published the results of his researches. Mr. Penrose remarks that it is not surprising that the curves were not sooner discovered from an inspection of the building, since the amount of curvature is so exquisitely managed that it is not perceptible to a stranger standing opposite to the front; and that before the excavations, the steps were so much encumbered as to have prevented anyone looking along their whole length. The curvature may now be easily remarked by a person who places his eye in such a position as to look along the lines of the step or entablature from end to end, which in architectural language is called "boning."

The Parthenon was converted into a Christian church, dedicated to the Virgin-Mother, probably in the sixth century. Upon the conquest of Athens by the Turks, it was changed into a mosque, and down to the year 1687 the building remained almost entire with the exception of the roof. Of its condition before this year we have more than one account. In 1674 drawings of its sculptures were made by Carrey, an artist employed for this purpose by the Marquis de Nointel, the French ambassador at Constantinople. These drawings are still extant, and have been of great service in the restoration of the sculptures, especially in the pediments. In 1676 Athens was visited by Spon and Wheeler, each of whom published an account

of the Parthenon. In 1687, when Athens was besieged by the Venetians under Morosini, a shell, falling into the Parthenon, inflamed the gunpowder, which had been placed by the Turks in the eastern chamber, and reduced the centre of the Parthenon to a heap of ruins. The walls of the eastern chamber were thrown down, together with all the interior columns, and the adjoining columns of the peristyle. Of the northern side of the peristyle eight columns were wholly or partially thrown down; and of the southern, six columns; while of the pronaos only one column was left standing. The two fronts escaped, together with a portion of the western chamber. Morosini, after the capture of the city, attempted to carry off some of the statues in the western pediment; but, owing to the unskilfulness of the Venetians, they were thrown down as they were being lowered, and were dashed in pieces. At the beginning of the present century, many of the finest sculptures of the Parthenon were removed to England by Lord Elgin. In 1827 the Parthenon received fresh injury, from the bombardment of the city in that year; but even in its present state of desolation, the magnificence of its ruins still strikes the spectator with astonishment and admiration.

## VI.

THE ERECHTHEIUM—LEGENDS OF ERECHTHEUS—FOUNDATION OF THE ERECHTHEIUM—STATUE OF ATHENA PROMACHUS—TEMPLES OF ARTEMIS AND OF ROMÉ AND AUGUSTUS—THE AREOPAGUS—THE PRYX—PULPIT OF DEMOSTHENES—THE HILL OF THE NYMPHS—MONUMENT OF THESEUS—THE MUSIC THEATRE—CAVE OF APOLLO AND PAN—THE SACRATORY OF AGLAURUS.

The Erechtheum was the most revered of all the sanctuaries of Athens, and was closely connected with the earliest legends of Attica. Erechtheus or Erichthonius, for the same person is signified under the two names, occupies a most important position in the Athenian religion. His story is related variously; but it is only necessary to refer to those portions of it which serve to illustrate the following account of the building which bears his name. Homer represents Erechtheus as born of the Earth, and brought up by the goddess Athena, who adopts him as her ward, and installs him in her temple at Athens, where the Athenians offer to him annual sacrifices. Later writers call Erechtheus or Erichthonius the son of Hephaestus and the Earth, but they also relate that he was brought up by Athena, who made him her companion in her temple. According to one form of the legend he was placed by Athena in a chest, which was entrusted to the charge of Aglaurus, Pandrosus, and Herse, the daughters of Cecrops, with strict orders not to open it; but that Aglaurus and Herse, unable to control their curiosity, disobeyed the command; and upon seeing the child in the form of a serpent entwined with a serpent, they were seized with madness, and threw themselves down from the steepest part of the Acropolis. Another set of traditions represented Erechtheus as the god Poseidon. In the Erechtheum he was worshipped under the name of Poseidon Erechtheus; and one of the family of the Butades, which traced their descent from him, was his hereditary priest. Hence we may infer, with Mr. Grote (*History of Greece*, vol. i., p. 246), that "the first and oldest conception of Athens and the sacred Acropolis places it under the special protection, and represents it as the settlement and favourite abode of Athena, jointly with Poseidon;

the latter being the inferior, though the chosen companion of the former, and therefore exchanging his divine appellation for the cognomen of Erechtheus."

The foundation of the Erechtheum is thus connected with the origin of the Athenian religion. We have seen that, according to Homer, a temple of Athena existed on the Acropolis before the birth of Erechtheus; but Erechtheus was usually regarded as the founder of the temple, since he was the chief means of establishing the religion of Athena in Attica. This temple was also the place of his interment, and was named after him. It contained several objects of the greatest interest to every Athenian. Here was the most ancient statue of Athena Polias, that is, Athena, the guardian of the city. This statue was made of olive wood, and was said to have fallen down from heaven. Here was the sacred olive tree, which Athena called forth from the earth in her contest with Poseidon for the possession of Attica; here also was the well of salt water which Poseidon produced by the stroke of his trident, the impression of which was seen upon the rock; and here, lastly, was the tomb of Cecrops as well as that of Erechtheus. The building also contained a separate sanctuary of Athena Polias, in which the statue of the goddess was placed, and a separate sanctuary of Pandrosus, the only one of the sisters who remained faithful to her trust. The more usual name of the entire structure was the Erechtheum, which consisted of the two temples of Athena Polias and Pandrosus. But the whole building was also frequently called the temple of Athena Polias, in consequence of the importance attached to this part of the edifice. In the ancient inscription mentioned below, it is simply called the temple which contained the ancient statue.

The original Erechtheum was burnt by the Persians; but the new temple was built upon the ancient site. This could not have been otherwise, since it was impossible to remove either the salt well or the olive tree, the latter of which sacred objects had been miraculously spared. Though it had been burnt along with the temple, it was found on the second day to have put forth a new sprout of a cubit in length, or, according to the subsequent improvement of the story, of two cubits in length. The new Erechtheum was a singularly beautiful building, and one of the great triumphs of Athenian architecture. It was of the Ionic order, and in its general appearance formed a striking contrast to the Parthenon of the Doric order by its side.

The Erechtheum was situated to the north of the Parthenon, and close to the northern wall of the Acropolis. The existing ruins leave no doubt as to the exact form and appearance of the exterior of the building; but the arrangement of the interior is a matter of great uncertainty. The interior of the temple was converted into a Byzantine church, which is now destroyed; and the inner part of the building presents nothing but a heap of ruins, belonging partly to the ancient temple, and partly to the Byzantine church. The difficulty of understanding the arrangement of the interior is also increased by the obscurity of the description of Pausanias. Hence it is not surprising that almost every writer upon the subject has differed from his predecessor in his distribution of some parts of the building; though there are two or three important points in which most modern scholars are now agreed.

The form of the Erechtheum differs from every other known example of a Grecian temple. Usually a Grecian temple was an oblong figure, with two porticoes, one at its eastern and the other at its western end. The Erechtheum, on the contrary, though oblong in shape and having a portico at the eastern front, had no portico at its western end; but from either side of the latter a portico projected to the north and south, thus forming a kind of trausept. Consequently the temple had three porticoes, and which may be distinguished as the eastern, the northern, and the southern *proptasis*, or portico. The irregularity of the building is to be accounted for partly by the difference of the level of the ground, the eastern portico standing upon ground about eight feet higher than the northern; but still more by the necessity of preserving the different sanctuaries and religious objects belonging to the ancient temple. The skill and ingenuity of the Athenian architects triumphed over these difficulties, and even converted them into beauties.

The building has been frequently examined and described by architects, by none more minutely than by M. Tetaz in the *Revue Archéologique* for 1851, and the different objects in the building and connected with it. The temple of Athena Polias, with the altar of Zeus Hypatus in front of the portico—the altars of Poseidon Erechtheus in the portico itself—the Palladium or statue of the goddess, near the western wall—the golden lamp with wick of Carpasian flax (*asbestos*)—the statue of Athena Polias of olive wood—the olive tree and the salt well in the Pandroseum—the Erechthonian serpent—the Temenos or sacred inclosure, with its numerous statues and its mysterious Arrephorimaidens who conveyed their annual burdens to the subterranean natural cavern near the temple of Aphrodite in the gardens—have all been subjects of curious and interesting discussion, and in some instances, as that of the statue of Athena Polias, even resuscitated by the ingenuity of Muller and Scharr.

The Propylea, the Parthenon and the Erechtheum were the three chief buildings in the Acropolis; but its summit was covered with other temples, altars, statues, and works of art, the number of which was so great as almost to excite our astonishment that space could be found for them all. We shall only notice here the most important.

The statue of Athena Promachus, one of the most celebrated works of Phidias, was a colossal bronze figure, and represented the goddess armed and in the very attitude of battle. Hence it was distinguished from the statues of Athena in the Parthenon and the Erechtheum, by the epithet of Promachus. This Athena was also called "the Bronze, the Great Athena." It stood in the open air nearly opposite the Propylea, and was one of the first objects seen after passing through the gates of the latter. It was of gigantic size. It towered even above the roof of the Parthenon; and the point of its spear and the crest of its helmet were visible off the promontory of Sunium to ships approaching Athens. With its pedestal it must have stood about seventy feet high. It was still standing in A.D. 395, and is said to have frightened away Alaric when he came to sack the Acropolis. The exact site of this statue is now well ascertained, since the foundations of its pedestal have been discovered.

A brazen Quadriga, dedicated from the spoils of Chalcis, stood on the left hand of a person as he entered the Acropolis through the Propylea.

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MODERN ATHENIANS.





The Gigantomachia, a composition in sculpture, stood upon the southern or Cimonian wall, and just above the Dionysiac theatre; for Plutarch relates that a violent wind precipitated into the Dionysiac theatre a Dionysus, which was one of the figures of the Gigantomachia. The Gigantomachia was one of four compositions, each three feet in height, dedicated by Attalus, the other three representing the Battle of the Athenians and Amazons, the Battle of Marathon, and the Destruction of the Gauls by Attalus. If the Gigantomachia stood towards the eastern end of the southern wall, we may conclude that the three other compositions were ranged in a similar manner upon the wall towards the west, and probably extended as far as opposite the Parthenon. Mr. Penrose relates that south-east of the Parthenon, there has been discovered upon the edge of the Cimonian wall a platform of Piræic stone, containing two plain marble slabs, which are perhaps connected with these sculptures.

The Temple of Artemis Brauronia, standing between the Propylæa and the Parthenon, of which the foundations have been recently discovered. Near it, as we learn from Pausanias, was a brazen statue of the Trojan horse, from which Menestheus, Teucer and the sons of Theseus, were represented looking out. From other authorities we learn that spears projected from this horse, and that it was of colossal size. The basis of this statue has also been discovered with an inscription, from which we learn that it was dedicated by Cheredemus, of Coele (a quarter in the city), and that it was made by Strongylon.

The Temple of Rome and Augustus, not mentioned by Pausanias, stood about ninety feet before the eastern front of the Parthenon. Leake observes that, from a portion of its architrave still in existence, we may infer that it was circular, twenty-three feet in diameter, of the Ionic or Corinthian order, and about fifty feet in height, exclusive of a basement. It was dedicated to Rome and Augustus, because this emperor forbade the provinces to raise any temple to him, except in conjunction with Rome.

The Areopagus, or Hill of Ares, was the rocky height exactly opposite the western end of the Acropolis, from which it was separated only by some hollow ground. Of its site there can be no doubt, both from the description of Pausanias, and from the account of Herodotus, who relates that it was a height over against the Acropolis, from which the Persians assailed the western extremity of the Acropolis. According to tradition it was called the Hill of Ares, because Ares was brought to trial here before the assembled gods by Poseidon, on account of his murdering Halirrhothius, the son of the latter. The spot is memorable as the place of meeting of the Council of Areopagus, frequently called the Upper Council, to distinguish it from the Council of Five Hundred, which held its sittings in the valley below the hill. The Council of Areopagus met on the south-eastern summit of the rock. There are still sixteen stone steps cut in the rock, leading up to the hill from the valley of the Agora; and immediately above the steps is a bench of stones excavated in the rock, forming three sides of a quadrangle, and facing the south. Here the Areopagites sat as judges in the open air. On the eastern and western sides is a raised block. Wordsworth supposes these blocks to be the two rude stones which Pausanias saw here, and which are described by Euripides as assigned, the one to the accuser,

the other to the criminal, in the causes which were tried in this court. The Areopagus possesses peculiar interest to the Christian as the spot from which the Apostle Paul preached to the men of Athens. At the foot of the height on the north-eastern side there are ruins of a small church, dedicated to St. Dionysius the Areopagite, and commemorating his conversion here by St. Paul.

At the opposite or south-eastern angle of the hill, forty-five or fifty yards distant from the steps, there is a wide chasm in the rocks, leading to a gloomy recess, within which there is a fountain of very dark water. This was the sanctuary of the Eumenides, commonly called by the Athenians the Semne or Venerable Goddesses. The cavern itself formed the temple, with probably an artificial construction in front. Its position is frequently referred to by the tragic poets, who also speak of the chasm of the earth. It was probably in consequence of the subterranean nature of the sanctuary of these goddesses that torches were employed in their ceremonies. Æschylus described the procession which escorted the Eumenides to this their temple, as descending the rocky steps above described from the platform of the Areopagus, then winding round the eastern angle of that hill, and conducting them with the sound of music and the glare of torches along this rocky ravine to this dark inclosure. Within the sacred inclosure was the monument of Œdipus.

The Pnyx, or place of assembly of the Athenian people, formed part of the surface of a low rocky hill, at the distance of a quarter a mile from the centre of the Areopagus hill. The Pnyx may be best described as an area formed by the segment of a circle, the radius of which varies from about sixty to eighty yards. It is on a sloping ground, which shelves down very gently toward the hollow of the ancient agora, which was on its foot at the north-east. The chord of this semicircle is the highest part of this slope; the middle of its arc is the lowest; and this last point of the curve is cased by a terras wall of huge polygonal blocks, and of about fifteen feet in depth at the centre: this terras wall prevents the soil of the slope from lapsing down into the valley of the agora beneath it. The chord of this semicircle is formed by a line of rock, vertically hewn, so as to present to the spectator, standing in the area, the face of a flat wall. In the middle point of this wall of rock, and projecting from, and applied to it, is a solid rectangular block, hewn from the same rock. This is the celebrated bema, or pulpit, often called "the Stone," from whence the orators addressed the multitude in the semicircular area before them. The bema looks towards the north-east, that is, towards the agora. It is eleven feet broad, rising from a graduated basis: the summit is broken, but the present height is about twenty feet. It was accessible on the right and left of the orator by a flight of steps. As the destinies of Athens were swayed by the orators from this pulpit, the term "the stone" is familiarly used as a figure of the government of the state; and the "master of the stone" indicates the ruling statesman of the day. The position of the bema commanded a view of the Propylæa and the other magnificent edifices of the Acropolis, while beneath it was the city itself studded with monuments of Athenian glory. The Athenian orators frequently roused the national feelings of their audience by pointing to "that Propylæa there," and to the other splendid buildings, which they had in view from the Pnyx.

The area of the *Phyx* contained about 12,000 square yards, and could therefore easily accommodate the whole of the Athenian citizens. The remark of an ancient grammarian, that it was constructed with the simplicity of ancient times, is borne out by the existing remains. We know moreover that it was not provided with seats, with the exception of a few wooden benches in the first row. Hence the assembled citizens either stood or sat on the bare rock; and accordingly the *Sausage-seller*, when he seeks to undermine the popularity of *Cleon*, offers a cushion to the *demus*. It was not provided, like the theatres, with any species of awning to protect the assembly from the rays of the sun; and this was doubtless one reason why the assembly was held at day-break.

It has been remarked that a traveller who mounts the bema of the *Phyx* may safely say, what perhaps cannot be said with equal certainty of any other spot, and of any other body of great men in antiquity: Here have stood *Demosthenes*, *Pericles*, *Themistocles*, *Aristides*, and *Solon*.

The Hill of the *Nymphs*, which lay a little to the north-west of the *Phyx*, used to be identified with the celebrated *Lycabettus*, but its proper name has been restored to it, from an inscription found on its summit.

The *Museum* was the hill to the south-west of the *Acropolis*, from which it is separated by an intervening valley. It is only a little lower than the *Acropolis* itself. It is described by *Pausanias* as a hill within the city walls, opposite the *Acropolis*, where the poet *Museus* was buried, and where a monument was erected to a certain Syrian, whose name *Pausanias* does not mention. There are still remains of this monument, from the inscriptions upon which we learn that it was the monument of *Philopappus*, the grandson of *Antiochus*, who having been deposed by *Vespasian*, came to Rome with his two sons, *Epiphanes* and *Callinicus*. *Epiphanes* was the father of *Philopappus*, who had become an *Attic* citizen of the *demus* *Besa*, and he is evidently the Syrian to whom *Pausanias* alludes. The part of the monument now remaining consists of the central and eastern niches, with remains of the two pilasters on that side of the centre. The statues in two of the niches still remain, but without heads, and otherwise imperfect; the figures of the triumph, in the lower compartment, are not much better preserved. This monument appears, from *Spon* and *Wheler*, to have been nearly in the same state in 1676 as it is at present; and it is to *Ciriaco d'Ancona*, who visited Athens two centuries earlier, that we are indebted for a knowledge of the deficient parts of the monument. Of the fortress, which *Demetrius Polioctes* erected on the *Museum* in B.C. 229, all trace has disappeared.

The stone theatre of *Dionysus* lay beneath the southern wall of the *Acropolis*, near its eastern extremity. The middle of it was excavated out of the rock, and its extremities were supported by solid piers of masonry. The rows of seats were in the form of curves, rising one above another; the diameter increased with the ascent. Two rows of seats at the top of the theatre are now visible; but the rest are concealed by the accumulation of soil. The accurate dimensions of the theatre cannot now be ascertained; there can be no question that it must have been sufficiently large to have accommodated the whole body of Athenian citizens, as well as the strangers who flocked to the *Dionysiac* festival. It has been supposed from a passage of *Plato*, that the theatre was capable of containing more than

30,000 spectators, since *Socrates*, speaking of *Agathon's* dramatic victory in the theatre, says that "his glory was manifested in the presence of more than three myriads of Greeks." The magnificence of the theatre is attested by *Dicæarchus*, who describes it as "the most beautiful theatre in the world, worthy of mention, great and wonderful." The spectators sat in the open air, but probably protected from the rays of the sun by an awning, and from their elevated seats they had a distinct view of the sea and of the peaked hills of *Salamis* in the horizon. Above them rose the *Parthenon*, and the other buildings of the *Acropolis*, so that they sat under the shadow of the ancestral gods of their country. This theatre was commenced B.C. 340, but was not completely finished till B.C. 330, during the administration of *Lycurgus*. A theatre might, however, like a Gothic church, be used for centuries without being quite finished; and there can be no doubt that it was in this theatre that all the great productions of the Grecian drama were performed.

There is a grotto above the upper seats of the theatre and the *Cimonian* wall of the *Acropolis*, which was converted into a small temple by *Thrasylus*, a victorious choragus, to commemorate the victory of his chorus, B.C. 320, as we learn from an inscription upon it. Hence it is usually called the *Choragic Monument* of *Thrasylus*. Within the cavern were statues of *Apollo* and *Artemis* destroying the children of *Niobe*; and upon the entablature of the temple was a colossal figure of *Dionysus*. This figure is now in the *British Museum*; but it has lost its head and arms. This cavern was subsequently converted into the church of *Panaghia Spiliotissa*, or the Holy Virgin of the Grotto; and was used as such when *Dodwell* visited Athens. It is now, however, a simple cave; and the temple and the church are both in ruins.

The *Odeium* or Music theatre of *Regilla* (See p. 704) also lay beneath the southern wall of the *Acropolis*, but at its western extremity. It was built at the time of the *Antonines* by *Herodes Atticus*, who called it the *Odeium* of *Regilla* in honour of his deceased wife. *Pausanias* remarks that it surpassed all other *Odeia* in Greece, as well in dimensions as in other respects; and its roof of cedar wood was particularly admired. The length of its diameter within the walls was about two hundred and forty feet, and it is calculated to have furnished accommodation for about six thousand persons. There are still considerable remains of the building; but, in spite of their extent, good preservation, and the massive material of which they are composed, they have a poor appearance, owing to the defects of the Roman style of architecture, especially of the rows of small and apparently useless arches with which the more solid portions of the masonry are perforated, and the consequent number of insignificant parts into which it is thus subdivided.

The Cave of *Apollo* and *Pan*, more usually called the Cave of *Pan*, lay at the base of the north-west angle of the *Acropolis*. It is described by *Herodotus* as situated below the *Acropolis*, and by *Pausanias* as a little below the *Propylea*, with a spring of water near it. The worship of *Apollo* in this cave was probably of great antiquity. Here he is said to have visited *Creusa*, the mother of *Ion*; and hence the cave is frequently mentioned in the *Ion* of *Euripides*. The worship of *Pan* in this cave was not introduced till after the battle of *Marathon*, in consequence of the services which he rendered to the Athenians on

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SHEPHERDS NEAR ATHENS.



that occasion. His statue was dedicated by Miltiades, and Simonides wrote the inscription for it. A statue of Pan, now in the public library at Cambridge, was discovered in a garden a little below the cave, and has been supposed to be the identical figure dedicated by Miltiades. The cave measures about eighteen feet in length, thirty feet in height, and fifteen feet in depth. There are two excavated ledges cut in the rock, on which we may suppose statues of the two deities to have stood, and also numerous niches and holes for the reception of votive offerings.

The fountain near the cave was called Clepsydra, more anciently Empedo. It derived the name of Clepsydra from its being supposed to have had a subterranean communication with the harbour of Phalerum. "The only access to this fountain is from the inclosed platform of the Acropolis above it. The approach to it is at the north of the northern wing of the Propylea. Here we begin to descend a flight of forty-seven steps cut in the rock, but partially cased with slabs of marble. The descent is arched over with brick, and opens out into a small subterranean chapel, with niches cut in its sides. In the chapel is a well, surmounted with a peristomium of marble; below which is the water, now at a distance of about thirty feet."

The sanctuary of Aglaurus, one of the three daughters of Cecrops, was also a cavern situated in the northern face of the Acropolis. It is evident, from several passages in the *Ion* of Euripides, that the Aglaurium was in some part of the precipices called the Long Rocks, which ran eastward of the grotto of Pan. It is said to have been the spot from which Aglaurus and her sister Herse threw themselves from the rocks of the Acropolis, upon opening the chest which contained Erichthonius; and it was also near this sanctuary that the Persians gained access to the Acropolis. We learn from Pausanias that the cave was situated at the steepest part of the hill, which is also described by Herodotus as precipitous at this point. At the distance of about sixty yards to the east of the cave of Pan, and at the base of a precipice, is a remarkable cavern; and forty yards further in the same direction, there is another cave much smaller, immediately under the wall of the citadel, and only a few yards distant from the northern portico of the Erechtheum. In the latter there are thirteen niches, which prove it to have been a consecrated spot; and there can be no doubt that the larger was also a sanctuary, though niches are not equally apparent, in consequence of the surface of the rock not being so well preserved as in the smaller cavern. One of those two caves was undoubtedly the Aglaurium. Leake conjectured, from the account of a stratagem of Peisistratus, that there was a communication from the Aglaurium to the platform of the citadel. After Peisistratus had seized the citadel, his next object was to disarm the Athenians. With this view he sent for the Athenians in the Anaceium, which was to the west of the Aglaurium. While he was addressing them they laid down their arms, which were seized by the partisans of Peisistratus and conveyed into the Aglaurium, apparently with the view of being carried into the citadel itself. Now this conjecture has been confirmed by the discovery of an ancient flight of stairs near the Erechtheum, leading into the cavern, and from thence passing downwards through a deep cleft in the rock, nearly parallel in its direction to the outer wall, and opening out in the face of the cliff a little below the foundation. It would

therefore appear that this cave, the smaller of the two above mentioned, was the Aglaurium, the access to which from the Acropolis was close to the northern portico of the Erechtheum, which led into the sanctuary of Pandrosus, the only one of the three daughters of Cecrops who remained faithful to her trust. Leake conjectures that the Aglaurium, which is never described as a temple, but only as a sanctuary or sacred inclosure, was used in a more extended signification to comprehend both caves, one being more especially sacred to Aglaurus and the other to her sister Herse. According to one tradition Aglaurus precipitated herself from the Acropolis, as a sacrifice, to save her country; and it was probable on this account that the Athenian ephēbi, on receiving their first suit of armour, were accustomed to take an oath in the Aglaurium, that they would defend their country to the last.

## VII.

THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS—THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS OLYMPIUS—THE TEMPLE OF THE WINDS—THE LANTERN OF DEMOSTHENES—ARCH OF HADRIAN—ORIENTAL CHARACTER OF THE GREEKS—ATHENIAN SOCIETY—APPEARANCE AND DRESS—THE AGORA, OR MARKET-PLACE—LIFE IN ATHENS—THE CARNIVAL.

The temple of Theseus is the best preserved of all the monuments of Athens. It is situated on a height in the north-west of the city, north of the Areopagus, and near the Gymnasium of Ptolemy. It was at the same time a temple and a tomb, having been built to receive the bones of Theseus, which Cimon had brought from Scyros to Athens in B.C. 469. The temple appears to have been commenced in the same year, and allowing five years for its completion, was probably finished about 465. It is, therefore, about thirty years older than the Parthenon. It possessed the privilege of an asylum, in which runaway slaves in particular were accustomed to take refuge. The temple of Theseus was built of Pentelic marble, and stands upon an artificial foundation formed of large quadrangular blocks of limestone. Its architecture is of the Doric order.

Although the temple itself is nearly perfect, the sculptures have sustained great injury. The figures in the two pediments have entirely disappeared; and the metopes and the frieze have been greatly mutilated. Enough, however, remains to show that these sculptures belong to the highest style of Grecian art. The relief is bold and salient, approaching to the proportions of the entire statue, the figures in some instances appearing to be only slightly attached to the table of the marble. The sculptures, both of the metopes and of the friezes, were painted, and still preserve remains of the colours. Leake observes that "vestiges of brazen and golden-coloured arms, of a blue sky, and of blue, green, and red drapery, are still very apparent. A painted foliage and meander is seen on the interior cornice of the peristyle, and painted stars in the lacunaria." In the British Museum there are casts of the greater portion of the friezes, and of three of the metopes from the northern side, being the first, second, and fourth, commencing from the north-east angle. They were made at Athens, by direction of the Earl of Elgin, from the sculptures which then existed upon the temple, where they still remain. The subjects of the sculptures are the exploits of Theseus and of Hercules; for the Theseum was not only the tomb of Theseus, but also a monument in honour of his friend and companion, Hercules.

The Thesæum was for many centuries a Christian church, dedicated to St. George. When it was converted into a Christian church, the two interior columns of the pronaos were removed to make room for the altar and its semicircular inclosure, customary in Greek churches. A large door was at the same time pierced in the wall, which separates the cella from the opisthodomus; when Athens was taken by the Turks, who were in the habit of riding into the churches on horseback, this door was closed, and a small one was made in the southern wall. The roof of the cella is entirely modern, and the greater part of the ancient beams and lacunaria of the peristyle are wanting. In other respects the temple is complete. The building is now converted into the National Museum of Athens, and has been restored as nearly as possible to its original condition. The vaulted roof of the cella has been replaced by one in accordance with the original design of the building.

The identification of the church of St. George with the temple of Theseus has always been considered one of the most certain points in Athenian topography; but it has been disputed by Ross, in a pamphlet written in modern Greek, in which it is maintained that the building usually called the Thesæum is in reality the temple of Ares, mentioned by Pausanias.

The site of the Temple of Zeus Olympius, or of the Olympic Jupiter, is indicated by sixteen gigantic Corinthian columns of white marble, to the south-east of the Acropolis, and near the right bank of the Ilissus. This temple not only exceeded in magnitude all other temples in Athens, but was the greatest ever dedicated to the supreme deity of the Greeks, and one of the four most renowned examples of architecture in marble, the other three being the temples of Ephesus, Branchidæ, and Eleusis. It was commenced by Peisistratus, and finished by Hadrian, after many suspensions and interruptions, the work occupying a period of nearly 700 years. Hence it is called by Philostratus "a great struggle with time."

This magnificent temple boasted once of 120 columns. Of these sixteen are now standing, with their architraves, thirteen at the south-eastern angle, and the remaining three, which are of the interior row of the southern side, not far from the south-western angle. These are the largest columns of marble now standing in Europe, being six and a half feet in diameter, and above sixty feet high. A recent traveller remarks, that the desolation of the spot on which they stand adds much to the effect of their tall majestic forms, and that scarcely any ruin is more calculated to excite stronger emotions of combined admiration and awe. It is difficult to conceive where the enormous masses have disappeared of which this temple was built. Its destruction probably commenced at an early period, and supplied from time to time building materials to the inhabitants of Athens during the Middle Ages.

The building, commonly called the Temple of the Winds, from the figures of the Winds upon its faces, but more properly, the Horologium of Andronicus Cyrrhestes, is situated north of the Acropolis, and is still extant. Its date is uncertain, but the style of the sculpture and architecture is thought to belong to the period after Alexander the Great. It served both as the weathercock and public clock of Athens. It is an octagonal tower, with its eight sides facing respectively the direction of the eight winds into which the Athenian compass was divided. The di-

rections of the several sides were indicated by the figures and names of the eight winds, which were sculptured on the frieze of the entablature. On the summit of the building there stood originally a bronze figure of a Triton, holding a wand in his right hand, and turning on a pivot, so as to serve for a weathercock. This monument is called a horologium by Varro. It formed a measure of time in two ways. On each of its eight sides, beneath the figures of the Winds, lines are still visible, which, with the gnomons that stood out above them, formed a series of sun dials. In the centre of the interior of the building there was a clepsydra, or water-clock, the remains of which are still visible. On the south side of the building there was a cistern, which was supplied with water from the spring called Clepsydra, near the cave of Pan. Leake states that a portion of the aqueduct existed not long since, and formed part of a modern conduit for the conveyance of water to a neighbouring mosque, for the service of the Turks in their ablutions.

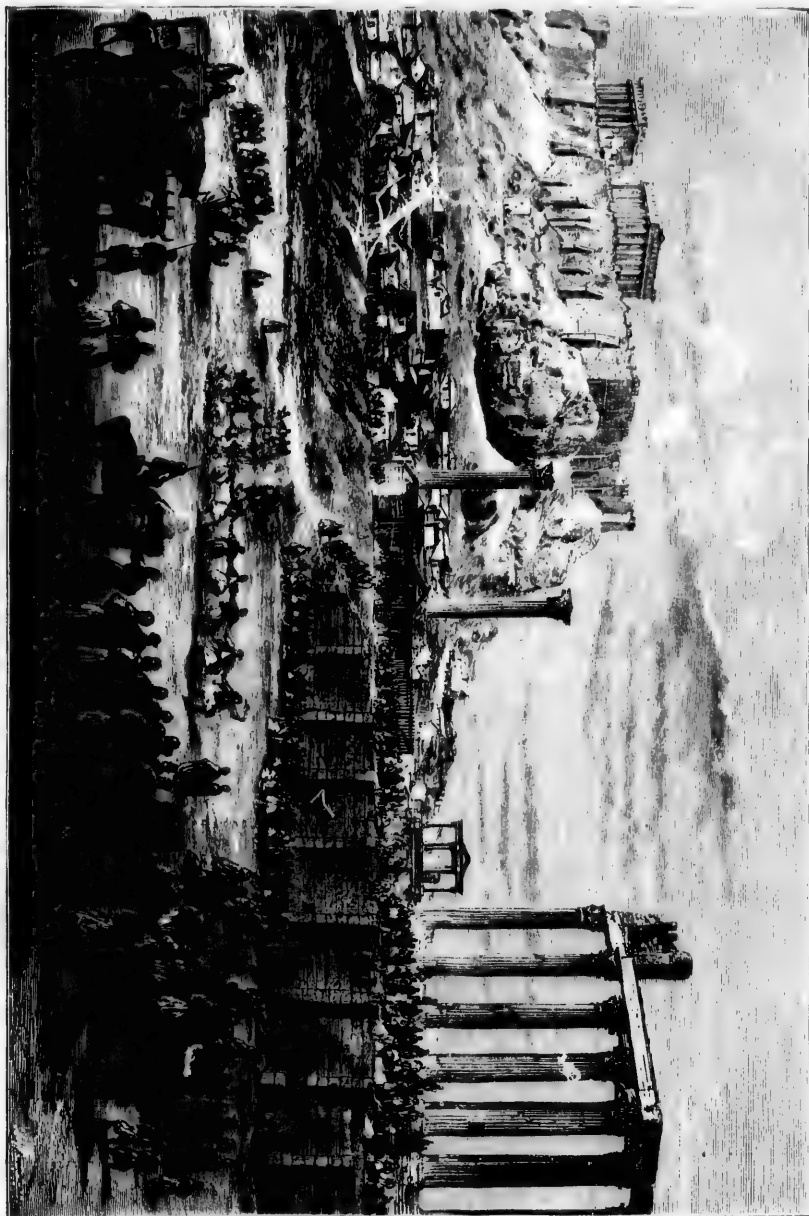
The elegant monument, called the Lantern of Demosthenes, but more properly the choragic monument of Lysicrates, was dedicated to Dionysus by Lysicrates, in B.C. 335-4, as we learn from an inscription on the architrave, which records that "Lysicrates, son of Lysitheides of Cicyna, led the chorus, when the boys of the tribe of Acamantis conquered, when Theon played the flute, when Lysides wrote the piece, and when Evmenetus was archon." The monument of Lysicrates is of the Corinthian order. It is a small circular building on a square base of white marble, and covered by a cupola, supported by six Corinthian columns. Its whole height was 34 feet, of which the square base was 14 feet, the body of the building to the summit of the columns 12 feet, and the entablature, together with the cupola and apex, 8 feet. There was no access to the interior, which was only 6 feet in diameter. The frieze, of which there are casts in the British Museum, represents the destruction of the Tyrrhenian pirates by Dionysus and his attendants.

The fountain of Callirhoe was the only source of good drinkable water in Athens. It flowed from the foot of a broad ridge of rocks which crossed the bed of the Ilissus. The Stadium used for the Olympic contests of the Panathænic games is now only a long hollow, grown over with grass.

The arch of Hadrian, which is still extant, is opposite the north-western angle of the Olympæum, and formed an entrance to the peribolus of the temple. It is a paltry structure; and the style is indeed so unworthy of the real enlargement of taste which Hadrian is acknowledged to have displayed in the fine arts, that Mure conjectures with much probability that it may have been a work erected in his honour by the Athenian municipality, or by some other class of admirers or flatterers, rather than by himself. The inscriptions upon either side of the frieze above the centre of the arch, describe it as dividing "Athens, the ancient city of Theseus" from the "City of Hadrian." We know that a quarter of Athens was called Hadrianopolis in honour of Hadrian; and the above-mentioned inscription proves that this name was given to the quarter on the southern side of the arch, in which stood the mighty temple of Zeus Olympius, completed by this emperor.

Much discussion has arisen as to whether there were two agora or market-places in Athens or only one. The author of the article "Athens" in *Smith's*





ACRETHED.

PATHEON.

FESTIVAL AT ATHENS.

ARCH OF MARSHAL.

TEMPLE OF JUPITER.



*Dictionary*, and to which we have so frequently referred, after entering upon the subject at length, decides in favour of Forchhammer's view, that there was only one.

While we were at Athens, M. Pittakis, conservator of antiquities at Athens, was carrying on excavations in the Odeium of Herodes or Regilla, and he had brought many interesting relics to light. The Pinacotheca, a modern museum of Athens, contains indeed now an immense collection of monuments and relics of different kinds illustrative of Grecian art, from the earliest days down to the time of the Romans. Father Simon, chief of the Capucin friars, is said to have purchased the choragic monument of Lysicrates for 150 crowns. Thus the only remaining monument in the "Street of the Tripods" which now adjoins the Queen's Boulevard, belongs, as does also we believe the Horologium of Andronicus Cyrrhestes, to France.

The manners of the modern Greeks have remained essentially oriental; their ideas are patriarchal and democratic, and deeply imbued with the reminiscences of Asiatic civilisation of which Homer was the representative, as well as with those early Christian precepts of which St. Paul was the most illustrious apostle. It is now nigh half a century since the West has been labouring to Europeanise Greece, but to very little purpose. Even in the sailors of Athens, the assumption of western manner is as manifest as it is superficial, but go into the country, visit the cottages or the peasant's hut, nothing can be more decidedly oriental; nay, simply walk out of the metropolis, and ascending the flanks of Mount Parnes, examine a group of peasants—shepherds and others—with the love of the open air common to all orientals, cooking their dinner in a cavern on the rugged mountain-side (See p. 717), with the ruins of olden time below, and the true and ineffaceable character of the Greek comes out in unmistakable relief. The Athenians always speak of the English and French as Europeans, as if they themselves dwelt on the other side of the *Ægean*—the White Sea of the Turks. The fact is that all the populations beyond the Adriatic differ much from those to the westward, and shade off gradually from European to Asiatic habits.

The antagonism of the Greeks and Latins is hence most marked, and it extends even to their religious feelings. With the Greek the true characteristics are the sentiment of equality, self-reliance, and a profound antipathy for social discipline. The Latin races follow one another like sheep, cringe to power, wait till those in authority do what they ought to do themselves, and conveniently shelve their religious responsibilities on an infallible hierarchy. It is that spirit of self-reliance that makes of the modern Greek a good sailor and a not very ineffectual pirate. His daring is not however always equal to his ambition, and brings ingenuity to his aid far more frequently than dash.

Athenian society trained to European fashions resembles a garden of acclimatisation, in which nothing is as yet acclimatised, and yet from whence all native produce has been expelled. The first who modelled themselves after the European fashions were the Phanariots. These families who took refuge after the conquest of Constantinople in the Phanar or Fanar, a quarter of Stambul (Islam-pul or city of Islamism), became enrolled in the diplomatic, financial, and administrative service of the Osmanlis, and adopted the habits and manners of the West. They even presumed to found a kind of aristocracy, by making their adminis-

trative titles hereditary. But the sham only succeeds among adulatory foreigners, the Greeks themselves laugh at such pretensions. An *exarch* comes to the west and calls himself "his grace," a bey or a Boyard is proclaimed to be a "prince;" it is the translation, but by no means the equivalent to his rank at home.<sup>1</sup>

The mental qualities of the Greek have remained the same: he is apt to understand well and quick, and expresses himself eloquently and metaphorically. All Greeks "thee" and "thou" one another. His excellency "thous" his grocer or his tailor.

The Greeks are far more serious and reflective than would be imagined from their excitable and generally loquacious character, and the turn of their mind is decidedly critical, analytical, and suspicious. Their vanity is notorious, and their dissimulation little less so, but the latter has been exaggerated. The mental superiority of the Greek has caused him to be disliked by all surrounding peoples. Hence the Turk reproaches the Greek with mistrustfulness and dissimulation, because he opposed cunning to force; the Levantines accuse them with want of principle in commercial transactions, because they modelled their practices after theirs, and sometimes surpassed them; the English skipper denounces the Greek as a cheat, because he combats haste by prudence. This only of the middle classes: among the upper range of the middle classes in Greece, as perfect gentlemen in thought and manners, and as ladylike in act and feeling, are to be met with as in any part of the world. The Greek is always to be distinguished by his fine open forehead, his handsome accentuated features and expression of quick intelligence, from the Albanian with narrow temples and turned-up noses, although both wear the same dress.

The beauty of the Grecian young ladies is deservedly renowned, and has been sung in every European and in most Asiatic languages. That beauty has played an important part in the history of the Osmanli sultans as well as of Osmanli pashas. It is deeply to be regretted that the vanity of the French—the Greeks and Persians of the West—will induce them to force their ideas of civilisation upon the old Hellenic traditions, which were in vogue when Gauls and Franks were clad in sheep skins. The fezz, with its golden acorn or tassel, is still worn; the *fystan* or kilt still predominates; the embroidered gaiter is not exploded, and the talagavi still mantles over fine Greek forms in the winter-time; but alas, every day the durable manufactures of the East are giving way to the inferior but cheaper articles of the West. Athens has now seventy tailors and fifty shoemakers, who profess to follow European fashions, to six national tailors and national shoemakers. There are sixty-two *magasins de nouveautés* for the ladies, but excepting the queen's ladies of honour, who are obliged to wear the national costume, few now adhere to it. Even those who do so only retain a portion of the national costumes, as the open waistcoat and the *taktikios* or red cap. (See p. 713.) The origin of this lies in the poverty of the Greeks. Travellers remark that in Greece they are always civilly received, and kindly treated, but there is a difficulty in becoming intimate. There are no *déjeuners* for the tourists, dinners for the English, or *petit soupers* for the French. Nor for want of will,

<sup>1</sup> "Les Grecs," says a French writer "par vanité ennoblaient les moindres choses, en leur donnant une origine illustre."

but because the modern Athenians cannot afford it. Add to which, the Greek is extremely susceptible of the supercilious manner in which so many travellers put down (like some novelists at home) all domestic practices which do not precisely tally with their conventional notions. There cannot be a narrower mind than that which would cut and clip all the world precisely to its own notions of rectitude. The men, therefore, imitate the Westerns, because they have not the courage (which wealth would give them) to disregard criticism; and many of the fair sex would rather wed rich young travellers than their own poor countrymen, and hence they also Europeanise themselves. And do they get recommendations in return? M. Proust says: "Oriental nonchalance imparts to them a charm unknown in our country, but they walk badly, and ignore that correctness in their *tournures* which the French ladies possess in so high a degree." A traveller's ideas never can get out of the national groove.

The prettiest Greek girls are mainly Asiatic and belong to the Phanariot class, among whom the blood has remained most pure. The two classes—the Greek and the Phanariot—constitute, indeed, two very distinct societies at Athens; the Moldo-Wallachian "princesses," for example, constitute a portion of the Phanariot society. They are quite European, sometimes too much so; taking it into their heads, from reading the worst French novels, that many things are permitted in European society which are rigidly excluded; they all speak the French language, and are tolerably well informed; the other class have an instinctive good sense, a perfect tact, and a simple talent in pleasing, that more than makes up for their ignorance of *Balzac* and *Paul de Koch*. Absurd stories are current of young men trapped into matrimony in Greece; the family in Athens is both respected and highly respectable, and the education of girls is as free as in England.

To see the peasant girl the tourist must visit the Agora, not the ancient Agora of the Cerameicus—the pottery or Tulleries of Athens of old, according to some, but called Ceramic, according to Pausanias, from the king of that name—a miserable and truly oriental collection of wooden stalls, protected from the sun by torn patches of canvas (See p. 705), and where are to be purchased Smyrna figs by the side of Parisian perfumery. Two spectres of antiquity adorn this marketplace, the Temple of the Winds and the portico of Minerva Archegetis. The female peasants of Greece are, however, rarely pretty, and there is little that is picturesque in the dress or appearance of the men. But still the scene is worth seeing. The national dish of *mouton à la pallikare* and *yadrat*, or the skim of milk removed when just about to boil, with strawberries and sugar, are to be eaten there in the open air; and many a glass of fragrant Seio and fruity Cyprus are tossed off from the counter. The currency of the country is, however, rather troublesome. It is in drachmas, of which we extract the following explanation from a French tourist:—"La drachme vaut un pence et demi, un peu moins qu'un franc, un peu plus qu'un swansiger." Tenpence half-penny is what was

meant, but how can that be rather less than a franc? The streets of Athens have their own peculiar physiognomy. There is neither the noisy disorder of the streets of Naples nor the methodical activity of the streets of London. Athens has the appearance of a town where no one has anything to do; the male portion of the population take up their places on the sunny side of the street; tradesmen have one foot in the shop, the other without; and every one has a word or two to say to the other. For tourists, Alexander's establishment is the great centre of gossip. The Café de la Belle Grèce is, however, the place in which to meet notabilities. If the Greeks themselves were to be believed, every official man is sold or for sale, although his price is not ticketed on his back. Great names, Canaris, Chriasis, Metaxas, Mavrocordatos, Rangavi, Miaoulis, are spattered with dirt. The Sciot bankers are especially envied. The Ionians dominate the crowd by their tragic vehemence. The Athenian population altogether presents a curious study. On the Sundays it leaves the square of Belle Grèce, to walk on the Patissia (corruption of Padisah), where a military band plays, and thence they return quietly home in the evening; but when it is hot, many camp out of doors, when their presence is revealed by the noise prolonged even into their sleep.

The Carnival is a great day in Athens, only that instead of being held, as in Latin or Romanist countries, before Lent, it is held on the first day of Lent. The place selected for the public games upon this occasion is one of singular beauty. (See p. 721.) It is the open space between the Stadium and the Arch of Hadrian, at the foot of the magnificent temple of the Olympic Jupiter, and in front of the Acropolis. The long lines of dancers unfold themselves, serpent-like, to the sound of the lyre and of drums, and, after the dance, Lent is inaugurated by a repast of olives, caviare and roast grains of maize—the most popular articles of food with the Greeks from the Danube to the Euphrates. "This fast," Mr. Proust says, "which the Greeks scrupulously observe, does honour to their stomachs and to the firmness of their belief." The ceremony that follows this, that which represents the Resurrection, is avowedly as solemn as it is picturesque.

There can, indeed, be no doubt as to the genuineness and the depth of the religious feeling in the Greek. It is in him allied to his politics, and not to talk politics in Greece is to hold one's tongue for good. Unfortunately it is too often combined with a profound ignorance, but the heads of the church say: "So long as the Turks have a foot in Europe, we shall not fight against either the ignorance of the clergy or the superstition of the people. We should be too much in fear of weakening religion by purging it; but once the Greeks at St. Sophia again, no fear need be apprehended of a people foregoing its national religion."

It is no doubt for similar reasons that the Greeks insist upon their Princes adopting the orthodox faith, an obligation which has already given rise to grave difficulties regarding succession, and has seen one of the causes of the late insurrection.

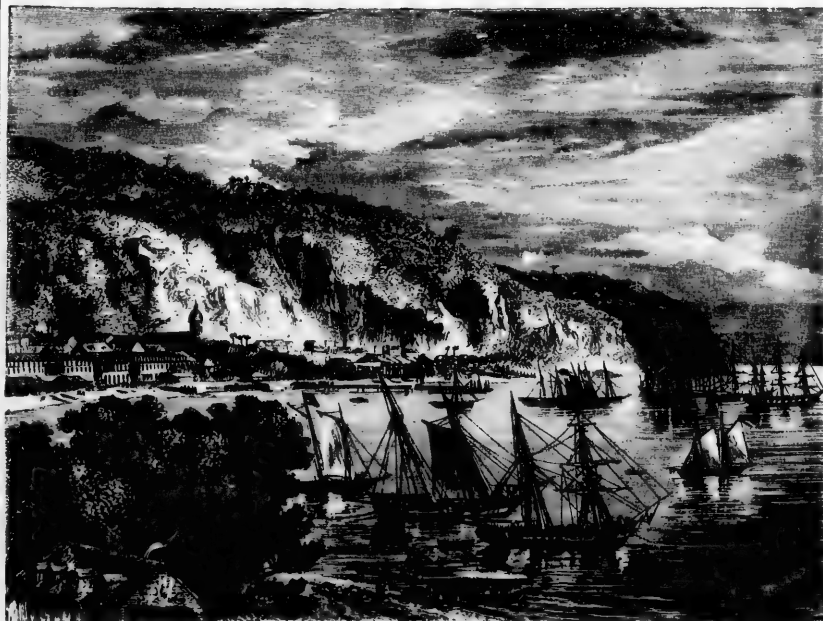
## THE BERMUDAS, WEST INDIES, BRITISH GUIANA, AND ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

### I.

THE BERMUDAS—THE PORT ISLANDS—WHALE FISHERY—  
A CORAL REEF—STORY OF A LUMP OF AMBERGINS—  
COLONISATION BY THE VIRGINIA COMPANY—NUMBER OF  
ISLANDS—TOWN OF ST. GEORGE'S—FORTIFICATIONS OF  
IRELAND—CONVICTS—SUPERINTENDENCE OF THE COLONISTS.

THE Bermudas have long been celebrated for their  
beauty, richness, and salubrity—advantages which

time, however, has served to diminish rather than  
confirm. Their climate is that of a perpetual spring,  
mild, genial and salubrious, though during southerly  
winds, which are most prevalent, the atmosphere be-  
comes charged with a humidity unfavourable to con-  
stitutions predisposed to rheumatism, gout, or pul-  
monary affections. The fields and trees are always  
green; and the predominance of the cedar—*Juniperus*



ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.

*Bermudiana* (a tree which must not be confounded  
with the cedar of Lebanon, which is a *Larix*), and from  
which small swift and very durable vessels are con-  
structed—while it refreshes the air with its fragrance,  
imparts according to some its dark hue to the land-  
scape, and relieves according to others the dazzling  
whiteness of the coralline rock.

The Bermudas, so called from Juan Bermudez, a  
Spaniard who is said to have touched there in 1522,  
or as it is in May's account, from a Spanish ship called  
*Bermudas* being cast away there; and also called

Summers or Sommers Islands, from Sir George Sum-  
mers or Sommers, who was driven upon them in 1609,  
or his voyage to Virginia, were great favourites with  
the English poets during our Augustan age. They  
have been supposed to have been the scene of Ariel's  
tricky doings, and that Shakspeare may have heard  
of them some indistinct surmises, sufficient to have  
enabled him to speak of the "still vexed Bermoothes."  
Certain it is that the islands are very subject to tem-  
pests, thunderstorms, and hurricanes, especially during  
the autumn, a circumstance that may be attributed to

their situation on the verge of the trade-wind, where variable and disagreeable weather always occurs at certain seasons. Waller wrote of them as follows:—

"Bermuda, walled with rocks, who does not know?  
That happy island where huge lemons grow,  
And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,  
The Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair;  
Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound  
On the rich shore of ambergris is found;  
The lofty cedar, which to heaven aspires,  
The prince of trees! is fuel to their fires;  
The smoke by which their loaded spits do turn,  
For incense might on sacred altars burn;  
Their private roofs on odorous timber borne,  
Such as might palaces for kings adorn.  
The sweet palmetto a new Bacchus yield,  
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield,  
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs  
They sit carousing where their liquor grows.  
Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,  
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show,  
With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil  
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.  
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,  
But, at some constant seasons, every year  
Their barren tops with luscious food abound,  
And with the eggs of various fowls are crowned.  
Tobacco is the worst of things, which they  
To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.  
Such is the mould, that the blessed tenant feeds  
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.  
With candied plantains, and the juicy pine,  
On choicest melons, and sweet grapes, they dine,  
And with potatoes sat their wanton swine.  
Nature these cakes with such a lavish hand  
Pours out among them, that our coarser land  
Tastes of that bounty, and does cloth return,  
Which not for warmth, but ornament is worn;  
For the kind spring, which but seduces us here,  
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.  
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;  
At once they promise what at once they give.  
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,  
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.  
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncursed,  
To show how all things were created first.  
The tardy plants in our cold orchards placed,  
Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste;  
There a small gain in some few months will be  
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.  
The palma-christi, and the fair papia,  
Now but a seed (preventing nature's law)  
In half the circle of the hasty year  
Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear."

Waller's poem, *The Battle of the Summer Islands*,<sup>1</sup> is descriptive of the whale fishery, and the Bermudians are generally considered among the most dexterous of fishermen, more particularly with the harpoon. The whale fishery is carried on at a trifling expense, and employs about twelve whale boats and their crews three months in the year. One good fish covers the cost of the whole season, and sometimes twenty or more are taken, yielding one thousand gallons of oil. The flesh is sold in the market, and eaten by the natives. The season commences in March and ends in June; the whales approach the islands close on the southern side, and men are stationed on the cliffs to give notice of their appearance.

Waller has been generally supposed to have visited the Bermudas himself, but Mr. Robert Bell, in his annotated edition of the *English Poets*, utterly dissents from this view of the case, and justly remarks that the descriptions, as far as they go, might have been easily

drawn up from published materials. The aspect of the Bermudas has much changed since those descriptions were written. The practice of cutting down the cedars for firewood has not only diminished the picturesque beauty of the Bermudas, but greatly reduced the productiveness of the orange plantations, by depriving them of the shelter necessary to their cultivation. The cedars are in fact mere low bushy trees, much resembling stunted firs. Of lemons and oranges there are now actually none in Bermuda. The trees suffered a blight a few years ago, and no effort has been made to restore them.

The oysters found in the rocks sometimes contain good pearls yet, and as to coral, the Bermudas are essentially coral islands. The rocks are all composed of corals and shells of different magnitudes, more or less consolidated by a calcareous cement; and it seems probable that the Bermudas owe their existence to the accumulation of such materials on a coral reef, reposing on volcanic rocks below. The lengthened narrow shape of the islands gives, however, so much the character of a coral reef, as to have led Captain Vetch to look upon them simply as such.

There is not, indeed, an insular group in the whole globe so protected by nature from the effects of a boisterous ocean as the Bermudas; they are surrounded by dangerous rocky reefs, extending in some parts ten miles from the islands, which render them very difficult of access. The few channels through the reef are thickly studded with coral rocks, but the water is so beautifully clear, that they are visible to the eye; and the negro pilots, looking down from the bow of the vessel, conduct her through the labyrinth with a skill and confidence only to be acquired by long habit.

There is a rather curious story connected with the existence of ambergris on the islands, as noticed by Waller, and which also involves the "wanton swine." Sir George Summers, who we have before seen was driven on the islands, in 1609, made his way with his party to Virginia in two small cedar-built vessels, constructed by his men, of which that in which Sir George embarked did not contain an ounce of iron, except one bolt in the keel. At the time of his arrival in Virginia, the colony was much distressed by famine, and the account given by Sir George of the abundance of large black hogs (supposed to have belonged to the Spanish ship cast away there), induced Lord Delaware, the Governor of Virginia, to send him back for a supply. Sir George died on his arrival at the islands, and his crew, in spite of his last orders, proceeded with the vessel to England, instead of returning to Virginia. Two sailors had been left behind at the time of the wreck, and one remained from this expedition. A quarrel arose among the three for the sovereignty of the islands, which had nearly terminated fatally. Rambling along the shore, they found a piece of ambergris, weighing about 80 lbs. and as this treasure was valueless in their present situation, they formed the scheme of sailing in an open boat, either to Virginia or to Newfoundland to dispose of it.

In the mean time, the Virginia Company, who claimed the islands as the first discoverers, sold their right to a company of 120 persons, who, obtaining from King James, in 1612, a charter for their settlement, sent out sixty settlers, with Mr. More as governor. More found the sailors healthy and in good condition. The new colony was formed in St. George's Island, which was laid out and fortified; and, in the course of

<sup>1</sup> Marvall also wrote a little poem called *Bermuda*.



the same year, a second party arrived with supplies of all kinds, when the town of St. George was commenced.

Captain Daniel Tucker succeeded Mr. More as governor, in 1616, and, during his time, some rats, which had come on shore from the ships, increased in such a degree, as to destroy almost everything in the islands, even making their nests in trees; but, after five years, this dreadful annoyance suddenly ceased.

The General Assembly was established in 1620, at the town of St. George, pursuant to the Company's instructions in England; and many of the nobility at that time purchased plantations, and their cultivation was highly encouraged, so that prosperity continued to increase for many years, and was greatly favoured by the Civil Wars, which caused many persons of character and opulence to take refuge there. Such, indeed, was the influx, that the number of white inhabitants at that time has been estimated at 10,000.

The islands have always remained in the possession of the British, though, towards the close of the first American War, General Washington contemplated their capture, as a station for vessels of war, to the annoyance or destruction of our West India trade. For this purpose nothing could be more eligible, as they lie directly in the homeward-bound track.

Including the small ones, the number of islands is very great; it is common to say that there are 365, or as many as there are days in the year, but the large ones may be reduced to five, viz.,—St. George's, St. David's, Long Island, or Bermuda, Somerset, and Ireland. They lie in a north-east and south-west direction, including a space about twenty miles in length, and more than six in the greatest breadth; they are all low, the highest point, called Tibbi Hill, at the southern extreme of the large island, being only 180 feet above the level of the sea. There are no springs or fresh-water streams in the islands, and but few wells, the water from which is brackish. Each house has its own tank, to which the roof serves as a conductor for the rain; and, on the Island of St. George's, are large tanks for the supply of shipping.

There are two towns, each of which has its mayor and civic officers; St. George's, on the island of the same name, and Hamilton, on the large island about the centre of the group. They are both well built of coral rag; St. George's, which is the larger, contains about 600 houses, a church, the town-house, in which both branches of the legislature hold their sittings, a library, and other public buildings. The whole group is divided into nine parishes, each of which sends five members to the General Assembly. The scattered houses and hamlets are so numerous that the whole island has the appearance of one continued village.

The soil, unfortunately—once capable of producing every article of West India, and of home produce—is now generally exhausted. Coffee, cotton, indigo, and tobacco are no longer cultivated. Of the 12,000 acres which Bermuda is said to contain, only 456 are under cultivation. There are 3,070 acres of pasture. Live stock and flour are imported from British America. Arrowroot and hides are now, with West India produce, the chief articles of export.

Nothing, says Mr. More, can be more romantic than the little bay of St. George's, the number of little islets, the singular clearness of the water, and the animated play of the graceful little boats gliding for ever between the islands, and seeming to sail from one cedar-grave to another, form altogether the sweetest minia-

ture of nature that can be imagined. In the short but beautiful twilight of their spring evenings, the white cottages scattered over the islands, and but partially seen through the trees that surround them, assume often the appearance of little Grecian temples, and embellish the poor fisherman's hut with columns which the pencil of Claude might imitate.

There was formerly a small dockyard at St. George's, but it has been removed to Ireland Island, on which large sums have, of late years, been expended, in order to render it a strong port for a naval and military dépôt. The whole face of the island has been changed, hills removed and plains made, and all the ingenuity of art, and the labour of a large convict establishment, have been expended to strengthen this important station ever since 1824, as also in constructing a break-water. A revolution in war, as the introduction of iron-clad ships, or an earthquake, may render the labour of all these years of no avail.

As a fortress, says the most recent traveller who has published the results of his observations—Mr. Anthony Trollope—no doubt it is very strong. I have no doubt on the matter, seeing that I am a patriotic Englishman, and as such believe all English fortifications to be strong. It is, however, a matter on which the opinion of no civilian can be of weight, unless he have deeply studied the subject, in which case he so far ceases to be a civilian. Everything looked very clean and apple-pie; a great many flags were flying on Sundays and the Queen's birthday; and all seemed to be ship-shape. Of the importance to us of the position there can be no question. If it should ever come to pass that we should be driven to use an armed fleet in the Western waters, Bermuda will be as serviceable to us there, as Malta is in the Mediterranean. So much for the fortress.

As to the prison, I will say a word or two just now, seeing that it is in that light that the place was chiefly interesting to me. But first for the colony.

Snow is not prevalent in Bermuda, at least not in the months of May and June; but the first look of the houses in each of its two small towns, and indeed all over the island, gives one the idea of a snow-storm. Every house is white, up from the ground to the very point of the roof. Nothing is in so great demand as whitewash. They whitewash their houses incessantly, and always include the roofs. This becomes a nuisance, from the glare it occasions; and is at last painful to the eyes. They say there that it is cleanly and cheap, and no one can deny that cleanliness and economy are important domestic virtues.

There are two towns, situated on different islands, called St. George and Hamilton. The former is the head-quarters of the military; the latter of the governor. In speaking of the place as a fortress I should have said that it is the summer head-quarters of the admiral in command of the Halifax station. The dockyard, which is connected with the convict establishment, is at an island called Ireland; but the residence of the admiral is not far from Hamilton, on that which the Bermudians call the "Continent."

I spent a week in each of these towns, and I can hardly say which I found the most triste. The island, or islands, as one must always say—using the plural number—have many gifts of nature to recommend them. They are extremely fertile. The land, with a very moderate amount of cultivation, will give two crops of ordinary potatoes, and one crop of sweet

potatoes in the year. Most fruits will grow here, both those of the tropics and of the more northern latitudes. Oranges and lemons, peaches and strawberries, bananas and mulberries thrive, or *would* thrive equally well, if they were even slightly encouraged to do so.

No climate in the world probably is better adapted for beetroot, potatoes, onions, and tomatoes. The place is so circumstanced geographically that it should be the early market-garden for New York—as to a certain small extent it is. New York cannot get her early potatoes—potatoes in May and June—from her own soil; but Bermuda can give them to her in any quantity.

Arrowroot also grows here to perfection. The Bermudians claim to say that their arrowroot is the best in the world; and I believe that none bears a higher price. Then the land produces barley, oats, and Indian corn; and not only produces them, but produces two, sometimes three crops a year. Let the English farmer with his fallow field think of that.

But with all their advantages Bermuda is very poor. Perhaps, I should add, that on the whole, she is contented with her poverty. And if so, why disturb such contentment?

But, nevertheless, one cannot teach oneself not to be desirous of progress. One cannot but feel it sad to see people neglecting the good things which are under their feet. I saw no fruit of any description, though I am told I was there in the proper season, and heard much of the fruit that there used to be in former days. I saw no vegetables but potatoes and onions, and was told that as a rule the people are satisfied with them. I did not once encounter a piece of meat fit to be eaten, excepting when I dined on rations supplied by the Convict establishment. The poultry was somewhat better than the meat, but yet of a very poor description. Both bread and butter are bad; the latter quite uneatable. English people whom I met declared that they were unable to get anything to eat. The people, both white and black, seemed to be only half awake. The land is only half cultivated; and hardly half is tilled of that which might be tilled.

This was all very well as long as the land had no special virtue—as long as a market, such as that afforded by New York, was wanting. But now that the market has been opened there can be no doubt—indecided, nobody does doubt—that if the land were cleared its money value would be greatly more than it now is. Every one to whom I spoke admitted this, and complained of the backwardness of the island in improvements. But no one tries to remedy this now.

They had a Governor there some years ago who did much to cure this state of things, who did show them that money was to be made by producing potatoes and sending them out of the island. This was Sir W. Reid, the man of storms. He seems to have had some tolerably efficient idea of what a Governor's duty should be in such a place as Bermuda. To be helped first at every table, and to be called "Your Excellency," and then to receive some thousands a year for undergoing these duties is all very well; is very nice for a military gentleman in the decline of years. It is very well that England can so provide for a few of her old military gentlemen. But when the military gentlemen selected can do something else besides, it does make such a difference! Sir W. Reid did do much else; and if there could be found another Sir W. Reid or two to take their turns in Bermuda

for six years each, the scrubby bushes would give way, and the earth would bring forth her increase.

The sleepiness of the people appeared to me the most prevailing characteristic of the place. There seemed to be no energy among the natives, no idea of going a-head, none of that principle of constant motion which is found so strongly developed among their great neighbours in the United States. To say that they live for eating and drinking would be to wrong them. They want the energy for the gratification of such vicious tastes. To live and die would seem to be enough for them. To live and die as their fathers and mothers did before them, in the same houses, using the same furniture, nurtured on the same food, and enjoying the same immunity from the dangers of excitement.

I must confess that during the short period of my sojourn there, I myself was completely overtaken by the same sort of lassitude. I could not walk a mile without fatigue. I was always anxious to be supine, lying down whenever I could find a sofa; ever anxious for a rocking-chair, and solicitous for a quick arrival of the hour of bed, which used to be about half-past nine o'clock. Indeed this feeling became so strong with me that I feared I was ill, and began to speculate as to the effects and pleasures of a low fever and a Bermuda doctor. I was comforted, however, by an assurance that everybody was suffering in the same way. "When the south wind blows it is always so." "The south wind must be very prevalent then," I suggested. I was told that it was very prevalent. During the period of my visit it was all south wind.

The weather was not hot—not hot at least to me who had just come up from Panama, and the fiery furnace of Aspinwall. But the air was damp and muggy and disagreeable. To me it was the most trying climate that I had encountered. They have had yellow fever there twice within the last eight years, and both occasions it was very fatal. Singularly enough on its latter coming the natives suffered much more than strangers. This is altogether opposed to the usual habits of the yellow fever, which is imagined to be ever cautious in sparing those who are indigenous to the land it visits.

The working population here are almost all negroes. I should say that this is quite as much a rule here as in any of the West Indies. Of course there are coloured people—men and women of mixed breed; but they are not numerous, as in Jamaica; or, if so, they are so nearly akin to the negro as not to be observed. There are, I think, none of those all white ladies and gentlemen whose position in life is so distressing. The negroes are well off; as a rule they can earn 2s. 6d. a day, from that to 3s. For exceptional jobs, men cannot be had under a dollar, or 4s. 2d. On these wages they can live well by working three days a week, and such appears to be their habit. It seems to me that no enfranchised negro entertains an idea of daily work. Work to them is an exceptional circumstance, as to us may be a spell of fifteen or sixteen hours in the same day. We do such a thing occasionally for certain objects, and for certain objects they are willing to work occasionally.

The population is about eleven thousand. That of the negroes and coloured people does not much exceed that of the whites. That of the females greatly exceeds that of the males, both among the white and coloured people. Among the negroes I noticed this, that if not

more active than their brethren in the West Indies, they are at least more civil and less sullen in their manner. But then again, they are without the singular mixture of fun and vanity which makes the Jamaica negro so amusing for awhile.

These islands are certainly very pretty; or I should perhaps say that the sea, which forms itself into bays and creeks by running in among them, is very pretty. The water is quite clear and transparent, there being little or no sand on those sides on which the ocean makes its entrance; and clear water is in itself so beautiful. Then the singular way in which the land is broken up into narrow necks, islands, and promontories, running here and there in a capricious, half-mysterious manner, creating a desire for amphibiousity, necessarily creates beauty. But it is mostly the beauty of the sea, and not of the land. The islands are flat, or at any rate there is no considerable elevation in them. They are covered throughout with those scrubby

little trees; and, although the trees are green, and therefore when seen from the sea give a freshness to the landscape, they are uninteresting and monotonous on shore.

I must not forget the oleananders, which at the time of my visit were in full flower; which, for aught I know, may be in full flower during the whole year. They are so general through all the islands, and the trees themselves are so covered with the large straggling, but bright blossoms, as to give quite a character to the scenery. The Bermudas might almost be called the oleanander isles.

The government consists of a Governor, Council, and House of Assembly; King, Lords, and Commons again. Twenty years ago I should thoroughly have approved of this; but now I am hardly sure whether a population of ten or twelve thousand individuals, of whom much more than half are women, and more than half the remainder are negroes, require so composite a



ISLAND OF ST. THOMAS.

constitution. Would not a strict Governor, with due reference to Downing Street, do almost as well? But then to make the change; that would be difficult.

"We have them pretty well in hand," a gentleman whispered to me, who was in some shape connected with the governing powers. He was alluding, I imagine, to the House of Assembly. Well, that is a comfort. A good majority in the Lower House is a comfort to all men—except the minority.

There are nine parishes, each returning four members to this House of Assembly. But though every parish requires four members, I observe that half a clergyman is enough for most of them. But then the clergymen must be paid. The council here consists chiefly of gentlemen holding government offices, or who are in some way connected with the government; so that the Crown can probably contrive to manage its little affairs. If I remember rightly, Gibraltar and Malta have no Lords or Commons. They are fortresses and as such under military rule; and so is Bermuda a fortress. Independently of her purely military im-

portance, her size and population is by no means equal to that of Malta. The population of Malta is chiefly native, and foreign to us;—and the population of Bermuda is chiefly black.

But then Malta is a conquered colony, whereas Bermuda was "settled" by Britons, as the word goes. That makes all the difference. That such a little spot as Bermuda would in real fact be better without a constitution of its own, if the change could only be managed, that I imagine will be the opinion of most men who have thought about the matter.

## II.

WEST INDIAN ISLANDS—A SEMI-CIRCULAR VOLCANIC REEF—  
—BAYS BETWEEN TWO VOLCANOES—ISOLATED VOLCANIC PEAKS  
—VIRGIN ISLANDS—SAINT THOMAS—CENTRAL ROYAL MAIL  
PACKET STATION—MOTLEY POPULATION.

The West Indian Islands or Antilles stretch out in the form of an arch between the two continents of America. The aspect of these islands is in general rugged and highly elevated; where low they are

bounded by thick swampy forest. In the former case, the adjacent sea is open and of great depth, so that an anchorage is practicable only very close to the shore, above a bottom of black sand or rock; in this latter the soundings show a muddy bottom, and the coral reefs compel ships to keep off the shore. This observation holds equally true of all the Archipelago of the West India Islands. The volcanoes and coral reefs, to which these islands owe their origin, open their mouths chiefly towards the west, which side is rugged, and displays all the disorder incident to volcanic regions. The vast bays and ports are usually situated between the volcanoes. Such is the superb bay of Port Royal at Martinique, of Marino, of Kingston in Jamaica, and of Saint Christopher. There are some exceptions to this rule, however. A grand lagoon now occupies the place of a reef which anciently existed in the mouth of the Guatraní valley. At Martinique, the alluvial plains formed in the bay and basin of Port Royal, at the embouchure of Monsieur River, and of others announce by their rapid progress, that in a few ages they will exhibit the effects observed at Trinidad, of closing up an access from the sea into these rivers. The great isolated rocks, which shoot up in the sea at various distances around the West Indian Islands, with a bold and picturesque aspect, have had a similar origin as the Islands themselves, and have been formed by submarine volcanoes. The most remarkable are at Saint Lucia, le Gros Ilet; at Martinique, le Diamant, the Isle of Ramiers, the Devil's Table, the Isle of Saint Aubin, the Caravelle, and the Perle; and at Guadeloupe, the Isle of Goyave, the Caennone and the Grenada.

The Royal Mail Steam Packets, that ply between Southampton, the West Indies, and the Spanish Main, go to the little Danish Island of Saint Thomas, where their freight and passengers are distributed to other vessels according to their destiny. Wherefore a Danish Island should be thus favoured, when Tortola, and Virgin Gorda, two of the Virgin Islands, both belonging to ourselves, and situated equally well for the required purpose as is Saint Thomas, has baffled many others besides ourselves. There is a well-known admirable harbour at Tortola, the stronghold of the Dutch buccaneers. The Islands are also preferable to Saint Thomas on the important score of superior healthiness.

The history of Saint Thomas, and that of its neighbour Santa Cruz, for their fortunes have ever been the same, present the same changing scenes as most other West Indian Islands. They were first occupied in 1643 by the British, and the Dutch; but jealousies having arisen among them, the Dutch were driven out, after a very obstinate engagement, in 1646. In 1650, the British were in their turn attacked and overmastered by the Spaniards, but the latter had not possessed the island a single year before they had to give way before the French, who were sent out from Saint Christopher for the purpose of seizing it. The West India Islands have always been human as well as geological volcanoes. What will be their future in the age of iron-clad war vessels just being inaugurated?

In 1696, the colonists, with their wives and children and their negro servants, left the islands, after demolishing the forts, and went to St. Domingo. Thus the islands remained without colonists, and without cultivation, till the year 1733, when they were sold by

France to a company of Danish merchants. They continued in the possession of this company till 1801, when they were taken by the British, by whom they were restored to Denmark in the same year, soon after the Battle of Copenhagen. The British again took the islands in 1807, and then again restored them in 1814. The Danes and Swedes now rank among their possessions in the West Indies, Santa Cruz, Saint Thomas, St. John—whose pretty little town has with characteristic West India luck been a martyr to fires—and St. Bartholomew, an islet that has changed hands as often as a young lady in a country dance. The group indeed no longer deserve the name of Virgin Islands, in the sense used in the orient in their Kiz Kalahis, "virgin or uncaptured fortresses," or by the Greeks in their "virgin goddess," the Minerva of the Parthenon, "the virgin's house."

Mr. Anthony Trollope has so very sketchy and amusing an account of his visit to this favoured, although sickly place, that we must fain once more make free with his pages, premising that the port itself is figured at page 729.

As St. Thomas at present exists, it is of considerable importance. It is an emporium, not only for many of the islands, but for many also of the places on the coast of South and Central America. Guiana, Venezuela, and New Granada, deal there largely. It is a depôt for cigars, light dresses, brandy, boots, and eau de Cologne. Many men therefore of many nations go thither to make money, and they do make it. These are men, generally not of the tenderest class, or who have probably been nursed in much early refinement. Few men will select St. Thomas as a place of residence from mere unbiassed choice and love of the locale. A wine merchant in London, doing a good trade there, would hardly give up that business with the object of personally opening an establishment in this island: nor would a well-to-do milliner leave Paris with the same object. Men who settle at St. Thomas have most probably roughed it elsewhere unsuccessfully.

These St. Thomas tradesmen do make money, I believe, and it is certainly due to them that they should do so. Things ought not, if possible, to be all bad with any man; and I cannot imagine what good can accrue to a man at St. Thomas if it be not the good of amassing money. It is one of the hottest and one of the most unhealthy spots among all these hot and unhealthy regions. I do not know whether I should not be justified in saying that of all such spots it is the most hot and most unhealthy.

I have said in a previous chapter that the people one meets there may be described as an Hispano-Dano-Niggery-Yankee-doodle population. In this I referred not only to the settlers, but to those also who are constantly passing through it. In the shops and stores, and at the hotels, one meets the same mixture. The Spanish element is of course strong, for Venezuela, New Granada, Central America, and Mexico are all Spanish, as also is Cuba. The people of these lands speak Spanish, and hereabouts are called Spaniards. To the Danes the island belongs. The soldiers, officials, and custom-house people are Danes. They do not, however, mix much with their customers. They affect, I believe, to say that the island is overrun and destroyed by these strange comers, and that they would as lief be without such visitors. If they are altogether indifferent to money making, such may be the case. The labouring people are all black—if these blacks can

be called a labouring people. They do coal the vessels at about a dollar a day each—that is, when they are so circumstanced as to require a dollar. As to the American element, that is by no means the slightest or most retiring. Dollars are going there, and therefore it is of course natural that Americans should be going also.

I saw the other day a map, "The United States as they now are, and in prospective;" and it included all these places—Mexico, Central America, Cuba, St. Domingo, and even poor Jamaica. It may be that the man who made the map understood the destiny of his country; at any rate, he understood the tastes of his countrymen.

All these people are assembled together at St. Thomas, because St. Thomas is the meeting place and depot of the West Indian steam packets.

"They cannot understand at home why we dislike the intercolonial work so much," said the captain of one of the steam ships to me. By intercolonial work he meant the different branch services from St. Thomas. "They do not comprehend at home what it is for a man to be burying one young officer after another; to have them sent out, and then to see them mown down in that accursed hole of a harbour by yellow fever. Such a work is not a very pleasant one."

Indeed this was true. The life cannot be a very pleasant one. These captains themselves and their senior officers are doubtless acclimated. The yellow fever may reach them, but their chance of escape is tolerably good; but the young lads who join the service, and who do so at an early age, have at the first commencement of their career to make St. Thomas their residence, as far as they have any residence. They live, of course, on board their ships; but the peculiarity of St. Thomas is this; that the harbour is ten times more fatal than the town. It is that hole, up by the coaling wharves, which sends so many English lads to the grave. If this be so, this alone, I think, constitutes a strong reason why St. Thomas should not be so favoured. These vessels now form a considerable fleet, and some of them spend nearly a third of their time at this place. The number of Englishmen so collected and endangered is sufficient to warrant us in regarding this as a great drawback on any utility which the island may have—if such utility there be.

As seen from the water, the view St. Thomas presents is very pretty. It is not so much the general scenery of the island that pleases us, as the aspect of the town itself. It stands on three hills or mounts, with higher hills, green to their summit, rising behind them. Each mount is topped by a pleasant, cleanly edifice, and pretty-looking houses stretch down the side to the water's edge. The buildings do look pretty and nice, and as though chance had arranged them for a picture. Indeed, as seen from the harbour, the town looks like a panorama exquisitely painted. The air is thin and transparent, and every line shows itself clearly. As so seen, the town of St. Thomas is certainly attractive. But it is like the Dead Sea fruit; all the charm is gone when it is tasted. Land there, and the beauty vanishes.

The hotel at St. Thomas is quite a thing of itself. There is no fair ground for complaint as regards the accommodation, considering where one is, and that people do not visit St. Thomas for pleasure; but the people that one meets there forms as strange a collec-

tion as may perhaps be found anywhere. In the first place, all languages seem alike to them. One hears English, French, German, and Spanish spoken all around one, and apparently it is indifferent which. The waiters seem to speak them all.

The most of these guests I take it—certainly a large proportion of them—are residents of the place, who board at the inn. I have been there for a week at a time, and it seemed that all then around me were so. There were ladies among them, who always came punctually to their meals, and went through the long course of breakfast and long course of dinner with admirable perseverance. I never saw eating to equal that eating. When I was there the house was always full; but the landlord told me that he found it very hard to make money, and I can believe it.

A hot climate, it is generally thought, interferes with the appetite, affects the gastric juices with lassitude, gives to the stomach some of the apathy of the body, and lessens at any rate the consumption of animal food. That charge cannot be made against the air of St. Thomas. To whatever sudden changes the health may be subject, no lingering disinclination for food affects it. Men eat there as though it were the only solace of their life, and women also. Probably it is so.

They never talk at meals. A man and his wife may interchange a word or two as to the dishes; or men coming from the same store may whisper a syllable as to their culinary desires; but in an ordinary way there is no talking. I myself generally am not a mute person at my meals; and having dined at sundry tables d'hôte, have got over in a great degree that disinclination to speak to my neighbour which is attributed—I believe wrongly—to Englishmen. But at St. Thomas I took into my head to wait till I was spoken to; and for a week I eat, twice daily, between the same persons, without receiving or speaking a single word.

I shall not soon forget the stout lady who sat opposite to me, and who was married to a little hooked-nosed Jew, who always accompanied her. Soup, fish, and then meat is the ordinary rule at such banquets; but here the fashion is for the guests, having curried favour with the waiters, to get their plates of food brought in and put round before them in little circles; so that a man while taking his soup may contemplate his fish and his roast beef, his wing of fowl, his allotment of salad, his peas and potatoes, his pudding, pie, and custard, and whatever other good things a benevolent and well-fed waiter may be able to collect for him. This somewhat crowds the table, and occasionally it becomes necessary for the guest to guard his treasures with an eagle's eye;—hers also with an eagle's eye, and sometimes with an eagle's talon.

This stout lady was great on such occasions. "A bit of that," she would exclaim, with head half turned round, as a man would pass behind her with a dish, while she was in the very act of unloading within her throat a whole knife-ful charged to the hilt. The efforts which at first affected me as almost ridiculous advanced to the sublime as dinner went on. There was no shirking, no half measures, no slackened pace as the breath became short. The work was daily done to the final half-pound of cheese.

Cheese and jelly, guava jelly, were always eaten together. This I found to be the general fashion of

St. Thomas. Some men dipped their cheese in jelly; some ate a bit of jelly and then a bit of cheese; some topped up with jelly and some topped up with cheese, all having it on their plates together. But this lady—she must have spent years in acquiring the exercise—had a knack of involving her cheese in jelly, covering up by a rapid twirl of her knife a bit of about an inch thick, so that no cheesy surface should touch her palate, and then depositing the parcel, oh, ever so far down, without dropping above a grape or two of the covering on her bosom.

Her lord, the Israelite, used to fight hard too; but the battle was always over with him long before the lady showed even a sign of distress.

Over and above this I found nothing of any general interest at St. Thomas.

### III.

LEeward ISLANDS—SAINT CHRISTOPHER—NEVIS—ANTIGUA—CARIBBEAN ISLANDS—GUADALOUPE—MARTINIQUE—DOMINICA—SAINT LUCIA—SAINT VINCENT—GRENADINES—GRENADA.

THE Virgin Islands are at the head of what are designated as the Windward Islands, or the Lesser Antilles; and the British possessions of Saint Christopher, Antigua, Nevis, and others, constitute a group



POINTE A PITRE, GUADALOUPE.

between them and the French group, of which Guadeloupe is the most important.

In the good old days, Mr. Anthony Trollope remarks, when men called things by their proper names, those islands which run down in a string from north to south, from the Virgin Islands to the mouth of the Orinoco River, were called the Windward or Caribbean Islands. They were also called the Lesser Antilles. The Leeward Islands were, and properly speaking are, another cluster lying across the coast of Venezuela, of which Curaçoa is the chief. Oruba and Margarita also belong to this lot, among which, England, I believe, never owned any.

After leaving Saint Thomas, the first island seen of any note is Saint Christopher, commonly known as

Saint Kitts, and Nevis is close to it. Both these colonies are prospering fairly. Sugar is exported, now I am told in increasing, though still not in great quantities, and the appearance of the cultivation is good. Looking up the side of the hills one sees the sugar-canes apparently in cleanly order, and they have an air of substantial comfort. Of course the times are not so bright as in the fine old days previous to emancipation; but, nevertheless, matters have been on the mend, and people are again beginning to get along. On the journey from Nevis to Antigua, Montserrat is sighted, and a singular island-rock called the Redonda is seen very plainly. Montserrat, I am told, is not prospering so well as Saint Kitts or Nevis.

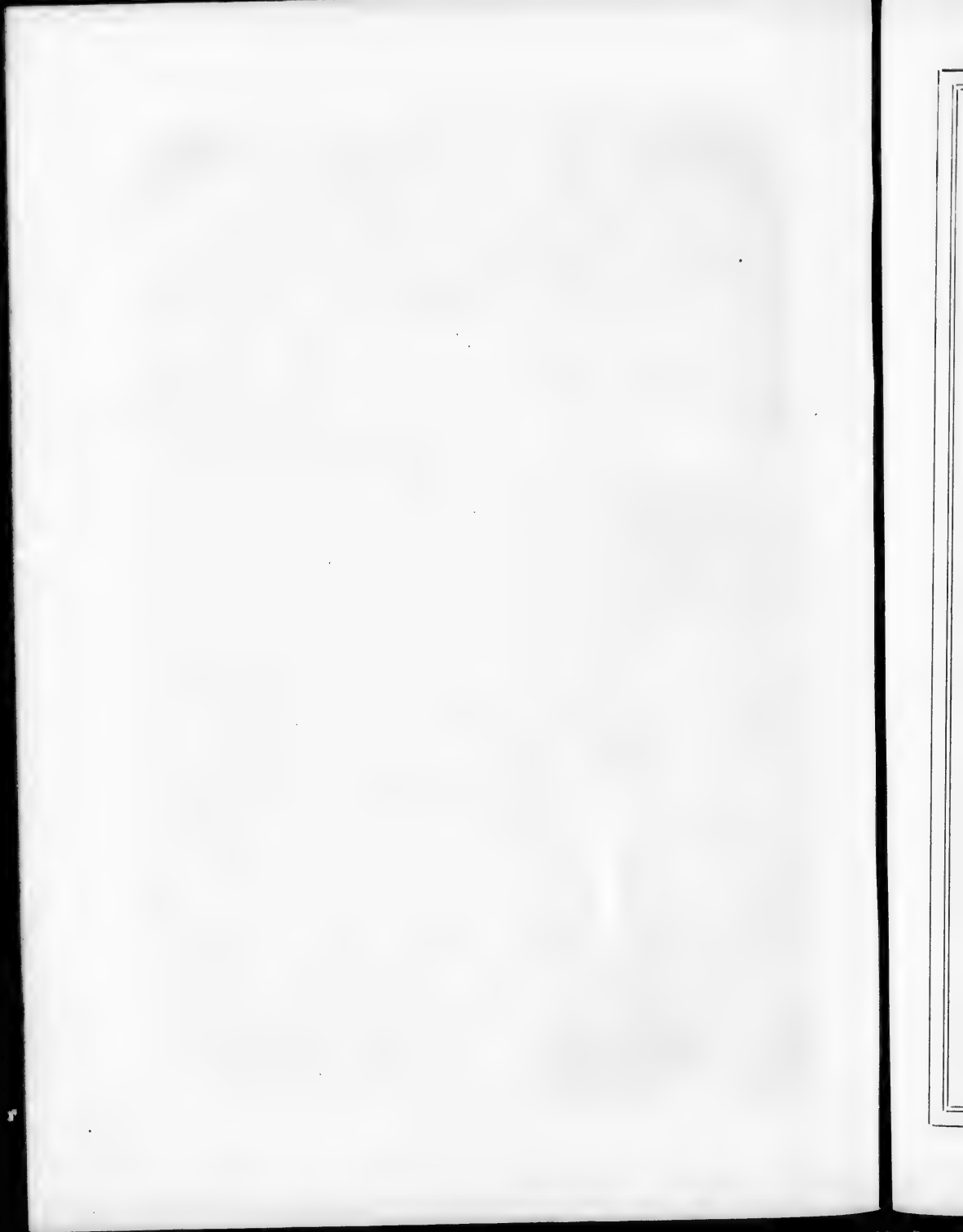
These islands are not so beautiful, not so greenly





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beautiful, as are those further south, to which we shall soon come. The mountains of Nevis are certainly fine as they are seen from the sea, but they are not, or do not seem to be covered with that delicious tropical growth which is so lovely in Jamaica and Trinidad, and, indeed, in many of the smaller islands.

Antigua is the next, going southward. This was, and perhaps is, an island of some importance. It is said to have been the first of the West Indian colonies which itself advocated the abolition of slavery, and to have been the only one which adopted complete emancipation at once, without any intermediate system of apprenticeship. Antigua has its own bishop, whose diocese includes also such of the Virgin Islands as belong to us, and the adjacent islands of Saint Kitts, Nevis, and Montserrat.

Neither is Antigua remarkable for its beauty. It is approached, however, by an excellent and picturesque harbour, called English Harbour, which in former days was much used by the British navy; indeed, I believe it was at one time the head-quarters of a naval station. Premising, in the first place, that I know very little about harbours, I would say that nothing could be more secure than that. Whether or no it may be easy for sailing vessels to get in and out with certain winds, that, indeed, may be doubtful.

Saint John's, the capital of Antigua, is twelve miles from English Harbour. I was in the island only three or four hours, and did not visit it. I am told that it is a good town—or city, I should rather say, now that it has its own bishop.

In all these islands they have Queen, Lords, and Commons in one shape or another. It may, however, be hoped, and I believe trusted, that, for the benefit of the communities, matters chiefly rest in the hands of the first of the three powers. The other members of the legislature, if they have in them anything of wisdom to say, have doubtless an opportunity of saying it—perhaps also an opportunity when they have nothing of wisdom.

After leaving Antigua we come to the French island of Guadeloupe, and then passing Dominica, of which I will say a word just now, to Martinique, which is also French. And here we are among the rich green wild beauties of these thrice beautiful Caribbean Islands. The mountain grouping of both these islands is very fine, and the hills are covered up to their summits with growth of the greenest. At both these islands one is struck with the great superiority of the French West Indian towns to those which belong to us. That in Guadeloupe is called Basseterre, and the capital of Martinique is Saint Pierre. (See page 725). These towns offer remarkable contrasts to Roseau and Port Castries, the chief towns in the adjacent English Islands of Dominica and Saint Lucia. At the French ports one is lauded at excellently contrived little piers, with proper apparatus for lighting, and well-kept steps. The quays are shaded by trees, the streets are neat and in good order, and the shops show that ordinary trade is thriving. There are water conduits with clear streams through the towns, and every thing is ship-shape. I must tell a very different tale when I come to speak of Dominica and Saint Lucia.

The reason for this, I think, well given in a useful guide to the West Indies, published some years since, under the direction of the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company. Speaking of Saint Pierre, in Martinique, the author says: "The streets are neat, regular, and

cleanly. The houses are high, and have more the air of European houses than those of the English colonies. Some of the streets have an avenue of trees which overshadow the footpath, and on either side are deep gutters, down which the water flows. There are five booksellers' houses, and the fashions are well displayed in other shops. The French colonists, whether Creoles<sup>1</sup> or French, consider the West Indies as their country. They cast no wistful looks towards France. They marry, educate, and build in and for the West Indies, and for the West Indies alone. In our colonies it is different. They are considered more as temporary lodging-places, to be deserted as soon as the occupiers have made money enough by molasses and sugar to return home."

All this is quite true. There is something very cheering to an English heart in that sound, and reference to the word home—in that great disinclination to the idea of life-long banishment. But nevertheless, the effect as shown in these islands is not satisfactory to the *amour propre* of an Englishman. And it is not only in the outward appearance of things that the French islands excel those belonging to England which I have specially named. Dominica and Saint Lucia export annually about 6,000 hogheads of sugar each. Martinique exports about 60,000 hogheads. Martinique is certainly rather larger than either of the other two, but size has little or nothing to do with it. It is anything rather than want of fitting soil which makes the produce of sugar so inconsiderable in Dominica and Saint Lucia.

These French islands were first discovered by the Spaniards; but since that time they, as well as the two English islands above named, have passed backwards and forwards between the English and French, till it was settled in 1814 that Martinique and Guadeloupe should belong to France, and Dominica and Saint Lucia, with some others, to England. It certainly seems that France knew how to take care of herself in the arrangement.

To my mind, Dominica, as seen from the sea, is by far the most picturesque of all these islands. Indeed, it would be difficult to beat it either in colour or grouping. It fills one with an ardent desire to be off and rambling among those green mountains—as if one could ramble through such wild, bush country, or ramble at all with the thermometer at 85. But when one has only to think of such things without any idea of doing them, neither the bushes nor the thermometer are considered.

One is landed at Dominica on a beach. If the water be quiet, one gets out dry-shod by means of a strong jump: if the surf be high, one wades through it; if it be very high, one is of course upset. The same things happen at Jacmel, in Hayti; but then Englishmen look on the Haytians as an uncivilised, barbarous race. Seeing that Dominica lies just between Martinique and Guadeloupe, the difference between the English beach and surf and the French piers is the more remarkable.

And then, the perils of the surf being passed, one

<sup>1</sup> It should be understood that a Creole is a person born in the West Indies, of a race not indigenous to the islands. They may be white Creoles, coloured Creoles, or black Creoles. People talk of Creole horses and Creole poultry: those namely which have not been themselves imported, but which have been bred from imported stock. The meaning of the word Creole is, I think, sometimes misunderstood.

walks into the town of Roseau. It is impossible to conceive a more distressing sight. Every house is in a state of decadence. There are no shops that can properly be so called; the people wander about chattering, idle and listless; the streets are covered with thick, rank grass; there is no sign either of money made or of money making. Everything seems to speak of desolation, apathy, and ruin. There is nothing, even in Jamaica, so sad to look at as the town of Roseau.

The greater part of the population are French in manner, religion, and language, and one would be so glad to attribute to that fact this wretched look of apathetic poverty—if it were only possible. But we cannot do that after visiting Martinique and Guadeloupe. It might be said that a French people will not thrive under British rule. But if so, what of Trinidad? This look of misery has been attributed to a great fire which occurred some eighty years since; but when due industry has been at work great fires have usually produced improved towns. Now eighty years have afforded ample time for such improvement if it were forthcoming. Alas! it would seem that it is not forthcoming.

It must, however, be stated in fairness that Dominica produces more coffee than sugar, and that the coffee estates have latterly been the most thriving. Singularly enough, her best customer has been the neighbouring French islands of Martinique, in which some disease has latterly attacked the coffee plants.

We then reach Saint Lucia, which is also very lovely as seen from the sea. This, too, is an island French in its language, manners, and religion; perhaps more entirely so than any other of the islands belonging to ourselves. The laws even are still French, and the people are, I believe, blessed (!) with no Lords and Commons. If I understand the matter rightly, Saint Lucia is held as a colony or possession conquered from the French, and is governed, therefore, by a quasi-military governor, with the aid of a council. It is, however, in some measure dependent on the Governor of Barbados.

To the outward physical eye, Saint Lucia is not so triste as Dominica. There is good landing there, and the little town of Castries, though anything but prosperous in itself, is prosperous in appearance as compared with Roseau.

Saint Lucia is peculiarly celebrated for its snakes. One cannot walk ten yards off the road—so one is told—without being bitten. And if one be bitten, death is certain—except by the interposition of a single individual of the island, who will cure the sufferer—for a consideration. Such, at least, is the report made on this matter. The first question one should ask on going there is as to the whereabouts and usual terms of that worthy and useful practitioner. There is, I believe, a great deal that is remarkable to attract the visitor among the mountains and valleys of St. Lucia.

And then in the usual course, running down the island, one goes to that British advanced post, Barbadoe—Barbados, that lies out to windward, guarding the other islands as it were! Barbados, that is and ever was entirely British! Barbados, that makes money, and is in all respects so respectable a little island! King George need not have feared at all; nor yet need Queen Victoria. If anything goes wrong in England—Napoleon coming there, not to kiss Her Majesty this time, but to make himself less agreeable—let Her Majesty come to Barbados, and she will be safe! I have said that Jamaica never boasts, and have on that

account complained of her. Let such complaint be far from me when I speak of Barbados. But shall I not write a distinct chapter as to this most respectable little island—an island that pays its way!

St. Vincent is the next in our course, and this, too, is green and pretty, and tempting to look at. Here also the French have been in possession but comparatively for a short time. In settling this island, the chief difficulty the English had was with the old native Indians, who more than once endeavoured to turn out their British masters. The contest ended in their being effectively turned out by those British masters, who expelled them all bodily to the Island of Ruatan, in the Bay of Honduras; where their descendants are now giving the Anglo-American diplomatists so much trouble in deciding whose subjects they truly are.

Kingston is the capital here. It looks much better than either Roseau or Castries, though by no means equal to Basseterre or St. Pierre.

This island is said to be healthy, having in this respect a much better reputation than its neighbour St. Lucia, and as far as I could learn it is progressing—progressing slowly, but progressing—in spite even of the burden of Queens, Lords, and Commons. The Lords and Commons are no doubt considerably modified by official influence.

And then the traveller runs down the Grenadines, a pretty cluster of islands lying between St. Vincent and Grenada, of which Bequia and Carriacou are the chief. They have no direct connection with the mail steamers, but are, I believe, under the Governor of Barbados. They are very pretty, though not, as a rule, very productive. Of one of them I was told that the population were all females.

Grenada will be the last upon the list; for I did not visit or even see Tobago, and of Trinidad I have ventured to write a separate chapter, in spite of the shortness of my visit. Grenada is also very lovely, and is, I think, the head-quarters of the world for fruit.

The town of St. Georges, the capital, must at one time have been a place of considerable importance, and even now it has a very different appearance from those that I have just mentioned. It is more like a goodly English town than any other that I saw in any of the smaller British islands. It is well built, though built up and down steep hills, and contains large and comfortable houses. The market place also looks like a market-place, and there are shops in it, in which trade is apparently carried on and money made.

Indeed, Grenada was once a prince among these smaller islands, having other islands under it, with a Governor supreme, instead of tributary. It was fertile also, and productive—in every way of importance.

But now here, as in so many other spots among the West Indies, we are driven to exclaim, Ichabod! The glory of our Grenada has departed, as has the glory of its great namesake in the old world. The houses, though so goodly, are but as so many Alhambras, whose tenants now are by no means great in the world's esteem.

All the hotels in the West Indies are, as I have said, or shall say in some other place, kept by ladies of colour: in the most part by ladies who are no longer very young. They are generally called familiarly by their double name. Betsey Austen, for instance; and Caroline Lee. I went to the house of some such lady in St. Georges, and she told me a woeiful tale of her

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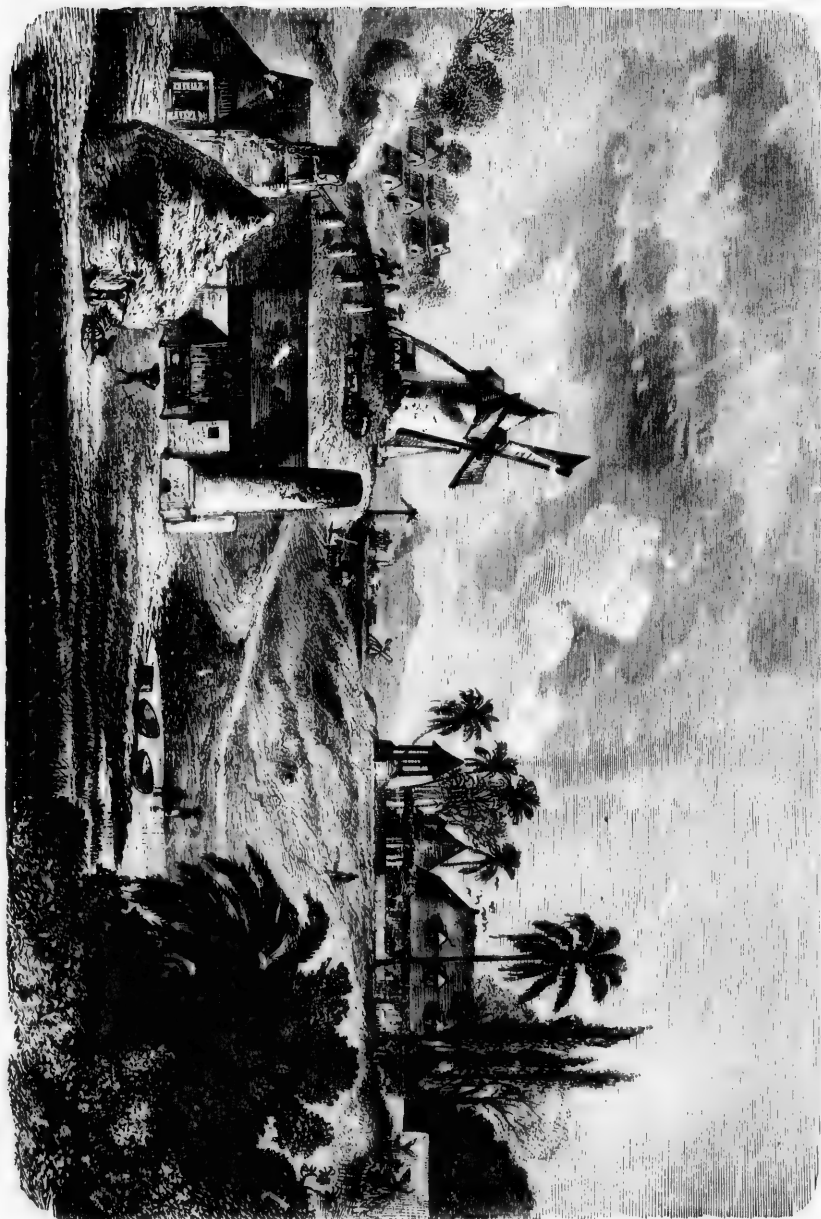
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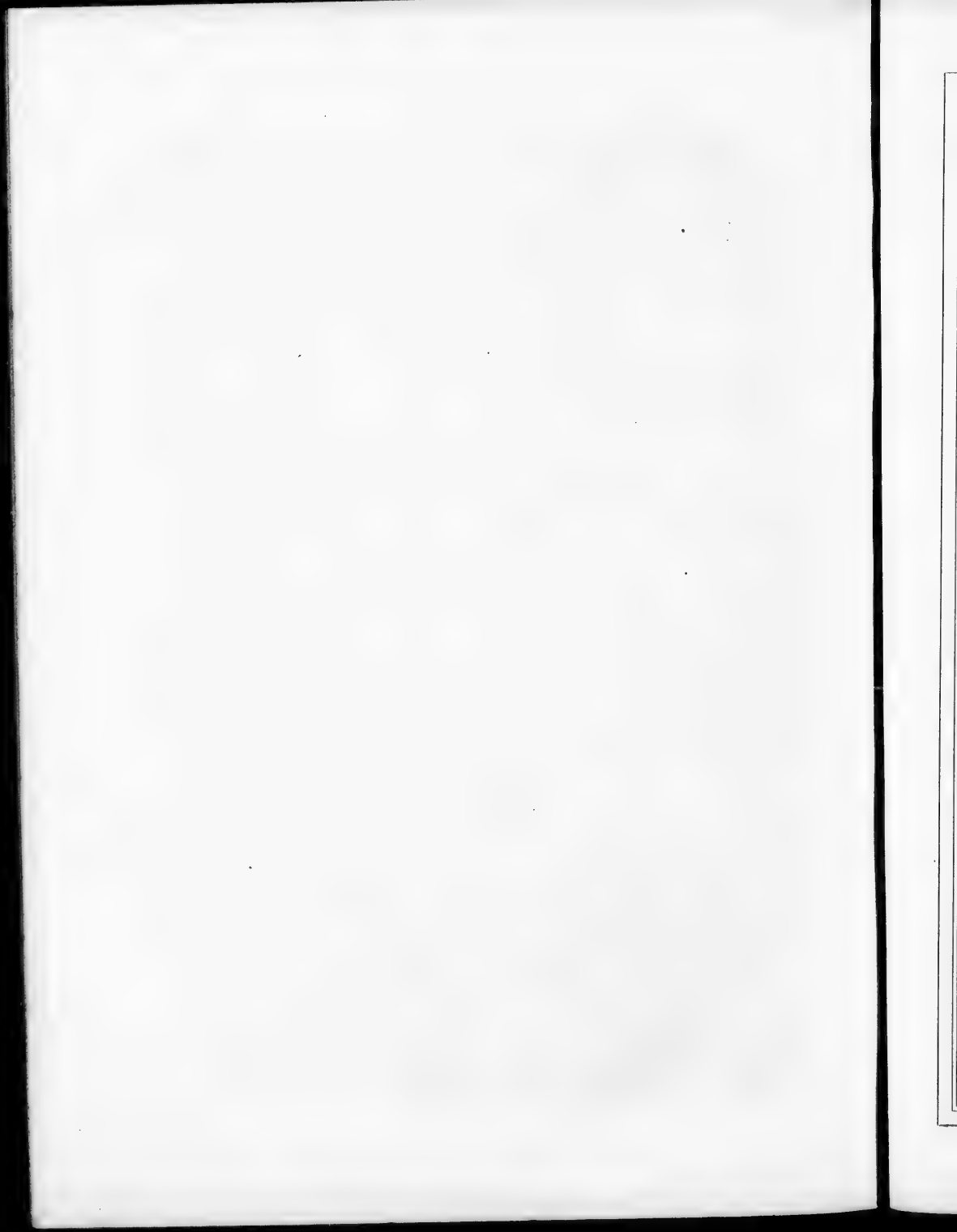
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SUGAR MILL AT GUADALUPE







miseries. She was Kitty something, I think—soon, apparently, to become Kitty of another world. "An hotel," she said. "No; she kept no hotel now-a-days—what use was there for an hotel in St. Georges? She kept a lodging-house; though, for the matter of that, no lodgers ever came nigh her. That little granddaughter of hers sometimes sold a bottle of ginger beer; that was all." It must be hard for living eyes to see one's trade die off in that way.

The island of Guadeloupe has somewhat of the form of a crescent, and may be considered as rather consisting of two islands than of one; for it is divided into two parts by a narrow strait called Salt River, navigable only by canoes. The sea on the north-west communicates by this remarkable channel with the sea on the north-east. The north-west and most fertile part of the island is divided into Basse-terre and Cabas-terre; the eastern and more sandy division of it is named Grande-terre. That portion of the island from which the whole takes its name, is towards the middle, full of high and rugged rocks, where the climate is so cold, and the soil so barren, that little vegetation is to be seen. Over the summit of these rocks, the mountain called La Soufrière, or the Sulphur Mountain, rises to a height of 1,557 French yards above the level of the sea. This mountain continually sends forth, through various apertures, a thick black smoke, frequently mingled with sparks of fire. The principal harbour is called Point à Pitre, of which we give a sketch at page 732.

Guadeloupe produces sugar, coffee, rum, ginger, cocoa, logwood, &c., and is well stored with horned cattle, sheep, and horses. The population exceeds 100,000 in the relative proportions of about 90,000 negroes, 13,000 whites, and 8,000 creoles. The exports present a comparative value of 8 to 10,000,000 lbs. of brown and other sugars, 1,000,000 gallons of rum, 1,500,000 lbs. of coffee, 2 to 300,000 lbs. of cotton, and 500 to 1000 lbs. of cocoa. The sketch we have given at page 737 is that of a French sugar factory and its appurtenances, with the owner's residence, in olden times. Windmills have been now generally succeeded by steam, where there is not water power, and various other changes and improvements have been introduced with the progress of time. We shall, however, give some idea of the slow progress with which improvements are introduced into the West India Islands, as depicted by Mr. Anthony Trollope's graphic pen, in our next chapter, when treating of Barbados, where the windmill is still in full play, as it is in many of the French Islands.

#### IV.

BARBADOS, "A RESPECTABLE LITTLE ISLAND"—BRIDGETOWN—ICE-HOUSES—HOTELS AND THEIR LANDLADIES—NEGROES, BIRMS, OR CREOLES—SUGAR PLANTATIONS AND FACTORIES.

BARBADOS is a respectable, a very respectable little island, and it makes a great deal of sugar. It is not picturesquely beautiful, as are almost all the other Antilles, and therefore has but few attractions for strangers.

But this very absence of scenic beauty has saved it from the fate of its neighbours. A country that is broken into landscapes, that boasts of its mountains, woods, and waterfalls, that is regarded for its wild loveliness, is seldom propitious to agriculture. A portion of the surface in all such regions defies the

improving farmer. But, beyond this, such ground under the tropics offers every inducement to the negro squatter. In Jamaica, Dominica, St. Lucia, and Grenada, the negro, when emancipated, could squat and make himself happy; but in Barbados there was not an inch for him.

When emancipation came there was no squatting ground for the poor Barbadian. He had still to work and make sugar—work quite as hard as he had done while yet a slave. He had to do that or to starve. Consequently, labour has been abundant in this island, and in this island only; and in all the West Indian troubles it has kept its head above water, and made sugar respectable paying twenty shillings in the pound, supporting itself, and earning its bread decently by the sweat of its brow. The pity is that the Barbadians themselves should think so much of their own achievements.

As to its appearance, it is, as I have said, totally different from any of the other islands, and to an English eye much less attractive in its character. But for the heat, its appearance would not strike with any surprise an Englishman accustomed to an ordinary but ugly agricultural country. It has not the thick tropical foliage which is so abundant in the other islands, nor the wild, grassy dells. Happily for the Barbadians every inch of it will produce canes; and, to the credit of the Barbadians, every inch of it does so. The island is something over twenty miles long, and something over twelve miles broad. The roads are excellent indeed, but so white that they sadly hurt the eye of a stranger.

Bridgetown, the metropolis of the island, is much like a second or third-rate English town. It has none of the general peculiarities of the West Indies, except the heat. The streets are narrow, irregular, and crooked, so that at first a stranger is apt to miss his way. They all, however, converge at Trafalgar Square, a spot which, in Barbados, is presumed to compete with the open space at Charing Cross bearing the same name. They have this resemblance, that each contains a statue of Nelson. The Barbadian Trafalgar Square contains also a tree, which is more than can be said for its namesake. There are good shops in Bridgetown—good, respectable, well-to-do shops, that sell everything, from a candle up to a coffin, including wedding-rings, combs, and widows' caps. But they are hot, dusty, crowded places, as are such places in third-rate English towns. A purchase of a pair of gloves in Barbados drives one at once into the ice-house.

And here it may be well to explain this very peculiar, delightful, but too dangerous West Indian institution. There is something cool and mild in the name, which makes one fancy that ladies would delight to frequent it. But, alas! a West Indian ice-house is but a drinking-shop—a place where one goes to "liquor," as the Americans call it, without the knowledge of the feminine creation. It is a drinking-shop, at which the draughts are all cool, are all iced, but at which, alas! they are also strong. The brandy, I fear, is as essential as the ice.

There is a mystery about hotels in the British West Indies. They are always kept by fat, middle-aged coloured ladies, who have no husbands. I never found an exception, except at Berbice, where my friend Paris Britain keeps open doors in the city of the sleepers.

As a rule, there is not much to be said against these hotels, though they will not come up to the ideas of a traveller who has been used to the inns of Switzerland. The table is always plentifully supplied, and the viands generally good. Of that at Barbados I can make no complaint, except this; that the people over the way kept a gray parrot which never ceased screaming day or night. Otherwise than on this score, Miss Carolino Lee's hotel at Barbados is very fair. And as for hot pickles—she is the very queen of them.

The inhabitants of Barbados are, I believe very nearly 150,000 in number. This is a greater population than that of the whole of Guiana. The negroes here differ much, I think, from those in the other islands, not only in manner, but even in form and physiognomy. They are of heavier build, broader in the face, and higher in the forehead. They are also certainly less good-humoured, and more inclined to insolence; so that if anything be gained in intelligence it is lost in conduct. On the whole, I think that the Barbados negroes are more intelligent than others that I have met. It is probable that this may come from more continual occupation.

But if the black people differ from their brethren of the other islands, so certainly do the white people. One soon learns to know a—Bim. That is the name in which they themselves delight, and therefore, though there is a sound of slang about it, I give it here. The most peculiar distinction is in his voice. There is always a nasal twang about it, but quite distinct from the nasality of a Yankee. The Yankee's word rings sharp through his nose; not so that of the first-class Bim. There is a soft drawl about it, and the sound is seldom completely formed. The effect on the ear is the same as that on the hand when a man gives you his to shake, and instead of shaking yours, holds his own still.

The Bims, as I have said, are generally stout fellows. As a rule they are larger and fairer than other West Indian Creoles, less delicate in their limbs, and more clumsy in their gait. The male graces are not much studied in Barbados. But it is not only by their form or voice that you may know them—not only by their voice, but by their words. No people ever praised themselves so constantly; no set of men were ever so assured that they and their occupations are the main paws on which the world hangs.

It is certainly the fact that they do make their sugar in a very old-fashioned way in Barbados, using wind-mills instead of steam; and that you see less here of the improved machinery for the manufacture than in Demerara, or Cuba, or Trinidad, or even in Jamaica. The great answer given to objections is that the old system pays best. It may perhaps do so for the present moment, though I should doubt even that. But I am certain it cannot continue to do so. No trade and no agriculture can afford to dispense with the improvements of science.

I found some here who acknowledged that the mere produce of the cane from the land had been pressed too far by means of guano. A great crop is thus procured, but it appears that the soil is injured, and that the sugar is injured also. The canes, moreover, will not ratoon as they used to do, and as they still do in other parts of the West Indies. The cane is planted, and when ripe is cut. If allowed, another cane will grow from the same plant, and that is a ratoon; and again a third will grow, giving a third crop from the

same plant; and in many soils a fourth; and in some few many more; and one hears of canes ratooning for twenty years.

If the same amount and quality of sugar be produced, of course the system of ratooning must be by far the cheapest and most profitable. In, I believe, most of our colonies the second crop is as good as the first, and I understand that it used to be so in Barbados. But it is not so now. The ratoons almost always look poor, and the second ratoons appear to be hardly worth cutting. I believe that this is so much the case that many Barbados planters now look to get but one crop only from each planting. This falling off in the real fertility of the soil is, I think, owing to the use of artificial manure, such as guano.

There is a system all through these sugar-growing countries of burning the magass, or trash; this is the stalk of the cane, or remnant of the stalk after it comes through the mill. What would be said of an English agriculturist who burnt his straw? It is I believe one of the soundest laws of agriculture that the refuse of the crop should return to the ground which gave it. To this it will be answered that the English agriculturist is not called on by the necessity of his position to burn his straw. He has not to boil his wheat, nor yet his beef and mutton; whereas the Barbados farmer is obliged to boil his crop. At the present moment the Barbados farmer is under this obligation; but he is not obliged to do it with the refuse produce of his fields. He cannot perhaps use coals immediately under his boilers, but he can heat them with steam, which comes pretty much to the same thing.

Even in Barbados, numerous as are the negroes, they certainly live an easier life than that of an English labourer, earn their money with more facility, and are more independent of their masters. A gentleman having one hundred and fifty families living on his property would not expect to obtain from them the labour of above ninety men at the usual rate of pay, and that for not more than five days a-week. They live in great comfort, and in some things are beyond measure extravagant.

"Do you observe," said a lady to me, "that the women when they walk never hold up their dresses."

"I certainly have," I answered. "Probably they are but ill shod, and do not care to show their feet."

"Not at all. Their feet have nothing to do with it. But they think it economical to hold up their petticoats. It betokens a stingy, saving disposition, and they prefer to show that they do not regard a few yards of muslin more or less."

This is perfectly true of them. As the shopman in Jamaica said to me: In this part of the world we must never think of little economies. The very negroes are ashamed to do so.

Of the coloured people I saw nothing, except that the shops are generally attended by them. They seemed not to be so numerous as they are elsewhere, and are, I think, never met with in the society of white people. In no instance did I meet one, and I am told that in Barbados there is a very rigid adherence to this rule. Indeed, one never seems to have the alternative of seeing them; whereas in Jamaica one has not the alternative of avoiding them. As regards myself, I would rather have been thrown among them.

I think that in all probability the white settlers in Barbados have kept themselves more distinct from the

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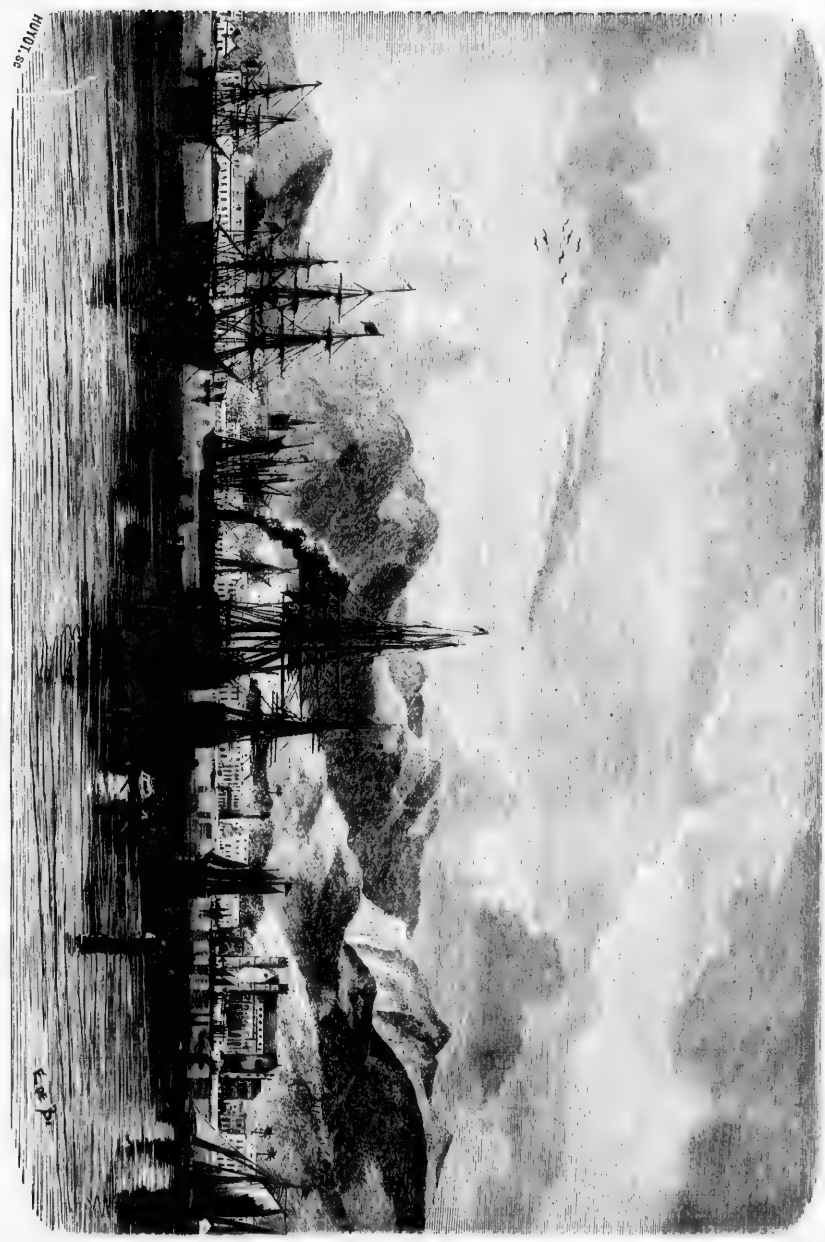
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PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD.





negro race, and have not at any time been themselves so burdened with coloured children as is the case elsewhere. If this be so, they certainly deserve credit for their prudence.

Here also there is a King, Lords, and Commons, or a governor, a council, and an assembly. The council consists of twelve, and are either chosen by the Crown, or enjoy their seat by virtue of office held by appointment from the Crown. The governor in person sits in the council. The assembly consists of twenty-two, who are annually elected by the parishes. None but white men do vote at these elections, though no doubt a black man could vote, if a black man were allowed to obtain a freehold.

Here, as elsewhere through the West Indies, one meets with unbounded hospitality. A man who dines out on Monday will receive probably three invitations for Tuesday, and six for Wednesday. And they entertain very well. That haunch of mutton and turkey which are now the bugbear of the English dinner-giver do not seem to trouble the minds or haunt the tables of West Indian hosts.

And after all, Barbados—little England as it delights to call itself—is and should be respected among islands. It owes no man anything, pays its own way, and never makes a poor mouth. Let us say what we will, self-respect is a fine quality, and the Barbadians certainly enjoy that. It is a very fine quality, and generally leads to respect from others. They who have nothing to say for themselves will seldom find others to say much for them. I therefore repeat what I said at first. Barbados is a very respectable little island, and considering the limited extent of its acreage, it does make a great deal of sugar.

### V.

TRINIDAD—WHALING ESTABLISHMENTS—PORT OF SPAIN—QUESTION OF COOLIE IMMIGRATION AND LABOUR—GOVERNOR'S HOUSE—THE SAVANNAH AND ST. JAMES'S BARACKS—NEGRO AND CHINESE TROOPS—THE SADDLE—PITCH LAKE.

No scenery can be more picturesque than that afforded by the entrance to Port of Spain, the chief town in the Island of Trinidad. (See page 741.) Trinidad, as all men doubtless know, is the southernmost of the West Indian islands, and lies across the delta of the Orinoco river. The western portion of the island is so placed that it nearly reaches with two horns two different parts of the mainland of Venezuela, one of the South American republics. And thus a bay is formed closed in between the island and the mainland, somewhat as is the Gulf of Mexico by the island of Cuba; only that the proportions here are much less in size. This inclosed sea is called the Gulf of Paria.

The two chief towns in Trinidad are situated in this bay. That which is the larger, and the seat of government, is called the Port of Spain, and lies near to the northern horn. San Fernando, the other, which is surrounded by the finest sugar districts of the island, is on the other side of the bay and near the other horn.

The passages into the inclosed sea on either side are called the Bocas, or mouths. Those nearest to the delta of the Orinoco are the Serpent's mouths. The ordinary approach from England or the other islands is by the more northern entrance. Here there are three passages, of which the middle is the largest one, the Boca Grande. That between the mainland and a small island is used by the steamers in fine weather, and is

by far the prettiest. Through this, the Boca di Mona, or monkey's mouth, we approached Port of Spain. These northern entrances are called the Dragon's mouths. What may be the nautical difference between the mouth of a dragon and that of a serpent I did not learn.

On the mainland, that is the land of the main island, the coast is precipitous, but clothed to the very top with the thickest and most magnificent foliage. With an opera-glass one can distinctly see the trees coming forth from the sides of the rocks as though no soil were necessary for them, and not even a shelf of stone needed for their support. And these are not shrubs, but forest trees, with grand spreading branches, huge trunks, and brilliant coloured foliage. The small island on the other side is almost equally wooded, but is less precipitous. This little island in the good old days, regretted by not a few, when planters were planters, and slaves were slaves, produced cotton up to its very hill-tops. Now I believe it yields nothing but the grass for a few cattle.

Our steamer as she got well into the boca drew near to the shore of the large island, and as we passed along we had a succession of lovely scenes. Soft-green smiling nooks made themselves visible below the rocks, the very spots for picnics. There was one narrow shady valley, into which a creek of the sea ran up, that must have been made for such purposes, either for that, or for the less noisy joys of some Paul of Trinidad with his Creole Virginia.

As we steamed on a little further we came to a whaling establishment. Ideas of whaling establishments naturally connect themselves with icebergs and the North Pole. But it seems that there are races of whales as there are of men, proper to the tropics as well as to the poles; and some of the former here render up their oily tributes. From the look of the place I should not say that the trade was flourishing. The whaling huts are very picturesque, but do not say much for the commercial enterprise of the proprietors.

From them we went on through many smaller islands to Port of Spain. This is a large town, excellently well laid out, with the streets running all at right angles to each other, as is now so common in new towns. The spaces have been prepared for a much larger population than that now existing, so that it is at present straggling, unfilled, and full of gaps. But the time will come, and that before long, when it will be the best town in the British West Indies. There is at present in Port of Spain a degree of commercial enterprise quite unlike the sleepiness of Jamaica or the apathy of the smaller islands.

Trinidad is a large island, great portions of which are but very imperfectly known; of which but comparatively a very small part has been cultivated. During the last eight or ten years, ten or twelve thousand immigrants, chiefly coolies from Madras and Calcutta, have been brought into Trinidad, forming now above an eighth part of its entire population; and the consequence has been that in two years, from 1855, namely, to 1857, its imports were increased by one-third and its exports by two-thirds!

Immediately round Port of Spain the country is magnificent, and the views from the town itself are very lovely. Exactly behind the town, presuming the sea to be the front, is the Savannah, a large inclosed, park-like piece of common, the race-course and Hyde Park of Trinidad. I was told that the drive round it

was three English miles in length; but if it be so much, the little pony which took me that drive in a hired buggy must have been a fast trotter.

On the further side of this lives the Governor of the island, immediately under the hills. When I was there the Governor's real house was being repaired, and the great man was living in a cottage hard by. Were I that great man I should be tempted to wish that my great house might always be under repair, for I never saw a more perfect specimen of a pretty spacious cottage, opening as a cottage should do on all sides and in every direction, with a great complexity as to doors and windows, and a delicious facility of losing one's way.

On the other side of the Savannah nearest to the town, and directly opposite to those lovely hills, are a lot of villa residences, and it would be impossible, I imagine, to find a more lovely site in which to fix one's house. With the Savannah for a foreground, the rising gardens behind the Governor's house in the middle distance, and a panorama of magnificent hills in the back of the picture, it is hardly within the compass of a man's eye and imagination to add anything to the scene. I had promised to call on Major —, who was then, and perhaps is still, in command of the detachment of white troops in Trinidad, and I found him and his young wife living in this spot.

"And yet you abuse Trinidad," I said, pointing to the view.

"Oh! people can't live altogether upon views," she answered; "and besides, we have to go back to the barracks. The yellow fever is over now."

The only place at which I came across any vestiges of the yellow fever was at Trinidad. There it had been making dreadful havoc, and chiefly among the white soldiers. My visit was in March, and the virulence of the disease was then just over. It had been raging, therefore, not in the summer but during the winter months. Indeed, as far as I could learn, summer and winter had very little to do with the matter.

At this time a part of the Savannah was covered with tents, to which the soldiers had been moved out of their barracks. The barracks are lower down, near the shore, at a place called St. James, and the locality is said to be wretchedly unhealthy. At any rate, the men were stricken with fever there, and the proportion of them that died was very great. I believe, indeed, that hardly any recovered of those on whom the fever fell with any violence. They were then removed into these tents, and matters began to mend. They were now about to return to their barracks, and were, I was told, as unwilling to do so as my fair friend was to leave her pretty house.

It certainly seems that no care has been taken to select healthy abodes for the troops at Trinidad. The barracks are placed very low, and with hills immediately around them. The good effect produced by removing them to the Savannah—a very inconsiderable distance; not, as I think, much exceeding a mile—proves what may be done by choosing a healthy situation. But why should not the men be taken up to the mountains, as has been done with the white soldiers in Jamaica? There they are placed in barracks some three or four thousand feet above the sea, and are perfectly healthy. But in Trinidad this may be done quite as easily, and indeed at a lesser distance, and therefore with less cost, than in Jamaica.

Under such circumstances white men must, I

presume, do the work. A shilling a day is an object to them, and they are slow to blow out their own brains; but they should not be barracked in swamps, or made to live in an air more pestilential than necessary.

My hostess, the lady to whom I have alluded, had been attacked most virulently by the yellow fever, and I had heard in the other islands that she was dead. Her case had indeed been given up as hopeless.

On the morning after my arrival I took a ride of some sixteen miles through the country before breakfast, and the same lady accompanied me. "We must start very early," she said; "so as to avoid the heat. I will have coffee at half-past four, and we will be on horseback at five."

I have had something to say as to early hours in the West Indies before, and hardly credited this. A morning start at five usually means half-past seven, and six o'clock is a generic term for moving before nine. So I meekly asked whether half-past four meant half-past four. "No," said the husband. "Yes," said the wife. So I went away declaring that I would present myself at the house at any rate not after five.

And so I did, according to my own very excellent watch, which had been set the day before by the ship's chronometer. I rode up to the door two minutes before five, perfectly certain that I should have the pleasure of watching the sun's early manoeuvres for at least an hour. But, alas! my friend had been waiting for me in her riding-habit for more than that time. Our watches were frightfully at variance. It was perfectly clear to me that the Trinidadians do not take the sun for their guide as to time. But in such a plight as was then mine, a man cannot go into his evidence and his justification. My only plea was for mercy; and I hereby take it on myself to say that I do not know that I ever kept any lady waiting before—except my wife.

At five to the moment—by my watch—we started, and I certainly never rode for three hours through more lovely scenery. At first, also, it was deliciously cool, and as our road lay entirely through woods, it was in every way delightful. We went back into the hills, and returned again towards the sea-shore over a break in one of the spurs of the mountain called the Saddle; from whence we had a distant view into the island, as fine as any view I ever saw without the adjunct of water.

I should imagine that a tour through the whole of Trinidad would richly repay the trouble, though, indeed, it would be troublesome. The tourist must take his own provisions, unless, indeed, he provided himself by means of his gun, and must take also his bed. The mosquitoes, too, are very vexatious in Trinidad, though I hardly think that they come up in venom to their brethren in British Guiana.

The first portion of our ride was delightful; but on our return we came down upon a hot, dusty road, and then the loss of that hour in the morning was deeply felt. I think that up to that time I had never encountered such heat, and certainly had never met with a more disagreeable, troublesome amount of dust, all which would have been avoided had I inquired over-night into the circumstances of the Trinidad watches. But the lady said never a word, and so heaped coals of fire on my head, in addition to the consuming flames of that ever-to-be-remembered sun.

As Trinidad is an English colony, one's first idea is that the people speak English; and one's second idea,



WATERFALL IN GUIANA.





when that other one as to the English has fallen to the ground, is that they should speak Spanish, seeing that the name of the place is Spanish. But the fact is that they all speak French; and, out of the town, but few of the natives speak anything else. Whether a Parisian would admit this may be doubted; but he would have to acknowledge that it was a French patois.

And the religion is Roman Catholic. The island of course did belong to France, and in manners, habits, language and religion is still French. There is a Roman Catholic archbishop resident in Trinidad, who is, I believe, at present an Italian. We pay him, I have been told, some salary, which he declines to take for his own use, but applies to purposes of charity. There is a Roman Catholic cathedral in Port of Spain, and a very ugly building it is.

The form of government also is different from that, or rather those, which have been adopted in the other West Indian colonies, such as Jamaica, Barbados, and British Guiana. As this was a conquered colony, the people of the island are not allowed to have so potent a voice in their own management. They have no House of Commons or Legislative Assembly, but take such rules or laws as may be necessary for their guidance direct from the Crown. The governor, however, is assisted by a council, in which sit the chief executive officers in the island.

A scientific survey has just been completed of this island, with reference to its mineral productions, and the result has been to show that it contains a very large quantity of coal. There is also here in Trinidad a great pitch lake, of which all the world has heard, and out of which that indefatigable old hero, the late Lord Dundonald, tried hard to make wax candles and oil for burning. The oil and candles, indeed, he did make; but not, I fear, the money which should have been consequent upon their fabrication.

## VI.

### BRITISH GUIANA.

THE BUSH—MOUNTAINS—SAVANNAHS—LAKE ARNUCH—  
VIRGIN FORESTS—MAGNIFICENT RIVERS—DEVIL'S ROCK—  
INDIAN HIEROGLYPHS—CATARACTS—CURABLE POISON—  
NATIVES—HISTORICAL EPISODES—ANIMAL LIFE—QUAD-  
RUPEDS—BIRDS—REPTILES—INSECTS.

It is surprising how little is known of British Guiana. Take up any modern work on geography, and you will find something to the following effect:—"The whole coast is so flat, that it is scarcely visible till the shore has been touched; the tops of the trees only are seen, and even seem to be growing out of the sea—nothing of varied scenery is presented to the eye—little is beheld but water and woods, which seem to conceal every appearance of land. The same sombre and monotonous appearance is presented in the interior to those few curious individuals who have endeavoured to penetrate into those recesses of the forest, by the numerous openings which nature has made by the streams which successively augment the Corentin, the Berbice, the Demerara, and the Essequibo."

Such a picture of Guiana is perhaps the least correct that could be possibly given. True it is that this extensive territory is largely encircled and intersected by rivers, which present the almost unparalleled hydrographic phenomenon of flowing in almost uninterrupted

communication throughout the land. But, notwithstanding this peculiarity, the interior of Guiana presents a very diversified surface, and much contrasted configuration. Such ignorance of the country as would describe it either as an island or a mud-flat is now no longer tolerable.

"Before the arrival of the European," says Dr. Dalton,<sup>1</sup> "the lofty mountain heights of the interior, the fertile and undulating valleys of the hilly region, and the borders of the illimitable forests and savannahs, were alone tenanted by the various tribes of Indians who were scattered throughout this vast domain. Their fragile canoes were occasionally seen gliding along the large rivers and the numerous tributary streams which intersect the country; a dense mass of unrivalled foliage, comprising palms, mangroves, couridas and ferns, fringed the banks of the rivers and the margins of the coasts; while a thicker bush of an infinite variety of trees extended inland over an uncleared territory, where the prowling beast, the dreaded reptile, the wild bird, and the noxious insect roamed at large. But when colonisation commenced and civilisation progressed, the flat lands bordering on the coasts and rivers were cleared and cultivated, the savage forests and their occupants retreated before the encroaching step of civilisation and the march of industry, plantations were laid out, canals and trenches dug, roads formed, and houses raised over the level plain of alluvial soil, which, without a hill or elevation of any kind, stretches for many miles between the sand-hill regions and the Atlantic Ocean."

Once in sight of the land the scene rapidly changes in appearance—from a long, low outline of bush to the different objects which characterise the attractive scenery of the tropics. The bright green palm-trees, with their huge leaves fanned briskly by the sea breeze, and the lofty silk cotton-tree are plainly visible; while a confused, but picturesque group of trees and plants of tropical growth, with white and shining houses interspersed among them, present to the stranger rather the appearance of a large garden than the site of an extensive and busy city.

This low wooded alluvial tract extends inland to variable distances, from ten to forty miles, and is almost level throughout its whole extent. It is succeeded by a range of unproductive sand-hills and sand-ridges, which attain an elevation varying from thirty to one hundred and twenty feet. These sand-hills repose upon rock, and beyond them the land is covered with trees and shrubs, constituting what is called the "The Bush."

The mountains of British Guiana are so far removed from the coast, and are so difficult of access, as to be rarely seen by the inhabitants. Yet are there many different ranges and groups, for the most part granitic, more or less wooded, and varying in elevation from one to four and even five thousand feet. Among them is the famous Roraima, or "red rock," a remarkable sandstone group which rises 7500 feet above the level of the sea, the upper 1500 feet presenting a mural precipice. These stupendous walls are as perpendicular as if erected with the plumb-line; nevertheless, in some parts they are overhung with low shrubs, while

<sup>1</sup> *The History of British Guiana*; comprising a General Description of the Colony; a Narrative of Some of the Principal Events from the Earliest Period of its Discovery to the Present Time; together with an Account of its Climate, Geology, Staple Products and Natural History. By Henry G. Dalton, M.D., &c. 2 vols. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

down their face rush numerous cascades, which, falling from this enormous height, flow in different directions to form the tributaries of three of the largest rivers in South America; namely the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the Essequibo.

Romantic and poetical as are the sublimest of nature, they are duly appreciated by the Indians. Their traditions and songs bear constant allusion to this magnificent scenery. In their dances they sing of "Roraima, the red-rocked, wrapped in clouds, the ever-fertile source of streams;" and in consequence of the darkness which frequently prevails when thick clouds hover about its summit, it is likewise called the Night Mountain; "of Roraima, the red-rocked, I sing, where with daybreak the night still prevails."

These mountain ranges are inhabited by various tribes of Indians, who live chiefly by hunting; and inclosed between the same rocky regions, the rest of the face of the country is marked by a few, but grand features—such as wide-spread savannahs, illimitable forests, undulating plains, and gigantic rivers.

There are several kinds of savannahs. Some are merely large tracks of swampy land, covered with tall rank grasses, the abode of reptiles and aquatic birds; but some of them are also well adapted for grazing. A second variety are more inland, of greater extent—extending to about 14,400 square miles—mountains surrounded, but also marshy, covered with grasses and a few stunted trees, traversed by tortuous streams whose course may often be traced afar off by an irregular row of trees, and with here and there tufts of trees like verdant isles in the plain.

Upon these savannahs is the celebrated Lake Arnuch, whose waters during the season of inundation are said to flow eastward and westward, and which, according to Schomburgk, was once the bed of an inland lake, which, by one of those catastrophes of which even later times give us examples, broke its barrier, forcing for its waters a path to the Atlantic.

A third description of savannahs are of varying extent, but are marked by an entire absence of hills or irregularities of any kind; hence the term llanos, or plains, which have been applied to them by some. According to Humboldt, these savannahs, improperly called by some, prairies, are true steppes (llanos and pampas of South America). They present a rich covering of verdure during the rainy season, but in the months of drought the earth assumes the appearance of a desert. The turf becomes reduced to powder, the earth gapes in huge cracks. The crocodiles and great serpents lie in a dormant state in the dried mud, until the return of rains and the rise of the waters in the great rivers, which flooding the vast expanse of level surface, awake them from their slumbers. These sterile savannahs are the deserts of the American continent.

"Far different to the barren savannahs," Dr. Dalton remarks, "are the magnificent forests which present to the eye an unfading garment of green, varying in tint from the darkest to the lightest hue. Here are to be seen majestic trees, larger and stately than the oak; here entwined in voluptuous negligence numerous plant vines, interlacing and encircling the larger trees, and named by the colonists bush-ropes (lianes). Here flourish the varieties of the broad-leaved palms, the numerous native fruit trees, and a host of others possessing medicinal and other valuable properties, whilst minute mosses, innumerable lichens, and a variety of

ferns and parasitic plants crowd together in social luxuriance; orchideous plants in amazing numbers, perched on the gigantic and forked branches of trees, seeking only for a resting place, appear to inhale from the air alone (though so densely crowded by inhabitants) the pabulum which supports their capricious and singular existence."

Not alone are trees, and shrubs, and plants glorying in existence, but the forest, still and silent as the grave, is yet a city for the reception of all things living, save man. Yet amid this apparent silence, should one listen attentively, he hears a stifled sound, a continued murmur, a hum of insects that fill the lower strata of the air. Nothing is more adapted to excite in man a sentiment of the extent and power of organic life.

Myriads of insects crawl on the ground, and flutter round the plants scorched by the sun's heat. A confused noise issues from every bush, from the decayed trunks of trees, the fissures of the rocks, and from the ground, which is undermined by lizards, millepedes, and blind worms. It is a voice proclaiming to us that all nature breathes, that, under a thousand different forms, life is diffused in the cracked and dusty soil as in the bosom of its waters, and in the air that circulates around us.

Timber trees in every variety, fruit trees in astonishing profusion, medicinal plants of singular efficacy, shrubs and flower plants in inexhaustible numbers, are found within these fruitful forests, in whose branches nestle a world of birds. The shrill scream of the parrot at morning and evening rends the air, while plaintive and slow strains may be heard at times from the man and the powie. The rich plumage of the numerous bird tribes, and their peculiar and varied notes, form a marked contrast to the mute but grand assemblage of living plants. The magnitude and grandeur of these vast forests are almost incredible, save to eye-witnesses. The Indian, the melancholy lord of the soil, alone appreciates their gorgeous beauty and soothing solitudes.

Next to the boundless forests come the magnificent rivers of Guiana; with their noble expanse of waters, their beautiful wooded islands, their picturesque cataracts, their lonely but romantic scenery, and their secluded creeks, the resort of savage barbarism.

But it is not in the neighbourhood of the coasts, nor near the banks of the rivers, although even there the luxuriance of the foliage and breadth of water are very striking, that the most remarkable scenes and objects which are met with in the interior of British Guiana present themselves to notice. The traveller must pass by the maritime portion, and leave behind him the interminable forests; he must ascend the rivers, and surmount the numerous rapids and cataracts; he must quit the equable but enervating temperature of the low lands, and ascend the granite mountains and sandstone heights, in order to appreciate all the grandeur and beauty of the scenery; and to trace with awe, wonder, and admiration, the picturesque objects which stud the wooded plains and wandering streams.

According to Sir Robert Schomburgk, the greatest geological wonder of Guiana is the Aтары, or Devil's Rock. This singular rock is wooded for about 350 feet, above which rises a mass of granite devoid of all vegetation, in a pyramidal form. It is about 550 feet more. At another spot, a remarkable basaltic column, fashioned by nature, and called by the Indians Puré-Piapa, or the Felled Tree, occupies the summit of a

small hillock, about 50 feet high. A portion of another group of columnar basalt, which also terminates on the summit in one abrupt pillar, about 50 feet in height, has been assimilated by the Indians to the Maroca—a large rattle made of the fruit of the calabash tree, filled with pebbles, feathers, and snake-teeth, and which is the indispensable instrument of the Piatry, Pini-man, or Indian soreser, during his conjurations. Another group of columnar trap-rocks has been called the guava-tree stump. The Indians have a very primitive tradition of a good spirit turning everything to stone which he touched; hence every rock which is of more than ordinary size, or fantastically shaped by nature, is compared to some bird, animal, or tree, petrified by the powerful Makunaima.

Granite rocks, well known for the fantastic shapes which they assume in various countries, and for their peculiar decomposition into globular masses and rocking stones, present the same peculiarities here as elsewhere, and to a rather remarkable extent. Piles of granite are met with on the Essequibo rising to a height of 140 to 160 feet. One pile consists of three huge blocks, resting one above the other. Another of a pyramidal shape attains nearly to the height of 200 feet. These "giants of the hill," as Mr. Waterton has termed them in his *Wanderings*, are both of them inaccessible.

It is in this neighbourhood that the rude and fanciful hieroglyphics, called "picture-writing" by the Indians, are met with. The figures represented are of the most varied and singular description—rude outlines of birds, animals, men and women, and even large vessels with masts. Characters have also been met with which have been supposed to bear a remote resemblance to the Hebrew.

It might be remarked upon this that cataracts are just the places where hard rocks, such as granite and greenstone, are met with, adapted for lasting sculptures; the natural beauties of the spot, to which the Indian is never insensible, and the neighbourhood of water, would have constituted further temptations to the lingering hunter to practise there his rude and elementary art. We have given a sketch, at page 745, of one of these picturesque waterfalls, which helps at the same time to convey an idea of the magnificent scenery of British Guiana.

The Indians of Guiana are of a reddish-brown colour, and somewhat glossy, not unlike new and clean copper. They are as grave and austere as Arabs, exhibiting much dignity in their walk and bearing, and an imperturbable calmness and self-possession. They are divided into tribes, having different names, habits, language, and even moral and physical qualities, although apparently descending from the same parent stock, which is Mongolian in its character. After an intercourse of three hundred years with the white man, the modes and habits of the native have undergone little or no change. With the exception of the efforts made by a few zealous missionaries, no attempt has been made to civilise and improve him; while the intrusion of Europeans into the territories which once belonged to his forefathers rapidly threatens to extinguish the last remnants of his race.

The tribe called Macusi has the credit, if any, of preparing the famous wourali or curari poison, the various ingredients of which he obtains from the depths of the forests. The principal, according to Dr. Dalton, is the wourali vine, which grows wild. Having pro-

cured a sufficient quantity of this, he next seeks a bitter root, and one or two bulbous plants, which contain a green and glutinous juice. These being all tied together, he searches for two species of venomous ants: one large and black, the "munceery," about an inch long, and found in nests near to aromatic shrubs; the other a small red one, found under the leaves of several kinds of shrubs. Providing himself now with some strong Indian pepper, and the pounded fangs of the "calarri" and conua-couchi snakes, the manufacturer of poison proceeds to his deadly task. He scrapes the wourali vine and bitter root into thin shavings, and puts them into a kind of colander, made of leaves; this he holds over an earthen pot, and pours water on the shavings; the liquor which comes through has the appearance of coffee. When a sufficient quantity has been procured, the shavings are thrown aside. He then bruises the bulbous stalks, and squeezes a proportionate quantity of their juice through his hands into the pot. Lastly, the snakes' fangs, ants, and pepper are bruised, and thrown into it. It is placed then on a slow fire, and as it boils, more of the juice of the wourali is added, according as it may be found necessary, and the soup is taken off with a leaf; it remains on the fire till reduced to a thick syrup, of a deep brown colour. As soon as it has arrived at this state, a few arrows are poisoned with it to try its strength. The manner in which the strength of the poison is tested is said to be by wounding trees, and if the leaves fall off or die within three days, they consider the poison sufficiently virulent, but not otherwise.

Parturition is attended with few inconveniences to the female Indian; as soon as the child is born, it is not an uncommon thing to see the mother proceed to a neighbouring stream, where she performs the necessary ablutions for herself and infant. There is little in the way of dress to give her much trouble; nor does the occurrence occasion any interruption to her usual duties. The husband, however, is not let off so easily; the etiquette of savage life requires that he should take to his hammock for several days, where, with solemn countenance, and an appearance of suffering, he receives the visits of his acquaintances, who either condole or rejoice with him, as the case may be.

The history of Guiana comprises the first discovery by the Spanish navigators at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century, followed by the numerous adventurous and romantic expeditions made in search of the El Dorado of the West—a rich city abounding in gold, silver, and precious stones, situated on the borders of the Lake Parima, and of whose fabulous wealth the Spaniards had obtained reports as early as in A.D. 1500—a story which in after-times kindled the romantic spirit of the chivalric Raleigh.

The settlements of the Dutch succeeded in 1580 to these dreams of wondrous wealth; methodical and unimaginative, the Dutchman left to more credulous and speculative individuals the task of exploring the interior of a country enveloped in mystery and marvels. The adventurers from Spain, Portugal, England, and France left little behind them but the history of their misfortunes and disappointment. The Dutch, who settled down in contentment upon the undrained banks of rivers and sea-coasts, constructed canals, upon whose placid waters they trafficked in their barges, and which have been totally neglected by their successors; they introduced the cotton-plant, the coffee-plant, and the

sugar-cane; they laid out beautiful gardens, where groves of orange and lime-trees mingled their shade and perfume with plantains and other indigenous tropical fruit trees. They also introduced slaves.

The epoch of Dutch colonisation-of Guiana is diversified by several invasions by the English and French, till Demerara and Essequibo were finally surrendered to the former in 1803, an occupation which was followed subsequently by the introduction of European women. The population had till that time been kept up by mulattoes, terceroons, quadroons, quarteroons, and quinteroons, or mustees, as they were called, according to the amount of white and black admixture of blood, all difference vanishing in the last.

The history of English tenure presents the usual colonial varieties of a long succession of governors of various tempers and abilities; of disputes between the new governors and the old-established order of things in the shape of a Dutch fiscal; of disputes about the administration of justice and the monopoly of officers; of insurrections fanned by missionary interference and the negro apprentice act; of the emancipation of slaves, the appointment of stipendiary magistrates, and the encouragement of free immigration of Portuguese and Coolies.

British Guiana has acquired an unenviable notoriety both in Europe and the West Indies for the insalubrity of its climate, and for the mortality which has occurred among Europeans and others who have visited its malarious shores. But Dr. Dalton argues, that the temperature is very equable, and even advantageous for a certain class of complaints, and the greater amount of fatality is induced by the recklessness of the colonists. In fact, if the natural law is carefully observed, a person may live as long in Guiana, with very little more sickness, than elsewhere.

In a country constituted as Guiana is, animal life naturally abounds. Noxious insects intrude into dwelling-houses, the rivers teem with fish, birds and reptiles people the savannahs, wild beasts roam undisturbed in the forest. The monkeys are lords of the forests—the snake alone disputing with them the dominion of the wooded world. They live on high branches of lofty trees, where they consider themselves to be tolerably safe, except from the hunter's gun or Indian's arrow, and their greatest enemy, the snake. There are howling monkeys, weeping monkeys, and preaching monkeys, spider monkeys, fox-tailed monkeys, squirrel monkeys, and monkeys with all kinds of faces and beards. The forest in some respects resembles a large community of men. There are vampire bats that suck the blood of persons asleep. There are wild dogs that live on crabs (*Procyon cancrivorus*). There are skunks, which bid defiance to all enemies, driving back dogs and men by their intolerable fetid odour.

Domestic cats and dogs removed to Guiana do not thrive; they have fits and die; but wild dogs and cats abound, and commit great depredations. Tiger-cats may be seen climbing the trees in the suburbs of the cities, and the favourite food of the jaguar are the pigs and cows of the colonist. The most impudent thieves are the opossums. The sportsman's great resources are the labba or paca, the water-hog, and the acourys—the American hare. There are also deer, wild boar, tapirs, sloths, armadillos, ant-eaters, and a variety of other strange creatures. Nature in such regions appears positively to luxuriate in the most fanciful and curious creations. That great unwieldy-looking

animal, the sea-cow, is met with at the outlet of the larger streams.

The variety and number of birds found in Guiana, the richness and beauty of their plumage, the surprising, and in many cases melodious, tones of their voices, and the curious and singular habits of most of them, offer a large field of inquiry. Possibly there are few persons who have not at times felt the wish to have their curiosity satisfied regarding the habits of those humming-birds, parrots, macaws, shrikes, tanagers, manakins, tropicales, jacamars, and other birds of brilliant plumage, which attract the eye in almost every collection. Guiana has also its useful birds—its turkeys, pheasants, partridges, pigeons, plovers, snipes, ducks, &c.

Needless to say that tortoises, crocodiles, snakes, and other reptiles abound in a country so favourable to the development of animal life. There are many kinds of turtle and tortoises, from the edible to the ferocious, and which themselves prey on other reptiles. Alligators are even to be seen in the canals and trenches about Georgetown. The largest species is the black alligator of the Essequibo. Among snakes, there are the boas, the largest of which, the boa-constrictor, is called the bushmaster. There are great numbers of venomous snakes, and others that are not so, and which latter are chiefly arboreal or water snakes. Frogs are among the most noisy denizens of the colony. The number and size of fishes in the waters of the coast and the rivers and canals is truly astonishing. One fresh-water fish—the *Sudis gigas*—attains a length of from eight to fourteen feet, and weighs from two hundred to three hundred pounds, and is excellent food. A species of silurus, called lau-lau, is also often captured ten or twelve feet long, and weighing two hundred pounds. Common eels are three or four feet in length.

The insect nuisances of the tropics are in force in Guiana. Every house has its centipedes; but fleas and mosquitoes are the great bane of comfort. Guiana is also much infested by the chigoe, or jigger, which burrows in the flesh, especially of the toe-nail. Scarcely does the sun go down than thousands of beetles crowd into the drawing-rooms of the dwelling-houses. Others of the insect tribe get into all descriptions of food. The common black beetle here, as in China, nibbles the toes of persons. In rainy weather large crickets alight on the head or hands, irritating the skin with their rough legs. Ants not only abound, but are also venomous. The sand-fly pesters human beings, as well as the mosquito, and is so small as to defy detection. Common flies also, by their numbers, add to the insect nuisances.

In a land of unsurpassed vigour in the production of both animal and vegetable life, where the air, the ground, and the waters alike teem with living things, it is naturally to be expected that magnificent and curious flowers should also abound, ornamenting the plains, decorating the woods, and enlivening the dark expanse of waters. On the lofty mountains and in the quiet valleys, in the fertile plains and grassy marshes, an immense garden, stored with infinite variety, is presented to the observer. Raised and cultivated alone by nature, thousands of plants, the most rich and rare, spring up, blossom, and die.

From these outlines some estimate may be formed of the natural wonders of Guiana. The little that has been seen has struck all beholders with astonishment and admiration. There may be monotony and



sameness in the wonderful extent of its perpetual forests, but to the lover of nature and of science there is rich reward. There may be difficulty and danger to encounter in its far-stretching savannahs and granite mountains, but to an enterprising spirit there are both interest and honour to be derived by gathering and recording his triumph over the cayman and the serpent. Patience and endurance may be required to trace its numerous streams, and their verdant banks hung with garlands of flowers to the water's edge, but to the poet and the naturalist they are inspiring themes. Industry and perseverance are, no doubt, required by the man who desires to avail himself of the singularly fertile tract of alluvial land which has passed through so varied a course of agriculture and cultivation, but ample treasures await the individual who possesses such qualities.

## VII.

## ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

CHAGRES—THE AMERICAN TOWN AND THE TOWN OF THE NATIVES—MOVING COLOURED POPULATION—CASTLE OF SAN LORENZO—COLON OR ASPINWALL—THE PANAMA RAILWAY—PANAMA—TOBAGO—PORT FOR ENGLISH PACKETS TO PERU AND CHILL.

It will be a curious thing to compare the Isthmus of Panama, as it was a few years ago to what it is in the present day. The extinction of old modes of conveyance, by the introduction of steam, and the supplanting of gigantic men-of-war by iron-clad gun-boats, do not present a more astounding metamorphosis than what is sometimes brought about by revolutions in lines of communication. We shall refer to Julius Froebel, who travelled in 1850, for our first picture. It was on the 5th of November of that year, towards the evening, that the mountains of the Isthmus of Panama first appeared in sight of the learned and intelligent German, in the shape of isolated cones of a truncated form. On the next morning, he relates, a hilly coast extended before us, showing a long line of country covered with forest, and a chain of mountains in the rear.

By and by, the castle of San Lorenzo, rising above the mouth of the Rio de los Lagartos, became visible; a few hours later we anchored in the roadstead, at its base; and on the following morning we succeeded in safely entering the river, where we moored our brig close to the bank, just in front of the frame-building which constituted the so-called "American" part of Chagres. The reader, I suppose, is aware that throughout America the term "American" is almost exclusively applied to the people of the United States, a practice by which the "manifest destiny" of that compound of the most active elements of the present generation of mankind is thoughtlessly recognised, even by those who are most immediately threatened by it, for in all Spanish-American countries "los Americanos" means the people of the great Northern Republic.

This "American town" of Chagres, then, which most likely has ceased to exist since the opening of the Panama railroad, when Aspinwall has taken its place as the Atlantic terminus of the Isthmus route, was situated on the left bank of the river, while, on the opposite side, in a nook formed by the hill of San Lorenzo, stood the "village of the natives," which, as it existed before the time of Californian travel, may be supposed to have outlived its go-ahead rival, and to be still the home of a few families.

In choosing the place of the American settlement, the exclusive considerations of a reckless love of gain must have decided. In a locality known to be sickly in the highest degree, it was built on the water's edge, on a low and muddy ground. But it stood on the deep water side of the river, and brigs and schooners could unload a few hundred steps from the houses. These had all been sent ready made from New York. The most prominent among them was the Irving House—the principal "hotel" of the place. At New York I had seen it advertised and recommended as a superior establishment, "in whose spacious halls the traveller was sure to find the comforts and commodities of civilisation as it exists in the temperate zone, combined with all the luxuries of the tropics." It was a large barn-like farmhouse of two stories, each of them forming one single undivided room. In the lower story a hundred or more travellers, sitting on four long benches of rough boards on both sides of two long tables of the same material, were treated with salt pork and dried beans, while in the upper room several hundred persons, sick with fever, were either shivering from frost or burning in the paroxysm of heat; and those who were able to keep up were sitting on their boxes or trunks in order to secure them from being removed by the numerous thieves and robbers who at that time invested this dangerous highway of travelling adventurers. Between the mud-holes and fetid water-pools of the street in front of the houses stood gambling tables surrounded by dirty ruffians, and here and there the door of a liquor shop was left open, and groups of bearded and long-haired unwashed and uncombed pale-faced and hollow-eyed men were seen, some of them cautiously holding their hands over their pockets, heavily loaded with the proceeds of a mining season in California, and too heavily altogether for the unsolid condition of their ragged apparel.

None of the foreign residents of Chagres had thought of cultivating the smallest piece of land, or even of making the natural productions of the neighbourhood available to the daily wants of life. For the two or three cows which were kept here, the food was brought from the United States, and so was the fuel for the daily uses of the kitchen, while the trees of the forest stood close to the houses. The most common vegetables or fruits of the tropics, such as plantains, bananas, yams, mandiocas, etc., were unknown on the table of the "hotel." The natives did not cultivate more of these articles than they wanted for themselves, and nobody thought of an occupation that would not promise an instantaneous reward.

Such, in 1850, was the North American settlement at Chagres—a place where, as Captain B. of our brig observed, no other than an utterly reckless man could be supposed to live of his own free accord. This opinion may have contained too severe a judgment. As to me, however, never more forcibly than at Chagres did the idea strike me, how much the development of many of the noblest qualities of our nature is dependent upon the influence of a home that is more to us than a fit place for doing business—to which, on the contrary, we feel attached—which we rejoice in improving and adorning, and in which we like to recognise, more or less deeply impressed, the traces of our taste and character, our thought and action. It is not from men alone that we are entitled to expect a reciprocation of our affections. Nature, too, and all the things around us, give us a reward for the interest our heart

takes in them, by exerting an ennobling influence upon the mind; not men alone, but even things cannot be neglected and degraded by us, without the bad consequences of such an offence against the deeper laws of the moral world falling back in just retribution upon our own characters. In neglecting and degrading the things around us, we unavoidably neglect and degrade ourselves. At a place where everybody was but a temporary resident, attracted by no other motive but the lust of gain—where everybody, from the very day of his arrival, impatiently counted the time to the moment when he would have gained enough to justify his departure, a result for which, at Chagres, a few years were thought rather a long period—at such a place life must have been a mean and debased aspect, without much hope of improvement. I do not know what may have become the character of Aspinwall, to which place many of the inhabitants of Chagres have removed not long after my visit; nor am I informed of the merits of social life in the gold mines of Australia. As to California, however, a considerable number of those who went there from all parts of the world, have justly found it so desirable a home from the very beginning, that even the mining regions of that country have soon been graced with the charms of home life; and nowhere it has been better understood than in California, that one individual intending to make the country his permanent home, is worth more to the community than a number of temporary residents, however important may be the business they come to transact for a while.

I passed the river to examine the village of the natives. There is a swamp on one side of it, the fetid exhalations of which, mingled with the dew of the evening, were so thick and substantial, that beyond their affecting the olfactory sense, I had the taste of them on my tongue; nevertheless, this part of Chagres made a far more favourable impression on me than the American town. The habitations, standing on a more or less elevated ground, neatly built of canes, and covered with palm leaves, were extremely clean. Seen from the opposite side of the river, they represented a very picturesque view. A grove of palm-trees surrounds them in the rear, at the foot of a steep hill covered with a dense forest of exogenous trees, some of them of a gigantic growth, waving their wide-spread umbrella-shaped crowns high over the rest. The inhabitants were a mixed race of Indian, African and Spanish origin, using the Spanish language as a common medium, though some of the negroes or mulattoes living there were from Jamaica; they, too, having been attracted by the expectation of extraordinary gain. I had a conversation with one of these men, an intelligent and fine-looking mulatto, who told me that, indeed, he could make a good deal of money here, but that the climate was too sickly, so that whatever he gained he had to pay to the doctor. It is not without interest to know how such a climate as that of Chagres is looked upon by a coloured native of Jamaica; and at the same time I am touching here upon a fact, unnoticed as far as I know in Europe, the fact of the existence of a moving coloured population congregating here and there as circumstances may invite them, on the coasts around the Caribbean Sea, and which promises to become of importance in the future history of the West Indies, and of Central America, as well as in the development of the coloured races of the New World. Of this class

of the coloured population of Chagres, the greater number are from Curacao and Cartagena. The natives of the place itself seemed to be more of a Hispano-Indian caste, extremely strong and well formed, some of them with very intelligent and pleasing countenances. I found that personal cleanliness and neatness were marked traits in their character, by which they were most favourably distinguished from the inhabitants and the travelling crowd on the other side of the river. On every morning during the eight days of our stay, men and women, as they passed the river in their small canoes, appeared in a clean suit, although the whole dress of the former consisted only in a straw hat and a pair of white trowsers worn over the skin. Here I had the first opportunity of seeing that peculiar style of half-savage elegance which characterises the female dress and deportment of the lower classes of Spanish America. Indeed, these women, with their flounced skirts of striped muslin, fastened round their naked waists, their busts loosely covered with the flying *quipil* of white muslin glittering with gold or silver paillettes, or the long striped *reboso*, stylishly thrown over the left shoulder, a pair of small white satin shoes, embroidered with silver or gold, on the naked feet, the jet hair tastefully adorned with white, yellow, or crimson flowers, just taken from the shrub, made altogether a coquettish appearance, as they would walk along in assumed dignity, with a defying swing of their arms, or would negligently repose in their gently moving hammocks. I observed that a perfect politeness of language prevailed among these people, in whose conversation the address of "Senor" and "Senora" was rarely omitted. Only the men who were rowing the canoes on the river, or were occupied in unloading the vessels, mutually addressed themselves in a less formal manner, calling their companions by the simple designation of "Hombre!" "man!" "Mulatto!" "Cuadron!" "Zambo!" according to the gradations of cast.

Between the inhabitants of the two villages a little war had broken out during the time of my visit. The natives had offered to forward the travellers up the river at a lower rate than the Americans would allow. And, as the former neglected the prohibition, one of their canoes, filled with travellers, was fired at from the American side. To these high-handed proceedings, the natives responded by similar acts of violence; some wounds were received on both sides, and there was a good deal of excitement for a few days.

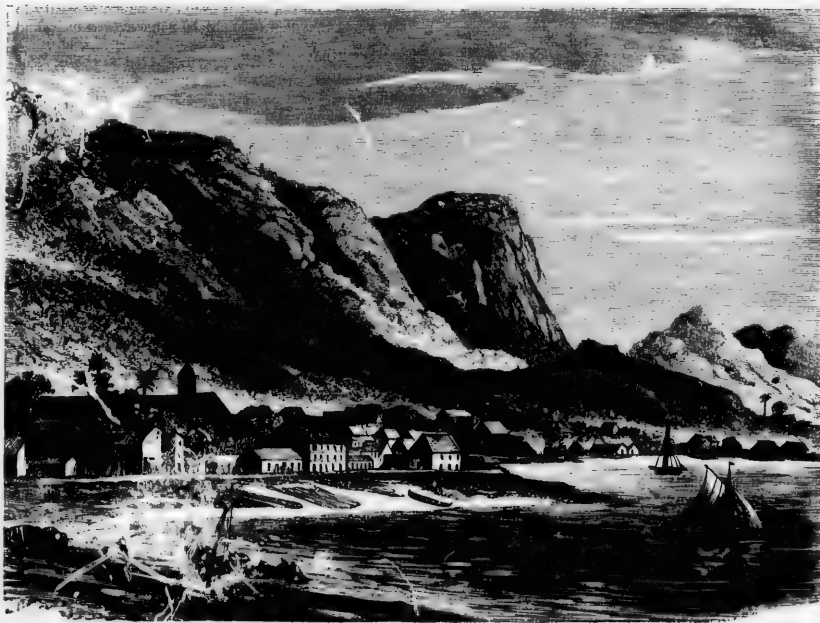
Mounting the steep hill on which the castle of San Lorenzo is situated, I saw, as a physician would say, a splendid specimen of elephantiasis, in the shape of the monstrous leg of a negro, sitting at the side of the foot-path. The castle, which once defended the northern entrance to the passage across the Isthmus of Panama, is one of the most remarkable monuments of Spanish dominion in those parts of the world; though, from the effects of the excessive dampness of the climate, and from want of repair, it is almost a ruin—its material being a variety of sandstone which is unfit for withstanding the attacks of atmospherical influences. In one of the courts stood a wooden building, the residence of a solitary officer, styled the "commandante;" but I saw no trace of a garrison, not even a single guard to prevent me and my companions from entering a vault which we found to contain, I cannot tell how many thousand pounds of moist gunpowder, in open boxes, which some of us investigated with a lighted cigar in the

mouth, before recognising the dangerous nature of the substance. Old pieces of artillery, some of very heavy calibre, and pyramids of piled-up balls and shells lay about the ground. Besides a large number of iron guns, I counted ten guns and mortars of bronze. Two of the latter, of beautiful workmanship, reciprocally bore the inscriptions: "*El Escorpion, Sevilla, 1749*;" and "*El Dracon, Sevilla, 1742*."

The view from the castle is grand and beautiful. On one side is the sea, washing the foot of the hill on which it stands, and which is very precipitous in this direction. A line of coast, covered with forest down to the beach, extends from hence in a long sweep. Towards the interior, a country of wooded hills unfolds

itself, and leaves a passage to the river, which may be traced with the eye for a considerable distance as it takes its course through the dark shades of the forest.

Behind the castle is a deep ravine, through which a clear brook rushes down to the sea, between majestic trees. A crowd of half-naked women were occupied here in washing their linen. As we approached they made signs that we should not come near—a rare instance of feeling, which in general seems to be almost unknown amongst the lower classes of Spanish America. As we proceeded in our walk we came to a grove of cocoa-nut trees, and on a small square between them saw the remains of a sugar factory, with several large kettles, in good condition, lying about. The



BAY OF PANAMA.

establishment seemed to have never been in a working state, and undoubtedly has been one of the many unfortunate speculations begun in those regions of tropical America without a due appreciation of the difficulties and obstacles inseparably connected with the uncivilised state of the country. I have seen a like result of a similar speculation in British Honduras, where, in the wilderness surrounding the Manatee Lagoon, I found all the improvements and costly machinery of an intended sugar plantation overgrown by the rank vegetation of a forest.

The next day I took a walk along the coast, and after having followed it for two or three miles to a

beautiful spot, where, near a projecting rock, a little river empties into the sea, I took a footpath leading into the forest. This, after the distance of a mile, brought me to a number of huts, constructed of canes and palm leaves. Brown women, in all the finery described above, even white satin shoes not excepted, were swinging in their hammocks in the open doorways. What might have induced these people to erect their habitations in the midst of the forest, I could not learn. Perhaps, they wanted to be near enough to the port to profit by the neighbourhood, without having their dwellings exposed to the looks of the passing "Americano."

Our second picture is borrowed from the lively and graphic pages of Mr. Anthony Trollope.

Cartagena was once a flourishing city, great in commerce and strong in war. It was taken by the English, not however without signal reverses on our part, and by the special valour—so the story goes—of certain sailors who dragged a single gun to the summit of a high abrupt hill, called the "Papa," which commands the town. If the thermometer stood in those days as high at Cartagena as it does now, pretty nearly through the whole of the year, those sailors ought to have had the Victoria Cross. But these deeds were done long years ago, in the time of Drake and his followers; and Victoria Crosses were then chiefly kept for the officers.

The harbour of Cartagena is singularly situated. There are two entrances to it, one some ten miles from the city and the other close to it. This nearer aperture was blocked up by the Spaniards, who sank ships across the mouth; and it has never been used or usable since. The present entrance is very strongly fortified. The fortifications are still there, bristling down to the water's edge; or they would bristle, were it not that all the guns have been sold for the value of the brass metal.

Cartagena was hotter even than Santa Martha; but the place is by no means so desolate and death-like. The shops there are open to the streets, as shops are in other towns. Men and women may occasionally be seen about the square; and there is a trade—in poultry, if in nothing else.

There is a cathedral here also, and I presume a bishop. The former is built after the Spanish fashion, and boasts a so-called handsome, large, marble pulpit. That it is large and marble, I confess; but I venture to question its claims to the other epithet. There are pictures also in the cathedral; of spirits in a state of torture certainly; and, if I rightly remember, of beatified spirits also.

From Cartagena I went on to the isthmus; the Isthmus of Panama, as it is called by all the world, though the American town of Aspinwall will gradually become the name best known in connection with the passage between the two oceans. This passage is now made by a railway which has been opened by an American company between the town of Aspinwall, or Colon, as it is called in England, and the city of Panama. Colon is the local name for this place, which also bears the denomination of Navy Bay in the language of sailors. But our friends from Yankee-land like to carry things with a high hand, and to have a nomenclature of their own. Here, as their energy and their money and their habits are undoubtedly in the ascendant, they will probably be successful; and the place will be called Aspinwall in spite of the disgust of the New Granadians, and the propriety of the English, who choose to adhere to the names of the existing government of the country.

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and Colon or Aspinwall will be equally vile however you may call it. It is a wretched, unhealthy, miserably situated, but thriving little American town, created by and for the railway and the passenger traffic which comes here both from Southampton and New York. That from New York is of course immensely the greatest, for this is at present the main route to San Francisco and California.

I visited the place three times, for I passed over the

isthmus on my way to Costa Rica, and on my return from that country I went again to Panama, and of course back to Colon, but I can say nothing in its favour. My only dealing there was with a washer-woman, and I wish I could place before my readers a picture of my linen in the condition in which it came back from that artist's hands. I confess that I sat down and shed bitter tears. In these localities there are but two luxuries of life—iced soda water and clean shirts. And now I was debarré from any true enjoyment of the latter for more than a fortnight.

The Panama railway is certainly a great fact, as men now-a-days say when anything of importance is accomplished. The necessity of some means of passing the isthmus, and the question as to the best means, has been debated since, I may say, the days of Cortes. Men have foreseen that it would become a necessity to the world that there should be some such transit, and every conceivable plan of the isthmus has, at some period or by some nation, been selected as the best for the purpose. The railway is certainly the first that can be regarded as a properly organised means of travelling; and it may be doubted whether it will not remain as the best, if not the only permanent mode of transit.

Very great difficulty was experienced in erecting this line. In the first place, it was necessary that terms should be made with the government of the country through which the line should pass, and to effect this it was expedient to hold out great inducements. Among the chief of these is an understanding that the whole line shall become the absolute property of the New Granadian government when it shall have been opened for forty-nine years. But who can tell what government will prevail in New Granada in forty-nine years? It is not impossible that the whole district may then be an outlying territory belonging to the United States. At any rate, I should imagine that it is very far from the intention of the American Company to adhere with rigid strictness to this part of the bargain. Who knows what may occur between this and the end of the century?

And when these terms were made there was great difficulty in obtaining labour. The road had to be cut through one continuous forest, and for the greater part of the way along the course of the Chagres river. Nothing could be more unhealthy than such work, and in consequence the men died very rapidly. The high rate of wages enticed many Irishmen here, but most of them found their graves amidst the works. Chinese were tried, but they were quite inefficient for such labour, and when distressed had a habit of hanging themselves. The most useful men were to be got from the coast round Cartagena, but they were enticed thither only by very high pay.

The whole road lies through trees and bushes of thick tropical growth, and is in this way pretty and interesting. But there is nothing wonderful in the scenery, unless to one who has never before witnessed tropical forest scenery. The growth here is so quick that the strip of ground closely adjacent to the line, some twenty yards perhaps on each side, has to be cleared of timber and foliage every six months. If left for twelve months the whole would be covered with thick bushes, twelve feet high. At intervals of four and a half miles there are large wooden houses—pretty-looking houses they are, built with much taste—in each of which a superintendent with a certain number

of labourers resides. These men are supplied with provisions and all necessaries by the company. For there are no villages here in which workmen can live, no shops from which they can supply themselves, no labour which can be hired as it may be wanted.

From this it may be imagined that the line is maintained at a great cost. But, nevertheless, it already pays a dividend of twelve and a half per cent. So much at least is acknowledged; but those who pretend to understand the matter declare that the real profit accruing to the shareholders is hardly less than five-and-twenty per cent. The sum charged for the passage is extremely high, being twenty-five dollars, or five pounds for a single ticket. The distance is under fifty miles. And there is no class but the one. Everybody passing over the isthmus, if he pays his fare, must pay twenty-five dollars. Steerage passengers from New York to San Francisco are at present booked through for fifty dollars. This includes their food on the two sea voyages, which are on an average of about eleven days each. And out of this fifty dollars twenty-five are paid to the railway for this conveyance over fifty miles! The charge for luggage, too, is commensurately high. The ordinary kit of a travelling Englishman—a portmanteau, bag, desk, and hatbox—would cost two pounds ten shillings over and above his own fare.

But at the same time, nothing can be more liberal than the general management of the line. On passengers journeying from New York to California, or from Southampton to Chili and Peru, their demand no doubt is very high. But to men of all classes, merely travelling from Aspinwall to Panama for pleasure—or, apparently, on business, if travelling only between those two places,—free tickets are given almost without restriction. One train goes each way daily, and as a rule most of the passengers are carried free, except on those days when packets have arrived at either terminus. On my first passage over I paid my fare, for I went across with other passengers out of the mail packet. But on my return the superintendent not only gave me a ticket, but asked me whether I wanted others for any friends. The line is a single line throughout.

Panama has doubtless become a place of importance to Englishmen and Americans, and its name is very familiar to our ears. But nevertheless it is a place whose glory has passed away. It was a large Spanish town, strongly fortified, with some thirty thousand inhabitants. Now its fortifications are mostly gone, its churches are tumbling to the ground, its old houses have so tumbled, and its old Spanish population has vanished. It is still the chief city of a State, and a congress sits there. There is a governor and a judge, and there are elections; but were it not for the passengers of the isthmus, there would soon be but little left of the city of Panama.

Here the negro race abounds, and among the common people the negro traits are stronger and more marked than those even of the Indians or Spaniards. Of Spanish blood among the natives of the surrounding country there seems to be but little. The negroes here are of course free, free to vote for their own governors, and make their own laws; and consequently they are often very troublesome, the country people attacking those in the town, and so on. "And is justice ultimately done on the offenders?" I asked. "Well, sir;

perhaps not justice. But some notice is taken; and the matter is smoothed over." Such was the answer.

There is a Spanish cathedral here also, in which I heard a very sweet-toned organ, and one magnificent tenor voice. The old church buildings still standing here are not without pretence, and are interesting from the dark tawny colour of the stone, if from no other cause. I should guess them to be some two centuries old. Their style in many respects resembles that which is so generally odious to an Englishman's eye and ear, under the title of Renaissance. It is probably an offshoot of that which is called Plateresque in the south of Spain.

During the whole time that I was at Panama the thermometer stood at something above ninety. In Calcutta, I believe, it is often as high as one hundred and ten, so that I have no right to speak of the extreme heat. But, nevertheless, Panama is supposed to be one of the hottest places in the western world; and I am assured, while there, that weather so continuously hot for the twenty-four hours had not been known during the last nine years. The rainy season should have commenced by this time—the early part of May. But it had not done so; and it appeared that when the rain is late, that is the hottest period of the whole year.

The heat made me uncomfortable, but never made me ill. I lost all pleasure in eating, and indeed in everything else. I used to feel a craving for my food, but no appetite when it came. I was lethargic, as though from repletion, when I did eat, and was always glad when my watch would allow me to go to bed. But yet I was never ill.

The country round the town is pretty, and very well adapted for riding. There are large open savannas, which stretch away for miles and miles, and which are kept as grazing farms for cattle. These are not flat and plain, but are broken into undulations, and covered here and there with forest bushes. The horses here are taught to pace, that is, move with the two off legs together, and then with the two near legs. The motion is exceedingly gentle, and well fitted for this hot climate, in which the rougher work of trotting would be almost too much for the energies of debilitated mankind. The same pace is common in Cuba, Costa Rica, and other Spanish countries in the west.

Off from Panama, a few miles distant in the western ocean, there are various picturesque islands. On two of these are the depôts of two great steam-packet companies, that belonging to the Americans which carries on the trade to California, and an English company, whose vessels run down the Pacific to Peru and Chili. I visited Tobago, in which are the headquarters of the latter. Here I found a small English maritime colony, with a little town of their own, composed of captains, doctors, engineers, officers, artificers, and sailors, living together on the company's wages, and, as regards the upper classes, at tables provided by the company. But I saw there no women of any description. I beg therefore to suggest to the company that their servants would probably be much more comfortable if the institution partook less of the monastic order.

If, as is probable, this becomes one of the high roads to Australia, then another large ship company will have to fix its quarters here.

## A TRIP TO DENMARK.

### I.

FROM THE ELBE TO THE BALTIC—HOLSTEIN—KIEL—A FAVOURITE WATERING PLACE—KORSOR—PETER STRAM AND THE MERMAID—NYEBORG—KING CHRISTIAN II.—DEATH-PLACE OF ELLEN MAARSVIN—GLORUP, THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF COUNT MOLTE—RYGAARD—A LEGENDARY TUMULUS.

ON the 6th of July, 1860, we found ourselves at the iron railing that separates Altona from Hamburg. This iron fence constitutes a frontier. On the other side of it we entered into German Denmark or Holstein, well clothed with crops, pastures, and wood. The road that we followed passed a mile or two to the right the ducal castle of Ploen or Plön, which stands on the borders of a lake of the same name, one of those little Mediterraneans with which the soil of Denmark is dotted. The situation of the town itself, on a small strip of land, dividing the wood-enircled lake, and in the midst of one of the most fertile valleys of Holstein, is very romantic. It was, until 1761, the capital of an independent principality, but now belongs to the crown of Denmark. The castle, the former residence of the Duke of Holstein-Plön, rises majestically on the brow of a steep hill overlooking the lake. (See p. 760.)

In the environs, where hill and valley, verdant meadows and waving cornfields, large tracts of woodland and sunnyspots, succeed each other in rich variety, no spot possesses more attractions than the estate of Ascheburg, which has for centuries belonged to the family of Rantzen, celebrated in Danish history. In the beautiful pleasure grounds, which border the lake, are the four tallest fir-trees in Holstein, they being more than 100 feet high. The splendid avenue of lime trees, which leads up to the house, strikes all who behold it with admiration.

Holstein, as it exhibits itself between Altona and Kiel, must not be judged of, however, from this favoured spot. The country is, indeed, almost a dead flat the whole way, and interspersed with bogs, small lakes, and heaths like the worst part of Hanover. Trees are few in number and far between. In summer, storks are numerous, and their large nests may be seen on the summit of the gable-end of most of the farm-houses. They are wisely protected, for it would be as cruel and insane to destroy them, as it is the rooks and small birds in our own country, which may do some harm, but compensate for it by doing an infinite greater amount of good. Towards Kiel the soil improves, the ground becomes prettily undulated and well wooded, and the views along the bay, before reaching the town, are very pleasing. This country is also strewn with granite boulders, which were valueless before the railway was made, but are now a source of considerable profit. The railway has also caused much land to be drained and brought into cultivation which was before

neglected. Trains ply three times a day from the Elbe to the Baltic, accomplishing the journey in about three hours and a-half, at a cost of from two shillings to two shillings and sixpence English.

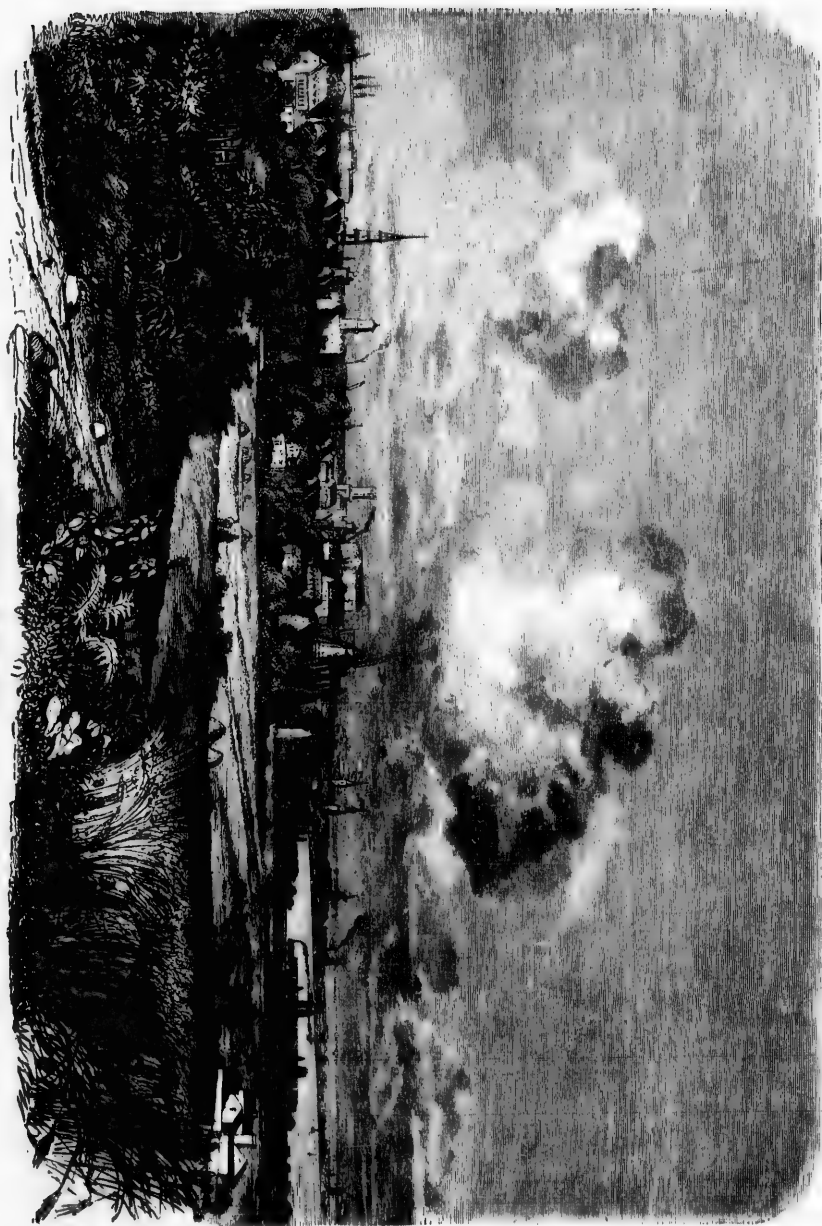
The Bay of Kiel is magnificent. The town itself, with its cathedral, quays, edifices, and in front of it with farms and meadows, is like the end of a world—of the German world—and the point whence we enter upon another, that of Scandinavia, with its scalds and sagas, its primitive traditions and pagan heroes. Kiel was, before the railway existed, a town of study and pleasure. The gentry were attracted to it in summer as a sea-bathing place, on account of the exceeding beauty of its situation and that of its environs. Nothing can be more beautiful than the avenue of limes that extend from the Hôtel de Bellevue to the palace, a distance of upwards of two miles, and lined, the whole length, with charming cottages and villas of red brick, like those around the Hague. The University has, notwithstanding the connection of the duchy of Holstein with the kingdom of Denmark, all the characteristics of the other German universities; the students wear the red cap and white band, and the professors, with black coats or green paletot and brand-burgs, monopolise the pavement and give way to no one. The old houses on the market-place present as great a contrast to the modern town-hall and guard-house as old Kiel does to the Kiel of the present day. The church of St. Nicholas, where repose the remains of Duke Adolphus IV., the benefactor of the town, appropriately crowns the old portion of the town. At least, M. A. de Flaux, who travelled last year, tells us that this is the case,<sup>1</sup> whilst the *Handbook* credits the convent church with the tomb, which we did not see. The palace of Kiel, a vast edifice of irregular construction, and all the more original for its indifference to style, is, with its delicious gardens, inhabited by the Duke of Glücksburg, who married King Frederick VII.'s divorced wife, according to de Flaux, and one of the royal princesses of Denmark, according to the *Handbook*. The Duke lives in retirement, being still under the ban of the ill-fated insurrection of 1848; but the sympathies of town and university are alike Germanic. This is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as Denmark is concerned, as a great future lies in store for Kiel, favourably situated for traffic with the Baltic, possessing a better harbour than Lübeck, and connecting the Baltic with the Elbe by railway, it will soon take precedence of the latter port, and become the rival of Stettin. (See p. 763.)

The steamboat leaves Kiel in the evening, so that the journey to Korsor, being performed in darkness, is so peculiarly uninteresting that for that and other reasons of a marine character, the traveller generally

<sup>1</sup> Du Danemarck, par A. de Flaux. Paris, 1862.



GENERAL VIEW OF COPENHAGEN.





betakes himself to a sofa. In the morning we were awake by the noise of anchoring in the harbour of Korsør, a small and almost forgotten city of the Danish dominions, once the capital of an amt or province, later disfranchised, but now roused to activity by the opening of the railway to Copenhagen. The hotel, as its *affiche* announces, is most conveniently situated for those who travel either by boat or rail; and so it is. A cold buffet is in constant requisition from sunrise till sunset, and from sunset till sunrise. Four steamers, independent of our own, lie in the harbour. Two more are visible on the horizon in their inward passage. They start, they arrive, at all hours of the twenty-four, for Kiel, Aarhus, Kolding, Funen, everywhere. Judge then of the quiet of this clean hotel. On one side the steamers over puffing and whizzing; you fly to the opposite—from Scylla to Charybdis—the locomotives shriek, bustle, and roar.

Of the ancient fortress of Taarnborg, on the site of that founded, says tradition, by Svend Grathe, long since sacked and destroyed by the Wendish pirates, one small tower alone remains. During the wars of the Counts, in 1535, the inhabitants of Skjelskør, partisans of Christian II., gained possession of this castle by stratagem; presenting themselves as horse-dealers, they demanded audience of the castellan, for the purpose of discharging the custom dues previous to embarkation for Funen. On the appearance of the castellan they immediately seized his person, and kept possession of the castle for some years, until they were expelled by the forces of Peter Skram, a celebrated noble of those days, surnamed Vove-hals, or Risk-neck.

The Zealand railway can be taken here to Copenhagen, a journey of three and a-half hours, performed for about nine shillings English in the first-class, but our route lay across the Great Belt to Nyborg, one of the most important towns in the kingdom in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Half-way across the Belt is the little Island of Sprogø, on which is a telegraph for the transmission of news when, during the winter, the ice compels the mail to stop there; and there is also an inn for the accommodation of travellers who may be in the same predicament. That it is not a very enviable one to be in, is shown by the Danish proverb, "I wish he were at Sprogø."

Nyborg was fortified by Christian IV. and Frederik III. In 1569, the Danes obtained a decisive victory over the Swedes, who occupied the fortress, which liberated Denmark from the yoke to which the ambition of the Swedish monarch had tried to subject her. 1808, Nyborg was again, for a few days, in the hands of a foreign power, the Spanish General Romano, who was then quartered in Funen, having thrown off his allegiance to the French, took possession of the fortress and of all the batteries on the fiord, and held them until, aided by the English, he was able to return to his own country. A most extraordinary scene is said to have taken place upon this occasion on the beach outside the fort. When embarking on board the English fleet, Romano's troops, consisting mostly of cavalry, were obliged to leave their horses behind them; and these animals, abandoned to themselves, soon engaged in a most sanguinary combat, which lasted until almost all were killed. The few that survived were captured by the Danish peasants, and the mixture of Andalusian blood is still visible in the breed of horses in this neighbourhood.

Marryat writes in his usual off-hand style of Nyborg

or Nyborg: We have passed some days, he says, at Nyborg, too glad to recruit our minds and bodies in the comfortable post-house—an inn of times gone by—not all picturesque and dry-rot like that of Ringkøbing, but a house built with good large rooms, before the world began to economise space; very cool and comfortable. So our eight days fled rapidly by; we strolled on the rampart heights, we bathed in the waters of the fiord, boated and fished occasionally, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

Nyborg is not a town of vast pretensions to antiquity; it dates its origin from the "New Castle," long since gathered to its sister "borgs." Valdemar the Great (though he did beat poor Liden Kirsten to death) was a very good son of the Church after his own peculiar manner, and, like many worthy people of the present century, very fond of proselytizing. He preached Christianity church-militant-wise, fire and sword, among the heathens of Rugen. Frialav, own brother of pagan King Nucleit of the Wends, embraced Christianity, and King Valdemar gave him as a reward his sister Catherine in marriage, with Lolland as her dower. Her son Knud founded here his castle of Nyborg; he did not, however, enjoy it much, for he turned monk for very peace sake, and Nyborg fell into the hands of the crown. King John much loved this royal residence. Here were born Christian and Protestant Elizabeth of Brandenburg, who considered twenty-two years of incarceration quite locking-up enough for one family. The days of canonisation were over, and she had no fancy to be a martyr.

In later days Nyborg, with its grand and lofty tower, followed the fate of other royal buildings; it was pulled down for its materials, not by that old clothesman, the second Frederic, but by the bigamous fourth Frederic, to build up his trumphy palace of Odense.

Not being in an excursionising mood when at Nyborg, we merely extended our walks to the adjoining manor of Holckenhaven, a chateau beautiful in itself as well as in its situation, and undegraded; it was once termed Ellensborg, and was built by Ellen Marsvin, as the iron cramps, bearing the letters of her name, announce, date 1616.

It was here that, some twenty-four years later, Ellen ended her long and successful life in her seventy-eighth year. We visited the chapel—splendid in its carved oak fittings; and there on the wall's side hangs the portrait of the foundress painted at the age of seventy-seven—no longer Ellen fair and dimpled, as at Rosenholm, nor Ellen over-blown, as at Norland, but Ellen an aged woman—a fine strong, green, old age—in the costume of the period, with a peaked hat, like that of Mother Shipton—a most interesting picture. At her death—she lies buried in the village church of North Broby with her husband, Ludwig Munk—Ellensborg passed to Christina Munk, and again to her daughter, fair Eleanor Ulfeld; then came confiscation, and the glory of the Munkites was at an end.

By the side of old Ellen are two full-length portraits, those of Corfitz and Eleanor.

Every town in Denmark piqued itself on something in the good old days, and Nyborg appears to have vaunted loud and high its salutary bye-law—so severe, its very existence would have made me let my house, the wearing of swords at parties—such a chopping off of hands for next to nothing—Star Chamber a joke to it. The women, however, were treated with becoming respect, for in one article it is enacted "that every

qvinde" detected in stealing or being in connivance with a thief shall be condemned to be hanged, but the sentence, on account of her "woman's modesty," to be commuted to being "buried alive."

As for the laws of adulteration, the punishment was death; but, in case of detection, the offenders were allowed to decide the matter by arms. Fancy a London grocer and twelve of his shop-boys engaged in single combat, in the precincts of the Green Park against twelve adulterated householders, called upon to avenge the housekeeping grievances of their outraged housewives. In addition to the losing of heads, whippings, and such like, all adulterated goods were declared to be confiscated, and were solemnly burnt in the presence of the injured citizens. Such a decree might be found advantageous even in the present day.

These bye-laws were just, had they extended to all classes; but the magistrates themselves were exempt from their severity: for, says the old Danish rhyme,—

"When the mayor of the city sells ale and wine,  
And the magistrate he kills the sheep and swine,  
When the baker weighs himself his bread,  
The citizens might all as well be dead."

It is evident corporation monopolies were not approved of.

In a letter existing from King Hans to Bent Bilde, Governor of Nyborg, he writes:—"We intend, please God, to visit church with our dear wife the Sunday next to St. Olaf's day, and have our young daughter christened. And we beg you to be present at that time and the same day with your dear wife, and enjoy yourselves with us and several friends whom we have invited."

We were bound to Glorup, one of the beautiful country residences that dot the islands of Funen. Three open carriages awaited on the quay to convey us thither. The drivers were in livery with cockades and the harness was decorated with ribands. Our route lay



CASTLE OF PLOEN, HOLSTEIN.

along the sea-coast, the country undulating almost as gently as the sea itself, and the land divided into cultivation, pasture, and wood. A French tourist, M. Dargaud, says of Funen that it resembles England with its rich cultivation and well-stocked pastures, only it is an arctic England without its factories and with forests which it has not.

Glorup seemed, as we neared it, like a princely abbey of the Middle Ages on the verge of a feudal forest (*See* p. 764). Within it is a vast Trianon, but a Trianon in Denmark, with all the luxuries that could be invented by Scandinavian imagination. The building is quadrangular, so that when the visitor has passed the iron railing, with gilt arrowheads, and the great oaken gateway above which rises the dome, he finds himself in an interior court bound by four wings of the mansion. Such is Glorup. A bright-coloured Ara parrot screamed a welcome from beneath two flags that floated above, the one with the national the other with the family colours. The Danish national colours are a white cross on a red ground.

We were conducted, soon after our arrival, over the gardens, with their terraces, ponds, basins, aviaries, and flower-beds, and thence to the stables, where were fifteen horses of English, Danish and Norwegian breeds; and where the sleighs or sledges, outnumbering the carriages, spoke of the severity of the winter climate. A wheelwright, a blacksmith, a baker, and other handicrafts, are attached to the establishment, adding to the already large number of attendants and keepers. When one of these members of the household is disabled by age, he is provided for in a neighbouring village, which is a mere almonry. Thus this fine residence suffices for itself, and constitutes, as it were, a little world within itself. These Danish chateaux, or country mansions, are either feudal or personal. When they are feudal, they cannot be alienated, but pass to the eldest son; the others can be sold or disposed of like any other property. Glorup is attached to the fief of Maltkenburg, to which also belong the property and chateau of Rygaard (*See* p. 764) and that of Antof.

One of my first occupations, after a night's rest at

this charming old feudal mansion, was to pay a visit to the doctor and to the minister, who were best calculated, by the nature of their pursuits, to give me an insight into the habits and manners of the people. Doctor Winther resided on a small property near the village of Svindinge, having his own cows and horses. He was a man of liberal education, enlarged by travel and experience. The pastor, M. Biering, was a most praiseworthy minister and an excellent man. The details he communicated to me in respect to the progress of education in Denmark were quite astounding. In addition to the gymnasia, which the little Scandinavians enter at ten to leave at eighteen, and which are the provincial vestibules to the University of Copenhagen, there are also schools in every village which the sons and daughters of peasants are obliged to attend. "Then," I said to the pastor, "all Danes know how to read and write." "Yes," he replied, "almost without an exception; and more than that, they are acquainted with geography, arithmetic, and history, more especially national history."

Marryat also visited Glorup, and thus speaks of it: We are off for Svendborg this morning, a drive of sixteen miles, but stop half-way to visit the manor of Glorup, the country residence of Count Moltke, famed for its English gardens. English gardens are to be mistrusted even in Denmark, where the climate assimilates somewhat to our own. The velvet turf is always wanting—turf of ages—never to be replaced by sowings of common grass. Dissect for your amusement a small die of our finest sheep-fed English sward, compressed to dwarfdom; you will find nearly one hundred varieties of plants in the small square; it is the work, the progress of years of vegetation, not to be produced by an annual crop; added to which, did they possess the turf itself, the Danes would never understand how to take care of it, or allow the time necessary to the gardener for bringing it to perfection.

Glorup is a fine old place, with lime-avenues of half-a-mile in length, unrivalled even in Denmark. A long oblong fishpond, all in character with the old-fashioned building. As a whole it is beautiful, but ruined by an Anglomane taste badly carried out. The house was built by the celebrated Walkendorf, minister to Christian IV., and arch enemy of Tycho Brahe, whose ruin he plotted from the day of the "dog-scene" in the Isle of Hveen. His portrait is in the village church, together with early tombs of his ancient house. Stone carvings of mermaids and mermen support the vaultings of the roof, a strange device, as these marine monsters were held in the utmost horror by the Church of old. In the ballad of Agnete, when her merman comes to the English church to fetch home his spouse, it is sung—

"When the merman into the church-closet treads,  
The small saints and angels avert their heads;"

but they were English saints, and knew how to comport themselves.

We explored the old Castle of Rygaard (See p. 764), room by room. It is at once a charming yet austere old edifice, in the style of mediæval manor-houses. The low dungeon-like vaults that open upon the lake, resembling those of Chillon, will long dwell in my memory. The so-called room of the knights, of which all the windows opened upon the sea, was the most splendid. The Gothic chimney-piece was of inspiring magnitude and good design. According to tradition,

the Chatelaine of Rygaard, who first dwelt in this feudal residence, used to sit in a corner at this chimney, awaiting in vain the return of her husband, a follower of King John, son of Christian I. There she span from her distaff, seated on a chair of tapestry, without looking at the Belt, or swerving from her melancholy thoughts, and her servants grew old around her seated on wooden stools at their fire-places also, where they would consume, at times, the trunk of a whole tree, but boisterous gaiety was ever banished from that ill-fated house.

We also visited several remnants of greater antiquity in the neighbourhood. Among these was a Scandinavian dolmen (*do!*, table; *men*, stone), composed of five colossal monoliths, surmounted by one gigantic stone. It is said to be the bust of a viking, whose remains were first burnt on the stone table, and then placed in an urn, which was dug out of the ground below. It belonged to the second age, or that of bronze, in Scandinavian Archaeology—now also adopted in Scotland. There are many tumuli in the same neighbourhood, most of which have been opened, and arms and utensils in stone, bronze, and iron have been obtained from them. These relics belonged to the three different ages, which have been limited by some; the first to ten thousand years; the second to twenty centuries; and the third to two centuries before Christ.

The stone monument above described is near Svindinge, and there is near Taarup a tumulus to which a fairy legend attaches itself. A beautiful young Danish princess set forth to visit her aunt, Eva, who was married to the Saxon hero Wittekind, and who dwelt in the castle of Wittekindsberg, near Minden. One of Wittekind's sons fell in love with the young princess. He was a fiery and audacious pagan, and she was modest and a Christian; so she became terrified at having attracted his notice. Yet it was not easy to withdraw, and if she did he would follow, so in such a predicament she appealed to the Virgin for aid. This was granted to her, and she was changed into a doe, and in that shape Princess Vola (for such was her name) fled over the hills and valleys, across plains and through forests, as far as the Baltic Sea. But she was followed by the enamoured Thormann, as Wittekind's son was called, upon one of his father's best horses, which a celebrated magician had endowed with supernatural vigour. Vola, thus closely pursued, had no alternative but to cast herself into the sea, which she did; and she swam so effectively that she reached Langeland, and thence her native county Funen, where she resumed her natural form. Thormann, on his part, had done the same. He had thrown himself, with his steed, into the sea, and arrived in safety at Funen, shortly after the princess. But when she saw him coming up, exhausted yet ardent, worn with toil and fatigue, yet inflexible in his love, his steed shaking the briny fluid from his long mane and gory flanks, her heart was moved with the passion that had prompted such devotion. Vola received him, and listened to him no longer in fear, but in interest. There was only one difficulty which remained to be overcome. Thormann was, as we have seen, a pagan; to win fair Vola, he not only became a Christian, but renounced his country with his paganism, and lived to earn distinction as well as love in Funen. He was, at his decease, buried in the tumulus of Taarup, along with the horse that had so successfully breasted the Baltic, his arms, and Vola's bracelet.

## II.

**MIDDELFART**—**ODENSE AND ODIN**—**MISDEEDS AND SUFFERINGS OF CHRISTIAN II.**—**FLOODING GHOSTS**—**MURDER OF ST. KNUD**—**THE TRAITOR BLAKE**—**FUNERAL OF CHRISTINA MUNK**—**THE LADY WHO DANCED HERSELF TO DEATH**—**THE PET CATS OF MRS. MOUSE**—**KING JOHN AND HIS FAMILY**—**THE LBAR OF ODENSE AND HIS DAUGHTERS.**

There is a very good road from Glorup to Middelfart, amid lakes, villages, fields of wheat, of barley and of oats, woods and pastures. Yet it is a long journey—some thirty miles—to the last-mentioned forest and maritime town, whence wandering in the woods, or boat excursions on the Little Belt, may be enjoyed in perfection. The manor of Hindsgave, situated upon a small but thickly-wooded promontory, about a quarter of a mile from the town, is considered to be one of the finest seats in Denmark. On the old castle hill are the ruins of the royal castle of Hegnsgave, celebrated in Danish history, and which was destroyed by the Swedes in 1659.

Two miles from Middelfart, on the road to Odense, the little village of Visenborg, situated on an eminence, commands a fine and extensive view of the fertile and highly-cultivated country, which bears some resemblance to parts of England, this being the only province of Denmark proper where the fields are inclosed by living hedges, chiefly of lilac. On the same road is Holsten House, one of the residences of Baron de Holsten-Carissius. The baron is a noble-looking old man, with a most intelligent expression of countenance, a kind heart, and amiable in conversation. Besides his fief of Odense, he has other tenures in Jutland and in Funen, one particularly at Faaborg, from whence a most comprehensive view is obtained of the Baltic and its numerous islands.

Odense is the capital of the province of Funen, and the most ancient and considerable of the provincial towns of Denmark. (See p. 773.) By popular tradition it derives its name from Odin, the chief of the Asas, who is said to have founded the town, and whose sepulchral tumulus is shown near the little lake of the Næsbyhoved, a quarter of a mile north of Odense, where are also the remains of the very ancient Castle of Næsbyhoved.

The Cathedral of Odense, one of the finest in Denmark, was founded by Canute, or Knud IV., in 1080, in honour of the English Saint, Alban, who was a great favourite with the king. After Knud was murdered, and the Danish clergy, anxious to have a national saint, had prevailed upon the Pope to canonise him, his remains were deposited in the church of St. Alban, which thenceforward has borne the name of St. Knud. Annexed to the church was formerly an abbey, founded by Erik, Knud's brother and successor, for twelve English monks, whom he brought over from Evesham. The church was consumed by fire in 1247, and was restored in 1300 by Bishop Gislaco. Several of the monuments in the interior of the church are very interesting. In the town hall (Raadhuse), an ancient building, were sometime held the diets of the nobles, which superseded the national assemblies of Denmark. It was at one of these diets, in 1527, under Frederick I., that the reformed party in Denmark gained its first victory over the Roman Catholics.

Odense Castle, built by Frederick IV., is the seat of the governor of the province of Fyen; this appointment being generally held by the Prince Royal, who holds his court at Odense.

Our excellent friend Hans Christian Andersen, whose amiable conversation once relieved the tedium of a long quarantine at Orsova on the Danube, and Jerichan, the sculptor, are both natives of Odense. It was near Odense that was fought, on the 14th of November, 1659, the battle which placed Funen in the possession of the Dutch, the Imperialists and the Danes commanded by Shack and by Ahlfeld. Charles Gustavus of Sweden heard the firing at Korsor, and he was joined there the next day by General Stenbock and the Count Palatine Sultzbach, who passed over the Belt in disguise in a fisherman's boat.

The chapel of the Ahlfelds, or Ahsefelds, with its bronze figures, its steel coats of armour and marble tombs of most original design, constitutes one of the greatest curiosities in the cathedral. The chapel of the Walckendorff contains the embalmed body of Christina Munk, the semi-official wife of Christian IV.—the Bearnais of Denmark. There are also some bas-reliefs over the mausoleum of Christian II.; a Count of Rantzau sculptured in relief in granite, and a figured brass, behind which are the bones of a Prince Canute, who was assassinated, that are well deserving of attention.

The little river or canal, seen in our sketch, page 773, is both animated and picturesque. The harvests of almost the whole island are exported by this waterway. The streets are alike remarkable for their picturesqueness and for their extreme cleanliness. There are new houses and new streets that are straight, and old houses and old streets that are crooked, and there are fronts of all colours—gray, white, brown, green, red, and lilac. There are flowers in pots and birds in cages at every balcony and every window. Funen is called the garden of Denmark, and Odense is, to all intents and purports, its capital.

The cathedral founded by Harald Blaantand in 980 and which originally belonged to the convent of Recollets, contains the sepulchres of John as well as of his son Christian II. John ascended the throne in 1481, on the death of his father Christian I., and in 1497, renewing the union of Kalmar, obtained the crown of Sweden, which the Swedes, however, did not long permit him to enjoy. He died on the 12th of February, 1513, having on his death-bed admonished his son Christian II.; admonitions which had no effect on a breast already corrupted by power, and impatient for dominion. John, says the quaint traveller Coxe, would have acted more wisely had he endeavoured to render the infant mind of his son capable of receiving the impressions of virtue, and had not shamefully neglected his education; a crime highly reprehensible in a father, but unpardonable in a sovereign, who is perhaps rearing a tyrant for his subjects, and entailing on his country a series of evils for which he is himself chiefly accountable. Historians agree in representing John as a wise and prudent prince, inclined to peace, but enterprising in war; and as generally moderate and humane; admitting, however, that he perpetrated occasional acts of violence and cruelty, derived from a species of melancholy madness, that preyed upon his mind, and at times deprived him of his senses.

His son, the cruel and unfortunate Christian II., lies entombed near his father, under a plain grave-stone, somewhat raised, but without inscription. He was born at Nyborg, on the 2nd of July, 1481; and discovered in his youth symptoms of a lively genius and good understanding, which, if properly cultivated,



might have rendered him the ornament, instead of the dishonour, of his country. The young prince was entrusted to a common burgher of Copenhagen, and afterwards removed to the house of a schoolmaster, who was a canon of the cathedral. In this situation his chief employment consisted in regularly accompanying his master to church, where he distinguished himself beyond the other scholars and choristers in chanting and singing psalms. He was afterwards consigned to the tuition of a German preceptor, a man of learning, but a pedant; under whom, however, he made a considerable proficiency in the Latin tongue. From this humble education Christian imbibed a taste for bad company, and was accustomed to haunt the common taverns, to mix with the populace, to scour the streets, and to be guilty of every excess. The king at length, informed of those irregularities, reproved him severely; but as the prince had already contracted habits which were grown too strong to be eradicated, these admonitions were too late. He feigned, however,

contrition for his past behaviour, and again won the affections of his father by his military successes in Norway, and by an unwearied application to the affairs of government.

During the first years of his reign, which commenced in 1513, his administration was in many respects worthy of praise; and the excellence of many of his laws has induced Holberg to affirm that if the character of Christian II. was to be determined by his laws, and not by his actions, he would merit the appellation of good, rather than of tyrant. Happy would it have been for himself and his people, had he continued to reign on the same principles.

At first all his enterprises were crowned with success; he abridged the power of the Danish nobility, and exalted the regal prerogatives; he obtained the crown of Sweden by conquest, and was even proclaimed hereditary sovereign of that kingdom. A prudent and temperate use of these advantages might have ensured him a long and undisturbed possession of the throne;



KIEL.

but his natural disposition, now freed from all restraint by prosperity, hurried him to the perpetration of the most flagrant acts of tyranny. The dreadful massacre of Stockholm, in which six hundred of the principal nobility were put to the sword, under the semblance of law, and amid the rejoicings for his coronation, exhibited such a striking instance of his malignant and implacable character, that, on the success of Gustavus Vasa, the spirit of resistance diffused itself rapidly from Sweden to Denmark, where he had exasperated his subjects by his repeated oppressions, and the confidence which he placed in the lowest and most worthless favourites.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The first of these favourites was the infamous Sigrobit, mother of the king's mistress Diveke. This artful woman, who was a native of Holland, and had kept an inn at Bergen in Norway, ever after her daughter's death, retained such power that she might be styled prime minister; she was the only channel of favour, transacted all affairs of importance, had the care of the finances, superintended the customs of the Sound, and had, in a

In 1523 Christian was publicly deposed by the states of Denmark, and the crown transferred to his uncle

word, acquired such a wonderful ascendancy over the infatuated monarch, that her influence was attributed to fascination. On the king's deposition, Sigrobit was so much detested, that, from apprehensions of the popular fury, she was conveyed in a chest on board the vessel which carried Christian from Denmark. Holberg adds, she consoled the king for the loss of his crown, by assuring him that, through the emperor's interest, he could not fail of being chosen burgomaster of Amsterdam. The particulars of this woman's life, subsequent to her escape from Denmark, are not known. The other favourite of Christian, no less infamous than the former, was Nicholas Stagebeck, originally a barber of Westphalia, and recommended to the king by his relation Sigrobit. He rendered himself so useful to Christian by his sanguinary advice at the massacre of Stockholm, and by being the instrument of his cruelty, that he was rewarded with the archbishopric of Lund. Not long afterwards, however, the king threw on his favourite all the odium of the massacre, and sacrificed him to the public vengeance; the unfortunate victim was first mangled, and then burnt alive, exhibiting a melancholy example what little confidence is to be reposed in the favour of a tyrant.

Frederick Duke of Holstein. This deposition was neither the consequence of Frederick's intrigues, nor of party spirit; but occasioned by the just and universal detestation which pervaded all ranks of people, and had

more the appearance of a new election on the demise of the crown than of a revolution which deprived a despot of his throne. Christian himself was sensible of the general odium, and, though by no means deficient



CHATEAU OF GLORUP.

in personal courage, made not the least effort to retain possession of that throne which he had often dishonoured. Quitting Copenhagen, he repaired to Antwerp, under the protection of Charles V., whose sister

Isabella he had married. After many delays and solicitations at the different courts of Europe, he at length collected, by the emperor's assistance, a fleet and army, with which he invaded the Danish dominions; his



CHATEAU OF RYGAARD.

attempts, however, proving unsuccessful, he fell, in 1542, into the hands of Frederick I., and was consigned a prisoner to the castle of Soudeborg, a strong fortress in the Isle of Alsen.

The place of his confinement was a dungeon, with a small window, admitting only a few rays of light, through which his provisions were conveyed. Having entered this gloomy cell, with a favourite dwarf, the sole com-

panion of his misery, the door was instantly walled up. Even the horrors of this situation were aggravated by the death of his only son John, who expired at Ratisbon in the fifteenth year of his age, and on the same day in which his father was taken prisoner. The premature decease of this accomplished prince, whom he tenderly loved, and on whom he rested his sole hopes of enlargement, reduced him to a state of despondency. After much anxious solitude by what means he could convey intelligence of his dreadful situation to his daughter, the Electress Palatine, and to the Emperor Charles V., the king prevailed on the dwarf to counterfeits sickness, and solicit his removal from prison for the recovery of his health. If successful, he was to seize the first opportunity of escaping from the Danish dominions to the court of the Electress, that she might engage the Emperor to intercede with the King of Denmark for some alleviation of her father's sufferings. The dwarf accordingly feigned sickness, was transferred to the neighbouring town, eluded the vigilance of his guards, and made his escape; but was overtaken at Resburgh, scarcely a day's journey from the Danish confines.

Christian, frustrated in this attempt, and deprived of his faithful associate, lingered for some time in total solitude, until an old soldier, worn out with the fatigue of the war, offered to share the king's imprisonment. The veteran being immured in the dungeon, amused the royal prisoner with various anecdotes on the different princes and generals under whom he had enlisted, and by describing the expeditions and battles in which he had been present, and as he had served from his earliest youth, was a person of much observation, and by nature loquacious, he assisted in relieving the *tedium* of Christian's captivity. Nor did any event, scarcely the loss of his son, more sensibly affect the deposed sovereign, than the death of this soother of his misery, who expired in the dungeon.

After a confinement of eleven years in his original cell, Christian was at length removed, through the intercession of Charles V., to a commodious apartment in the same castle, provided with suitable attendants, and indulged with the liberty of visiting in the town, attending divine service in the public church, and hunting in the neighbouring district. Yet even this change of situation, which had been so long the sole object of his wishes, could not make him forget that he was still a prisoner, the recollection of which affected him occasionally to such a degree, that he would suddenly burst into tears, throw himself on the ground, utter the most bitter lamentations, and continue for some time in a state approaching to insanity. However deservedly odious Christian II. may have appeared in the former parts of his life, yet his subsequent sufferings raise compassion; and it is a pleasing satisfaction to every humane mind, that he recovered from his despondency, and acquiesced in his fate with perfect resignation.

In 1546, after a confinement of sixteen years and seven months in the castle of Sonderborg, he was conveyed to the palace of Kallenberg, in the Isle of Zealand, a place to which he was particularly attached. Christian III. repaired in person to Assens, received his fallen rival with great marks of attention, and promised him every comfort which could tend to alleviate his situation. These unusual honours, joined to his removal from a place where he had experienced so much misery, and the prospect of again inhabiting his

favourite palace, excited transports of joy, and he compared himself to a person recalled from death.

Being conducted to Kallenberg, he had the satisfaction of finding these promises religiously fulfilled. He survived this happy change ten years; and his mind was so softened by adversity, that, old as he was, his death was hastened by affliction for the loss of his benefactor Christian I<sup>st</sup>. He died on the 24th of January, 1559, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and in the thirty-sixth from the period of his deposition.

Marryat likewise proceeded from Middelfart to Odense, and he thus relates his experiences. We land at Middelfart, and, whilst our carriages are preparing, wander down to the shore-side. The "red cabbage," sprung from the blood of Sir Niels Bugge, was not, however, there; perhaps we may next time be more lucky. Then on to Odense, twenty-four English miles, over a road straight as the crow flies, a hill always before you, and, when you are at the top, another. The land is rich and highly cultivated, but you sigh after the expansive wastes of Jutland. It is divided into small fields—like England, were the hedges of quickset; here they are mostly of lilac. This division was rendered necessary by the dishonesty of the inhabitants. "Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark," we all know, but we are ignorant of the punishment assigned hereafter to those who commit this crime. The Fionese declare that the ghosts of the culprits are compelled to plough the fields from which they unlawfully removed the stones, to all eternity; and in the villages of Ryslinge and Lørup they may still be heard of a night speeding their ploughs for the benefit of no one. Across a hill, too, called Graabjerge, the peasant will tell you it is dangerous to pass after nightfall, for the unwary pedestrian may suddenly find a red-hot rein poked into his hand, and be compelled to plough as long as the tortured spirits care to repose themselves. In this case there is but one resource: kick off your shoes—sabots, if you wear them—and, when you turn back, shove your feet quickly into them, and take to your heels.

Oh for the meadow of Menved! its eight square miles of haycocks! Stuff, oppressive Funen! We may grow used to it, but at present we despise her "prettiness" from our heart's core. At last comes Odense—not a bad town, with long streets and fine churches. A canal alone connects it with the fiord. Despicable place! A city—capital, too, of a Danish island—and no water save a murmuring brook! No historic interest can ever make up for such a disappointment, so the sooner we are off from the clean but noisiest of all noisy post-houses the better.

Don't inquire the etymology of the city's name, and rashly plunge into the vortex of real Odins and false Odins. It won't pay. The statue which once stood on the so-called Odin's hill, has long since disappeared. Let us turn at once to Knud the Holy, of whom we have heard so much—not Knud, flushed with the hopes of victory, about to sail with his mighty fleet to wrest his rebellious province of England from the Normans—not Knud, prosperous lord of the castle of Sjørring, which we visited together one windy day—but Knud, in the fair Isle of Funen, with a few followers, a fugitive from those opor-tu-nous of all subjects the Vendelboers. On his journey none succoured him, save one, and that one a granite boulder. The weary king, on his way from Middelfart to Odense, sank down from sheer fatigue on the rock which lay by the way—

side. Touched, says tradition, by the sorrows of the unlucky monarch, the hard granite softened, and the king enjoyed an undisturbed repose, as on a bed of down, till the morning dawned, and he continued his journey.

Among his suite was Earl Esbern, called Blakke, or the "red-haired," from his shining locks. Knud loved him much, but he proved a traitor. He assured the king there was no danger; that instead of passing across the Great Belt he might repose at Odense. When the king was in the sanctuary of St. Alban's church—English St. Alban's, a favourite saint of our own Great Canute, and founder of the edifice—Blakke persuaded him the Vendels had returned to Jutland, so he slept quietly together with his two brothers. Blakke then called to the peasants, "Go round and shoot the king through the window." They did so. Knud was kneeling before the high altar, with his brother Benedict, when a javelin, hurled through the window, laid him low. The king, feeling his end was nigh, prepared, his arms folded, to meet his death with dignity. He prayed for his enemies; but he was very thirsty, and demanded to drink; thereon a young man ran to the fountain in the market place, and filling an earthen pot with water, gave it to the dying king, passing it through the window on his spear; but an old peasant with his axe struck it down. The king looked up; their eyes met, and a few moments after the king expired. That man was never again tranquil; the dying gaze of the king, so patient and so sad, for ever haunted him, and he died shortly afterwards in great agony.

It is related in the same Chronicle how, while the small but trusty band of the king defended his person, the false Blakke killed the good Benedict, brother of the king. Blakke himself was slain in the fight; and when the battle was over, these two were found lying side by side. The blood of the prince flowed in a long stream of reeking gore along the pavement to the right, that of the traitor to the left: even in death their life-blood would not mingle. About the year 1100 Knud was canonised, and his body is interred within the church which bears his name, in a splendid shrine above the high altar. His brother Benedict is allowed to repose by his side. You may see them now, each in a carved oak box, Benedict's by far the smartest. He and the holy Knud remain, no longer regarded as relics and holy, in a chapel of the building, and their mouldering legs, once the admiration of thousands, may still be discerned, half powder, through the glass apertures of their coffins. There is no image of St. Knud here extant, but in the village of Branninge, by Ribe, you may see one, a very ancient carved figure, in the full armour of the day, his head covered with a monk's cap.

Adela, his widowed queen, wanted, on her retirement from Denmark, to carry off these precious relics to Flanders. Had she persisted in the execution of her whim, she would have met with the same fate as the saint himself. Deprive Odense of her "apothek" and head doctor! Furious, the inhabitants resented the idea. "Did he not cure every disease? A most skillful oculist, he restored sight to the blind! For rheumatics, he had no equal! and for the purification of the blood, never talk of *la moutarde blanche*, when St. Knud is to be got at!" Though a saint, he had his *specialité*, and particularly prided himself on his success in all cutaneous disorders.

So Queen Adela, who had no particular fancy for

being poked with a javelin, retired to Flanders, and left St. Knud to the adoration of the multitude.

His church is a fine building of exquisite proportions, spoiled by the modern fittings and loggie of the last centuries, used by the monarch and the heir-apparent (who generally held the post of governor of Funen), as well as by their guests; for Odense has had a world of fine company in her days of splendour. Our own George I., among the number, in the old Electress's lifetime paid a visit to Denmark, to Christian V.,—came to see his old aunt the dowager queen—always kind to the Falsgrave family. But Odense is out of fashion now; her palace untenanted. Next on our list of royal folks appears Erik Lam; he turned monk. I've no patience with your *rois fainéants* who turn religious to get out of this world's troubles. It is not religion at all—all sneaking, nothing more nor less.

Then comes King John, whose splendid sepulchral slab, removed from the extinct church of the Gray Friars, lies imbedded in the wall—a fine specimen of its period: the king arrayed in his royal robes, and good Queen Christina, who here died 1521, standing by his side; between them their youngest son, Prince Franciscus, a small boy, in full costume, with olden chain, to which hangs a pendant rose, some old Pope's present. Within the same vault, but no monument erected to his memory, lies Christian II., together with his father and mother, at last at rest. Hard by stands the coat of arms, in carved wood, of young Prince Franciscus, bearings of the house of Oldenborg; observe the supporters, wild men not yet moulted, well coated with hair—hair, however, we all know, will not last for ever, and the savages of the Danish arms have, like the rest of the world, become bald.

Before we close the list of royalty, observe that velvet coffin—plain, simple coffin—a duchess's coronet, "C. M." the initials—worthless Christina Munk. We have visited her birthplace, assisted at her marriage, her disgrace, her death, and now she lies interred, or rather exposed, in the chapel of St. Knud's church of Odense—*requiescat in pace!* Christina had the good luck to die at the moment when Ulfeld and his wife were at the height of their power—so on her death-bed she was attended by the hof-preacher of General Wrangel, as well as by the king's doctor. Her coffin was brought to Odense, met outside the town by the nobility, and buried in the presence of her children and grandchildren all arrayed in white clothing. So after all she was interred as a countess, and not as Mrs. Christina of Boller.

We will first enter the splendid chapel of the Counts of Ahlefeldt, a really noble dormitorium. Look at the banners, the armour, the coffins, all gilt and engraved; nothing in death and dust can be more magnificent. Thirteen warriors of this house fell in the Ditsmark combat, when the sacred banner of the Danesbrog was lost to the Danes for ever.

Observe that figure of a lady in a dark brocade dress and tight corrage, with choking ruff. No beauty—Lady Margaret Skovgaard is her name, a lady of great possessions. She was young and fair, and loved the revel and the dance. At a ball at Odense she danced with twelve successive knights—braves, corantos, and what not; dances not like our calm meandering quadrilles of the nineteenth century. She danced, and would not stop, till she could no more, and fell exhausted, dead, at the feet of the twelfth knight, her partner. He—for the age of chivalry was not yet over

—caused, at his own expense, this stone to be erected to her memory, and, like the rivals Capulet and Montague, had it richly gilt. "Stuff and nonsense!" cried fourth Christian, when he saw it (he was elected to his throne in Odense); "bring me a tar-barrel. Take a brush and tar the jade all over. I am not going to have my devotions (Christian's devotions!) disturbed by her gold and glitter." But Christian counted without his host, old Time; for, after a lapse of more than two centuries, the tar is peeling off, the gold reappearing, and perhaps she will again rival the gingerbread of the country fairs in her glittering finery. Scandalous people declare that the Lady Margaret had refused to lend money to Christian during her lifetime; it was on this account that he revenged himself. For the credit of St. Knuud, all coffins are closed to the public, even that of Mrs. Muus, wife of the first protestant prelate of the diocese, who, in order to prove she was above the prejudices of her "race," caused herself to be buried along with her four pet cats, each grimalkin clothed in grave-clothes of white satin, with a little black velvet cap and feather placed on his feline head—a story much in favour of the celibacy of the clergy, if bishop's wives made such fools of themselves.

I have done my best to like Odense, but can't. I have mounted the lofty tower of St. Knuud's church, and am not enthusiastic about the view, though anything like the steepness of its ladders I never came across. In the church of Our Lady is the splendid altar-piece, brought from the long since destroyed convent of the Gray Brothers, executed in the town of Odense, about the year 1520, by Claus Berg, whose name deserves to be handed down among the artists of his age. It was a present from good Queen Christina to that fraternity, a body much patronised by the early members of the Oldenburg family. In the lowest division, ranged on each side of the figure of Christ, stand King John and his family; the likenesses, if the portraits of the day are to be trusted, are admirable. To the right bends King John himself, followed by his sons—Christian II., the fair smile, beard and all, of the portrait of Christiansborg, a ruffianly-looking fellow, and his younger brother, the youthful Francis. On the female side, Queen Christina; then young Elizabeth of Austria, the fair spouse of neglectful Christian. And last, another Elizabeth, known to readers of Carlyle—Elizabeth married to the elector of Brandenburg—protestant ways inclined—caught by one of her numerous daughters tripping in her creed, receiving the communion in both kinds. "I'll brick her up," roared her husband in his ire. Elizabeth was too good a Lutheran not to hate bread and water; so off she sets, with not a change of linen to her back—mends her broken axletree with her veil—travels night and day till she gains the dominions of her neighbour the protestant Duke of Saxony, and never returns to her husband more. Joachim declares he meant nothing; but as his wife was well out of his reach, it was all very fine—she, for one, never believed him. There she bends—nice-looking, with plaited tresses—the only representation of her extant in the Danish dominions.

I am perfectly aware that Palnatoko, founder of the Hyde family, whom we have had before at Marienlyst, uproarious like the rest of the warriors in Harald Bluetooth's time, got himself slain somewhere by here; and I have read a description, to which only

Froissart or dear Miss Strickland could do justice, of the feudal homage done by the Dukes of Holstein, John and Adolf, to our good King Frederic, in 1579. Anything so smart as they all were no one can imagine. But the noise and the dust of Odense, nothing will ever make up for it.

Though Augsburg can boast her Fuggers, Odense can boast her Baggers; but in this latter case I am afraid virtue becomes its own reward, and the Bager family ranks not high among the counts of the Danish dominions. Olaf Bager was a rich merchant, and a man of noble and generous sentiments. He lent money to his king, the second Frederic, who when he visited Odense never failed to sup at the house of his friend and subject.

Pudding and sweets, as you well know, are served anyhow in the northern climes, in the middle of dinner, as the cook or housewife wishes it. One night at supper King Frederic praised highly some conserves of apricots. "What a bouquet, too, they have!" exclaimed the king. "Wait," replied Bager, "till the dessert; I will give you some incense which will smell far sweeter." The supper over, an incense-burner, laden with perfumed cedar-chips, was brought in, on the top of which was laid a mass of papers.

"Will your majesty deign to light the pile?" requested Bager, offering a match. His majesty did so most graciously, and with quiet satisfaction saw reduced to cinders his own bonds for sums so enormous he had little hopes of defraying the debt. This is historical; but here the Danes were not first, for Fugger lived in Charles V.'s reign, some years previous. Time rolled on, and Bager had a numerous family, some twelve or fourteen—you may see them all upon his epitaphium. He portioned his daughters, got ruined later, and had, like King Lear, to come to his children for help and refuge; but they treated him badly. "He had much better," said they, "have kept his bonds, instead of ruining himself for his sovereign's sake, and becoming a burden to his family." So Olaf, sick at heart, determines to try a ruse. He goes round to his various friends and merchants with whom he had once had dealings, and returns with a heavy coffer, which he deposits in a place of safety, well closed with wrought-iron lock and key. He has, he says, received gifts from some, from others the payment of debts long due. The contents of the coffer he intends to leave by his will to the child who treats him best.

A change comes over the spirit of the ungrateful offspring; it is now who shall treat the old man best—all love and filial affection. So Bager, laughing in his sleeve, ends his days in peace and comfort. He can make no distinction at his death; all have been kind to him, "his dutiful children;" the contents of the coffer are to be equally divided amongst them; it is heavy enough for all. Olaf Bager is conducted in pomp and honour to his last abode, followed by his sorrowing descendants. The will is read—the coffer opened—and lo! they discover, what? a heap of stones, a just requital for their undutiful behaviour.

The scholastic gardens form the favourite promenade of Odense. Here the military music plays in the evening. But notwithstanding its position as a capital, its patron saint, its cathedral, and its bishop (there was a dance at the bishop's last night), we were very glad to mount the carriage, and move on along the tiresome *chaussée*, its dullness alone relieved by an occasional picturesque old church nestling among the trees.

## III.

SVENSBORG—PIG CASTLE—PLOTREBQUE ISLANDS—ISLAND OF THORENG, THE APPENDAGE OF COURT WALDEMAR—CHRISTIAN IV.—NICHOLAS JUEL—PORTRAITS OF THE HOUSE OF OLDENBERG.

FROM Odense we proceeded to Svensborg, to explore the lovely environs of that picturesquely situated little town; the narrow winding streets lying upon the sides of the hills that surround the bay command extensive views of the innumerable islands without it. (See p. 780.) The spires of Nicolai Church, and the Klosterkirke or Convent Church, tower above the red roofs, and are not without interest within. There were thirteen islands in sight from the heights above the town whence our sketch was taken. First comes Thorseng or Taasinge, with Styng and Strynkalo beyond it; to the left were Thor, Langeland, and Lolland or Laland; to the right Skaaro, Droio, Als, Aro, Avernako, and Hiert. Some of these islands were principalities: Funen has 200,000 inhabitants; Laaland, 60,000; Langeland, 20,000; Als, 18,000; and Thorseng, 5,000.

We navigated from island to island, from gulf to gulf, amid the labyrinths of this archipelago so dear to the hero-god Thor. The firmament of Odin was over our heads, the sea of Ægir beneath our feet. Bays, hills, woods, villages, and hamlets, rivalled with one another in picturesque beauty. The one that pleased us most was Thorseng. It belongs to the family of Juel, and is the reward of their heroism. It was formerly a fief of the Crown, and Christian IV. erected a mansion there for his son Waldemar, one of the children he had by Christina Munck. The king was particularly attached to this boy. He wished to marry him to one of the daughters of the Grand Duke of Muscovy, hoping thereby to associate him in a league against Sweden; but this union, which was to have insured the happiness of Waldemar and the preponderance of Denmark over the cabinet of Stockholm, was frustrated by the premature death of the young man. The castle of the Island of Thoreng has preserved the romantic and tragic name of Waldemar.

We made an ascent of the hill of Bregninge previous to visiting the castle; the church on this hill is the family mausoleum of the Juels. Their tombs of enormous gray stones, are arranged in succession beneath their feudal vaults according to their dates. The view from this hill is, if possible, still more comprehensive and beautiful than that obtained from Svensborg.

A succession of woods and corn-fields took us to the mansion of Waldemar, built as a residence for a prince to whom it was only a sepulchre. There is a fine portrait of Christian IV. in this mansion, mounted on his celebrated black horse. He is depicted as tall, with an aquiline nose, an open expansive forehead, and a martial air; his eyes and mouth smile at danger, his whole physiognomy breathes with confidence and frankness. He is a hero before being a king. No wonder that Christian IV. should be the Henry IV. of the Danes. Victor at Kalmar, he not only commanded his armies but also his fleets. In 1644, in a naval engagement, he was severely wounded by a splinter which struck him on the face and threw him on the deck. "The king is dead!" ejaculated the bystanders in their horror. "No!" exclaimed the king, recovering himself, "he is not dead, but remains to do his duty." There is a picture illustrative of this incident in the Royal Palace of Copenhagen. Christian was as great a

diplomatist as he was a general. His treaties, which he drew up himself, were worth so many victories. He was also as good as he was brave. His famous edict of 1637, in which he forbade all belligerents interfering with non-belligerents, is well known. He was magnanimous and also magnificent, and yet he was economical and orderly in his expenses. His popularity was immense with the people as well as with the army and navy, and all the national songs of Denmark are based upon his fame.

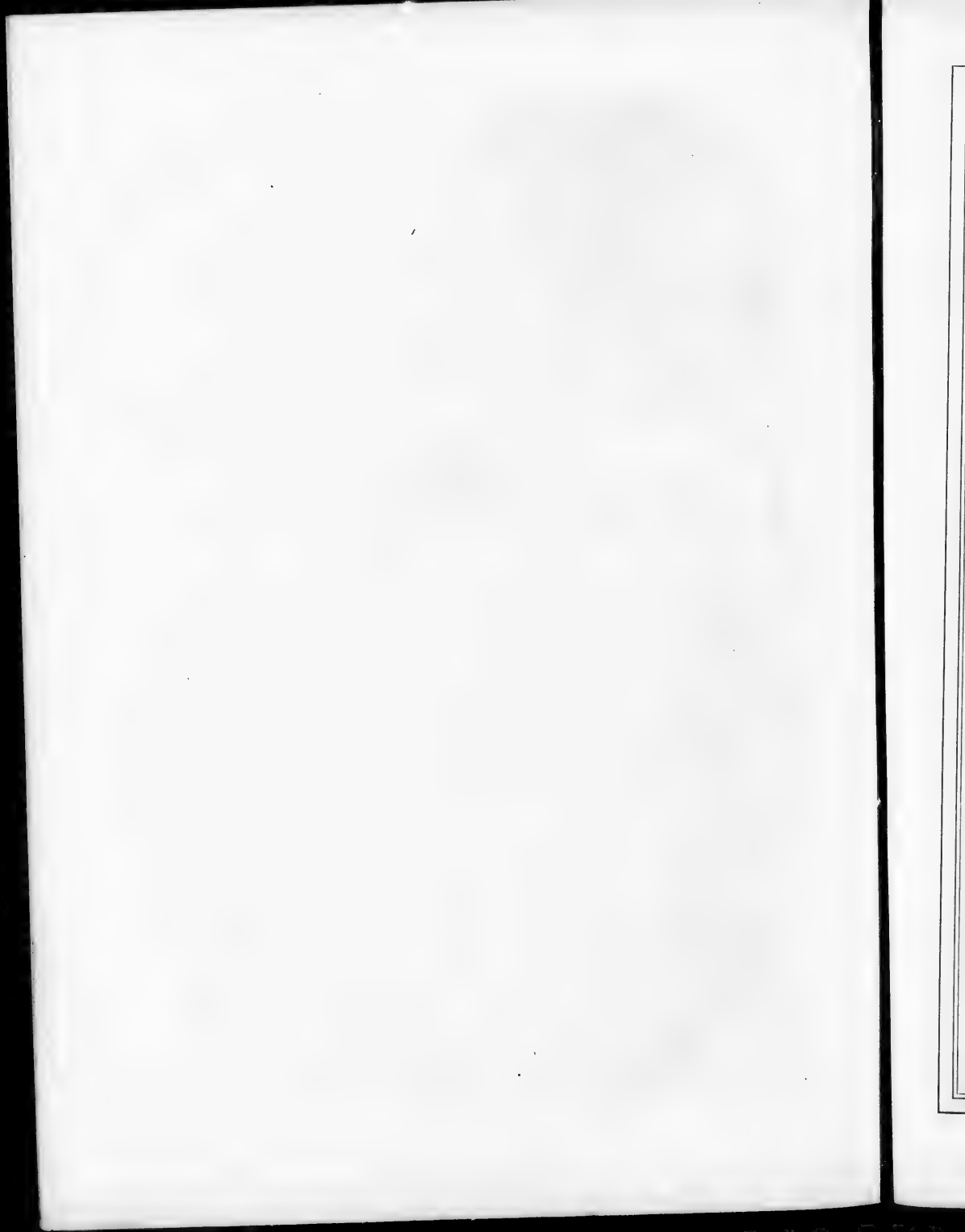
In another room is the portrait of another hero—Niels (Nicolas) Juel. He was the Ruyter of Denmark under Christian V., grandson to Christian IV. It was to him that the Island of Thoreng was given for his bravery and victories; and ever since the palace of Waldemar has been their residence, and the church of Bregninge their family mausoleum. The palace is full of reminiscences of this hero. The great sculptured sea-chest in which he put his clothes and linen when on board ship, even his little medical chest, are preserved as almost sacred relics. A fine painting is also devoted to one of his naval victories, the decisive battle of Kivegebrigt. It was on that day, that his vessel, the *Christian V.*, being about to sink: "Gentlemen," said Niels Juel to his officers, "the *Christian V.* has been a noble target, bring up the *Frederick III.*, we shall be well anywhere under the Danish flag," and changing his vessel, without losing his courage, the intrepid Niels Juel remained master of the field, or rather of the sea. There are several portraits of this Danish Nelson. In one he is in court-dress, with the blue cordon of the Elephant, but he looks best in his leathern jerkin, with his pistols in his waist and great sword by his side. A gold chain is then his only ornament. He has a coloured face, a manly expression, a quick bold look. His attitude is commanding, his body robust. The island which he conquered for his descendants, surrounded as it is on all sides almost within the range of the eye by the sea, seems like some huge vessel at anchor. It was a most appropriate gift for a naval hero.

When Marryat was at Svensborg, the place was full of bathers, the hotel noisy, and he seems to have been as little impressed with its beauties as he was with Odense, but still he admits that the town itself, perched on a hill-side, must tell better from the Island of Thorseng, on the opposite side of the fiord; but nothing more soft, more pretty, can be well described than the wood-clothed banks, extending towards Christiansminde. Our first stroll did not however run that way; we betook ourselves in the opposite direction, seduced by the tower of a milk-white church rising from the woods which embower it: St. Jorgens it is called. Here the wicked Danes declare that St. George fought the dragon. Our English St. George! a great fib! as all men know the combat took place somewhere near Tripoli. Dragon or no dragon, it is a lovely spot the village of St. Jorgens. There has been in former times an hospital attached to the church, and the view from the cemetery is charming. We stopped to gaze at the old square court of the prestegeard, the entrance-door abaded by two limes of glorious growth; and were in full admiration of its picturesque appearance, hay-loaded cart and all, when the son of the pastor came out, and begged us to walk in the garden and see the new house his father had lately completed. The old guard was to come down. It was an excellent modern house—of greater appearance, and not ugly; no house



CASLE OF MORGON, ON THE SOURCE.





in Denmark is ever ugly—with its high-pitched roofs and gables, but a sad exchange for the old limes, the square court, and the parlour-windows on the other side, with the open balcony commanding the blue waters. "Chacun un son goût, et tous les goûts sont respectables," so say the French.

These villages of Funen, with their abundant fruit-gardens and orchards, remind me of Calvados, and sometimes of our own more primitive hamlets of Devonshire, by the coast-side: it is rare elsewhere to meet rich cultivation and sea combined. The peasant-women, too, wear an eccentric cap—not like the Cauchois, but much frilled behind—and such a bonnet; like a japanned coal-scuttle, formed of glazed and painted carton, bent; you may purchase them flat in the shops.

This is a splendid place for bathing, and the establishments—floating baths, with cradles for non-swimming females—well arranged and airy. Jelly-fish the only drawback; beautiful to gaze upon, but most disagreeable to the touch; added to which they sting—not anything dire, but a prickly, disagreeable sensation.

Svendborg rather piques itself on its godfather King Svend, though in old documents of the Middle Ages it is more frequently written Svin, or "Pig Castle." Orthography, we all know, was very faulty until the present century; and the same name, be it town or family, you frequently find written in ten or fifteen different manners. Still the inhabitants appear to have been so touchy on the subject, and somebody, to clench the matter, composed some doggerel, which he caused to be hung up in the church, that I almost believe there to have been some truth in the assertion.

A town planted on a hill is always picturesque. It is something pleasant to overlook your neighbour's chimneys; and when the buildings are of ancient date, queer and rambling, with storks' nests and fruit-gardens, it adds to the charm. As you pass down the street you may read—if Danish be, like the French of Paris to Chaucer's Abbess, "to you unknown"—in the Latin tongue many a wise saw, many a good old proverb, inscribed above the doorways, coeval with the buildings themselves. Old saws, proverbs, and such like, are now esteemed vulgar; but many a good principle, many a domestic virtue has soaked into the mind of man as well as womankind, solely from the fact of its being placed for ever before their eyes. Svendborg was a loyal town to the house of Oldenburg, and Christian III. evinced his gratitude for her fidelity in 1535; "What can I do," he asked of her head magistrate, a priest, one Hans Gaas, "to reward your faithful services?" "How," answered the magistrate, humbly, "can a poor goose (Gaas) like me have done service to so great a sovereign?" Nothing like humility in this world; the Geese became ennobled, and Hans, Archbishop of Tronhem.

We pass through the post-guard garden, luxuriant in trees laden with unripe apples, to the detriment of the stomachs, I should imagine, of the tribe of babbling children who dwell within—seductive too with skittles and swings; turn into the road through a gate, and by a sharp descent gain the little jetty where the ferry-boats *already await* the passengers for Thorseng. A ten minutes' sail brings us to shore. The sun is high in the heavens, and we have a long walk before us. Svendborg looks better from the other side. Then too you have St. George's church and wood, and Christiansund as well; but our first excursion leads us to the church tower of Bregninge,

the highest point in the island, from whose summit you gain a panoramic view of all the Danish archipelago—Lolland, Langeland, Funen, Årø, and half a dozen other O's, small fry, unknown to the world in general—all very flat, very green, very blue, and satisfactory to those who care for bird's-eye views, without a background beyond the gray horizon.

This Isle of Thorseng, flat though it be, is fair and fruitful, the possession of the noble house of Juel, descendants of the gallant Admiral Niels Juel, whose tomb we visited in the Holm church of Copenhagen. A pleasant walk along the water-side leads to the residence of the lord and master—smiling villages, with gardens, woods, hops, and orchards—a prosperity to make the heart joyful. Valdemar Slot, it is called—a huge pile, with gate-houses spacious enough to furnish a residence to any moderate-minded man, built by the fourth Christian, who gave it, with the rich broad lands surrounding, to his eldest son Prince Valdemar (by Christina Munk), that good-looking fellow who hangs in the Royal Gallery of Copenhagen, painted by Carl van Mander. He appears to have been a spoiled boy, as most handsome children are, and later in life ran wild, causing his father some trouble. Christian writes word to his son-in-law Corfitz Ulfeld, in a letter dated 14th September, 1643: "Count Valdemar Christian leaves this to-morrow on a journey through Denmark. God grant him a happy journey. He has cost me much money. Pray Heaven this may be the last. If you don't make him careful, he will soon spend all the money I have given him before he comes to Copenhagen, notwithstanding he has got here all that he wanted; besides which he owes the tailor 20,000 specie." An extravagant dog was Count Valdemar. He endeavoured to persuade Corfitz to go security for him, and "back his bills." So, to keep him out of scrapes, his father sends him off on an embassy to Moscow, and negotiations are entered into for marrying our scapegrace to the Russian Princess Irene; when all was arranged, Valdemar refused to be baptised according to the Greek Church after the Muscovite manner. On his first introduction into the Czar's presence, by way of seeking favour with his future father-in-law, he kissed the sceptre. The Russians declared that from henceforth he became the vassal of the emperor. When Valdemar discovered this, he determined to leave secretly; accompanied by three of his attendants, he tried to escape through Poland. On arriving at the gate of the city after dark, he was recognised and stopped; and, after a pitched battle between his servants and the Muscovites, was taken prisoner, and kept secure until the death of the Emperor Michael, when he was set at liberty. On his way home he carried off a young lady . . . Warsaw, deserted her, and she drowned herself in the Sound at Elsinore. After Ulfeld's rebellion, disgusted at the coldness with which he was treated by his half-brother Frederic III., he joined the party of his brother-in-law in Sweden, and died in Poland, an officer in the Swedish service.

Valdemar Slot is an ugly pile of brickwork externally, much degraded, and now, alas! in Chancery, a lawsuit between two brothers. It is, however, worthy of a visit, with its gallery of portraits, one of the most interesting in Denmark, but fearfully neglected, being unappreciated by the possessors. In one of the great saloons are hung those of the early sovereigns of the house of Oldenburg, from Frederic II. down-

wards, all on horseback, each horse, however, follows that of his predecessor, giving the whole the appearance of a royal carrousal or merry-go-round.

It was Frederic III. who, as *cadet du sang*, commenced life as Archbishop of Bremen—a world of trouble his father had to get him appointed. There he is; most ecclesiastical too he looks—as like a bishop as the Duke of York did of Osnaburg—a *cheval*, armed *cap-à-pie*, distinguished alone from his brethren by the starched plaited ruff of the Lutheran clergy. His duties cannot have been onerous, though to me the wearing of the frill would have been worse than all the penances and fastings of the Romish Church. We mount the staircase; on the landing-place hang all the family of the fourth Christian—heavy, drunken Prince Christian, who made way for his brother the bishop and his wife Madalena of Saxony, she with feather-fan in hand and lapdog by her side; Prince Valdemar, the possessor, though he never resided there, a fine boy—a child to be proud of, as indeed all Christians were. And those fair ladies with golden powdered hair, high ruffs, and somewhat uncovered, looking-glasses and pearls. Who be they? “Those,” replied the conductress, “are the twelve frills of King Christian.” Powers above! twelve! Lump together all the demi-monde of that immoral court—all the Kirstens, Karens, Vibekes—you can never number twelve; but they are very pretty women, much superior to the portraits of Rosenberg. I must take the liberty of vindicating three from this sweeping verdict: those three exquisite creatures who hang below belong to another period, somewhat later, and are, if I mistake not, authentic copies of some of our English beauties of Hampton Court. One I imagine to be the Princess of Orange, Mary Stuart, daughter of Charles I.—she was good at any rate; a second, highly rouged, not unlike the haughty and imperious Castlemaine, whom I have already met with in Rosenberg; the third, a lady of King Charles’s court, surpassingly lovely. Not to linger, we have, among many others of interest, Queen Louisa of England in all her youth and beauty. What majesty! what a presence! Her portrait is not rare in Funen. Then there is Niels Juel, first as a boy—hofjunker to Duke Frederic—in red jacket and silver buttons, something like that worn at a Spanish bull-fight; again repeated, surrounded by his victories, as Admiral, Knight of the Elephant, &c., a table with the names of his vessels, his captains, lieutenants, and officers, down to the lowest grade. But of all the portraits of the Juel house, there is one most charming, a lady of the last century, missal in hand, coming out of church, the light of a setting sun falling on her dress through the mullions of a Gothic window, one of those effects of light so much loved by some of the Dutch painters; the master unknown.

My opinion is that to see these islands in their fullest beauty we should have visited them in the month of May, in the new-born luxuriance of early spring-time, before the harvest is gathered in and the green fields become stubble. In these northern climes the summer is bright, but short. The months of May and June, though the days are prolonged till midnight, and twilight is only a cloud passing over the fair face of nature, yet are but of thirty days, and soon fly by. Could we extend the year to fifteen months, one more summer quarter, it would be a great convenience.

## IV.

HOW THE GODDESS GEFION PLOUGHED THE GREAT AND LITTLE BELTS—SLAGELSE—SORO AND ITS ACADEMY—SAXO GRAMMATICUS—STORY OF HAMLET—LEGEND OF THE TWO CHURCH TOWERS—ABSALON, THE WARRIOR, ARCHBISHOP, AND STATESMAN—ROYAL TOMBS AT SORO.

We had to cross the Great Belt again to pass from Funen to Zealand, and that by the usual ferry, too, from Nyborg to Korsor. It is as on the coast of Norway, where a relay of boats succeeds to a relay of horses quite as a matter of course along a so-called postal line of communication. There is no getting on in Denmark without taking to the water every now and then. The great learned antiquarian, Rask, whose native cottage was pointed out to us near Svenborg, and who has published the best editions of the two Eddas, explains how it is that Denmark is indebted for its Greater and Lesser Belts. It is all owing to a little arrangement between the great persons of the Scandinavian mythology. Odin, carried away by his affection for the goddess Gefion, promised her one fine day all the land that she could encompass with a furrow in the course of twenty-four hours. The beauty of this cosmogonic poem, who must have partaken as much of the Hercules as of Venus, forthwith harnessed four wild bulls to her plough, and she never ceased to ply its share till she had effectually cut off Funen and Zealand from the mainland. “That is how,” said Rask, smiling, “we have these straits and these islands, which once constituted part of the continent of Sweden on the one side, and of Jutland and Slesvig on the other. The world,” he added, “has forgotten the goddess Gefion, but the world is ungrateful.”

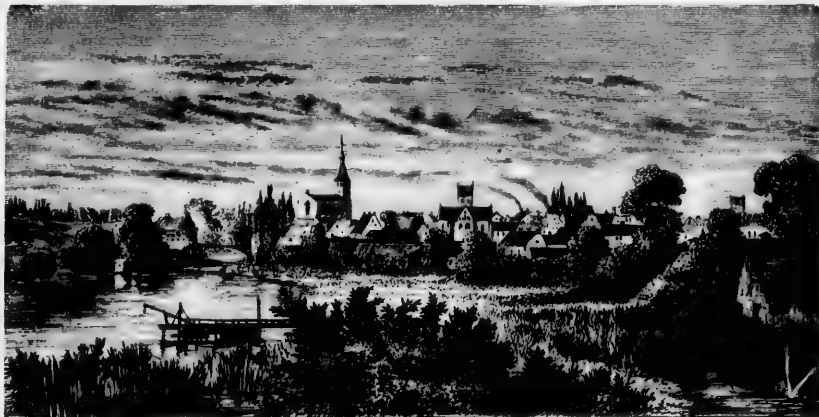
The first town on the way to Copenhagen from Korsor, and the first station on the railway is Slagelse, a lively little town with 3,200 inhabitants, and a fine church of the eleventh century. In the forest of Antvorskov, immediately beyond the town, was formerly situated the abbey of Antvorskov, founded by Valdemar I., in 1177. Of one of the monks of this monastery, Holy Anders, the patron saint of Slagelse, the most marvellous traditions are still extant. To him, it is said, the town was indebted for the extensive lands annexed to it, for Valdemar having promised the town as much land as Holy Anders could ride round on a new-born foal, the pious monk is said to have made such speed, notwithstanding his strange courser, that the courtiers kept running to the king, who was in his bath, to implore him to stop the progress of the holy man, or he would soon ride round the whole island.

Holy Anders further enjoyed the privilege of hanging his hat and his gloves on the sunbeams, while performing his devotions in the open air, a circumstance which brought him into great repute. An eminence in the neighbourhood of Slagelse, where Anders is said once to have fallen asleep and to have had a vision, is still denominated the resting-place (Hvilkehoi).

Two miles from Slagelse the road passes the lovely Lake of Soro, on the borders of which rises, in noble and elegant simplicity, the Academy of Soro. Seven hundred years ago, when the town of Soro was but a little hamlet, Asger Ryz, the father of Denmark’s greatest statesman, Bishop Absalon, erected on this spot a Bernardine convent, which, by the munificence of Absalon, and of his brother, Ebern Snare, soon became one of the richest and most distinguished abbeys in Denmark. Here it was that Saxo Gram-

mations wrote his Danish Chronicles. After the introduction of the reformed religion, Frederick II. (1556) transformed the abbey into a foundation school, and in 1623, Christian IV., anxious to prevent the Danish nobles from leaving their own country to prosecute their studies at foreign universities, as was then very much the fashion, founded, richly endowed, and connected with this school an academy for young noblemen, and appointed many foreign professors to instruct them in different sciences and languages. The school founded by Frederick II. being not exclusively designed for noblemen's children, it was considered necessary to lay down as a rule, that "the children of nobles, who may frequent the school, shall hereafter, for several reasons, at meals, in the hours of instruction and of recreation, as well as in their bed rooms, be separated from the other children who are not noble." This is one of the many instances of the profound contempt in which the nobles held the other classes, and

the utter unconcern with which they gave utterance to their feelings, circumstances which in less than half a century afterwards led to the complete overthrow of their power, and to the establishment of the absolute power of the monarchs. In 1754, Soro Academy was further endowed by Baron Ludvig Holberg, the Danish historian and dramatic writer, who at his death bequeathed to it the whole of his property. The spirit of the academy has, of course, in later times, undergone a change, and the nobles have here, as elsewhere, lost their exclusive rights. Among the present professors are Ingemann and Estrup, whose names rank among the first in Danish literature. A lovely little cottage on the banks of the lake, and immediately adjoining the academy, is allotted to each of the professors, and the whole character of the place is perfectly suited to the calm pursuits of science. The old academy was burnt down in 1813, and was replaced by the present building, but the church of the Bernardines, a very



ODENSE CAPITAL OF FUNEN.

fine Gothic building, is still extant, and contains within its walls the ashes of Absalon, of Holberg, and of King Valdemar IV.

The Academy of Soro boasted a year or two ago of 183 students, of whom 64 were warders. This is something better than the Queen's Colleges in Ireland. The wooden gates of the old monastery are still visible. The church is of charming proportions. It contains several monuments of antiquity, and has two wooden crucifixes, one of the twelfth, the other of the sixteenth century. The most remarkable tombs are those of Waldemar Atterdag, of Bishop Absalon, and of his grandfather Hvide. There is also a curious carved chair of 1650, rather difficult to move.

Saxo Grammaticus, above alluded to, was descended from an illustrious Danish family, was born about the middle of the twelfth century, and, on account of his uncommon learning, distinguished by the name of Grammaticus. Some authors have erroneously conjectured, from his name Saxo, that he was born in Saxony. He

was provost of the cathedral church of Roskild, the Westminister of Denmark, and his tomb is still shown there by the side of that of the Danish princes; but Mallet argues from Sperling, a writer of great erudition, that the provost of Roskild was another person, and that Saxo was secretary to Absalon, the celebrated Archbishop of Lunden. It seems certain that he was much patronised by the learned and warlike founder of the Academy of Soro, and it was at his instigation that he wrote his history of Denmark. This history, consisting of sixteen books, begins from the earliest era of the Danish annals, and concludes with the year 1186. It has long ago been shown by Holberg (to whose memory an annual funeral oration is made at Soro), that the first part of this history, which relates to the origin of the Danes and the reigns of the ancient kings, is full of fable; but the eight last books, and particularly those which regard the events of his own times, deserve the utmost credit. He wrote in Latin, and the style, if we consider the barbarous age in which he flourished,

is in general extremely elegant, but rather too poetical for history. His epitaph, a dry panegyric in bad Latin verses, gives no account of the date of his death, which happened, according to Stephens, in 1204.

Saxo Grammaticus possesses more real interest, however, in the eyes of Englishmen, from the circumstance of his being the original narrator of those events upon which our immortal bard founded his great work—Hamlet.

His account is extracted, and much altered, by Belleforest, a French author; an English translation of whose romance was published under the title of the *History of Hamlet*, and from this translation Shakspeare formed the groundwork of his play, though with many alterations and additions.

According to the Danish annals, long before the introduction of Christianity into Denmark, Horwendillus, prefect, or King of Jutland, was married to Geruthra, or Gertrude, daughter of Ruric, King of Denmark, by whom he had a son, called Amlethus, or Hamlet. Fengo murders his brother Horwendillus, marries Gertrude, and ascends the throne. Hamlet, to avoid his uncle's jealousy, counterfeits folly; and is represented as such an abhorrer of falsehood, that, though he constantly frames the most evasive and even absurd answers, yet artfully contrives never to deviate from truth. Fengo, suspecting the reality of his madness, endeavours, by various methods,<sup>1</sup> to discover the real state of his mind: amongst others, he departs from Elsinore, conceals a meeting between Hamlet and Gertrude, concluding that he would not withhold his sentiments from his own mother, and orders a courtier to conceal himself, unknown to both, for the purpose of overhearing their conversation.

The courtier repairs to the queen's apartment, and hides himself under a heap of straw. Hamlet, on entering the cabinet, suspecting the presence of some spy, imitates, after his usual affectation of folly, the crowing of a cock, and, shaking his arms like wings, jumps upon the heap of straw, till feeling the courtier, he draws his sword, kills him, cuts the body to pieces, boils it, and gives it to the hogs. He then avows to his mother, that he only personated a fool; reproaches her for her incestuous marriage with the murderer of her husband, and concludes his remonstrances by saying: "Instead, therefore, of condoling my insanity, deplore your own infamy, and learn to lament the deformity of your own mind."

The queen is silent, but is recalled to virtue by these

<sup>1</sup> Among other attempts, Fengo ordered his companions to leave him in a retired spot, and a young woman was placed in his way, with a view to extort from him a confession that his folly was counterfeited. Hamlet would have fallen into the snare, if a friend had not secretly conveyed to him intelligence of this treachery; he carried the woman to a more secret place, and obtained her promise not to betray him, which she readily gave, as she had been brought up with him from her infancy. Being asked, on his return home, if he had indulged his passion, he answered in the affirmative; but rendered himself not believed by the most artful subtleties, which, though true, seemed evidently to mark a disordered understanding, and by the positive denial of the woman. "Upon this woman," as Capell observes, "is grounded Shakspeare's Ophelia; and his deliverance from this snare by a friend, suggested his Horatio."—"The rude outlines," as Mr. Malone remarks, "of those characters." "But in this piece there are no traits of the character of Polonius; there is, indeed, a counsellor, and he places himself in the Queen's chamber behind the arras; but this is the whole. The Ghost of the old Hamlet is likewise the offspring of our author's creative imagination."

admonitions. Fengo returns to Elsinore, sends Hamlet to England under the care of two courtiers, and requests the king, by a letter, to put him to death. Hamlet discovers and alters the letter; and on their arrival in England, the king orders the two courtiers to immediate execution, and betroths his daughter to Hamlet, who gives many astonishing proofs of a transcendent understanding.

At the end of the year he returns to Denmark, and alarms the court by his unexpected appearance; as a report of his death had been spread, and preparations were making for his funeral.

Having reassumed his affected insanity, he purposely wounds his finger in drawing his sword, which the bystanders immediately fasten to the scabbard. He afterwards invites the principal nobles to an entertainment, makes them intoxicated, and in that state covers them with a large curtain, which he fastens to the ground with wooden pegs; he then sets fire to the palace, and the nobles, enveloped in the curtain, perish in the flames. During this transaction he repairs to Fengo's apartment, and taking the sword which lay by the side of his bed, puts his own in its place; he instantly awakens and informs him, that Hamlet is come to revenge the murder of his father. Fengo starts from his bed, seizes the sword, but unable to draw it, falls by the hand of Hamlet. The next morning, when the populace were assembled to view the ruins of the palace, Hamlet summons the remaining nobles, and, in a masterly speech, lays open the motives of his own conduct; proves his uncle the assassin of his father and concludes in the following words.

"Tread upon the ashes of the monster who, polluting the wife of his murdered brother, joined incest to parricide, and ruled over you with the most oppressive tyranny. Receive me as the minister of a just revenge, as one who felt for the sufferings of his father and his people. Consider me as the person who has purged the disgrace of his country, extinguished the infamy of his mother, freed you from the despotism of a monster, whose crimes, if he had lived, would have daily increased, and terminated in your destruction. Acknowledge my services, and, if I have deserved it, present me with the crown; behold in me the author of these advantages, no degenerate person, no parricide, but the rightful successor to the throne, and the pious avenger of a father's murder. I have rescued you from slavery, restored you to liberty, and re-established your glory; I have destroyed a tyrant, and triumphed over an assassin. The recompense is in your hands; you can estimate the value of my services, and in your virtue I rest my hopes of reward." This speech had the desired effect; the greater part of the assembly shed tears, and all who are present unanimously proclaim him king amid repeated acclamations.

Hamlet, soon after his elevation, sails to England, and orders a shield to be made, on which the principal actions of his life are represented. The king receives him with feigned demonstrations of joy; falsely assures him that his daughter is dead, and recommends him to repair to Scotland as his ambassador, and pay his addresses to Queen Hermetruda. He gives this insidious advice with the hope that Hamlet may perish in the attempt; as the queen, who was remarkable for her chastity, and cruelty, had such an aversion to all proposals of marriage, that not one of her suitors had escaped falling a sacrifice to her vengeance. Hamlet, in opposition to all difficulties, performs the embassy,



and, by the assistance of his shield, which inspires the lady with a favourable opinion of his wisdom and courage, obtains her in marriage, and returns with her to England. Informed by the princess to whom he is betrothed, that her father meditates his assassination, Hamlet avoids his fate by wearing armour under his robe, puts to death the king of England, and sails to Denmark with his two wives, where he is soon afterwards killed in a combat with Volgetus, son of Ruric. Hamlet, adds the historian, was a prince, who, if his good fortune had been equal to his deserts, would have rivalled the gods in splendour; and in his actions would have exceeded even the labours of Hercules.

Marryat, when at Feggeklit—sacred, he says, in the eyes of all Englishmen as the birthplace of our Shakspeare's Hamlet (Amleth, as he is called in Denmark)—relates the story in a slightly different way. It was at Feggeklit, in the Island of Mors, in the very early ages, dwelt two brothers—Haardvendel, father of Hamlet, and his brother Fengo. For many years they lived in amity, resting alternately, each for the space of three years, while the other went on a pirate expedition. When Fengo witnessed his brother return laden with spoils, and the joy of his wife Geruthe, Fengo's heart burned with jealousy; he determined to remain at home, and get possession not only of his brother's wealth, but also of his wife. Pretending that Geruthe is ill treated by her husband, Fengo slays his brother. After their marriage, Amleth, fearing for his life, feigns madness. He rolls about in the mud, and replies in a ridiculous manner to the questions put to him. The king, suspicious, endeavours, by means of a woman's art, to draw the truth from him. Amleth, on his guard, that day indulges in unheeded vagaries. He rides out in the forest with his face towards the horse's tail, pretends to mistake a wolf for a horse, and wishes Fengo had many such chargers. Now comes the story of Polonius. Fengo absents himself, and gives orders to a confidant to watch Amleth, and conceal himself in the room when he is alone with his mother. Amleth, who has his wits about him, before entering into conversation with his mother, runs, as was his habit, round the room, flapping his arms and crowing like a cock. Jumping on a heap of straw (in her majesty's bed-room!) he feels something underneath, runs his sword through, and withdraws the dead body of the spy. He cuts it into pieces, boils it, and gives it to the pigs. Then, turning to his mother, who was weeping over his madness, he addresses her the most violent reproaches: "If you will grieve, weep not over my madness, but over your own shame and dishonour." Fengo, after the disappearance of his counsellor, feels more anxious than ever to make an end of his stepson. He then sends him to England; and here Shakspeare has followed the true story. Amleth adds to the instructions for the death of his companions, that the king of England is to give his daughter in marriage. Amleth is still very queer; he refuses to eat or drink at the English king's table. On inquiring, he replies he will not touch food, because "the bread savours of blood, the beer of iron, and the lard of dead men's carrion;" he adds also (very ill bred) that the king has eyes like a bondsman, and that the queen, in three things, behaved herself like a servant maid; but after a sharp observation the king discovers Amleth was right in his supposition as regards the food; for the corn came from a field where a battle had taken place; the pigs had eaten a dead man's carrion; and in

the fountain of the brewer were discovered several rusty swords. The English king now becomes uneasy, and, taking his mother to task, forces her to own that a bondsman was his father. Later, Amleth declares that (shocking bad manners) the queen is not of higher origin herself; for, first, she hides her head in her cloak; secondly, in walking she lifts up her kirtle under the girdle; and, thirdly, after eating she picks her teeth with a fish-bone—all decided proofs of low birth; "but perhaps," he added by way of a sop, "her mother was a prisoner of war, which fully accounts for her low habits." The king (a most undutiful son) praises his wisdom, and gives him his daughter in marriage. Amleth now demands recompense for the death of his companions, and receives a considerable sum of gold, which he melts down into two hollow sticks; and, after a year's absence, begs to return to Jutland on "important family affairs." On his arrival he is asked after his two companions; "Here they are," he replied, exhibiting his two sticks. His answer is received with shouts of derision, and they look on him as mad as ever.

On his arrival at the palace of King Fengo, situated on the lake hard by, he found the family in full carouse, a wake subsequent to the celebration of his own funeral. Disguised, he joins the party, drugs the liquor of the carousers, and, when they are all intoxicated, first setting fire to the house, rushes to the room where Fengo lay asleep, awakened him with these words: "Fengo, your good men are burning to ashes; and here is Amleth, who will revenge the death of his father!" He then slays him. One hundred and fifty years since Fengo's grave was opened and an iron sword taken from it; what became of it none can tell.

The legend of the monastery, now the Academy of Soro, is related by the same traveller as given in the ballad of "The Two Church Towers." Sir Asker Ryg, son of Skialm Hvide, was a knight of large possessions, and dwelt near the village of Fiennesleville. One day, when about to start for the wars, he first went into "the little church to pray," and greatly scandalised was he to find the doorway so low he was compelled to bow his head on entering therein; the roof, too, was of black straw, and the damp and green mould hung to the crumbling walls. Greatly shocked was Sir Asker Ryg; perhaps, had he been more regular in his attendance, he would have already discovered the dilapidated state of the building; so, previous to his starting, he gave directions to his wife, the fair Lady Inge, at that time in an interesting condition, to rebuild the church during his absence, and if she were brought to bed of a boy, to erect a lofty church tower; if only a girl, a spire. The Lady Inge promised obedience to the wishes of her lord, and off he goes, followed by a numerous train of squires, to fight the battles of his country, and perform prodigies of valour. When the war is at an end he bends his way homeward, and on approaching Fiennesleville his impatience is so great he outstrips all his train, and arrives first alone on the brow of the hill which overhangs the village: he strains his eyes and sees not one tower but two,—the Lady Inge has given birth to twin boys during his absence,—and on arriving at his castle half mad with joy (education cost nothing in those days) he embraced his wife, exclaiming, "Oh, thou noble Lady Inge; thrice honoured be thou: thou art a Dannewif!" (a woman who first bears twin sons to her husband is termed a Dannewif). And these twins

grew up to be the most celebrated characters of their century—Absalon, the warrior Archbishop of Lund, friend and adviser of Valdemar the Great, and Esbern Snare.

It was Archbishop Absalon who, in conjunction with his brother Esbern Snare, rebuilt and enlarged the convent of Sorø, which greatly flourished during the Valdemarian dynasty, but later fell into decadence, as the epitaph of the last abbot is supposed to express, though I really see no reason why it should more allude to the state of the monastery than to the general transitory events of this world. It runs—

"Quicquid est humanis noli confidere rebus,  
Jam mihi esse magnum quin quod esse nihil."

In 1580, the convent was wholly suppressed, and added to the fiefs of the crown, and a school founded for thirty sons of the nobility. Among the many personages of note who have been here educated may be enumerated Frederic III. himself, at that time not their presumptive to the crown; Prince Valdemar, eldest son of Christian IV., by Christina Munk; and many others.

Charles Gustavus of Sweden, too, here received his early instruction; and when, in 1659 he had reduced nearly the whole of Zealand under his yoke, with a proper feeling of gratitude towards the "alma mater" of his childhood, he exempted Sorø from military contribution, and extended to it his royal protection against all outrages.

You enter the university by the Gothic gateway of brickwork, now whitewashed, belonging to the ancient convent. An avenue of trees leads to the church, surrounded by a small cemetery, and in front stands the college; on the other side a handsome building of the present century. The original edifice was consumed by fire in the year 1813. As we entered the court some very small boys were indulging in the recreation of shooting stones and horse-chestnuts from a sling, the traditional amusement of boys of all ages and countries, from the time of David to the present generation.

We mount the steps and enter by a long corridor, hung with square portraits of the kings of Denmark from the earliest ages, like those we see on the tables of our kings of England. They are, I fancy, copies taken from a series of engravings I have since seen in the Müller collection at the Royal Library at Copenhagen.

A glass window in the door of each school-room allowed us to peep at the boys engaged in their studies. We then mounted upstairs, and were introduced to their dormitories—large airy rooms with numberless small beds arranged in rows, the windows opening wide and overlooking the lake below. On the first floor were a well-filled museum of natural history, a debating and lecture room. In this room stands the chair of Holberg the historian, and also the Sheridan of the Danish drama, by whom the academy was richly endowed. Several full-length portraits of the kings of Denmark hang on the walls: Christian IV. and V., and Frederic V. and VI., arrayed in their robes of state. Frederic V. is the beau ideal of dandyism of the last century, a handsome young man with fine large dark eyes. He married first a daughter of our King George II., the Princess Louisa, a name still loved and remembered throughout the country; and to her, I am sorry to say, he made a very bad husband.

As we left the building the boys were assembled in the court yard, busily engaged in the purchase of buns

from the old woman who, I suppose, enjoys this monopoly. They appeared a gentlemanlike set of youths, and saluted us as we passed, taking their caps off—more than the Eton or Harrow boys would have done. We rested in the pretty garden of the academy, still a blaze of autumn flowers; a splendid weeping Crataegus quite dazzled the eye, loaded with its scarlet berries. The trees and flowers seed more abundantly in the north than in the more southern latitudes.

Among the royal personages interred within the abbey church of Sorø is Valdemar Attordag, who died in 1375, father of Queen Margaret: the full-length figure of white marble, placed there by the piety of his daughter, whom he hated, has long since disappeared.

But the first object of interest is the sepulchral stone of Olaf, King of Norway and Denmark. On a shield is inscribed the lion of Norway, bearing the hatchet of St. Olaf in his paw, surmounted by a skull. King Olaf died early, and was succeeded by his mother, the great Margaret. This youthful Olaf was the first of the Danish rulers who assumed the title of King of the Wends and Goths, and caused the custom of praying for the king and queen in churches to be established; a very wise precaution on his part, for his successors were sadly in want of the prayers of all good men here below. Some time after his death there arose a false Olaf, who declared himself to be the son of the queen; he was in reality the son of King Olaf's nurse, and divulged many secrets which alone the queen would know, by way of proving his identity. But Margaret declared him to be an impostor; because, as she said, "My son died in Falsterbo palace and was buried in Sorø abbey church, and I myself sent his entrails to be interred in the choir of Lund cathedral"—a very good argument on her part; "but," added she, "let him be examined; if he be my son, you will find a mole between his shoulders." The mole was not there, and the false Olaf was burnt to cinders the day before Michaelmas, near Falsterbo, in Sweden.

The most beautiful among these monuments is that of Christopher II. and his Queen Euphemia, daughter of Bogislaus, Duke of Pomerania. The recumbent figures of these sovereigns, lying side by side, are of great beauty and exquisite workmanship. That of Christopher reminds me forcibly of Edward II.'s, in Gloucester cathedral. He, as well as his queen, is arrayed in his robes of state, his hair flowing long, his beard pointed after the fashion of our early Plantagenets; his head is encircled by the royal crown, his sword by his side; his features are regular and expressive. The queen boasts of little beauty; her nose, *en éventail*, betrays her Pomeranian origin; her long wavy hair falls on her shoulders from beneath the regal circlet; her surcoat is rich in jewellery; and her corsage ornamented with octagonal bosses, alternately bearing the lion of Norway and the winged griffin of the Wends. Between these two recumbent figures lies that of a little child, coroneted like its parents, Erik, their son and heir, who preceded them to the tomb. Behind the head of Christopher stands the lion of Denmark on his four legs, as unlike a lion as may be, from whose back rises a sort of Gothic pinnacle, tapering to a point, made hollow so as to hold a wax-taper of large dimensions, to be burnt at the tomb of departed royalty on certain vigils of the Church of Rome; while behind the queen stands a similar structure, rising from the shoulder of the griffin of Pomerania.

Let us now turn to Archbishop Absalon, who lies

interred under a sepulchral slab near the high altar; the original tomb, of white alabaster, no longer exists; the present slab was placed here by Bishop Urne in the sixteenth century. Not many years since in the old Chamber of Art at Copenhagen existed a skull and tibia reported to have belonged to Absalon. When these relics were shown to King Frederick VI., one day, he was greatly scandalised, and exclaimed, "Absalon deserved better of his country than to be made the gaze of fools," and straightway gave orders that the head should be replaced in his coffin at Sorø. So the great and the learned went down to Sorø, and with much ceremony the sarcophagus of the departed prelate was raised from the vault and the lid unclosed, when, to the amazement of all present, there lay Archbishop Absalon with his head well fastened on his shoulders; the skull which had so long passed current as that of the warrior prelate was no more than some *memento mori* of a Cistercian monk of the convent; and as to the tibia, they proved, on examination, to belong both to the right leg. The searchers, however, removed from his finger the pontifical ring of gold, enriched with the sapphire, as well as a chalice of silver-gilt which was placed upon his breast. These authenticated relics are preserved in the sacristy of the church of Sorø. Though Archbishop Absalon does sleep sound, he appears to be inaisable even in death. This, the full wing story, related by Hans Jansen, Bishop of Ribe, once rector of the Academy, will show, at the same time that it gives some idea of the superstition of the clergy. The rector was accustomed to pace after sunset the Allée des Philosophes—as the lime-tree walk is termed—solacing himself with the music of his flageolet. One evening, accidentally finding the doors of the church open, he entered, and, standing before the tomb of the bishop, after playing him a favourite air, exclaimed—"Well, Absalon, what do you think of that?" Scarcely had the words escaped his lips, when out of his grave bounced the infuriated prelate, in full pontificals, crozier in hand. The rector took to his heels, pursued by the ghost, and gained the church-door just in time, banging it behind him, for Absalon struck it such a violent blow with his crozier, the very walls trembled. When the coffin of Absalon was opened, one hundred and twenty years afterwards, the crozier was found snapped in twain.

## V.

RINGSTED, THE WESTMINSTER OF THE VALDEMERIAN—SEPULCHRAL BRASS OF ERIC AND INGEBORG—TOMBS OF QUEENS DAGMAR AND HEDERIGAHIA—ROSEKILDE (RON'S WELL)—BURY OF BISHOP WILLIAM AND KING SVEND—TOMBS OF QUEEN MARGARET AND HER SUCCESSORS—DOROTHEA, WIFE OF TWO KINGS—QUEEN JULIANA OF BRUNSWICK—FLORENCE OF JAMES THE FIRST TO ROSEKILDE—CHRISTIAN THE FIFTH'S SWORD.

ABOUT half-a-mile from Sorø, is the village-church of Fenneslov, the same to which the story of Sir Asser Ryg's twin-towers attaches itself to, and beyond this we crossed a green field before arriving at the deserted city of Ringsted, founded, so says tradition, by a certain King Ring, in the darker period of Scandinavian

history. A grass-grown miserable place it is, with a barrack-like hotel; but we have several hours to wait, so must make the best of it. To the left stands the convent church—the Westminster of the Valdemarian dynasty: so we enter and look around us; but there is little to see and admire; for though twenty kings, queens, and princes here sleep in peace, they all died, unfortunately, before monuments came into vogue, were bricked up somewhere in the vaults below, and except for the flat stone slabs which record their memory, might just as well be anywhere else. Let me except, however, the splendid sepulchral brass of King Erik Menved and his queen Ingeborg, the sole remaining specimen of the engraver's art now extant in Denmark, and this is supposed to be of Flemish workmanship. By a whimsical fancy, the faces of the monarch and his queen are, or rather were—for that of the king is wanting—formed of white marble, overlaid with plates of silver; on the whole, these brasses are in good condition, minus some pieces broken off, as curiosities, by the English soldiers during their occupation of the abbey. This Erik Menved, as he was called from his constant reply of "Certainly"—like the "*Est-il possible!*" of our Prince George, his descendant—was an unlucky sovereign, though not a bad one as times went. His wife was a Princess of Sweden; and great was the joy at their marriage, bearing peace, as the people imagined, to the tormented country—

"The blessed God—both queens and men,

Many times—that Ingeborg had come to this land!"

The relics of St. Erik were carried from Slesvig to Ringsted, and the English soldiers destroyed his coffin and scattered the bones; but it was not of much consequence, for, on examination, two which remained proved to be those of an ox. The monks of Slesvig were too wily to part with relics of so great a value.

For a place of such historic interest, I know no duller one than Ringsted. When tired of the brasses, I was reduced to admire the bier of elaborately-carved oak which has borne the deceased inhabitants to their last resting-place for some centuries.

By whom the convent of Ringsted was founded would be a matter of small import to us, had it not been by a party of English Benedictine friars brought over by our Canute the Great.

It was in the year 1131 that Duke Knud Lavard was murdered, in the forest of Haraldsted hard by, by his cousin Magnus, son of King Niels. Now, this duke enjoyed so great a popularity, that, to avenge his death, his murderer was straightway banished from the kingdom, and never ascended the throne. The people had decreed that the body of Knud should be interred in the cathedral of Roskilde; but King Niels, fearing a mutiny, refused. He was therefore buried without pomp in the adjoining church of Ringsted. Before long, stories grew rife—how a spring of pure water had sprung forth from the place where the duke was murdered, as well as where his body had rested but one moment on its way to the church. Here was founded a chapel; and King Erik Emun gave large estates to the convent in honour of his murdered brother.

Passing over the puzzling and troublesome times of the disputed succession, we find King Valdemar I., son of the as yet uncanonised saint, causing his father's body to be exposed, by way of exciting the people in his favour; and, in the year 1169, Stephen, Bishop of Upsala, being at Rome, procured his canonisation from Pope Alexander III., at the request of Valdemar, who, with all

<sup>1</sup> King Ring, when wounded severely in battle, determined to die; so he ordered the dead bodies of his warriors to be placed in a ship, together with that of his queen, Alpel, and seated himself at the stern. The ship was loaded with pitch and sulphur and set on fire, and so he sailed out to sea. Then he plucked his sword into his body, and perished. A hol was raised in his honour.

speed, placed his father's body in a shrine of great magnificence, and, when times became more tranquil, the ceremony of his canonisation took place. King Valdemar appeared surrounded by all that was greatest in the land; and, the enhancement once over, the history of his sanctification was read aloud, after which the people sang with great joy, "Praise to the Lord, who has ordained St. Knud to be the patron of Zealand!" and the king, by way of killing two birds with one stone, caused his son Knud, a child six years old, having first arrayed him in purple robes, to be at the same time elected his successor.

The convent assumed the title of the abbey church of St. Knud of Ringsted; and from this period became the favourite burial-place of the Valdemarian dynasty. So great was the success of the sainted shrine, that Bishop Absalon, jealous of the increasing prosperity of the convent church, by way of making a diversion, caused an old cousin of his own—who had been assassinated by her husband, nothing more—to be routed out from her grave, and canonised (not at Rome) by the name of St. Margaret, and placed in a shrine in the chapel of Our Lady at Roskilde.

Some few years since, at the restoration of the church, the tombs of the early sovereigns were opened in the presence of his present majesty, and a long account has been published by Professor Worsaae of the discoveries made; the skeletons were measured from head to foot, and—the fingers, the skulls—nothing escaped the observation of the learned antiquaries.

When the tomb of Valdemar the Great was first uncovered he was still perfect, but immediately crumbled to dust—so I was since told by an eye-witness: the measure of the body answered well to the description given by the chroniclers of his time, when the Germans cried, "He is a real king, worthy to possess an empire, but our emperor is a princeling and a mannikin." They were splendid men these Valdemarians, and it was not until the marriage of the second of his name with Berengaria, Princess of Portugal, that the race began to degenerate.

In earlier days the bodies of the departed great were enveloped in leather shrouds, as we constantly find mentioned in the ancient ballads. Indeed, sometimes the ghosts make their appearance fresh from the churchyard, bearing their coffins on their backs by way of a covering, because they had no "skin." In later days silk was adopted as preferable. No description of Skanderborg would be complete without the history of Queen Dagmar—Joy of the Danes—as she was termed, for her real name was Margaret. She was a Princess of Bohemia, daughter of King Ottocar. You recollect the old ballad,

"In Ringsted reposes Queen Dagmar."

We left King Valdemar riding off post haste to Ribe; he arrives in time before she died, and is met at the palace-gate by little Kirsten, "sister of Sir Charles of Rise."

"Now hear you, gracious lord and king;  
You must neither grieve nor lament;  
For to you this day a son is born,  
Cut from Dagmar's side."

Dagmar is made to prophesy all sorts of evils, which later occurred to the realm after the king's second marriage with Berengaria; but as the ballad was composed for her, we may believe as much as we please on the subject.

Christian humility was not the fashion of the day;

for when the dying queen saw her attendants shedding tears around her couch, she condescended them with the following words:—

"I, I no man dare have fear for me;  
I have no bad things done,  
Save that I my small silken sleeves  
Have laced upon a Sunday."

A lucky woman was Queen Dagmar, who could say so much for herself. A saying of this queen to a messenger who brought tidings of the cessation of a bloody war is still remembered:—"How beautiful are thy feet which announce the glad tidings of peace!" The memory of Berengaria, on the other hand, is as much execrated as that of her predecessor is revered. They sleep side by side, and so great was the hatred of the people, that, after death, they severed Berengaria's head from her body, and, when her coffin was opened, a large round stone was found in its place on her shoulders. She, too, was the first of the whole party whose body was found enveloped in silk. But if Berengaria, or Bengjerd, as she was called—the term is now synonymous for a bad woman, as we ourselves derive an opprobrious epithet from the name of the Conqueror's mother—if Berengaria was detested in her lifetime, the beauty of her skeleton, the exquisite smallness of her hands and feet, sent the whole of anatomical Denmark into a frenzy of delight. Strange it is how in this traditional land old customs are handed down, and, like a machine, the peasant does what his father has done before him, without even asking the reason why. Hvitfeld relates how in his time the people still sang a song the refrain of which ran—

"Shame be to Bengjerd, and honour to the king."

And in much more modern days my old friend Professor Thomsen told me, that, when a young man, while lingering in the abbey church of Ringsted, he observed a peasant, on entering the sacred building, to drop on one knee and murmur a prayer at the tomb of Dagmar, and then, rising with a "God bless you, good queen!" he turned sharply round to the other side, and sat on the sepulchral stone under which Berengaria slumbers. He could give no explanation, he said: he followed the custom of his forefathers.

The real Westminster and St. Denis of Denmark is, however, Roskilde, a charming site a little further on towards Copenhagen, where King Røge, of fabulous memory, attracted by the gushing fountains of pure crystal water, which rise, limped and plentiful, on all sides from their natural sources, founded the ancient capital of Denmark, the time-honoured city of Roskilde, which once boasted of its thirty churches and thirty convents, but of all the past glory of which the cathedral alone remains.

William, an Englishman by birth, bishop of Roskilde in the days of King Harald, brother of Canute the Great, first constructed here a small wooden church, which he dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and in the time of Sweyn—Svend Estridsen, as the Danes call him—one of stone was erected in honour of St. Lucie, or St. Lucia, pope and martyr, whose skull is still preserved in the Scandinavian museum of Copenhagen. How the church became dedicated to St. Lucie instead of the Holy Trinity I will now explain. In those early times there dwelt in the fiord of Roskilde a horrible sea-monster, who ravaged the country, feeding on mariners and young maidens. In vain the holy brethren of the Trinity implored him to depart, only to go just

a little higher up some other fiord; a change of air might be of service to him. He resisted all entreaties, all conjurations of bell, book, and candle, declared he would remain there in *secula seculorum*, and gobble them up into the bargain, unless he were straightway gratified with the head of St. Luce the martyr, for which he felt himself seized with a most uncommon "longing." The monks, not relishing the idea of being devoured, at once despatched an embassy to Rome to implore the loan or gift of the holy relic, to deliver them from their pain and terror. Their request was granted, and permission given to retain it. The monks, not too much at their ease, in grave procession bore the skull to the banks of the fiord, and placing it on board a boat, left it to the sea-monster, and then, taking to their heels, scampered off to their convent as fast as their legs could carry them. The precious relic had the desired effect; the monster was never heard of more; but strange to say, he went off on his travels, leaving the head behind him. So you now see why St. Luce became the patron of the cathedral church of Roskilde.

Within the walls of this stone church was interred the body of King Svend, and Bishop William himself slept near his friend and master. In process of time the church was enlarged by a succeeding bishop; and when the new building was well nigh finished, the tomb of Bishop William was removed to make room for the columns of the choir. Now the prelate waxed wroth in his cerecloth at this indignity put upon him, the founder of the sacred edifice; but he remained quiet until night, when he appeared arrayed in his robes before the sacristan, who slept within the building. "The bishop might well have contented himself with the honour of building the choir," exclaimed he, "without disturbing my bones, and removing me from the neighbourhood of my beloved friend and companion King Svend. On account of his piety I refrain to avenge myself on him, but the church shall feel the effect of my wrath." So saying, he struck the walls with his crozier, and down they fell about the ears of the alarmed sacristan, who escaped, by a miracle no doubt, scatheless from among the ruins. Septical people pretended the walls were badly constructed, while others laid the blame on the impiety of the architect, who had neglected to bury a living lamb beneath the altar-stone, without which, as all men in Zealand well knew, the building was sure to sink.

But whether it was the fault of the bishop or the lamb, the choir had to be built up again. All Bishop William required was to be left alone, and ill came on those who interfered with him. When, in the sixteenth century, Bishop Urne, a most meddling prelate, caused his bones to be disinterred and placed in a pewter coffin in a hole of a pillar of the choir, over which his portrait was painted in fresco (you can see them there now through the grating), the workmen deposited his remains profanely in a corner. Then, suddenly, there exhaled from the relics a smell—not of old bones, but a perfume so divine all men declared it was too delicious. They snuffed at his skull, they smelt his cross-bones—it was a fascination too powerful. Strange to say, wash, scrub, do what they would, the perfume clung to their hands—impossible to free themselves from it; and now commenced the punishment of their audacity. One of the offenders became dumb, and died at the end of three days in exquisite torment, of a malady which commenced by his nose;

another in vain did penance, and publicly confessed his fault; none of the offenders escaped; the last died after three months' unheard-of suffering. So you see Bishop William, friend of the good King Svend, was not a person to be trifled with.

We have all read the story of the sacrilege committed by the above-mentioned monarch—how, enraged at the harmless jest of his courtiers at a banquet, he caused them to be slain next morning before the altar during the performance of matins; how Bishop William, horror-struck at this iniquity, publicly excommunicated the King at the church door as he was about to enter; how the officers of the king would have slain the bishop, but Svend, seized with remorse, forbade the deed, and, retiring home to his palace, clad himself in rags, and returned next day to the church, humbly demanding permission to enter therein, kissing the very steps of the holy edifice; how Bishop William wept at his pitiable state, and went out to meet him, and, after a public confession and the payment of a large sum of money, absolved him from his sin, and from that time a great friendship was struck up between the two, and the bishop vowed he would never survive the death of his friend and sovereign; and when the news of King Svend's death reached his ears, and the body was on its road from Jutland, he went forth to meet it, and when he came nigh he left the carriage and gave up the ghost on the wayside. No wonder, after such a proof of affection, Bishop William did not like being removed from the neighbourhood of his ancient companion.

Roskilde, after a period, succeeded the abbey of Ringsted as the royal place of sepulture, and has so continued ever since. The reason given for this change is simple. After the time of the second Valdemar, alabaster monuments came into vogue, instead of the brick sepulchres of the earlier ages, and the church of St. Knud was found too small to contain them; added to which the Abbot of Ringsted, in the time of Christopher II., took part with the rival, Duke Valdemar, in consequence of which he and his queen were buried at Sorø, where Olaf lies also: Queen Margaret herself was, by order of her successor, removed to Roskilde. Still there was for some time a feeling in favour of St. Knud on the part of the monarchs, and Valdemar himself bequeathed a sum of ten marks in white metal to say a daily mass and to keep his annual festival, on which day the monks of the cloister were to be regaled with a tun of German (Rostock) beer and three "strong flesh repasts."

The whole length of the building is uninterrupted, except by the altar which stands under the centre of the further transept, which adds much to the general effect; carved stalls of great originality and quaintness, put up by Queen Margaret, on each side of the choir, displaying the proportions of the cathedral to the greatest advantage.

Passing behind the altar of rich Dutch workmanship, we come to a marble sarcophagus, on which lies extended the effigy of the great Queen Margaret, who first united under one sceptre the three Scandinavian kingdoms: the most interesting monument of the royal series, erected to her memory by her nephew and son, Erik. Over the tomb of Queen Margaret hangs the hook from which was suspended the stone sent by Albert King of Sweden to that Queen to sharpen her scissors. This was removed by the Swedes in 1659. Margaret lies extended on her back, her



hands meekly folded across her bosom. At her feet are placed a skull and cross-bones. Her features are regular and of great beauty; the compressed lip expressive of determination of character. She is small in stature, somewhat below the middle height. On her head she wears the regal circlet; a rouleau of hair, twisted with gold, binds her brow; two short bandeaux, brought down on each side of her face; a long veil hangs pendant from the circlet; massive gold bracelets adorn her wrists, and she wears a girdle of the same precious metal, with five pendant chains, from each of which is suspended a ball, or pomander-box, to contain perfumes and other matters. The broken alabaster figure of her brother, Duke Christopher of Lolland, only son of Valdemar, lies unrepaiied in one of the adjoining chapels. He is said to have died from the effects of a wound in the head from a Lombard in a naval engagement in 1359; but it is certain he lived some years later, half-witted: his brain never recovered from the effects of the injury.

The sword of King Christian I. still hangs in the chapel of the Elephant. He lies interred by the side of his predecessor, King Christopher the Bavarian, whose widow Dorothea he had espoused "to make matters right," thereby saving a jointure to the crown lands of Denmark. Some years later his coffin was opened: folks were not quite certain as to his whereabouts or whether it really was him, when a learned historian, who was present, exclaimed, "Are three of the front teeth wanting?" On examination of the skull such was found to be the case. "That will be the mark!" exclaimed the *savant*; "King Christian the First lost three of his front teeth in the battle of Brunkeberg."

The splendid monumental tombs of Christian III. and Frederick II., father of Queen Anne, wife of James I., by Floris of Antwerp, resemble much those of Francis I. and Louis XII. at St. Denis, but are finer still; and that of Frederic IV. and his queen is by a sculptor named Gerken. This monument, as well as



EVENING.

that of Christian V., are florid specimens of the allegoric taste of the last century—effective as a whole, but as a composition ludicrous. Our own Queen Louisa has a monument executed by Stanley; and, from that time the coffins stand ranged in the chapels, covered with mouldering black velvet, powdered over with the crowns of Scandinavia. A statue by Thorvaldsen, cast in bronze, has lately been erected to Christian IV. It is a fine work of that illustrious sculptor's chisel, but ill adapted for a church. While the great Margaret lies with closed eyes and meekly clasped hands, awaiting the day of judgment, Christian stands looking thunderbolts around, with one leg stuck out, as if about to stamp from sheer impatience. It is characteristic of the man, but better suited for a public place or bridge. Many are the Northmen who lie here interred—Saxo Grammaticus among the number, old monk of Boro, chronicler of the Valdemars. When I visited Roskilde, I found Professor Worms and a knot of *savants* busily engaged in grubbing for his

tomb, but without success; the coffin of the humble monk had, in earlier days, given place to some later comer.

Before leaving the cathedral, the guide will lead you down the steps into a vault beneath, and display to you view the six coffins of the infant children of King Frederic VI., and some bystander will look mysterious, and declare how they all met an untimely end through the intrigues of Juliana of Brunswick, the widowed queen of King Frederic V., she who caused the disgrace and fall of Caroline Matilda. They will tell you—some, that the children were changed; others that they were put an end to; how the ambitious queen, desirous to secure the succession for the offspring of her own son, having already failed in her endeavours to destroy King Frederic himself in his childhood, gained the lady of honour of the Crown Princess and others, and so attained her object. They will relate to you that the Frue von Munster—this same lady—lately committed suicide (which is true) by hanging



herself in the corridor by the chapel of Frederiksborg; that the midwife and the physician also both came to an untimely end by their own hands; and then tell you a story of a pretender who arose and proclaimed himself King Frederic's son, changed at nurse. They

will relate to you all this and a great deal more, as they have already to me, and I, for my part, believe not one word of the story. The youngest son of King Frederic VI., who lies in the little coffin here before you, was born one year after the decease of the Dowager



DIVECKE'S HOUSE, MARKET-PLACE OF AMAK.

Queen herself. Children, if not well cared for, did—even in the earlier part of this present century, as we all know, before calomel was invented—drop off like flies; and if you look at the genealogy of the house of Oldenburg, you will find that the three eldest offspring

of Juliana's own son, the Arve Prinds, died when infants also.

No; Juliana has enough to answer for without adding the crime of child-murder to the list. Still you will find many people who yet credit the assertion,

and will relate it as a fact; myself, after having studied the question pretty deeply, dismiss it as an unworthy of belief.

When James I. of England visited Copenhagen, he made a special pilgrimage to Roskilde, in order to converse on matters of theological doctrine with Nicholas Hemming, a celebrated theologian, who, on account of his Calvinistic tendencies, had been removed from his office of Professor of the University of Copenhagen. Then Bishop Paul Matthias preached before him a learned discourse in Latin, with which, as well as with the assemblage of priests of the diocese, who came to do him honour, King James expressed himself much gratified.

The bishopric or stift of Roskilde was suppressed at the Reformation, and later a Bishop of Zealand appointed. This city—in old books written Rothschild—furnishes a patronymic to the Rothschild family, who, in the last century, emigrated from Denmark. A Jew, on going to another land, where Solomons and Levis were plentiful as strawberries in June, was called, to distinguish himself, Solomon of Bamberg, Levi of Frankfort, and so on, till he ended by assuming as a surname the birthplace of his ancestors.

Ferguson in his *Illustrated Handbook of Architecture*, p. 930, says of the original church, completed in the year 1076, under Svend Estridsen, whose predecessor, Canute the Great, had richly endowed it, to atone for the murder of his brother-in-law, Ulf Jarl, who had taken sanctuary there, and was slain in the choir in 1027. "It was apparently circular, and of the same dimensions with the east end of the present edifice. This latter was commenced after the middle of the twelfth century, and probably not completed as we now see it, till towards the end of the thirteenth. The east end is probably one half of the old round church rebuilt, the required enlargement of space having been obtained by a considerable extension of width towards the west."

A Danish writer, speaking of the warlike emblem that decorates the coffin of Christian IV., says, "That sword with which he so valiantly secured the peace of Denmark; a far more honourable ornament to the hero's grave than the costly mausoleum of many an unworthy prince, where the sculptor has placed the genius of his country weeping, not for his death, but for the misfortunes which his folly or vices brought upon his native land." However, Denmark has thought its well-beloved king worthy of a more pompous monument; and shortly before his death, Thorwaldsen completed a fine statue of this monarch, which, cast in bronze, is now placed in one of the chapels of the cathedral, bearing the name of Christian IV., and in which are at present deposited the remains of Christian VII. and of Frederick VI., the two last deceased kings of Denmark, and of several other members of the royal family. The simple, velvet-covered coffins in this chapel form a striking contrast to the costly marble mausoleums and sarcophagi in Christian I. and Frederick V.'s chapels, and tell a tale of the declining finances of the country.

The incident which is at once so illustrative of the edifice, and of the mingled piety and ferocity of the Danes of old, as narrated by Marryat, is given in a simpler form in Dunham's *History of Denmark* (vol. II., p. 180).

In 1070 a scene occurred in this cathedral, strongly resembling that which took place at Milan in the

fourth century, between St. Ambrose and the Emperor Theodosius. King Sweyn II. (son of Ulf Jarl, who was murdered in the choir), upon some remarks being reported to him which had been made upon his conduct the night before, by some of his guests when heated with wine, in the irritation of the moment, ordered them to be slain, though they were then at mass in the cathedral. An Anglo-Saxon, named William, and who had been secretary to Canute the Great, was then Bishop of Roskilde. On the day following this dreadful tragedy, the king proceeded to the cathedral. He was met by the bishop, who, elevating his crozier, commanded him to retire, and not to pollute with his presence the house of God—that house which he had desecrated with blood. The king's attendants drew their swords, but he forbade them to exercise any violence towards a man who, in the discharge of his duty, defied even kings. Retiring mournfully to his palace, he assumed the garb of penance, wept, and prayed, and lamented his crime during three days. He then presented himself, in the same mean apparel, before the gates of the cathedral. The bishop was in the midst of the service; the "Kyrie Eleison" had been chanted, and the "Gloria" about to commence, when he was informed that the royal penitent was outside the gates. Leaving the altar he repaired to the spot, raised the suppliant monarch, and greeted him with the kiss of peace. Then, bringing him into the church, he heard his confession, removed the excommunication, and allowed him to join in the service. Soon afterwards, in this cathedral, the king made a public confession of his crime, asked pardon alike of God and man, was allowed to resume his royal apparel, and solemnly absolved.

## VI.

COPENHAGEN—SLAGBÆK, THE BARBER ARCHBISHOP—SIGNIFY, THE MAITRESSE MERE—EDUCATION OF CHRISTIAN II.—YULE PIG, OR MONEY-BOX—FOUNDATION OF COPENHAGEN—MARRIAGE OF QUEEN MARGARET—THE CONVENTS AND CUSTODIANS—QUEEN PHILIPPA OF ENGLAND—HER GAL-  
LERY D'ARMS OF THE CITY—PALACE OF CHRISTIANSBORG—THE EXCHANGE.

We left the Westminster of the Danes by sunset, and we hailed Copenhagen by sunrise. There are certain cities marked, as it were, with the finger of God, on the spot which they shall occupy for many centuries. Such, in olden times, were Babylon, Nineveh, Memphis, Thebes, Jerusalem, Athens, and Alexandria; such, in modern times, are Constantinople, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Lisbon, Paris, London, Naples, Venice, Genoa, and many others; some, as it were, fresh risen in the New World, and already, like their ancestors, torn by the convulsive passions of mankind; others constituting, like Constantinople and Rome, a common ground where the past has passed into the present. Of all cities, Constantinople is the most fortunately placed in regard to Europe, Asia, and Africa. Copenhagen is a city just as privileged by its position in the north; and of this, a future Scandinavia, it will as assuredly be its capital, as Pesh is to be of a future Slavonia. (See p. 757.)

If you be desirous to explore the town of Copenhagen, you cannot do better than start direct from the railway station, and proceeding towards the gates of the city, pass through a double avenue of elms by the obelisk erected to commemorate the abolition of feudal servitude by King Christian VII.

On either side of the way stand the Tivolis, Alhambras, and various places of amusement in which the Danes so dearly delight in the summer season, and which abound in the suburbs of Copenhagen.

We now traverse the Vesterbro, cross the moat which surrounds the ramparts, and enter the city, passing under a swing bridge which connects the fortifications.

But before continuing our walk, to prevent disappointment, let me put you on your guard not to expect too much, nor be guided by your first impression of Copenhagen. Few houses of ancient date remain, and it was not until I grew acquainted with the city in detail that I discovered how really picturesque it was, with its misshapen Places (Pladses), its spires, and its canals alive with shipping running up into its very heart. We pass down the Frederiksborg street—a bad approach; but Copenhagen, like all fortified towns, boasts of no handsome entry. The pavement, you will have already found out, is atrocious, and such an apology for a *trottoir*—a narrow strip of flag inserted among the rougher stones. A *droit du pavé* exists here as in other places; I never could understand it myself; the whole etiquette appeared to consist in shoving me into the adjoining gutter. We now pass through the old market (Gammeltorv), where once stood the small but quaint Raadhuus destroyed in one of the numerous conflagrations from which the town has suffered. In the centre stands a fountain in metal, which now no longer plays, and though allegorical—I forget the subject—is neither imposing nor beautiful.

It was on this Gammeltoev that took place the execution of the well-known Dietrick Slagheck, Archbishop of Lund, Christian II.'s most unworthy minister. Strangers in all ages have risen to the highest posts in Denmark, and Dietrick, a barber's boy, by backstairs influence—for he was cousin to Sigbrit—soon, like Olivier le Dain, rose to power. A dangerous councillor he proved; but he suffered for it later, and was made the scapegoat of his master. When on his way to the place of execution, he met on the Høibro bridge Master Jasper Brachman, one of the council, to whom he exclaimed, in the Latin tongue, "Farewell, Master Jasper! such are the rewards of our labours." "No, no," replied the chamberlain, horrified at the idea of being associated with the condemned archbishop, "No, no! the punishment of your sins—the punishment of your sins." If he began life as a barber, he died like a prelate, clad in robes of velvet and scarlet hose. On mounting the scaffold he was fastened to a ladder, and turned off into the flames. King Christian, not quite at his ease as regards the justice of the sentence, drove out of town for a day's change of air, and Sigbrit herself never opened her window during the whole day, which made folks remark, "It was queer she, who had been brought up to fried herrings, salt fish, and such like, should be squeamish concerning the smell of a roasted archbishop."

On we continue down a street gayer and more frequented than the last, till we arrive at the Høibroplads, commonly called Amagerstorv, where the vegetable market is held, and the Amak and Zealand peasants may be seen in their pretty costumes—some at their stalls, others mounted on their rustic carts.

The shops are in no way remarkable; but you will admire the poulterers' cellars, hung with a grand display of stags, chevreuil, black game, and capercaillies.

The lofty embattled tower of St. Nicholas overlooks this square. On it the watchmen keep nightly guard, and give the alarm in case of fire; not is this service a sinecure, for scarce three days elapse without a conflagration breaking out in some quarter of the town or other, and oft in the dead of night the slumberers are awakened by a loud shrill whistle, and the repeated cry of "Brand! brand! brand!" along the street. Then each window opens in succession, and people inquire "Where?" and if in the neighbourhood, they turn out of bed and place a tub of water before their doors: if the answer be Vesterbro, or Norrebro, or some place far away, they close their casements and quietly resume their sleep, unless curiosity lead them to visit the scene of the conflagration. These watchmen were first established by King Frederic II., and the song they chant the night long was composed by Bishop Kingo.

The Amagerstorv is picturesque as a whole, and you must not fail to remark a gabled renaissance dwelling-house, with the date 1616, built by a burghmaster of Copenhagen, called by the common people the House of Dyvecke; or rather that of her mother Sigbrit, Christian II.'s prime minister. (See p. 781.) Curious rise that of a huckster (*hugerske*), as she is termed by the historians of Amsterdam, in which city she first sold apples and vegetable roots, and queerer still it must have been to have seen the nobles of the realm standing bareheaded in the snow, outside her house, on this very Plads, waiting their turn to gain an audience. A clever woman was Madame Sigbrit, as the Danes call her, suppressing her Dutch patronymic of Willums; for she not only reigned supreme over the king, but was also much thought of by his consort Queen Elizabeth, who appreciated her devotion to the royal family. Then, too, she was a Dutchwoman, a nation for which the queen always showed a great preference. To her care they confided the education of their eldest son Prince John. But if she was liked by the royal family and toadied by the officers of state, she was detested by the people, who, after the manner of the day, looked upon her as a witch. They declared how one day her young charge Prince John, out of curiosity, took a bottle which stood on the window, in order to examine its contents, when it fell out of his hand and broke; the devil flew out of it, and a storm of thunder burst over the whole city. Her great unpopularity was caused by the "rumpo" tax, placed by her advice on the head of every living person (a somewhat Irish proceeding); added to which she cleared the town of Copenhagen of the "poor scholars"—a set of mendicants who attended the schools. They wore a coat or cloak open at one side, and bore so bad a reputation the proverb went, "So many coats, so many thieves." The King, by her advice, issued an ordinance by which no boy was allowed to attend school who could not pay his own expenses, and had all the others driven out of the town.

When in the year 1522 the Lubeckers appeared before Copenhagen, Sigbrit, in the absence of the king, went out with her maid to see the fleet; but when by the water-side she met two drunken countrymen, who fell upon her, beat her black and blue, and, reproaching her for having misled the king, got her out to sea and ducked her well. Luckily, the king passed by on his return from Solberg and saved her; but on entering the gates of the city several men of Roskilde, who lay in wait, fired at her; however, she escaped without damage, and the drunken peasants were beheaded.

When the king went to Norway he carried off everything, even to the copper ornaments on the spire of the palace. Sigbrit, to avoid being torn to pieces by the people, was conveyed on board ship in a wooden chest. Christian appearing out of spirits at the ugly state of his affairs, she consoled him, saying, "If you can no longer be King of Denmark, I will make you burgo-master of Amsterdam"—a fine promotion, remarks Hvítfeldt in his chronicle.

What became of her none can say—she disappears entirely from the face of history; but when Frederic I. besieged the city of Malmo, he excepted Sigbrit from the general pardon conferred on the inhabitants, in case she should be still there. He might have saved himself the trouble, for she had long since escaped, and no one could tell of her whereabouts.

To the left runs the Østergade—the Bond-street of Copenhagen; but we will leave it to its flaneurs and continue our course, first starting with astonishment at a well-known sound whispered in our ears, very like "Old clo," "Gammel klæder;" it is shortened and compressed, till it resembles the well-known cry of our London dealers in discarded vestments.

It was in this Holbroplads that Christian II. received his early education, and an odd one it was and curious, as displaying the simplicity of the times.

At an early age a canon of Copenhagen, John Hyndze, was appointed his tutor, and the prince himself was sent to lodge in the house of Hans the bookbinder, whose wife, Bridget, a worthy old soul, looked after his health and personal comforts, and here he was visited by the canon daily.

"A strange education for a king's son," observes Hvítfeldt, "and very different from that of our day, when nothing can be found good enough for the offspring of royal parents."

It appears the young prince played about with the other boys of his age in the streets; so to keep him out of mischief the canon made him accompany him to matins and evensong, and there he stood in the choir, he the heir to three mighty kingdoms, along with the poor children. When it came to King John's ears that his son stood and sang in the choir with others as a "fattig Pøbling," he waxed wroth, and a short time later the prince is handed over to a new tutor, furnished by his brother-in-law, Joachim of Brandenburg, who terms him "a beautiful learned man." The boy would climb up to the roofs of the houses and over the highest walls. In vain his tutor bade him "take care; he who climbs the highest will fall the lowest." He replied, "Low places only suit low people, but high places are for the high." When he was eighteen years of age the prince declared himself quite sick of learning, and we find him "bribing the palace guard" to leave open doors at night, whilst, like our own Prince Hal, he went knocking about in the burghers' houses, wherever he could find "the best wine and the prettiest girls to talk to." When this came to his father's ears, he summoned the young scapegrace before him, and administered him such a dose of good advice, followed up by a severe flogging with whips, that the prince fell down "paa bare knæ," and, imploring pardon for his offences, declared himself reformed for ever.

But we approach the Slotsholm or "le du Château." On either side of the bridge the fishwives hold their court, and gossip and squabble, much like their sisterhood of other lands. The boats crowd up to the very bridge, some laden with sand, some with salmon fresh

from the coast of Sweden, the former an untidy commodity to sell so near a royal residence; others again with pottery, common pottery for household use, from the Island of Bornholm, the darker kind the produce of Jutland. Two little children, satchel on back, descend the steps of the quay, enter the boat, and timidly announce their wants to the owner of the wares. The man points to a basket in the corner of the vessel; they investigate its contents, and, after much hesitation, return, each triumphantly bearing a "juul sviin" (yule pig), as it is called, with a slit down the middle of his back; this unclean beast serves as a money-box, but the money once deposited therein cannot be recovered without its destruction.

Before us rises the palace of Christianborg (Christianborg Slot), a vast, heavy, unsightly pile of buildings, flanked on one side by the Thorvaldsen Museum; to the left of the palace stands the Chancellerie, and beyond the Exchange, with its quaint spire of twisted dragons, the pride of the capital (*Ses p. 788*). But we are going too fast, and before proceeding further it is as well you should learn something of the early history of the town you are now visiting. We stand on classic ground; and if you do not mind resting on the banks of the quay, I will endeavour, while you repose, to give you some slight information as to the origin and foundation of the capital of Denmark.

On the island where we now stand, in the year 1168, our old friend Archbishop Absalon constructed a fortress, which bore the name of Axelhøus in compliment to its founder. It was later changed to that of Steilborg, or Wheel Castle, from the fact of the strand before its gates being selected as the place of execution—breaking on the wheel, or some such pleasant operation—of the pirates from Rugen and elsewhere, who infested the northern seas and laid waste the Danish Archipelago. One of the towers of the original building existed in the earlier part of the last century, and served as the royal kitchen previous to the destruction of the palace by King Christian VI. and his Queen Sophia Magdalena. By degrees a flourishing village arose round the fortress, which, in the year 1254, received extensive privileges from Christopher I., and was erected into a city; but Roskilde continued the capital of the Island of Zealand until the reign of Christopher the Bavarian. This sovereign exchanged certain lands with the bishop of that diocese, and, considering the locality admirably adapted for the interests of shipping and commerce, he established himself there with his court, made it his capital, and from that period it has been called Kjøbenhavn, or the Merchant's Haven. Her ancient rival gradually declined, the whirlwind of the Reformation giving a *coup de grâce* to her existence.

Among the earlier events of interest which took place at Copenhagen, I find mentioned how, in 1363, there was a "right goodly royal party of prindsen, kings and illustrious princes, as well as nobles from all parts, assembled to witness the nuptials of the Princess Margaret, daughter of King Valdemar Atterdag, with Hakon, King of Norway." Swedish historians declare Margaret to have been of a dark complexion, by no means well-looking. After her marriage she went, accompanied by her husband, to Norway, where on account of her tender years, a governess was placed over her, the Lady Martha, daughter of St. Bridget; very strict, too, she was, and often made Margaret, a married queen, smart under the rod. In after life a

steady affection continued to exist between the queen and her early castigatrix.

Of the endless and innumerable sieges this devoted city has undergone, I will merely call to mind that which took place in the days of Philippa of England, worthy sister of the hero of Agincourt. Philippa was second daughter of our English sovereign, Henry of Lancaster, and was married to Erik the Pomeranian, a match which Queen Margaret gave herself much trouble to bring about.

Copenhagen was attacked by the Hanseatic League, and the town would have fallen had it not been for the courage of Philippa. "Queen Philippa," says the chronicles, "held Princes' Day at Copenhagen, and invited to the castle the soldiers and young men of the city, who had fought against the Wends and Hanseaticers, and, after counselling them to render good service to the lord their king, dismissed them to enjoy something which we cannot find in the dictionary, but imagine to be a "regular good blow-out." Her conduct inspired the citizens with such enthusiasm, the enemy were compelled to retire. Joyful at her success (Erik was then absent in Sweden, or, as Swedish historians assert, lying concealed in the convent of Sorø), Philippa invested Stralsund with a fleet of seventy-five ships; fortune declared against her; after a hard-fought battle she returned to Copenhagen, her squadron destroyed; and now it is related how Erik, unmindful of her former success, in his rage struck the queen, at that time advanced in pregnancy. Indignant at this treatment, she retired to the convent of Vadstena, where she died some few months after, and was buried in the chapel of St. Anne, which she herself had founded, and where her sepulchral slab may still be seen.

Erik caused a Domkirke to be built at Vadstena in her honour, and gave one thousand one hundred nobles towards the expenses of its erection, with particular directions for masses to be said and sung for her "soul's weal," to say nothing of psalms selected by himself, about *Regina cœli*. The way of the world, nothing more. The worse a man treats his wife in this life, the finer the monument set up to her memory after death.

Some historians affect to deny this story, or urge in Erik's defence the Jutland law, by virtue of which a man was authorised to flog his wife and children with his hands but not with weapons. As Philippa left no heirs, King Christian I., after a lapse of nearly twenty years, inherited the remains of the "rose noble," long since converted into small change.

Notwithstanding the ill treatment of Queen Philippa, the English Government appears to have continued on comfortable terms with Erik. In 1431, Henry VI. sent an embassy to Denmark—Master William Spreen, doctor of both laws; Sir John Grimaby, Knight; the plenipotentiary powers are dated Westminster, November 27th, ninth year of the reign, and signed by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, England's "custos." There was some little grievances to settle, but I don't see the King of England got much advantage by it; for though he is very civil and talks about the relationship through the high-born Philippa, consort of his "good friend" King Erik, and a lot more besides, he is met by a storm of complaints against the English ship-owners, who, for the last twenty years, have sailed and fished in unlawful seas, and trafficked with the islands—Iceland, Farøe, Shetland, Orkney, Greenland, &c.—fancy Denmark forbidding us to sail and trade to the

Orkneys, or anywhere!—the complaint ended in a *summarius* of the damage caused during the said twenty years, which amounts to 2,329 "lester fisk"—pounds of fish—each pound being equal to sixteen of the present day; add to this a few more "damages," and the *summa summarius* of the bill presented is 217,348 rose nobles. Strange to relate, the English Government declined to liquidate the debt. Some two years later, however, Henry VI. forms a treaty of alliance with "his dearest uncle, the King of Denmark;" no end of matters promised on both sides, to which, in all probability, neither paid the slightest attention.

But to return to the Slot. Molesworth, in speaking of Copenhagen, says, with the exception of the buildings of Christian IV.'s time, they are all mean and of "cage work," half timber, half plaster. The palace he describes as the worst in the world, inferior to those of the nobility; it was a fine old feudal schloss, adapted to the troublous times in which it was constructed, as you may still see by the old engravings, though certainly not in the style of Sir Christopher Wren, then the architect par excellence. In the year 1720, the old edifice was demolished by Frederic IV., and while yet scarcely raised from its ruins, was again laid low to satisfy the craving for magnificence and luxury, the besetting sin of Queen Sophia Magdalena. That this fair princess lavished the public money with a reckless hand no one can deny, but it should be borne in mind that she was not only the wife of an absolute sovereign, but also the wife of one of the most consummate bores that ever existed. The queen from very weariness launched out into extravagance; palaces of unprecedented grandeur rose at her beck and nod; she did too much, but all she did was well done and in good taste, and, in this particular, it is to be regretted that later monarchs have not followed her example.

The palace of Madalena was completed and taken possession of by the court in 1740, amidst the greatest possible rejoicings of the people (so at least asserts the Danish Vitruvius), and medals were struck in honour of the event. This palace also was consumed by fire in the year 1794, and for some time remained a heap of ashes. It has often caused much astonishment how Frederic VI., considering the dilapidated state of his finances, should have rebuilt this edifice in so costly a style, too large for the necessities of his court and kingdom. He had much better have reconstructed it after the earlier design of his fair predecessor; it would have then still remained an ornament to the city and a credit to the architect; it is now neither one nor the other. But Frederic VI., it appears, had received a promise from the Emperor Napoleon, that in reward for his so-called neutrality he should receive the kingdom of Sweden, and be crowned king of all Scandinavia. "King of Scandinavia!" exclaimed his Majesty, "and no palace to live in! send for the court architect at once." His orders were obeyed; they planned and planned, and the present unsightly Palace of Christiansborg is the result of their consultations. Lucky had it been for King Frederic if Mrs. Glasse's well-known recipe had been then published, or at least translated into Danish; he would have saved a mint of money to the country, and the pangs of disappointed ambition to himself. The crown of Scandinavia was never fated to rest on his royal brow. The elected house of Bernadotte reigns supreme in Sweden; and



Norway, after an union of more than 400 years, was wrested from the Danish crown and handed over to the possession of her rival. But I must not be unjust to the memory of Frederic: to him the peasants of Denmark owe their emancipation from feudal servitude. Like many others he was ambitious in early life, and suffered from it: he lived much among his people, and retained their affection to the last. From what I have heard related, he resembled much his maternal uncle, George III. of England, in character, amiable and kind in disposition, with a certain touch of his Britannic Majesty's obstinacy.

Do not, however, imagine the Palace of Christiansborg to be a building useless as it is ugly. Besides the state apartments, not often occupied by the royal family, it harbours within its walls the two Chambers of Parliament, the Gallery of Pictures, and, in a building apart, the Royal Library. As we are here, you may as well pass through the great court of the palace, heavy, cumbersome, and ungraceful. The outer court, circular in form, is the remains of the earlier edifice of Madalena. You can visit the royal stables and inspect the white horses, true albinos, with rosette eyes and ears, used by the king on state occasions. When these cream-coloured horses came into fashion I cannot say; Christian V. drove light iron-grays, with black heads, tails, and manes. To the right lies the splendid riding-school. This court is muddy in winter and dusty in summer, always untidy; it is used, I believe, for exercising the royal stud. The Danes do not understand the adaptation of unoccupied space to the ornamentation of their capital. A fountain, however, has lately been erected in the centre, and out lines have been planted round the edge, which, after a time, will take away from the deserted look of this dreary waste, and give even the palace a more habitable appearance.

A bridge across the Frederiksholm canal connects the Ile du Chateau with the town; and, turning to the right, we arrive at the Prindsens Palais, a handsome edifice, now the receptacle of the numerous museums—ethnographic among the rest, the finest in Europe; the dresses, &c., of the Greenland and northern tribes are especially worth visiting—under the direction of Professor Thomsen, who, with other learned men, has apartments allotted to him within its walls. This palace was erected for Christian VI. when Crown Prince, and it was here that Queen Madalena must have planned and dreamed the future magnificence which she so well understood to put into execution. In the adjoining Storm Gade is situated the British church, hired or borrowed from the Moravian brothers; and opposite to it, in the old hotel of the Counts of Holstein Ledreborg, is preserved the Museum of Natural History, now about to be joined with that of the University. The collection of Northern birds, of the various species of the grouse tribe, in their summer and winter plumage, as well as the ducks from the islands, are interesting to the sportsman or one learned in ornithology.

Let us now return to the Bourse. Stop first and admire its graceful twisted spire, unique in Europe. (See p. 788). Tradition relates how Christian brought over—some say the four dragons, others the stone ornamental copings of the building, from Calmar; but tradition is apt to embellish, and I am always sceptical as regards Danish legends about Swedish affairs, and vice versa. The building, however, is a glorious me-

mento of the era of Christian IV. Well did that monarch understand the style of architecture adapted to the climate of his country; he built for posterity, and his works have lasted, and will last for ages to come, when those of more modern architects have long since passed away.

But before we enter, notice how well the spire of St. Saviour's, with its twining external staircase, stands out in the background of Christianshavn. (See p. 789.) The Exchange was purchased in 1858 from the Government by the merchants of Copenhagen, with the express condition that they should place it in a thorough state of repair, and never make any alteration which should detract from the character of the edifice, and well they have redeemed their pledge. The great hall has been admirably restored in the style of the period; over the fireplace stands a bronze statue of King Christian himself, similar to that in the cathedral church of Roskilde; here it is well placed, and in keeping with the building. The panels of the walls are being gradually filled with well-executed frescoes, two of which were completed when I last visited the interior of the building—one an allegory, Justice, scales, &c.; the second, a mining scene, with workmen, imps, and trolls, all labouring hard at work together—"Archi-Scandinavia."

## VII.

MONUMENTS OF JUEL AND TORDENSKIOLD—DEATH OF FREDERIC VI.—STREET OF COFFINS—BARREL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH—THE ROUND TOWER—THE FINE KIRKE—UNIVERSITY—BOMBARDMENT OF COPENHAGEN—CARNIVAL IN THE ISLAND OF AMAL—CITY HARBOURS—LEGEND OF THE BURIED CHILD—GOLDEN HOUSE OF THE KING'S ALCHYMIST—THE GRONLANDGATE.

A FINE autumnal day and a bright sun—we cannot do better than continue our promenade of yesterday; its such a comfort to have done the town, and to feel at liberty to bend our steps with a free conscience, wherever inclination leads us. Turning down the Gammel Strand, we pause for a moment near the bridge again to admire the Bourse, peeping out from among the rigging of the various cutters anchored in the canal. How picturesque it appears—what a study for an artist! You will not care to walk through the Butcher's Market, unless you be an agriculturist, and fatten your own beasts. We must turn to the right, where stands the Holme Kirke, a work of Christian IV., but sadly mauled since his time. The doorway alone gives any token of the Renaissance period; but the monarch's cipher still adorns the building, and his favourite legend R. F. P., which the people, with that spirit of contradiction so universal in all countries, translated, since the days when Madalena scattered the public money with so lavish a hand, as "Riget fattes Penge" ("The kingdom misses the money"). In the mortuary chapel attached to this church are monuments to the two celebrated admirals—Juel and Tordenskiold. Admiral Juel stands within a grille; on each side are bas-reliefs of white marble representing the naval actions in which he figured, with long complimentary verses by Bishop Kingo.

Smaller, and far less imposing, is the medallion, on a painted wooden framework, erected by Frederick VI. to the memory of Tordenskiold, the engravings of whose admirable portrait by Denner you may see exposed for sale in the printshops of Copenhagen. He is the *beau idéal* of northern beauty, with long flowing



hair, unpowdered, carelessly gathered together by a riband behind, a splendid specimen of the Scandinavian race. The history of Tordenskiold is too romantic to be passed over, and just such a story as all Englishmen delight in.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century there lived at Tronyem a burghmaster, John Wessel by name, with a flourishing family of eighteen children, and straitened means. Twelve were sons, of whom Peter, the tenth in number, and hero of our story, was born in 1691. Hard were the struggles of poor John Wessel and his wife to maintain their numerous olive-branches, and I am afraid young Peter proved himself an ungrateful pickle. His parents apprenticed him to a tailor, but at the end of a few weeks he was dismissed as incorrigible. When our hero had attained the age of thirteen, Frederick IV. paid a visit to Norway. Peter, whose time lay heavy on his hands, made acquaintance with the servants of the king's household; and when the royal *cortège* departed, he suddenly disappeared to reappear shortly a vagabond and friendless in Copenhagen. The tale of the Norwegian boy who had concealed himself in the hold of a ship came to the ears of the royal confessor, who, taking compassion on him, employed him as a servant about his person; but Peter had inwardly determined to enter the navy. Nothing daunted, he wrote to the king, and was soon inscribed as an apprentice at the royal wharf.

After several voyages he was so highly praised by his captains, he became midshipman, but still in the merchant service. He is described as a very "Mother Carey's chicken;" his spirits rose with the tempest itself, and, when fear and terror agitated all minds, he alone appeared to derive gratification from the turmoil of the elements. When the war broke out between Denmark and Sweden, as it invariably did some fifty times in the course of each century, Peter demanded permission to enter the royal navy, and was at once appointed to the command of a vessel called the *Worm*, bearing four guns. Endless are the anecdotes related of his daring; on one occasion he met with an English privateer: "If that frigate were Swedish," he exclaimed, "I should take it; but the English have too much practice and fight too well for me to hope for an easy conquest." The vessels engaged, and a hard-fought battle ensued, such as always took place, and will take place, when Danes and English meet in naval warfare. "I have no more powder," cries Tordenskiold; so he sends a flag of truce on board requesting the English captain to lend him some that he might continue the battle, or, if he would not, begging him to come on board and receive the respect due to so gallant an enemy. The Englishman declined, so they drank to each other from their respective vessels, and cheers rose from the Danes as the captains raised their glasses, vociferously returned by the delighted British sailors.

In 1716, Peter exchanged, by a patent of nobility, the plebeian patronymic of Wessel for the higher-sounding appellation of Tordenskiold (or Thunder-shield), and was later named Admiral.

After the peace of Frederiksborg he visited Germany; and having called to account a certain Colonel Stahl, a sharper, who had fleeced one of his countrymen at cards, by inflicting on him a sound thrashing; he was afterwards induced to give him satisfaction. The morning of the duel Tordenskiold rose cool and careless as ever; in vain his servant implored him to

take a sword of greater length than the small rapier he wore by his side: he refused. The duel took place, and, unaccustomed to the *finesse* of a fencer, he fell, pierced by the rapier of his adversary, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. He was the Danish Bayard of his country — *sans peur*, and I believe also *sans reproche*.

"For Denmark thunders Tordenskiold,  
Let each to heaven commend his soul and die!"

Far be it from me to treat with disrespect the memory of his brother Admiral, illustrious Juel; but Juel was a man of noble parentage, and suffered in early life none of those difficulties our hero so bravely overcame; added to which, be it Dick Whittington or King Bernadotte, I always do delight in him who, from no beginning, raises himself in this world, and dies at the top of the tree, be it royal oak or humble bean-stalk.

We follow the course of the dull, boatless Holm canal, on the opposite side of which rises long, low, high-pitched roofed, yellow buildings, with mysterious black shutters, ever closed—something to do with dock-yards and naval stores—to the Royal Opera House. Here the canal turns off at right angles, and disappears among the "back slums" of the old wharf. The Opera House is a shapeless building, half-rebuilt, half-pulled down, to be cased with stone or stuccoed some day. I believe Denmark to be the only country where the stage is perfectly respectable; to play or dance at the Royal Opera House, a woman, like Cæsar's wife, must not even be suspected. We now stand at the entrance of the Kongens Nytorv, or King's New Market (formerly called Hallands Aas), though no market at all is ever held there. It is shapeless, but the general effect is imposing, and must have been more so in earlier days, before the destruction of the double avenue of cut limes which formerly surrounded the garden, in the centre of which stands the equestrian statue of Christian V., erected in 1688. This statue is allegorical and requires a key. The horse is trampling on a monster, which was once called Sweden; but as Danes no longer trample on their neighbours, but live in peace and amity, the monster is now styled Vice, or something else. At the bombardment of 1807 a cannon-ball struck the right arm of the statue, since which time the king holds his sceptre downwards.

Passing by the ugly Military High School, about to be removed, we arrived at the Charlottenborg Slot, a building of no great beauty, but interesting, in an historical point of view, to us English; for here resided our Princess Louisa, with her husband, then Crown Prince; and here was born her eldest daughter, Sophia, the beautiful Queen of Sweden. Charlottenborg was founded by Ulrik Frederik Gyldenlove, the Field-Marshal, half-brother of Christian V., who conferred upon him the castle of Kalo (which we passed on our way from Aarhus), where he only slept, however, one night: disgusted at being surrounded by an inundation, he hurried off as fast as he could; and carrying his castle, or rather the materials, with him, constructed the present palace, which he later sold to the widowed queen of Christian V., from whom it derives its appellation.

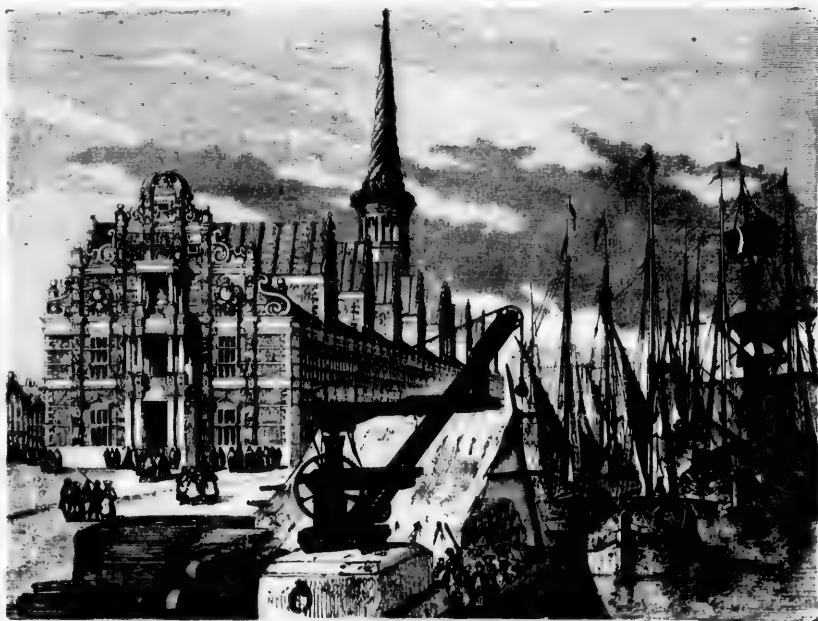
The Newhaven (Nyhavn) canal, crowded with shipping, runs up to the very entrance of the palace. Passing by the Thott Palace, now the hotel of the Russian minister, a building of some architectural pretensions, within whose walls are contained the small but valuable cabinet of pictures, chiefly of the Dutch school, the property of the Moltke family, we reach the St. Anna

Plads, a promenade lately planted with trees, at the end of which is a wooden jetty, from which the steamers embark and disembark passengers for Lubeck, Kiel, and fifty other localities. Copenhagen, like her sister London, is sadly in want of quays. You arrive anyhow, nohow; but great improvements are contemplated.

Observe that tower in the dockyard opposite, surmounted by a crane. There, after the bombardment of 1807, stood the English admiral, while he superintended the destruction of the Danish vessels still uncompleted and in the stocks. A splendid eighty-four was destroyed among the rest, and from its remains found floating about the water the Danes constructed

a small brig, christened by the appropriate name, the *Phœnix*.

Proceeding down the Amallegade, in which we are now located, and which boasts three stripes of flagstones inserted in its *trottoir*, we arrived at the Amalienborg Plads, which might be made one of the prettiest squares of its size in Europe. The original Amalienborg Slot underwent the usual fate of all edifices, royal and plebeian, in Denmark—it was destroyed by fire in 1689, during the performance of an Italian opera. A large concourse of people had assembled to witness the representation, as well as the court and all the royal family; a lamp was accidentally overturned, the fire caught the wood-work, and in



EXCHANGE AT COPENHAGEN.

one moment the whole building was in a blaze. In the confusion and crush of the exit nearly three hundred persons perished; and when Molesworth visited Copenhagen, he declares there was scarcely a family of consequence in the capital that was not in mourning for one of its members. The four pretty palaces which replaced the earlier building were built by the families of Schack, Moltke, Brockdorff, and Levetzau, who again sold them, after the conflagration of Christiansborg, 1794, to the royal family, who found themselves without a roof to cover them. One of them is now occupied by her majesty the queen dowager, the amiable and virtuous widow of Christian VIII.; a second by the Landgrave of Hesse, husband of the Princess

Charlotte, and brother to the Duchess of Cambridge; the third was offered to the Prince of Denmark, who does not at present occupy it; while the fourth does duty as the Foreign Office.

On the whole it is a charming little place; and were not the pavement the most atrocious in all Copenhagen, and the space around the statue of Frederic V., erected to his honour by the merchants of the capital, too confined, I know few of its size equal to it.

In the year 1839 a silent and saddened multitude stood breathless and anxious before the windows of the palace where Frederic VI. lay on his bed of agony. He was much beloved, and a general feeling of sorrow pervaded the whole population, who awaited with

anxiety the termination of his sufferings. Suddenly the window is unclosed, the grand marshal appears on the balcony, and, breaking asunder his red of office, exclaims, "Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi." Alas for the feebleness of human sentiments! The Prince Hereditary, now Christian VIII., inhabited the palace which stands on the opposite side of the octagon; *volte face* turned the assembled crowd, and huzzas and cries

of joy and enthusiasm greeted the accession of the new monarch to the throne.

And now on to the Langa Linea, passing by the splendid hospital of Frederic V., the gate surmounted by the royal crown and cipher, on which the sparrows hold their court in large numbers, squabbling and fighting for place and precedence like their betters. One part of this hospital is set aside for the higher



ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, ISLAND OF AMAK.

classes, who can there obtain rooms for a reasonable sum, and are admirably attended, without deranging their own establishments, or, in case of infectious disorders, spreading death and disease among their families and domestics. Leaving the villanous pavement and crossing the quincunx of trees, we arrive at the Langa Linea, one of the prettiest promenades possessed by any capital of Europe: so fresh is the air, so bright

and exhilarating the scene along the banks of the Sound, on some days teeming with ships from all ports and climes. To the left rises the citadel, with its moats and fortifications: you can visit it if you will; it affords a charming walk. Forewarned is forearmed, saith the proverb: and before trusting yourself to the seduction of its ramparts, call in mind that it is circular in form, and wander not round and round (as I did on

my first visit) like a horse drawing water in a well, or a bewildered cockney in the mazo of Hampton Court.

At a distance from the land may be discerned the far-famed battery of the Three Crowns (Tre Kroner), the construction of which was scarcely commenced in 1801; it rose only *à fleur d'eau*. Guns, however, were planted on it, and did good execution against the fleet of the enemy.

We return again by the Toldboden into the Bredgade, near the centre of which stand to the right, in a vast deserted place, now used as a stonemason's yard, the ruins of the marble Frederiks Kirke—remaining, and for ever I imagine likely to remain, uncompleted. This church was commenced in the reign of Frederic V., after the splendid designs of Jardin, a French architect. The state could ill afford the erection of so expensive a building, and Struensee stopped the works, actuated, doubtless, by praiseworthy motives of economy; as it was, he only disgusted the public by the dismissal of some hundred workmen, gained the ill will of the clergy, and the sums of money economised by him were wantonly lavished by Count Brandt in illuminations and court *fêtes* of unwonted splendour and extravagance. The architect, too, was dismissed, unpaid and ungratified, in a manner which caused universal indignation. Struensee was, there is no doubt, beyond his age. He did a great many good things, but in a most disagreeable way, was careless of wounding the prejudices of others, and in all his actions showed a violence and want of tact which soon rendered him most unpopular throughout the country. On either side of the street leading into the Amalienborg stand two palaces—one the property of Prince Frederic of Hesse, the other of the Prince Hereditary; and higher up, adjoining the British Legation, stands the handsome hotel of Count Schimmelmann. A Saxon by birth, he commenced life as a boatman on the Elbe, plying his trade between Dresden and Hamburg, and rose to be minister to Christian VII., and count of the empire. We pass down the Dronninge Tvergade, by the side of the Moltke Palace, once the residence of Queen Juliana, or our way to the Rosenborg Gardens—but we must stop half-way.

If Pompeii can boast her Street of Tombs, Copenhagen can vaunt her Street of Coffins—Adlergade by name. Turn the eye where you will, black funeral cellarets meet the eye; advertisements of "Smukke ligkister" (pretty coffins) to be sold, all ready, or made to measure. Glazed frames expose to view shrouds and grave-clothes, pinked out ready, and stamped in holes, like the broderie Anglaise in a workshop window; from the short petticoat of the little child, to the cravat with flowing bow of the male adult. Let us fly from this scene, and breathe fresh air among the limes and lilacs in the Rosenborg Gardens—not the old garden it once was, with cropped yew, and gay plat bandes, fountains, and orange-trees, but a wilderness of trees, affording grateful shade in the summer season.

We have still much to see. I will lead you to the Place of the Gray Brothers (Graabroderetov) where once a monastery stood, long since swept away, and within whose church reposed the infant children of King Christian II., Maximilian and Philip. Queen Elizabeth bore three sons in one year, John the eldest, and these twins. Sigbrit, who was present at the "Barset" of the queen, and not over particular in her

speech, lost her temper at the sight of them, and remarked loudly in the hearing of everybody present, "If the queen goes on in this way, the country will be neither rich nor large enough to support so many Heerkens," which, I believe, in old Dutch, signifies "little gentlemen."

Later on this Place rose the stately palace of the minister Corfitz Ulfeld, son-in-law of Christian IV., razed to the ground at the period of his disgrace, and on the spot a small obelisk was raised, the inscription on which proclaimed "shame and ignominy to the traitor Ulfeld." This monument was again removed (it now lies hid somewhere in the cellars of the Scandinavian Museum), and gave place to a butcher's market. What a matter-of-fact age we live in! We next proceed towards the University, by the street in which the post-office is situated. Mark well that corner house—a wine-shop from time immemorial. Hero was bred and born the boy Schumacher, son of the proprietor, a wine-vendor, later known throughout Europe as Count Griffenfeld, the minister and adviser of Christian V.

Tacked on to the church of the Trinity, erected by Christian IV. for the University students, the Round Tower stands before us (See p. 796), built by the engineer Steenwinkel of Emden, itself intended for an observatory, though now no longer used as such; and here, previous to the fire of 1728, was preserved the celebrated globe of Tycho Brahe, together with his mathematical instruments, brought over from Germany by Prince Ulrik. You gain the summit by a broad spiral staircase, like that of the castle of Amboise—no steps, an inclined plane, along the sides of which are ranged numerous Runic stones, recklessly removed from their original localities. Without inscriptions to tell whence they came, or what they signify, they stand dirty, useless, and neglected, but are to be removed to the new gardens of the University Library when completed. Opposite to these Runic stones is the sepulchral slab of Dyveke. Up this spiral staircase Casar Peter is said to have driven four in hand; how he turned at the top is a mystery to me, but so tradition declares. In the roof of the church is contained the library of the University, rich in Icelandic Sagas and treasures of inestimable value. At the bombardment of 1807, a cannon-ball struck and passed through the roof of the library, knocking to shivers an ancient treatise of Hugo Grotius—*De Pace et Bello*. Adjoining stands the Regens, the residence of some hundred Danish students. In the centre of the quadrangle rises a splendid lime tree, and from its court you gain a better view of the round tower, and Christian's celebrated "rebus" inscribed thereon, carved on stone, the joint clumsy work of that monarch and sundry learned professors of his favoured University:—"Doctrinam et (written in long letters without a stop), Justitiam (represented in Hebrew characters); Dirige—Jehovah (in Hebrew characters); a heart; Christian IV." In plain English—"May God direct justice and learning in the heart of Christian IV."

Continuing our course we arrive at the University; a hideous, monstrous building, whose ugliness is only surpassed by that of the adjoining church of Our Lady (the Frue Kirke), a building unworthy to contain those exquisite productions of Thorvaldsen, his Christ, the Apostles, and the Kneeling Angel—*chef-d'œuvre* I will not insult, by describing within their prison. To this merited abuse the Danes will reply, "Why did you bombard the old church?" I admit there is some

logic in this; but the kindest act we could now perform to their capital would be to return and knock over the new one and the University into the bargain. It is incredible how so much ugliness came to be concentrated in so small a space.

The earlier church of Our Lady was founded—or, at any rate, completed—in the reign of Christian II. A short time before the lofty steeple was finished, a quarrel took place between the master carpenter and his journeyman, who declared himself to be as good a workman as his master. When the ornament was to be placed on the extreme end of the spire, the master carpenter ordered a board to be made fast and laid across. He then went to the end and did what was necessary, leaving his axe behind him. He returned, and ordered his journeyman, if he considered himself equal to him, to go and fetch the axe. The man complied, lost his balance, came down headlong, and was killed. In consequence of this accident the ornaments of the spire were badly fixed, and fell the following year—an omen which, in the superstitious feeling of the age, was regarded to have reference to the future fall of the monarch himself. The Frue Kirke, with the exception of the choir, was destroyed in the fire of 1728, which consumed the University, five churches, the Hôtel de Ville, and 1650 houses. Within its walls took place the coronation of the earlier sovereigns of the House of Oldenburg, as well as the installation of the bishops, which ceremony was conducted with great pomp in the presence of the Court. In 1716 the Czar Peter of Russia assisted at one, to his great satisfaction. This church contained many fine monuments. The tower was an admirable specimen of the Renaissance, surmounted by one pointed *flèche*, spitted with crowns and fantastic ornaments, like truffes on an *aiguillette*.

Once, when the steeple of Our Lady was out of repair and likely to fall, Christian IV. ascended to the top, to see with his own eyes how the matter stood (no one else would), and later gave directions to the workmen how it should be fastened together and sustained with iron crampions. But now for the sad untimely fate of Our Lady's church. In 1807 three bombs from the hostile battery struck her graceful spire; the whole instantaneously fell with a crash, and the first knowledge of the mischief perpetrated was conveyed to the inhabitants by the shouts and hurrahs which rose—drowning even the roar of the cannon—from those remarkably mischievous specimens of humanity our British sailors.

There is wind enough in Copenhagen, Heaven knows! but at the corner of the Place by the Frue Kirke more than anywhere, and I will tell you why. The Devil and the Wind went out one day together, and when they came to the corner of this Place, said the Devil to the Wind, "Wait a little for me, for I have an errand in the Bishop's palace." He went in, but found himself so much at home he forgot to come out again; so the Wind is there still waiting for him.

The first idea of establishing the University of Copenhagen is to be attributed to King Erik the Pomeranian, perhaps at the suggestion of his Queen Philippa. Before this period the Danes studied at Paris, where they had especial colleges for their use. The required sanction was obtained from Pope Martin V., and the Archbishop of Lund, metropolitan, was desired to select a fitting site for its construction. Neither Erik nor his successor, King Christopher,

found time or leisure to follow up the idea, and its first inauguration took place in the reign of Christian I., on his return from a visit to Rome in 1474. The Pope then reigning at the Vatican, Sixtus, fourth of that name, renewed the permission. The papal city appears to have been much edified by the humility of the Danish monarch, as well as delighted by the rarity of his gifts, which consisted of dried herrings and codfish, both most valuable for Friday's consumption and the season of Lent, and of a quantity of ermine-skins, at that time most rare productions; indeed, two-thirds of the Holy Conclave were obliged to content themselves with *peau de chat*. The gifts were considered well chosen and acceptable, and Christian returned not only provided with leave to establish a University, but endowed with a "golden rose," a present from the Pontiff himself, to say nothing of numberless relics of inestimable value.

The inauguration of the University took place, with great pomp, in the Frue Kirke; the statutes were framed by the Archbishop of Lund; and crowds from Iceland, Norway, and North Germany, as well as Danes without number—bishops, professors, gentlemen, and even ladies, together with the king and queen—in the enthusiasm of the moment inscribed their names as students on the books of the new foundation. The University received protection from King John, as well as from King Christian II., who issued ordinances forbidding the nobles to educate their sons in foreign parts. At the time of the Reformation it fell into decay, and in the year 1538 was almost closed. Christian III., however, supported it, and aided by the counsels of Luther and Melancthon, reformed its statutes, and summoned to the country many celebrated professors, assigning sundry church-lands for their support; he also decided that for the future the Grand Chancellor of the kingdom should be styled "Protector" of the University.

The University enjoyed the favour of Christian IV., and to him the students owe, besides the lodgings of the Regenz, many pecuniary advantages. James I. of England, on his visit to the University, presented it with a silver cup, the melted remains of which, consumed by the before-mentioned fire of 1728, may still be seen in the Scandinavian Museum.

Without approaching too near—for the building itself is of brick, mutilated, tumbled down, degraded—let us gaze for one minute on the imposing tower of the church of St. Peter, completed in 1666, in the architecture, not very pure, of the existing period. It has, however, a merit of its own, and rises majestic with its cupola-shaped spire resting on massive golden balls. This church was sadly damaged during the bombardment of 1807, and many years elapsed before it was restored so far as to be available for use.

Having "lionised the interior of the city conscientiously," before we take our evening stroll along the ramparts let us indulge in a few calm, unprejudiced observations on the before-mentioned and often much-blamed "bombardment of the city of Copenhagen."

I have, of course, read the English account, and since my residence in Denmark have carefully studied the numerous pamphlets published at Copenhagen shortly after the event, as well as several of more recent date. I have no national prejudice on the subject: on the contrary, residing in the city itself, with *pleine et entière jouissance* of a cannon-ball—*triste souvenir*—inserted in the very masonry of the

house we inhabit, I almost feel as though bombarded myself.

Under the then existing circumstances, I cannot see how the English government could have acted otherwise. It was a painful necessity. They had received from the most reliable sources certain information that the Emperor Napoleon, about to occupy Holstein with his army, would, if once master of Zealand, seize the Danish fleet and employ it against our country for the invasion of Great Britain and Ireland. The demand made for the deposit of the Danish Fleet under our care until the conclusion of the war was peremptorily refused to Lords Gambier and Cathcart: perhaps the terms in which it was made were somewhat galling to the spirit of Danish independence. They were, however, not only refused, but followed up at once by a proclamation on the part of Count Brockdorff, declaring the confiscation of British property, the annulment of debts due to British subjects, and forbidding, as illegal, all correspondence with them. This was not likely to mend matters.

Frederic, the Crown Prince—unlike his heroic ancestor King Frederic III., who, when advised to quit the besieged capital in 1859, replied, "I will remain and die in my nest"—demanded his passport and rejoined the royal family located at Kiel. Of the *corps diplomatique*, the French legation alone remained.

For my own part, I shall always believe that the Crown Prince, then Regent, sacrificed his capital to his own hopes of personal aggrandisement in the formation of a kingdom of Scandinavia. Strange to say, the inhabitants themselves, though threatened for three weeks, could never bring themselves to believe that the bombardment would take place. The first rocket thrown in the town killed a little girl, sitting working at her bedroom window; the second killed her mother, nursing her child at the street-door. These missiles seemed to have a particular spite against the female sex. Fires broke out in every direction; the conduct of the pompiers and fire-brigade was admirable, though few, very few, survived to tell the tale. On the second day the inhabitants fled to Christianshavn in the Island of Amak, 100 persons lodging in the same house; 305 houses were consumed by the flames, the cathedral was totally destroyed. Of the number of women, children, and the aged who fell victims to the power of our guns, without counting those who died in defending the city, I decline giving any account: the statistics vary, and are, we may hope, exaggerated. On the fourth day, at eleven o'clock, the capitulation of the city was signed by General Peymann, who was afterwards disgraced, deprived of his decorations, and dismissed the Danish service by the petulant Crown Prince, as a reward for his continued brave defence of the capital, and his humanity in preventing further loss of life, and its entire reduction to ashes by the cannon of the enemy—a capital, too, which the prince himself had deserted and left to undergo its fate, unsupported in its calamity by the presence of its actual sovereign, for Christian had long before sunk into a state of lunacy and mental aberration. Whatever may have been the conduct of the English Government, that of the Crown Prince tells—and will for ever tell—badly in the pages of modern history.

Pardon must be obtained before visiting the Dockyard and Arsenal. The former is somewhat spacious for the size of the present navy, but there are

signs of improvement going on; a new dock of stone has been lately completed, capable of containing a man-of-war of the first magnitude, and now honoured by the occupation of a disabled Russian frigate. In comparison with the dockyards of England and France, there is, of course, little to be seen, but what there is is well arranged, and the work well executed. The Arsenal contains a large collection of guns, swords, cutlasses, halberds, &c., from the earliest ages, arranged in chronological order. The similarity of terms used in the two services cannot fail to interest the Englishman: the jolle baad—jolly-boat; aare—oar; at ro—to row; om bord—on-board; mast, &c.

High in the roof of a mysterious-looking edifice is preserved a collection of models of frigates, &c., from the earliest times downwards. Among them are two, hung with small faded garlands, constructed by the royal hands of King Christian IV. himself. Like the Czar Peter, he entered thoroughly into the mysteries of shipbuilding, and his navy profited by his knowledge of its technicalities.

We leave the Dockyard by the gate which leads to the separate town of Christianshavn, founded by Christian IV., on the Island of Amak. Christianshavn has a sad, deserted appearance—an air of having seen better days. Many of its houses have in their time been inhabited by people well to do in the world. The palace of the long-since extinct Oriental company looks degraded and forlorn. It is built of red brick and white stone, and has some architectural pretensions. Christian IV. sent an expedition to the East Indies, under Ove Gjedde, a nobleman of ancient family. Gjedde negotiated with the King of Tanjore the cession of Tranquebar, where he built a citadel, and formed the only Danish settlement in the East. He returned, after three years' absence, with the treaty engraved upon plates of silver. The church of St. Saviour, designed by Christian IV., was completed during the reign of Christian V. It took three kings to build it. With its external spiral staircase, in the distance it looks well, but, once approach it, an uglier brick edifice, the tower excepted, can scarcely be conceived. The interior is vast and lofty; it contains a splendid organ, richly carved, supported by two elephants. The balustrade which surmounts the gilt-capped marble font is quaint in conception, supported by the white marble figures of small children, crying, laughing, praying—doing, indeed, almost everything that little children can do—and, unlike those of Thorwaldsen, most discreetly dressed. (See p. 789.)

The Island of Amak (Amager), on which we now stand, was, as you have, I dare say, heard, colonised in 1516 by Christian II., who established here a party of Dutch, hoping, by their example, to encourage the art of horticulture among his subjects. It has been styled with justice the *jardin potager* of Copenhagen; the inhabitants still retain the ancient costume as worn by their Friesland forefathers.

On Shrove Tuesday, up to the days of King Christian V., and may be later, the Court were accustomed to hold a carnival in the Island of Amak, disguising themselves in the habits of North Holland boors, with great trunk hose, short jackets, and large blue capes; the ladies in blue petticoats and odd head-dresses. Thus accoutred, they got up into common country waggons, in each a man before and a woman behind, and drove off to a farm-house in the island, and there danced to the sound of bagpipes and fiddles,



having first partaken of a country dinner off earthen platters and with wooden spoons, all etiquette being laid aside, and little regard paid to majesty or quality. At night they drove home by torchlight, and were entertained at the Comedy, and partook of a grand supper, spending the evening in the same habits, which they never put off till the next day.

Two bridges connect this island with the town of Copenhagen: one leads into the street before the Bourse. You should observe the arms of Christianshavn over the archway: a blue tower, three crowns, the cipher of King Christian, its founder, supported by two lions. The view from the canal on this side of the bridge is novel to the eye; you take the city from a different point, backways. But we will cross over the second bridge, and so gain the ramparts, by which the whole city, including Christianshavn, is surrounded.

It is a pleasant stroll on a fine bright morning along the ramparts of the city, laid out with avenues, and commanding the adjacent country. If the weather is hot, you bend your course under the shade of the thick-planted trees; in colder weather, the sun is always there on the highest embankment, and the wind too, sometimes. Should you wish to prolong your walk by one third, take in each bastion within the compass of your promenade: you can measure your exercise by rule, and all without absenting yourself from the neighbourhood of the city. On each bastion stands a gigantic windmill, ever hard at work; for wind is not to be classed among the wants of Copenhagen: a broad ditch lies below, affording admirable skating in frosty weather, and drowning, too, when the ice is rotten. The country, though flat, is not ugly; the foreground is composed of water and wood, with the tall houses of the newly built suburbs in the distance, together with Nørrebro church: all these objects combined remind you of an old Flemish landscape; and more so in the winter season, when the snow lies thick upon the ground and the ditch is frozen.

Concerning the construction of these ramparts there is told a story so horrible I can hardly give credit to its truth, but the Danes themselves relate it. It appears that the earth crumbled down, giving way as fast as the workmen built it up: the engineers themselves were at fault, so they determined to consult a wise woman, who declared the mounds would always continue sinking unless a living child was buried underneath. So they prepared a recess of brickwork under the ramparts, and decorated it gaily with evergreens and flowers, and placed therein a little table and chairs, with toys, and dolls, and sweetmeats, and a tree lighted with many little tapers; and having enticed a little girl of five years old, they clothed her in new garments, and brought her to the lower accompanied by a band of music; and whilst the child in her delight played with the dolls and toys, the masons quickly closed up the aperture with solid brickwork, and shovelled the earth over it: from that time the ramparts sank no more.

In the engravings of Copenhagen, of the year 1587, the walls, machicolated and embellished with numberless round extinguisher-capped white towers, still existed. They now extend from the entrance to the harbour at Christianshavn opposite the Langelinie, until they join the citadel on the other side of the town.

Within that heavy-looking old red brick house, with massive stone window-cappings, reminding you of the Dutch architecture of William's day, once resided

Tycho Brahe, the northern luminary of his century. This almost sole remaining house of historic interest in Copenhagen the Danes have shown the good taste not to destroy. It is converted into an almshouse for aged men and women. The building is now under repair, and is being considerably enlarged, in a style of architecture similar to the original construction. I did not visit the interior.

As we continue our ramble, the houses in the street below appear all windows. I defy the occupiers to wash and dress unseen, they are so overlooked from the heights above, and possess no retreat. Now comes the Rosenberg Slot, with its three weathercocks, which always point in different directions; sometimes, though rarely, a reconciliation is effected between two of them, but it is of short duration. Down the street to the right, at the corner of which stands the splendid barracks of the foot-guards, is a small low-built house, called "The Golden House," where in the days of King Frederic III., dwelt the king's alchemist, Burthi by name, as necessary an appendage to northern royalty of those days, as dwarf, court fool, or negro page.

We now approach the end of our stroll. Look on that little quarter, consisting of twelve streets of toy-box houses, ranged in symmetrical regularity, the domicile and *pépinière* of Denmark's navy, founded by Christian IV., who loved and protected his sailors. Since the reign of that monarch here they dwell, live, and flourish, as the crowds of small boys, fighting, wrestling, and playing in the Grønlandgade, to which we now descend, will fully testify.

## VIII.

CASTLE OF ROSENBERG—THE HORN OF OLDENBORG—MARRIAGE CEREMONIALS OF CHRISTIAN IV.—BARRAGE OF THE ARMED HAND AND GARTER—TRIAL OF CHRISTINA MURDER—FUNERAL OF VIBEKE—RISE AND FALL OF GRIFFINBERG—QUEEN LOUISA OF ENGLAND—JULIANA MARIA—FATE OF CAROLINE MATILDA—HER PORTRAITS—TAPETRY OF THE Riddersaal—REGALIA—THE SILVER LIONS OF DENMARK.

THE Castle of Rosenberg (*See p. 805*), built by Christian IV., is of red brick and stone, in the style of Italian Renaissance, grafted on the ancient Gothic of Northern Europe. It is a fine specimen of the period, and is surpassed by modern improvements either within or without. An idea generally prevails among the English, that it was constructed after the designs of Inigo Jones, but of this there is no proof either by plan or record. It is certain that Inigo was attached to the person of Christian IV., who took him over to England on his celebrated visit to his brother-in-law, James I., and then introduced him to the notice of the English sovereign; but whether Inigo furnished the plan for Rosenberg is a point upon which the chroniclers of the time do not enlighten us. At the period of its construction the palace stood in the centre of spacious gardens, at a distance from the city. On the extension of the fortifications it became enclosed within the bastions, and is now, unfortunately, on the rampart side, obscured by ugly modern edifices, while a frightful guard-house, tacked on to the original gateway, disfigures the entrance. The jewels, miniatures, and portraits have been rearranged in chronological order, under the direction of Professor Wormus, lately appointed warden of the castle. Rosenberg is now a deserted palace, a *folies commisum* and museum of the house of Oldenburg. In the last century it formed the first halting-place of the

king, who inhabited it for a fortnight in the early spring, previous to continuing the Royal progress to Frederiksberg and other residences.

You enter the palace by a long corridor, with richly wrought ceiling adorned with pendants, such as one sometimes meets with in the old country houses in England of the same or of a previous date.

Passing through the audience-chamber, empanelled with pictures by Dutch artists, you come to the room in which Christian IV. died—a room whose Cyprian decorations scandalised Wraxall when he visited the palace. In this and an adjoining cabinet are preserved the valuables of the sovereigns of anterior date, as well as those of the founder himself.

First on our list comes the celebrated horn of Oldenburg, the work of a German artist, Daniel Aretius by name, a native of Corvey, in Westphalia, executed about the year 1455, by command of Christian I., whose intention it was, had he succeeded in his office of mediator between the Chapter of Cologne and their archbishop, to have presented it as a votive offering to the shrine of the Magi in that city. The negotiation failed, and the horn remained an heirloom to the house of Oldenburg, in the capital of which duchy it was preserved until its final removal to Copenhagen. It is an exquisite specimen of the goldsmith's art, of silver gilt, enriched with ornamentations in green and violet enamel, representing scenes illustrative of feudal domestic life in the fifteenth century. An ancient gold ring, enriched with a rough sapphire, once served as the nuptial ring of Elizabeth, daughter of Philip le Bel of Austria, wife of King Christian II., who certainly, independent of her unlucky lot, underwent as disagreeable an espousal as ever bride was fated to endure; for, on her arrival, Bishop Urne treated the assembly to so long a discourse, that the rain falling heavily—it lasted the greater part of the day—king, queen, and court got wet through, and all their fine clothes and feathers were spoiled. At the time of her coronation, too, Elizabeth was sick of a tertian ague, so she was crowned at home in the ante-chamber, where an impromptu altar was made with two chairs placed before and two behind. The ceremony, notwithstanding, appears to have been grand enough, and the banquet by which it was succeeded lasted four hours. As regards the menu, there were thirty-three dishes on table, five of which, however, were only made for show, not to be eaten.

Curious and rich are the specimens of the jewellery of Christian IV.'s period, especially two bracelets of gold, one empanelled, and set with rubies, at each joint engraved with the cipher of the monarch, surmounted by a crown; the other of equally beautiful workmanship, intermixed with plaited hair, once the property of Anne Catherine of Brandenburg, his queen. But it would be tedious to catalogue the jewelled mirrors, sacramental plate, toys and toilets in gold enamel, pyramids of rock crystal and other precious stones, the properties of these sovereigns. Among them you will observe some badges of the "Armed Hand," a mailed arm, in green enamel, enriched with diamonds—a decoration of great beauty, and one which Christian IV. gave only to his especial favourites. It is very rarely seen suspended round the neck even of the numerous worthies, or rather notabilities, for which his long reign was so remarkable. Here, too, are preserved the collar and linen, stained with blood, worn by King

Christian in the naval battle of Femern, in which he received twenty-three wounds, and lost his right eye; also the badges of the Garter of the various Danish sovereigns who have been invested with the order—the earliest, from its workmanship, I imagine to be that of King John, who received it from Henry VII.; likewise the robes of the order sent by Queen Elizabeth to Frederick II.—robes which he positively declined to put on, to the great scandal of her ambassador, Lord Willoughby.

In company with numerous likenesses of Christian IV. and his first queen is an interesting miniature of Kirstine or Christian Munk, to whom he wasmorganatically married in 1615, and by whom he had a numerous offspring; and in a small allegorical portrait of Christian, painted on wood by Van der Venne, you may see the whole family group complete, amongst whom appear Ulfeld and his wife Eleanor.

It was in the garden of Rosenberg that Christian first assembled his council, as well as his family, his mother-in-law, old Ellen Narayin, and the children of Christina herself, and made known to them the nineteen points on which he thought fit to accuse Christina. Hannibal Sehested, his son-in-law, and Corfitz Ulfeld, who afterwards married his daughter Eleanor, the two best speakers of the day, were deputed as advocates, the latter for the defence, the former for King Christian. They grew so excited, that, ere long, both were engaged in a pitch battle before the Court-house. As for the proceedings and the accusation made before Christina's mother and her children, no historian has ever been able to make head or tail of it. Everybody spoke at the same time, and the continued exclamations of "Grandmamma," "Your Majesty," "Lady Ellen," interrupting each other, renders the whole affair a confusion; but, when the trial was over, Christian was found "Not guilty."

This acquittal did not, however, serve her much, for she was deprived of her rank of Countess of Slesvig-Holstein, no longer prayed for in the churches, and banished to an old manse-house in Jutland, where she was kept in a sort of imprisonment—iron bars to her windows—with orders for the future to style herself Mrs. Christina, of Boller.

One of the arguments brought up against King Christian at the trial by Corfitz Ulfeld was his connection with Vibeke Kruse, once the woman to Christina. From this period Christian lived entirely with Vibeke, who, though far from beautiful, was his sincere affection by her gentle qualities. No answer, however, was the king dead, then the Munkites drove her out of the castle, and demanded that she should be charged with "calumny" against their mother; but we hear no more of her until, on the following 6th of May, appears an entry in the journal of Dr. Laurits Jacobsen, the king's confessor:—"This day was the Lady Vibeke's coffin interred in the church outside the north gate of the city." No grand funeral for her; though, in Dr. Matthiæ's *Tegnbog*, I find good proof that no one piled this celebrated *Lig prædicant* with better things than poor Vibeke. "Hoe and red deer, carp and salmon, tons of apples, hams, large jakes, *prins of Rhine* wine, wild geese, even to a 'stalled calf,' all which presents were gratefully received, but she died far late, and got no funeral sermon."

Among the efforts of Frederic III.'s time—whose enameled cipher brooches, with pendant pearls, are

well worthy of notice—are many miniatures of high interest, by an artist named Prieur, a painter of great merit. That of the sovereign himself, 1663, is of great beauty, as well as one of Charles II. of England and the Duchess of Cleveland. Further on, somewhat in the back ground—as she deserves to be—in a corner, sneaks, Mrs. Sophia Moth, mistress of Christian V., the only portrait of her, I believe, extant—a fair-haired, insipid beauty, and one whose fame is not free from reproach, for her share in the fall of Griffenfeld. She received, so declare the scandal-mongers of the day, sundry sacks of gold as bribes to use her influence with her sovereign in compassing the overthrow of a minister to whom Denmark owed much. Daughter of the royal physician, she was created Countess of Samso, and was mother of two Gyldenloves, of whom all historians speak well. Mølesworth says “The young gentlemen are handsome and hopeful, and looked upon as necessary ornaments to the crown.” On these children Christian V. conferred certain privileges, giving to them and their descendants the title of Excellency, as well as precedence over the rest of the nobility, with an extra fleuron on their coronets, and permission to wear the scarlet liveries, which put the nobles in a passion if it did nothing else.

In an adjoining room is the portrait of Christian V., embroidered silk by Eleanor Ulfeld during her rigorous captivity at Copenhagen in the Blaartorn, or Blue Tower; around the portrait is worked the following inscription in Danish verse:—“Behold here a king of angelic mind, who governs his people and his country in virtue and piety; behold a great monarch, whose head is worthy to wear for a thousand years all the crowns of the universe.” Awful flattery! but, like the stalling, she “could not get out.”

A miniature of Queen Anne of England and her husband Prince George deserves notice. The portrait of Anne, a gem of beauty, fat fair and pretty, with pouting lips and lazy eye, in all the freshness of early youth, gives promise of an excellent disposition easily led. She could be peevish, too, at times. Prince George, admirably wigged, a thorough gentleman; I believe few people have an idea how very handsome Prince George was in his youth—handsome as an animal, with no expression or intellect depicted in his countenance.

Lastly, the enamelled portrait of Griffenfeld, the celebrated minister, by whose advice Christian V. created the titled nobility, to console the old families for the loss of their feudal rights—a very wise *coup d'état* on his part, for fearfully were the earlier sovereigns trammelled by the arrogance of their nobles; but, like all reformers, Griffenfeld became unpopular, and his ruin was soon compassed.

His rise, as always occurred in those ages of necromancy, was foretold by an old woman when he was a child in his nurse's arms:—“You hold a golden apple in your hand, my son; take good care not to let it fall.” After the death of his father he was taken into the house of Bishop Brochmand, who presented him to King Frederic IV., by whom he was given a pension of 300 dollars to travel. He visited England, and became so esteemed by the learned, that his portrait was placed in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, where he pursued his studies—“not an uncommon event in those days,” says Mølesworth. On his return, he became secretary to Vice-Chancellor Wind. One day, having a letter to deliver to the king's page, he

desired to speak with the king himself, and, having succeeded, told Christian his history, and from that day his fortune was made. By his talents he rose to the highest offices in the state, and possessed the entire confidence of the king.

Louis XIV., in speaking of Griffenfeld to the Danish ambassador, is reported to have said,—“I cannot refrain from testifying the great esteem in which I hold the great Chancellor of the Danish kingdom, whom I look upon as one of the greatest ministers of Europe.” Griffenfeld made the ancient nobles feel his power, and they formed a plot against him, at the head of which was Sophia Moth. The weak king was gained by the conspirators, and Griffenfeld was arrested on unfounded charges. One of the accusations brought against him was that of having endeavoured to get created an English peer. His defence was admirable, but his doom was already sealed; he was condemned to first lose his hand, be decapitated, and broken on the wheel.

The sentence was ordered to be carried into execution on the 11th of June. Griffenfeld lost none of his courage, but received the sacrament. Everything was done to make him feel uncomfortable; in the evening his grave-clothes were brought to the prison, and the following morning his coffin, the outside of which was covered with pitch, and the inside with cotton. When he had tied up his hair (or rather taken off his wig) his escutcheon was broken to pieces by the executioner, who exclaimed, “This is not without cause, but for your bad deeds;” whereupon he replied without hesitation, “What the king has given me he has now taken away.” When he had finished praying and given a sign to the executioner to cut off his head, the general adjutant cried out, “Stop! his Majesty, in his mercy, spares his life;” to which Griffenfeld replied, “The mercy is more cruel than the punishment: I have not escaped death, except for a more cruel fate;” and he begged later, through the medium of Count Schack, to enlist as a common soldier. He died at Trønym, where he had been removed from the castle of Munkholm on account of his serious illness, after a rigorous imprisonment of twenty-one years. Hue and Cry representations, by Huusmann, of the execution of the “once Count Griffenfeld, now Peter Schumacher,” were not wanting, and I have seen several preserved among the Müller collection of engravings in the Royal Library. The ex-minister is certainly not represented to advantage—kneeling without his wig before the block, in presence of his executioner, Lutheran priest, and coffin: a look of pleasure is depicted on the face of the bystanders. Above the vignette stands a medallion portrait of the criminal, with the doggel,—

“With him his Fortune played as with a ball,  
She first tossed him up, and now she lets him fall.”

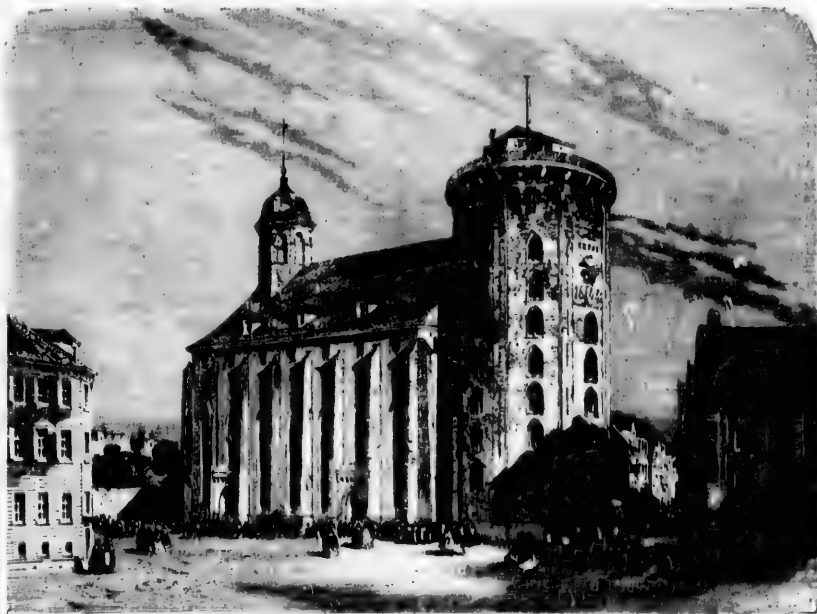
The king tossed his talented minister, and one day said at a cabinet council, “Griffenfeld alone knew better what served to the wants of the state than my whole cabinet.”

The objects of the time of Frederic IV., though beautiful, are chiefly of local interest: compliments from sovereign to elector, from emperor to monarch; pistols from Louis XIV., swords from Charles XII. of Sweden; added to which is the celebrated collection of Murano glass presented to Frederic by the republic of Venice, and brought by him from Italy. There are also fine specimens of the engraved German glass, and

the golden mounted ruby beakers are of exquisite beauty. In a small picture commemorative of the coronation of this monarch is represented a negro boy holding by a chain a huge mastiff, the king's favourite dog. It is related that the page had orders to hold the animal during the ceremony; but, dazzled by the splendour of the scene, he stared around forgetful of his charge: suddenly, at the moment when the primate was about to place the crown upon the brow of the king, the dog, fancying some mischief was intended to his master, sprang from his keeper, and to the consternation of those present rushed to the throne, and, placing his fore paws on the knees of the sovereign, growled defiance to all the court, displaying his sharp white

teeth ready to devour the bishop at the first movement made to continue the ceremony; it required the authority of the king himself to pacify the mastiff, and to induce the officials to proceed with the coronation.

And now with Frederic V. commences an era of peculiar interest to England and the English visitors. The portrait of this monarch we have already commented upon in the halls of the Academy of Soro; but here side by side he hangs with his first queen, Louisa, daughter of George II. of England. Of a noble presence, *nez en l'air*, her head thrown back, her portrait is the *ne plus ultra* of regal dignity; conscious of her birth, as a daughter of England should be, conscious of her beauty as a woman, and perhaps of the admiration



ROUND TOWER, COPENHAGEN.

she could never fail to command, she stands, beautiful, beneficent in expression, void of all Russian *hauteur* and German *orgue*. I returned twice to gaze upon this portrait, and felt proud to see a princess of our royal stock stand out as a constellation among the coarser specimens of German royalty. "She was as good as she was beautiful," observed the custodian: "even now, and she died in 1767, the peasants will still relate to you anecdotes of her goodness. She gave ten thousand crowns annually out of her pin-money in pensions alone. And to think by what a bad woman she was replaced! It was a sad day for Denmark when she died." There are many souvenirs of Queen Louisa, besides two snuff-boxes with her miniature painted on a purple ground. She devoted much of her leisure hours to the occu-

pation of turning and carving in ivory, of which are here preserved many specimens.

We now turn to the successor of our English princess, Juliana Maria of Brunswick, married to Frederic V. the year after the death of his former queen. In countenance somewhat handsome (and I have seen other portraits far more flattering than that of Rosenborg), in expression villainous, of a bad beauty, fine bust, and well-rounded arm, a want of shade about her face, she appears a woman capable of fascinating any man around whom she spreads her toils—for heart she had none—and driving him to perdition in this world and the next; dangerous she looks, and dangerous she proved herself to be. Juliana held no place in her husband's affections.

The story of the intrigues by which she compassed the ruin of our English princess Queen Caroline Matilda, and organised the plot which terminated in the death of Struensee, are too well known to require repetition. But I will quote the account given by Wraxall in his memoirs, 1775, in which year he visited Copenhagen:—

"One night, at a grand ball at the palace, the queen, after dancing as usual one country-dance with the king, gave her hand to Struensee for the remainder of the evening: at two o'clock in the morning she retired, followed by him and Count Brandt. The queen dowager, and her son Prince Frederic, hastened to the king's private chamber, where he was already in bed: they knelt down beside him and implored him to save himself and Denmark from impending destruction, by ordering the arrest of those they termed the authors of it. The half-imbecile king at first was most unwilling. Count Rantau came to the door of her Majesty and knocked; a woman of the bed-chamber was ordered to awake the queen and inform her she was arrested. Caroline, seizing the infant Princess Louise in her arms, endeavoured to gain the king's apartment, but without success; she was then hurried into a carriage half undressed, and confined like a state prisoner in the castle of Kronborg, from which she was released by the argument of a strong fleet sent from England."

From this period all good feeling between the courts of England and Denmark ended, the bombardment of Copenhagen in later days tending little to restore the cordiality between the two countries, who for so many centuries had been bound together by the strongest ties of family alliance.

I find, date July, 1771, a memorial from Peter Als to Struensee, concerning a portrait to be painted of Queen Caroline Matilda, with the Prince Royal on her knees, for the Duke of Gloucester. Als begs to know in what the first designs displeased, and suggests to paint her either as a goddess or Amazon, or else in the style of Vandyke, or in the gala costume of the day. The last was adopted, and the picture, a small full-length, is in the Royal Collection at Copenhagen. The Duke of Gloucester, on his visit, gave the queen unpalatable advice, and the portrait was never sent. Als also mentions having painted a picture of the queen the same year, which she gave as a present to Count Rantau, who subsequently arrested her.

At the confiscation of the palace of Christiansborg in 1795, eight different portraits of Caroline Matilda, by Angelica Kauffman and other artists, were consumed. At the period of her disgrace they were removed from the state apartments of the palace to a lumber chamber in the upper story, and there perished in the flames.

But we must visit the Riddersaal, with its richly decorated ceiling and its ancient tapestry, the work of the brothers Van der Eiken. This tapestry, which was made at Kiøge, five miles Danish distance from Copenhagen, about the year 1830, represents the victories of Christian V.: it is of admirable execution.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Relative to the tapestry manufacture of Denmark, we give the following extract from Fuller:—"The making of tapestry was either unknown or unused in England till about the end of the reign of King James, when he gave two thousand pounds to Sir Francis Crane to build thereon an house at Moreclerk for that purpose. When they only imitated old patterns, until they had procured one Francis Klein, a German to be their designer,

In front of the throne stand the coronation chairs of the king and queen, placed under a dais; that of the king is formed of the ivory of the narwal. It was constructed by order of Christian IV., and was first used at the coronation of Prince Christian (called V.), elected to the throne during the lifetime of his father, who survived him.

Within this castle of Rosenborg is contained the regalia of the country, among which appear brilliant and dazzling the jewels of Queen Madalena; she bequeathed them to the country with whose money they had been purchased.

The crown of Christian IV., by Thomas Fiuren of Odense, of gold enamel and jewels, is perhaps the finest specimen of the goldsmith's art in the seventeenth century now extant. It is no longer used, being that of an elected sovereign, open. The crown of Christian V., first hereditary monarch, very inferior as a work of art, is closed. His queen, not being of the Lutheran persuasion, could not by law be crowned Queen of Denmark: the queen's crown is of Madalena's time. The sceptre is of exquisite workmanship.

Arranged around, stand, or rather crawl, the three colossal silver lions of Denmark. These royal quadrupeds, like our own beefeaters, form part and parcel of all regal ceremonies, joyous or lugubrious. They emigrate to the cathedral church of Roskilde and accompany the deceased sovereign to his last resting-place, and again appear at Frederiksborg at the coronation of his successor.

## IX.

ENVIRONS OF COPENHAGEN.—BATHS OF MARIENLYST.—RECEIVING FOREHEADS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.—ELKHORN.—THE SO-CALLED HAMLET'S TOMB.—THE HAMMER-MILL.—GRAVE OF A SCANDINAVIAN DOG.

A BRIGHT sun and a frosty morning in January induced us to visit the Palace of Frederiksborg, two miles distant from Copenhagen. January is not the month usually selected for roaming through uninhabited houses; but I was anxious to see a portrait of Sophia Madalena, Queen of Sweden, of which Her Majesty the Queen Dowager had spoken to me. How bright the country looks on a fine frosty morning! how bracing the air! It is quite refreshing to quit the city. We passed by

This Francis Klein was born at Rostock, but bred in the Court of the King of Denmark at Copenhagen. To improve his skill he travelled into Italy, and lived at Venice, and became first known to Sir Henry Wootton, who was the English Legation there. Indeed there is a stiff contest between the Dutch and Italians which should exceed in this mystery; and therefore Klein endeavoured to unite their perfections. After his return to Denmark he was invited thence into England by Prince Charles, a virtuoso, judicious in all liberal mechanical arts which proceeded in due proportion. And though Klein chanced to come over in his absence (being then in Spain), yet King James gave order for his entertainment, allowing him liberal accommodations; and sent him back to the King of Denmark with a letter which, for the form thereof, I conceive not unworthy to be inserted, transcribing it with my own hand as followeth, out of a copy compared with the original. "We spare the reader his Majesty's Latin epistle. "I perceive that princes when writing to princes subscribe their names, and generally superscribe them to subjects. But the King of Denmark detained him all that summer (none willingly part with a jewel) to perfect a piece which he had begun for him before. This ended, then over he comes, and settled with his family in London, where he received a gratuity of one hundred pounds per annum, well paid him until the beginning of our civil wars. And now fervet opus of tapestry at Moreclerk, his designing being the soul, as the working is the body of that mystery."—Fuller's *Worthies* p. 353.



the square reservoirs of the water company, now firmly frozen over, where myriads of small boys in sabots, with satchels on back, were diverting themselves with the pastime of sliding (I trust not on their way to school). We then zigzagged off into a cross road, turned off by a butcher's shop—*slakter-mester* in Danish. He lives next door to the carrier, who announces to the public how daily he conveys "parcellen" of all sorts to and from the town. Near the gate of the palace garden stands an admirably-executed statue of Frederic VI., the most popular and most beloved monarch that ever sat on the Danish throne. It is said to be an excellent likeness, in the frock-coat, semi-military, in which he walked and talked daily in that very locality—a residence he much loved. The palace is well placed, and commands a splendid view of Copenhagen and its environs. Frederiksberg contains little to repay you for the trouble of wandering through dismantled rooms, beyond a portrait of the late Queen Dowager by Juel, and the full-length of the Queen of Sweden, by I know not whom. Whatever be the fate of Frederiksberg, be it inhabited again by some future sovereign, or converted into a public museum, the government are wrong to allow it to fall into decay. I was shocked to see the fine stucco ceilings, gems of their kind, falling down from sheer neglect. They can never be replaced, and are fine specimens of the handiwork of an earlier century. The woods around the palace are charming, even at this season. The woodcutters were hard at work, thinning and carting away the trees, near the little Norwegian hut and bridge. There was life and freshness in the scene. Frederiksberg was built by Frederic IV., when Prince Royal. The pheasantry and *saucumeria*, for which the king received yearly supplies of birds from England, from his uncle, Prince George of Denmark, has long since disappeared.

The environs of Copenhagen are beautiful; and the drives to the Deer-park, where in summer-time a fair is held, and the so-called Hermitage of Madalena, well repay the trouble. Frederiksdal on the lake, and Lyngby, with its palace of Sorgenfri, the residence of Her Majesty the Queen Dowager; the forest of Jagersborg; Charlottenlund, where the fireworks blaze of a summer's eve; the bathing-place of Klampenborg, on the Sound—all form agreeable promenades on an idle day; but there is nothing more to say about them. Blue fresh or blue salt water (as the case may be), beech-trees, deer, a villa residence—where you have described one, you have said all that is or can be said about them. But the neighbourhood of Lyngby is a Vale of Tempe, and in early May the market-women come into town bearing baskets loaded with the lilac-flowers of the *primula farinosa*, mounted into little nosebags. The steamer to Elsinore will leave you at Bellevue, from which you may visit in a carriage the prettiest sites in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen.

Flytte-dag has at length arrived, and to-day we leave our apartments in the Amalgievn, according to law, clean swept and garnished. It's an awful affair quitting Copenhagen. For the last three days cartloads of furniture have been carried off in succession, gradually reducing us to the strict *nécessaire* of chairs and bedstead (I myself retired at once in dignity to my old quarters at the "Royal"). We are, however, at last under way, and embark on board the fast steamboat *Horatio*, which in two hours' time lands us at our destination.

We are now completely established at Marienlyst;

somewhat cold, if the truth be told, but where to go at this season of the year becomes a puzzle. Too early to travel, heartily tired of Copenhagen, we were glad of a change, and spring is sure to come some time or other. I must now give you some description of our present abode, which is situated at a half-hour's distance from the town of Elsinore. The house is of considerable architectural pretensions, built what the French call *à mi-côte*, or, in plain, intelligible English, half-way up the hill, overhung and surrounded by luxuriant woods. The garden in front, with its avenues of clipped limes, forms the public promenade of the natives. Beyond, from our window, we gaze on the dark blue waters of the Sound, ever gay with its numberless shipping, frigates, steamers, and merchantmen. Old Kronborg stands isolated, with her picturesque irregular towers, and the coasts of Sweden appear scarcely at a stone's throw; the Kullen hills in the distance; the rival town of Helsingborg, with her massive square watch tower, looks poor and mean, quite cut out by the frowning turrets of her Danish sister.

Marienlyst boasts of a certain historic interest, particularly to us English, for here was founded, early in the fifteenth century, a Carmelite cloister by our English princess Queen Philippa, of whom the Danes think so much, and of whom we, her countrymen, know so little. Then came the Reformation; monks and nuns were swept away, and the convent and its possessions fell to the Crown of Denmark. The site was charming, and later Frederic IV. here constructed an Italian villa, where he resided in the summer season. From him it passed into the possession of the Counts Moltke, and again became royal property and a dower appanage of Queen Juliana Maria, from whose second name it derives its present appellation.

Yes, from these very windows Juliana, in her joy and bitterness, may have gazed on the prison of her victim Queen Caroline Matilda, and triumphed at the success of her intrigue.

Well, Juliana died; Marienlyst still continued royal property, but was deserted. Apartments were granted therein to various dowagers, directors of the Sound dues, &c., until the year 1850, when the present king determined to convert it into a sort of Chelsea Hospital for soldiers mutilated during the war. This idea was, however, never carried out; the invalids preferred residing in their own houses, and the property, with its adjoining woods, was then purchased by the town of Elsinore, who have relet it on a lease of ninety-nine years to its present proprietor, Mr. Nathansen. The establishment opens on the 1st of June, as we are sure of a month's quiet at any rate. The bathing here is excellent, and I have no doubt, when more known (for it is now in its infancy), Marienlyst will become one of the most favourite watering-places of Northern Europe.

We inhabit the *premier*. The *bel étage*—not according to rule, but on account of the view—is on our second; a suite of apartments richly painted and decorated in the style of the last century; medallions of Frederic and Juliana surmount the mirrors—he in all the pride *d'une beauté insolente*, she so handsome you could almost pardon her wickedness in her later days. Here are the dining, reading-rooms, and restaurant. Views of Venice, not quite Canaletti, adorn the walls—pleasant to look upon as old acquaintances, not as works of art. The view from the windows is glorious,



and (the palace being built à mi-*étie*) you walk out from thence across a wooden bridge straight into the woods above. On our staircase stand two large white glazed Fayence busts of Christian VI. and his son Frederic V., in all the glory of elephants and periwigs—good-natured faces, with the *front fuyant* so remarkable among all monarchs from the commencement of the eighteenth century. Look at the Bourbons, the Austrians, George III., and now the house of Oldenburg—all alike. The forehead recedes, giving an *air moutonnier* to their majesties. How is this to be accounted for? Christian IV. and his son have intellectual faces; Louis XIII. and XIV. are not wanting. The Stuarts have foreheads straight and broad enough to contain the well-known hereditary obstinacy of their race. Unless the nurses of that century indulged in some peculiar bandaging or manipulation of the infant head, like that which exists among certain tribes of the Red Indians, this formation can only be attributed to the weight of the pig-tails attached to the wigs by which their youthful heads were disfigured. Be this the reason or not, when pig-tails went out foreheads came in again, as we may see by their descendants the monarchs of the present century.

We mount *au second*. A door leads you direct into the woods, now carpeted with the flowers of the guil fugle melk (yellow bird's milk), and terraces by which the palace is dominated; charming retreats in summer season, where you may enjoy those two luxuries so seldom found combined—shade, and the fresh, bracing sea air. You turn to the right, and before passing through the open gate which leads into the forest find yourself in front of a raised mound, once surmounted by a cross (partly fallen), the so-called "Hamlet's Tomb;" no more his place of sepulture than that of Jupiter. Indeed, its origin dates from within the last thirty years. Hans Andersen assured me that, when he was a scholar at Elsinore, it existed not. In the good old times, when the Sound duties still were, and myriads of ships of all nations stopped at Elsinore to pay their dues and be plundered by the inhabitants, each fresh English sailor, on his first arrival, demanded to be conducted to the tomb of Hamlet. Now, on the outside of the town, by the Strand Vei, in the garden of a resident merchant, stood and still stands a hoï or barrow, one of the twenty thousand which are scattered so plentifully over the Danish dominions. This barrow, to the great annoyance of its possessor, was settled upon as a fit resting-place for Shakspeare's hero. Worried and tormented by the numerous visitors, who allowed him no peace, he, at his own expense, erected this monument in the public garden of the Marienlyst, caused it to be surmounted by a cross and a half-erased inscription, fixing the date of Hamlet's death the 32nd of October, old style, the year a blank. Admirably, *mon*, it succeeded. The British public were content, and the worthy merchant allowed to smoke his pipe in peace under the grateful shade of his charmillé.

It is, however, most singularly disagreeable to have now, at the eleventh hour, one's feelings wounded, one's illusions upset, and to be told suddenly how Hamlet, instead of being a "beautiful Danish prince," in "black velvet and bugles," and dying at Elsinore, was nothing but a Jutland pirate son of a rubbishing "amaa konge" of the Isle of Mow, in the Limsford. It is all of a piece with Hannibal not melting the Alps with vinegar—an historical fact pool-pooled by those learned in chemistry of the present century. But I

hope to tell you more of Hamlet hereafter, when we again visit Jutland.

The monks of the convent of Marienlyst distinguished themselves greatly at the period of the Reformation, especially one Paul Eliassen, commonly called "Turn-coat." He was nobody then, but later was made Protestant Professor of Theology in Copenhagen. Another monk, Franz Wornardsen, became the first Protestant preacher in Scania—Skane the Danes write it—much to the credit of Marienlyst, for she was but a poor convent.

Afterwards, within the domain of the monastery hard by was founded a hospital for foreign seamen, and in the days of Christian IV., our garden was known by the appellation of "Kronborg's Lundehave." Here the king possessed a "lyst" house, where he loved to pass his leisure hours and drink his wine in company with Mrs. Karen Anderslatter, whose son, Hans Ulrik, one of the Gyldenloves—a distinguished man—became later governor of the castle. As for poor Karen, she grew bear-eyed, had to wear spectacles; so the king married her off to a parson. You will see her portrait at Rosenborg—not the lady with pearls in her hair: she is another, Kirsten Malslatter, who died suddenly while sitting at a looking-glass, braiding those very ornaments among her golden tresses. An awful warning to bad Qvindfolk and others.

Christian IV., in his journal of May 5th, 1629, notes down: "I Christian IV. went from Frederiksborg to Kronborg. A little boy opened the door by the chimney of the kitchen, out in the garden-house (Kronborg Lundehave); and when I sent to see who was there, there was nobody." Not very alarming, but he was always seeing visions. Here, too, he made his "cure," and took his powder for "epileptic fits." Not that he suffered from them more than you or I. He got drunk, tumbled down like his neighbours, and on his recovery declared it was "epilepsy." No one contradicted His Majesty: it was not etiquette: so he believed it and betook himself to powders—powders composed of "scrunched malefactors' skulls," mingled with some hygone nostrum: the greater the villain, be he hanged or decapitated, the more efficacious the remedy.

Capital punishment still exists in Denmark: none of your new-fangled philanthropic guillotines, but decapitation, as in days of yore, by sword and block; and now, even in the present century, when an execution takes place either in the Island of Amak or Moen, the epileptic stand around the scaffold in crowds, cup in hand, ready to quaff the red blood as it flows from the still quivering body of the malefactor.

Along the coast extends for miles a beechen forest with walks cut out for the delectation of the visitors: no underwood—a shady canopy overhead, under which the exhilarating sea-air circulates. The beech are now leafless, but the ground is carpeted with green mosses, through which pierce the delicate flowers of the snowy wood-sorrel with its trefoil-leaf, and the wood anemone, its petals varying from rose to white; in the marshy parts below we find the golden heste-hov (horse's hoof), lambs blom, fruers smok (our lady's smock), and the fladtierne; the pale green leaves of the lily of the valley and the convall have already protected themselves, but shiver and tremble in the blast as though they had acted unwisely; the cowslips (koe-driver, cow-driver, as they here call them) and the oxlips—shame on them for their offensiveness!—tuck their blossoms sturdily under their stalks within their

coronal of leaves, determined to bide their time and not be caught committing any imprudence.

"Visit the Hammer-mills," said Hans Andersen; "it is a charming walk." And who is a better judge of what is picturesque than Hans Andersen? one of nature's poets; none of your taught admirers of the beautiful, blessed or rather cured with an artistic eye, a bore to everybody. We were not destined to arrive there on our first attempt: we passed the glass manufactory on the sea-shore—very black it looked, with its smoke curling languidly in the clear atmosphere—and then turned off to gain the road. The beech-masts had sown themselves, and were springing up in thousands; and here we met two unlucky pigs, tethered in the forest, left to cater for themselves, as though in October: poor wretches! they ran up, evidently very hungry, as soon as they saw us, grunting their complaints most energetically. In this wood you will find a little dog's cemetery—small mounds of earth and heaps of stone, such as a Scandinavian dog should lie under. Danish ladies are apt to be sentimental, but in a *ménagère* fashion, as the following anecdote will show. One day, observing a small tombstone in the Botanical Garden—erected to the memory of a lapdog by a lady of rank, said the gardener—I knelt down and deciphered the inscription, which ran thus:—

"Here lies Giordano, a faithful friend,  
Born at Rome in the 7th year of Pius VI.'s pontificate,  
Died at Copenhagen in that remarkable winter when  
sugar was sold at 45 sk. the pound.

*Requiescat in pace."*

We were attracted by a pine wood to the left; it was not the direct road, but womankind was sure we could get round somehow; and so we did, and lost our way, and after some two hours' walking found ourselves near where we had set out, so gave up the Hammer-mills: but it was very beautiful—the forest diversified by mysterious dark blue lakes, full of fish they say; somehow I should not like to bathe in their waters; they have a taarn-ish look, as though occupied by gigantic efts, and all sorts of abominations, such as one sees in Italian apothecaries' shops and necromancers' houses in the theatre. We come across no deer, no game. Before the year '50 these forests abounded with stags, chevreuil, hares, &c.; now there are only foxes. These they shoot. Each year his Majesty gives a grand battue, and invites the foreign ministers accredited at his Court to assist at the execution. Last autumn the English Minister carried away the palm before all competitors—shot more foxes than anybody. "*C'est évident*," said the Danes, "*il est tellement habité chez lui*."

Our walk to the Hammer-mills and the village of Hellebæk did, however, come off two days later, and well it repaid our trouble. Suddenly among the rich woodland scenery you come on a little village, with turning water-mills, gardens, and homesteads of almost Dutch neatness. This is the German colony—the congregation of St. Mary's—established by the celebrated Count Schimmelmann, in the last century, for the manufacture of arms.

The village of Hellebæk extends along the sea-shore. A miraculous draught of fishes had been taken two nights before in the nets; every garden, every piece of waste ground, was hung with cod and flounders, split up, drying in the sun. In each cottage window blossom splendid tree carnations; the rose de la Hollande and the Ardoisée, one mass of flowers. We re-

turned by the sea-shore, and found the fluffy blue anemone—the "spring cow-bell," as it is here called—growing in the sea sand.

As we strolled through the woods, the voice of the cuckoo rang shrilly through the air, entirely, too, devoid of Danish accent. Many naturalists declare that the notes of the singing-birds differ according to the climate, in which they dwell. Perhaps I am hard of hearing, for I have never yet found it out.

## X.

THE TOWN OF ELSINORE—TOMB OF DYVEKE—HOLGER DANER'S SPECTACLES—THE CASTLE OF KRONBORG—THE GREEN BONE—ANECDOTE OF A STORK.

We have this morning lionised the town of Elsinore. It boasts of nothing remarkable; its streets are narrow; the long, low, many-windowed houses are of respectable appearance; many spacious, boasting an air of better days. On the whole, it reminds one of some old rotten borough, once a stronghold of corruption, now deprived of its iniquitous corporation, fallen from its high estate. The lately built Rådhus is a building of considerable pretension, modelled on the red brick Gothic peculiar to these northern climes—a most creditable edifice, but (there is always a but) badly placed in the centre of a long street, half concealed by the adjoining houses. Its construction was a regular job; one side of the neighbouring square was offered to the authorities for a trifling sum; the proposition was, however, negatived by the chief magistrate of the place,—"It would be too far removed from his own dwelling; he had become fat and unwieldy, and could not bear moving."

Elsinore possesses two churches, both of great antiquity, of red brick, well proportioned, but externally fearfully degraded. That of St. Olaf once piqued itself on its spire, which was blown down, in 1737, during a hurricane, which seems to have sent half the church-steeple in Denmark toppling over like ninneps; either the hurricane was very violent, or the spires badly built.

The interior is rich in carved and gilded altarpiece and ornaments of papistic times. Then there is the epitaphium of somebody who saved Denmark from the Swedes—so said the custode; but when I heard who it was from, I no longer troubled myself about it. Denmark was always being saved from the Swedes—quite an every-day occurrence. In the adjoining cloister-church of St. Mary lies, or rather once lay, interred Dyveke, the celebrated favourite of King Christian II.

Some historians relate that Dyveke died at Elsinore, otherwise it seems a strange place to have selected for her sepulture, when we consider the way in which her mother, Sigbrit, had treated the inhabitants of this city. Dyveke, from all accounts, was much too simple-minded a girl to think of bequeathing her body to be buried anywhere.

The walks in the neighbourhood of Elsinore are charming, particularly that along the Strandvej, by the shore of the Sound—a succession of country houses and fishing villages, and well-kept gardens bright with flowers; they have a well-to-do prosperous air, as everything has in Denmark. An hour's walk brings you to a maisonette called Dahlsborg, beyond which you turn to enter the forest of Egebaksvang, a favourite summer drive of the Elsinorians.



CASTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.



A ten minutes' walk, avoiding all dusty roads, across the common or waste land which runs down to the sea-shore—in England it would have been the paradise of geese, cricketers, and donkeys, but here it is deserted, except by the sharpshooters, who kept up a cross-fire, practising at their targets from eight o'clock till six of an evening—brings us to the castle of Kronborg. (See p. 769.) The road lies between two dirty stagnant ponds, dignified by the appellation of Holger Danske's Spectacles: if they fitted his face, he must have had one eye considerably larger than the other.

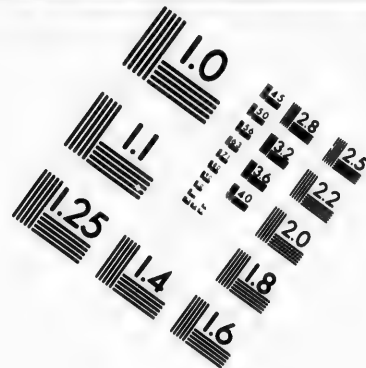
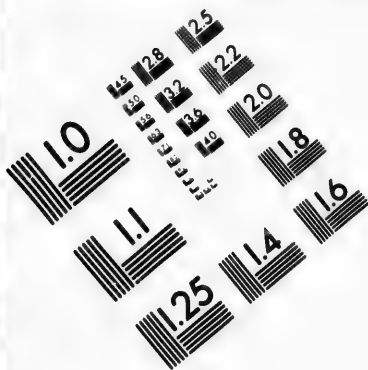
We pass the drawbridge and enter the second gate of the castle. Verses in the Danish tongue by the Scotchman, Bishop Kingo, and the more illustrious pen of Tycho Brahe, adorn the portals and celebrate the erection of the buildings. There is one thing sure in the world—monarchs never allowed their good works to be hid in secret: on every side you see inscriptions, in letters of gold, announcing how Christian V. restored this, and Frederic IV. whitewashed that. But I must give you some account of the history of the castle.

There is no doubt but, from the earliest period of history, a castle of some kind, built for the protection of the Sound, existed on the site or near where Kronborg now stands. In the year 1238 the preceding fortress of Flynderborg—situated at the other end of the town, near the Strandvej, named after the flounders, of which quantities are taken in front of the batteries—was in a state of excellent repair. This fortress being found unsuited to the exigencies of the times, King Frederic II. determined to rebuild it on a scale of unprecedented grandeur: the whole of the expenses were to be discharged from his privy purse, and the building was to cost his subjects "not one penny." This was more easy of execution to Frederic, first crowned Protestant sovereign of Denmark, than it would have proved to later monarchs. He had made a good haul of suppressed monasteries, church lands, plate and treasure—was flush of money, and did not mind spending it. The existing castle was then commenced in the year 1577, and completed in the course of nine years. Bishop Kingo and Tycho Brahe both sung its praises, and the talents of Rubens were called into play—somewhat later, I imagine—for the decoration of the chapel. The castle is strongly fortified with double-bastion, moat, and rampart, after the manner of preceding ages.

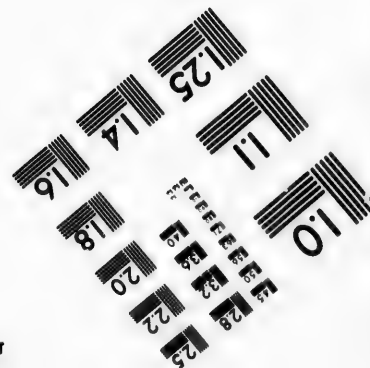
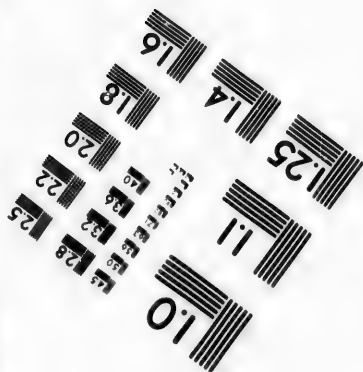
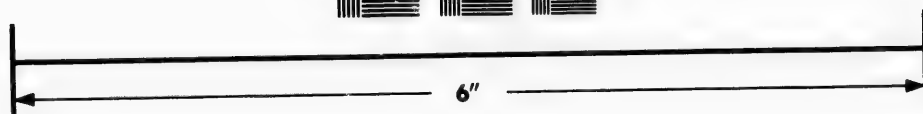
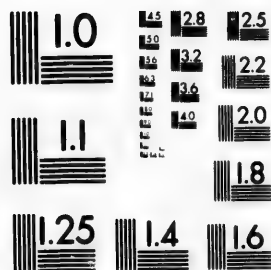
Kronborg possesses one great advantage over the other Danish buildings of the sixteenth century; it is built of fine sandstone, the only specimen in the kingdom. Though quadrangular and four-towered, it is relieved from all appearance of formality by the quaint onion pagoda-like minarets by which its towers are surmounted. The lofty clock turret, too, rising from its centre, higher than those which flank the corners, adds to the dignity of the building. Few castles in the space of three hundred years have suffered so little from modern additions and improvement; one tower has, unfortunately, been destroyed. In an old engraving from Puffendorf, of 1688, I see the original had already been altered: it was an eyesore, but in accordance with the style of the remainder, capped and ornamented. It, however, fell into decay during the reign of Frederic VI., at that unfortunate epoch when taste was bad taste, and art atrocity; it was repaired—square and hideous—a fearful monument of the age. Formerly it served as a telegraph, now as a powder magazine; and unless it be

blown up, or the powder becomes damp, will, I fear, remain untouched. You enter the interior court through a richly ornamented gateway, guarded by statues and overhung by a beautiful oriel window, enriched with the arms and ciphers of its founders. Opposite to you stands the chapel (the works of Rubens have long since disappeared); the fittings of the time of Christian IV. have been lately restored, not too carefully. It is curious to trace, as you can by the turret to the right of the clock, the gradual transition from the Gothic to the Renaissance. The whole of the ornaments are of the latter period; but there is still occasionally a sort of feeling as if the architect was not quite decided in his views: whether he was or not, Kronborg is one of the most perfect specimens of its era—unspoiled, untouched, and un-repaired—to be met with in Europe. It has long ceased to be occupied as a royal residence. One side is alone retained for the use of his majesty; the rest is occupied by the General Commandant, the officers, and the garrison. Above the entrance of the clock-tower, surmounting the ornaments, appears the head of a huge mastiff, holding in his fore paws a heart-like shield, with the cipher of Frederic II., and below the favourite device of the king, "T. I. W. B. Treu ist Wildbratt." The same Wildbratt, whose portrait is above, was the favourite of King Frederic, and bit everybody save his royal master. Over the other door appears the device of his queen—good Queen Sophia of Mecklenburgh—"Meine Hoffnung zu Gott allein" (My hope is in God alone). Within the dungeon of the corner tower, that of the restoration, adjoining the wine-cellar of Christian IV., where a jolly fat tun, carved in stone above the entrance, leaves no doubt of its identity, was situated the torture-chamber in days gone-by: none of your papistical virgins, who enticed you to their arms, and, harled like a friandean, then stuck you brimful of penknives, but good wholesome Protestant thumbscrews, boots, and wooden horses, and scavengers' daughters, such as Queen Bess, of glorious memory, and our earlier Tudor sovereigns, to say nothing of later Stuarts, loved to employ on their rebellious subjects who refused to convict their masters, rightfully or wrongfully, and bring them to the block—and very persuasive implements they were, I doubt not. In the centre of the court once stood a fountain, tossing the water high in the air; judging from the old engravings, it must have been very ornamental. Some thirty or forty iron hooks, fastened into the wall, remain, once the ladder of King Frederic, hung, when game abounded, with deer, hare, and capercaillie, a pretty scene, only too near the torture-chamber. After the peace of 1659, when Skane was lost to Denmark for ever, the windows of Kronborg Castle, which commanded a view of the Swedish coast, were walled up, to exclude a sight which caused so many heartburnings.

The ramparts of Kronborg form our favourite walk of an evening. You require a "tegn" or card to visit them—your compliments to the general, and a dollar to the soldier who brings it. This is one of the few complaints I have to make against the Danish government; they are much too exclusive, and close to the public many of the most enjoyable walks. Those who by their position are entitled to the possession of these cards seldom or never use them, while others to whom the admission would be a boon are deprived of the enjoyment. But, as I said before, the ramparts of Kronborg are charming: before them the fishers over-



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lastingly ply their trade—flounders, and a fish called “green-bone,” a horn-fish, are their prey. Had Shakspeare searched the world round he never could have selected so fitting a locality for the ghost-scene. I can see the ghost myself—pale moon, clouds fitting o’er her, frowning castle, and the space necessary to follow him; but the romance of Kronborg is over; her bastions are redolent with deep-purple violets, and the roseate buds of a statice—Krigeskarl, or the Warrior, they here call it—which looks as if it should be something better, but will, I dare say, turn out common thrift after all. When the fishing-boats return at sunset, a little girl runs down to the shore side, and waits; as they pass by, a small flounder is thrown to her from each boat; she gathers them up in her apron, and then returns to the castle. I wonder if this be a relic of hereditary black-mail, exacted in former days from the fishermen who cast their nets under the shadow of the fortress.

Old May-day. The storks arrived this morning, so we may really expect summer; for storks, unlike mortals, are never wrong in their calculations—odd birds they are. It must be a curious sight to witness one of their gatherings previous to departure at the approach of winter. A friend of mine came across an assembly of four hundred perched on the eaves of a farm-house in Zealand, and watched their proceedings. Before starting they passed in review the whole flock, and singled out and separated the aged and weakly from the rest, and then, with one accord, pounced upon them, pecking them literally to pieces; this ceremony over, they started for Egypt. How they got their reputation for filial piety I cannot imagine. I heard a curious anecdote about them a few days since: an English manufacturer settled somewhere in Zealand, amused himself by changing the eggs laid by a stork, who annually built her nest on his house, for those of an owl. In due course of time the eggs were hatched, and he was startled one morning by a tremendous row going on in the nest of the parent storks. The male, in a violent state of excitement, flew round and round his nest; the female chattered away, protecting her nestlings under her wings: it was quite evident that the stork was not satisfied with the produce of his helpmate: there was something doubtful about the whole affair; he would not recognise the offspring. After a violent dispute the male flew away, and shortly returned, accompanied by two other storks—birds of consequence and dignity. They sat themselves down on the roof, and listened to the pros and cons of the matter. Mrs. Stork was compelled to rise and exhibit her children. “Can they be mine?” exclaimed the stork. “Happen what may I will never recognise them.” On her side Mrs. Stork protested and fluttered, and avowed it was all witchcraft—never had stork possessed so faithful a wife before. Alas! alas! how seldom the gentle sex meets with justice in this world when judged by man or, in this case, by stork kind. The judges looked wondrous wise, consulted, and then of a sudden, without pronouncing sentence, regardless of her shrieks for mercy, fell on the injured Mrs. Stork, and pecked her to death with their long sharp beaks. As for the young owls, they would not defile their bills by touching them; so they kicked them out of the nest, and they were killed in the tumble. The father stork, broken-hearted, quitted his abode, and never again returned to his former building-place. Six years have elapsed and the nest still remains empty—so stated my informant.

## XI.

CHRISTIAN ROSTGAARD AND THE SWEDISH OFFICERS—FREDENSBORG, OR THE CASTLE OF PEACE—FREDERIC THE HUNCHBACK, THE ARVEPRINDE—DEATH OF QUEEN JULIANA—NORWEGIAN AMPHITHEATRE—THE HELL-HORSE—ESKOM, ITS CONVENT AND LAKE.

THE weather is bright. It would be imprudent to defer any longer excursions within the limits of our neighbourhood, so this morning we started for Fredensborg. We drove past Gurre (the carriage-hire of last week might have been spared). Our road then lay through the Marianalund Forest; the foliage golden green—uniform, unartistic, if you will—and most unpaintable. How happens it that what is most fair in Nature seldom succeeds in art or meets with the approbation of a painter?

But the carriage stops by the wood-side. We are at Rostgaard So. At the foot of the hill, fringed with the feathery flowers of the bukblad (hog-bean), lies a small blue taarn, of that peculiar blue unproducible by Prussian, cobalt, or ultramarine, by Irish eyes, or the reflex on a raven's wing: a blue of its own; I must term it “moss blue,”—a tint produced by the reflection of the sun over the waters of a dark morass. The labourers are engaged cutting deep into the swamp; they carry off the black mud in their carts and spread it in thin layers to dry, to be used as fuel for winter consumption. These morasses become dry as touchwood in summer season. A few days since, some boys engaged in searching for plovers' eggs, desirous to frighten the parent birds from their nests, set fire to the barrel turf: the conflagration extended wide, and caused great anxiety before it was effectually extinguished.

We stand by a circle of stones, the centre of which, of large dimensions, is inscribed with the cipher H. R. and the date 1659, denoting the scene of some forgotten story. The initials are those of Rostgaard. He never saved Denmark, yet the story of his fair wife (the Danish Penelope) must not be passed over.

When in the year 1659 Kronborg was in possession of the Swedes, Hans Rostgaard, together with Parson Gerner, student Tikjob, Steenwinkel the Danish engineer, and the English Colonel Hutchinson—who had been bribed by the Danes for the sum of 1000 ducats to desert from the Swedes—formed a plan to retake the castle. Student Tikjob endeavoured to gain Copenhagen in a boat, charged with letters and despatches relating to the proposed attack. He was, however, boarded by a Swedish vessel, when, to save the letters intrusted to his care, he fastened them to a stone and cast them into the Sound. As ill luck would have it, the string slipped, the stone sank, and the papers floating on the water were picked up, read, and the plot discovered. Hutchinson immediately took refuge on board an English vessel. Steenwinkel was taken and met with the just punishment of his double treachery. Rostgaard took horse, but, finding himself pursued, when he reached the spot where this circle of stones now stands he killed his charger, slipped out of his clothes, cast his plumed hat and his sword into the lake—thereby deceiving his enemies, who, imagining he had been killed, ceased in their pursuit—and he in disguise gained Copenhagen.

His fair and youthful wife inhabited her manor of Rostgaard, at a short distance from Elsinore, one of the most beautiful residences in the neighbourhood. A widow (for such she was supposed to be), young,

rich, and pretty, was too great a prize in the matrimonial market to escape the notice of the Swedish officers. A company was now quartered at the manor-house, and the whole corps, from the colonel down to the beardless ensign, commenced paying their addresses to her. Kirstine Rostgaard was a *femme d'esprit*, and well she played her cards. Reveal her husband's existence she dare not: the soldiers would have no longer treated her house and gardens with the con-

sideration they now showed, each hoping, in course of time, it might become his own possession.

When pressed by the most ardent of her adorers, she begged for time—she was so late a widow, and, though she had her troubles with Rostgaard, still she owed it to her own self to wait till the year of mourning was expired; and then she coquetted so cleverly that each individual of the whole band imagined himself to be the favoured one. "How," she asked,



CHATEAU OF ROSENBERG.

reproachfully, to the colonel, "can you imagine I could look for one moment on that beardless lieutenant, with blue eyes and pink cheeks, like a girl in uniform, when you, a proper man, are present? But be prudent: think of my good name." To the younger officers she termed the colonel "*vieille perruque*," and so on, till the year elapsed and the peace was signed; she then made them a profound reverence, thanked them for the consideration they had shown to her goods and

chattels, introduced to them her resuscitated husband, Hans Rostgaard, and showed them the door most politely. Such is the history of Rostgaard. Kirstine died soon after and he married a second time. He is represented in his epitaphium with his two wives, a rose and a skull.

The Esrom lake appears in sight; we arrive at the village of Fredensborg, halt at the inn, order dinner, and then proceed to visit the palace and its far-famed

gardens, planted at the termination of the village, for the Danes have no conception of the grandeur of isolation in their country residences; provided one side looks on a wood, a lake, or a garden, the entrance-court may be "check by jowl" with the humblest cottage. A dozen clipped lime trees form their idea of an approach, with a pavement like the "pitching" of our Saxon forefathers. At Fredensborg the entrance-court is paved; the stones run up to the very lime avenue, to the pedestal of the statue of Peace, by Wiedewelt, now all blackened and lichen-grown, which cost—I am afraid to say how many thousand thalers to His Majesty King Frederic IV., founder of the palace. Stone—stone—stone! not an ell of verdant turf to refresh the eye. Then, too, the palace, of brick and stone copings, never boasting of any architectural leant in its most palmy days, has been most ignominiously and glaringly whitewashed.

"Don't visit the interior," said the Elsinorians; "not worth seeing." I didn't dispute the point, but followed my own devices. There are rich old cabinets and mirrors, finely-carved sofas and consoles; a bureau of marqueterie, much used by our friend Juliana, an exquisite piece of furniture, falling to decay among the rest. The hall where the celebrated treaty was signed (though this has now become a disputed point) is grand and imposing. I was sorry to see the roof defective and the water streaming in over the pictures painted to celebrate the event. The palace is a most habitable abode; the bedrooms have all separate exits into the gallery which surrounds the great hall—an uncommon luxury. The pictures are the refuse of the royal collections; among them I observed one good portrait of the founder Frederic IV., and a charming full-length likeness of the Arveprinds, son of Juliana and father to Christian VIII., a beautiful boy.—Frederic the Hunchback he was popularly termed. At the age of eleven he fell down the staircase at Amalienborg, injured his spine, and never recovered from the effects of the accident. There is also a portrait of the brother of Queen Juliana, the celebrated Duke of Brunswick, who fell at Jena.

Of all extraordinary puzzle-brained inventions is a frame arranged like a Venetian blind, with portraits of sovereigns of the house of Austria, painted on triangular pieces of wood. First the Emperor Joseph; pass your hand, turning the wood, Maria Theresa comes out; turn again, and the Emperor Francis makes his appearance. We were pointed out the "growth" of King Frederic VI., pencilled on the door-posts, and, courtier-like, were profoundly astonished how his Majesty had increased in stature from the year '78 to that of '83.

We next visited the Royal Chapel, fitted, in accordance with the date of the building, with closets and pews—no questions of sittings here—the royal household all arranged and marshalled according to rank and precedence, their offices registered on the doors; women on one side, men on the other; ladies of rank, maids, &c., down to the wives of the very stablemen. Then on the male division, hof-marshals and kammer-junkers, physicians, cooks, "the livery" of his Majesty, "livery of her Majesty; the whole concluding with the stable-folk. The royal closet is situated on the floor at the end of the chapel, beyond the seat allotted to the grooms—a disagreeable vicinity; but years since—thanks to snuff-taking—noses were less sensitive than they are in the present generation.

Here, at Fredensborg, in her latter days, Queen Juliana held her court right royally, and, whatever may have been her faults, was kind and liberal to the poor and to those around her. She was by nature a queen, and loved the pomp and state from which sovereigns in the present age withdraw themselves as much as their position allows them. On the 4th of September, 1796, the queen celebrated her sixty-seventh birthday. Juliana was strong and robust, and, as far as human foresight could foretell, might live for years. Congratulations, offerings, arrived from all quarters; visitors from the court, from Copenhagen; all was gratifying; and when the banquet prepared in honour of the event was announced, never had she walked into the dining-room with firmer step or in higher spirits.

The toast of the day, "The Queen's Health!" was proposed, and drunk by the guests with enthusiasm; all appeared *cœur de rose*; but at that very banquet Juliana had signed her own death warrant. Each year, on the anniversary of her natal day, the queen caused to be served to her a national dish composed of apples, thick and glutinous, immersed in fresh warm sheep's milk—a dish she much affected. Of this she ate somewhat too freely. An indigestion ensued, from which she could never be relieved. The room in which Juliana breathed her last is situated on the first floor of the left wing, as you approach the third and fourth windows from the *corps de bâtiment*, looking upon the court.

The palace has a melancholy, deserted air, and some of the rooms are lent out to poorer members of the nobility. Its gardens are renowned, laid out in the old French style. "How like Versailles," we exclaimed; "with its statues and avenues of fragrant limes." In the so-called Marble Gardens are many small statues, of no particular excellence, by Stanley, an English artist, the same who executed the monument of Queen Louisa in the cathedral of Roskilde.

Then there is the lion of the palace, the Norwegian amphitheatre, in three tiers, round which are ranged a series of stone statues in Norwegian costumes. The appearance of this assembly is so strange I could not help laughing, but to a Norwegian they are most interesting. It is now one hundred and twenty years since they were placed there, and the peasant remains dressed as though it were yesterday—the drummer, the priest, the fisherman, and mountaineer from Tronhem, Bergen, and elsewhere; the bride—a crowned bride too—all the wedding party. I should like to watch them by the pale moonlight; they must surely become animated from time to time, and hold dance and revel together. How Hans Andersen can ever have let such a subject slip through his fingers, to me is a mystery.

The French garden amalgamates itself into the native woods, which run down to the lake's side. Here is situated the skipperhuus, where you may hire boats, sail or row, fishing-rods and hooks, with bait according to your fancy. Esrom lake is renowned for its perch.

We dined at the little inn in the open air *under den Linden*; a good little dinner, served on old china—three marcs, coffee included.

At seven o'clock we started on our journey home, taking Esrom and Sølyst on the way, through the woods by the bank of the lake. The foliage is somewhat relieved this evening by an admixture of larch and birch. Our road ran by a picturesque village, proud of its healing spring. In olden times there was

a strange custom in Zealand, and may be elsewhere, of interring a living horse in every churchyard before any human being could be buried there. This horse reappears, and is known under the name of the "Hell-horse." It has but three legs; but ill luck to the man who sees it, for it foretells his own death. Hence it is said of one who has recovered from a dangerous illness, "He has given a bushel of oats to the Hell-horse." Further on stands the rustic fishing-house of His Majesty, with a rude stone kitchen range outside, sufficient to fry your perch—or boil them, if you like it better. Solyst is a small house on the lake side, where strangers breakfast or drink their coffee on the terraces.

And now we approach Esrom. There stands the old black jail, and the antique farmhouse, whitewashed, once her kloster. Our horses stop to water; so we walk down to the farmyard gates, and enter the court. Esrom was mother church to Sorø and also to others in the Island of Rugen. Few and slight are the remains of her former glory. A convent of Cistercians of Clairvaux, founded by Archbishop Eskild in the twelfth century, stood high in rank among the klostres of Zealand. Here Queen Hedvig found her last resting-place, and two of the ill-fated offspring (Magnus and Erik) of Erik Menved and Queen Ingeborg.

After the Reformation the lands fell to the crown; the materials of the church were used by that ruthless destroyer King Frederic for the construction of Frederiksborg. I observed a stone inserted in the wall bearing his cipher, "F," encircled by the serpentine "8." (Frederic and Sophia), surmounted by a crown, the date 1569, a sort of Protestant seal he placed upon all ecclesiastical buildings which came into his possession. Another, later, of Christian V., 1697; he repaired the outhouses, and wished the world to be aware of the fact. Some ancient iron cramps in the wall, *fleur-de-lis* in honour of Mary, were all that remained of Roman Catholic times; the carved chairs of its abbots are preserved in the museum at Copenhagen. We saw the underground crypt, vaulted and supported on columns, which undermines the whole building and keeps it dry in this watery neighbourhood, and the worthy fathers from rheumatic pains and ague.

## XII.

THE PALACE OF FREDERIKSBORG—THE MERMAID, ISBRAND, FORETELLS THE BIRTH OF CHRISTIAN IV.—HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY OF CHRISTIAN IV.—PUNISHMENT OF HIS PREVAILING MINT-MASTER—ROYAL BATTLES—THE RIDDERSDAL—DESTRUCTION OF THE PALACE OF FREDERIKSBORG BY FIRE.

It was high time to leave Marienlyst: the season had commenced—an army of waiters arrived from Hamburg. The restaurant was now open; visitors poured in by the steamers—called for bottled-beer and beefsteaks, and, what was more, smoked on the staircase; to add to our annoyance, a brass band commenced to play from six to eight every morning.

All this movement and bustle would have been well enough had we not looked on Marienlyst as our own property for the last six weeks; so, though I was sorry to leave the glorious bathings in the Sound, we packed up and started for Fredensborg, where we passed one night, and the following evening made for Frederiksborg, a drive of three quarters of an hour.

No palace existed on this spot previous to the reign

of King Frederic II., who exchanged the lands of the suppressed convent of Skov Kloster with the celebrated Admiral Herluf Trolle for the manor of Hillerød, on which he caused the earlier castle of Frederiksborg to be constructed. Of this building little now remains; its site is occupied by the royal stables and outhouses; stout stumpy towers, one at each corner of the moat, it has, wreathed round with iron cramps bearing the date 1562, and the motto in German of the pious Queen Sophia.

Frederic II. was, when we consider the age he lived in, a right-minded, honourable man. In early life he was much attached to a young and beautiful girl, Dagmar Hardenberg by name, who, though of noble birth, belonged to no princely house; make her his queen he could not, and he was too high principled to take advantage of her youth, so he remained a bachelor until he was thirty-eight years of age, when, yielding to the entreaties of his advisers, he, much against his will, contracted an alliance with the Princess Sophia of Mecklenburg. Tradition relates how Dagmar was present at the coronation of the queen, which took place in the Frue Kirke of Copenhagen, but, overcome by her feelings, fainted away, was carried out of the church, and died shortly after broken-hearted. Two daughters were the produce of Frederic's marriage, and, in despair at the non-arrival of an heir to the crown, he began to regret he had yielded to the desire of his nobles.

During the celebration of the Whitsuntide festivities, in the spring of the year 1576, there appeared at court an aged peasant from the Island of Samso, who informed the king that, when ploughing his field by the sea-shore, he was accosted by a mermaid, who ordered him to go direct to court, and announce to the king that the queen should bear him a son within the succeeding year, adding, "Tell his Majesty my name is Isbrand, and I am granddaughter of the mermaid who protected the birth of his ancestors, Queen Margaret." When the king and queen heard this good news they were greatly rejoiced, and all the court with them, and the aged peasant returned to his home laden with presents. And now time rolled on, the hopes of the nation were verified, and great was the joy thereof.

It was the 12th of April, 1577, that Queen Sophia, when walking with her ladies of honour somewhere on the Roeskilde road, was suddenly taken ill, and before aid and assistance could be procured, the youthful Pagan, later Christian, heir to the crown of Denmark, made his appearance, not under the blue canopy of heaven, but under a hawthorn-tree, which of course happened to come into full flower just one month before its usual period of blooming—a very graceful compliment on the part of Dame Nature to the newborn princeling.

Well, great was the joy of the whole nation at the birth of the wished-for heir, but the hilarity of the court was somewhat disturbed by a second visit from the agent peasant of Samso, with a message from the mermaid to the king, telling him that, if he did not at once cease from his habits of inebriety, he would never live to see his son a grown man; at which Frederic became exceeding wroth, and dismissed the messenger this time with no presents, but with threats and menaces.

The prophecy of the mermaid came to pass after all, for Frederic quitted this world a victim to his inebriety

before the youthful Christian had attained his eleventh year. On the whole he was one of the best and wisest sovereigns Denmark ever possessed—a little arbitrary in his ordinances. He is said, during the course of his life, to have read the Bible through twice “from Genesis to Revelations,” which, considering what a deal he had to do, and that reading was somewhat of an effort in those days, was very much to his credit.

The earlier castle of Frederic II. was of small dimensions, and his son Christian IV. determined to erect on the same site a building of unprecedented splendour. When the plans were submitted to his council, they all exclaimed at the extravagance of the design, and prophesied that the king would never be able to put into execution so expensive an undertaking; but Christian laughed at their fears, and not only completed his palace, but, with a sort of bravado, erected a summer-house in the adjoining forest, which he termed his spare penge, the produce of his economies. There can be no doubt he did things at a cheaper rate than most sovereigns, for he was a practical man—saw to everything, even to the most minute details: he employed no master of the works; he every Saturday night paid his workmen their wages himself, seated on a stone in the wood hard by, which is still pointed out to the visitor. This energetic sovereign did not disdain to enter into the smallest details of household economy, turning everything to the best account; though, on the other hand, whenever he did anything, he did it well, and the monuments of his reign remain still untouched by the ravages of time, while those of his successors have long since passed away.

Who was the real architect of the existing palace none can say. It may be inferred that Christian employed many different artists to design plans, and adopted them according to his pleasure. In the church of the adjoining village of Slangerup hangs the epitaphium of John of Fribourg, which declares him to have been the architect of Frederiksberg, followed up with a modest remark, that, when the palace no longer exists, his name would be remembered. In all probability John of Fribourg, Steenwinkel, David Balfour, Inigo Jones, all in the yearly service of the Danish king, shared alike in its construction.

We arrived by the long avenue to the gate-house, passing to the left the old-fashioned garden which runs down to the edge of the lake, from which the palace rises imposing with its lofty towers. These towers of Christian IV.'s days are unique in Europe, with their lofty caps, half spire, half cupola, spitted with crowns, and surmounted by turning vanes. (See p. 809.)

The gate-house under which we now pass is of stone and connected with the castle by a corridor supported on six arches, which traverses the moat, in the style of Chenonceaux: this is the only portion of the building constructed in stone-work. In a room close to the gate-house was situated the mint of Christian IV., for he coined his money under his own eyes, and, when struck off, the gold was brought in sacks to his own apartment, whence he saw it poured down a shaft, which still exists, into the treasure-room below. Monstrous sharp was King Christian, as his mint-master, John Engelbrecht by name, of peculating mind, found to his cost; for, convicted of cheating his royal master, Christian made no trial, no fuss, but ordered out the culprit into the courtyard of the castle, and there on an improvised block of stone (which the custode will point out) chopped off his head with his own royal hands.

Passing along the moat-side, we arrived at another gateway into the outer court, built of red brick, stone mullions and copings, much in the style of Hampton Court Palace. To the right, in face of the castle, stands the lofty clock-tower, and then, turning to the bridge, you arrive at the splendid Renaissance gateway, richly ornamented and decorated with the shields and armorial bearings of Christian himself, and those of his Queen Anne of Brandenburg. A screen-work of brick, enriched with twelve niches, each containing a stone statue, separates the *cour d'honneur* from the moat. Very grand is the inner court; to the right stands the chapel, above which is placed the Riddersaal; in front an ornamented marble loggia, filled with statues of the same material, and richly ornamented with copper. This gallery is known to have been erected from the designs of Steenwinkel. In former days the mullions of the windows were gilded; two or three have been restored some years since—a barbarous taste, imitated in later days by the Russian Empress at her palace of Tsanko Celso.

Turning to the right, we now enter the chapel through its highly-wrought doorway. The sacred edifice is long and narrow, too narrow perhaps for the beauty of its proportions, and is surrounded by a gallery: it is gorgeous in Renaissance fret-work, gorgeous in its gilding and colour, all of which tone down together, one with another, into a harmony which commands your admiration. The royal closets below are of exquisite marqueterie; the high altar a *chef-d'œuvre* of ebony, mother-o'-pearl, and goldsmith's work; the pulpit a gem of richness.

Above, adjoining the organ, richly carved, painted, and gilded—all in character with the building—is the royal closet, lined with ebony, marqueterie, and empanelled pictures by Dutch artists of merit, chiefly sacred subjects, with the exception of one by Reinhold Timm, a drawing master of Sorø, in which Christian is represented clad in his shroud, praying before Our Saviour, who appears in the clouds above. In this closet stands a table of Florentine mosaic, in which you will observe a round hole pierced on one side, the work of Czar Peter. He could not believe it was inlaid; so, practical and disagreeable, he bored a hole with his dagger, just as a child pulls to pieces the works of his watch, or some toy set in motion by simple mechanism. On the window you will see engraved, by the hands of King Christian IV. himself, the words—“Make haste and save your soul.” Here in this royal chapel is solemnised the coronation of each Danish sovereign. The silver lions from Rosenborg come down for the occasion, as well as the chairs of silver and the horn of the narwal. Along the gallery up stairs are suspended the shields of the knights of the “most noble order of the Elephant,” one of the most ancient orders of chivalry existing, and of which all crowned heads, highnesses royal and serene, together with the leading diplomatists of Europe, are members; and further down those of the Grand Cross of the Dannebrog. After the deaths of the knights the shields are removed to the Riddersaal below, a fine oblong room of Christian IV.'s period, vaulted and supported down the centre with columns of marble, and hung with black and gold stamped leather: this once formed the banquetting hall, where after the great hunting parties King Christian dined, together with his brother huntmen.

Mounting a winding staircase, you now enter the



Riddersaal—like all rooms of this date, long and somewhat low; the ceiling a most elaborate work and one of exquisite beauty—gilded and painted after the manner of the day. Twenty men were occupied during seven years before this work was brought to a termination. The Swedes are accused of carrying off the silver capitals and bas-reliefs of the lofty black marble chimney-piece, as well as of destroying the "Minstrels' Gallery," during the war of 1659, but

those who ought to be well informed declare they were melted down by the Danes themselves when in want of money. The tapestries have been removed, waiting until they can be repaired, but the room is hung round with full-length portraits of various potentates of Europe, perhaps the least interesting series of the collection.

One of the most beautiful apartments in the palace is that termed the council-chamber, gorgeously deco-



TOWER, CASTLE OF FREDERIKSBORG.

rated in the taste of the last century, and hung with the portraits of the house of Oldenburg down to Christian V., by Daguerre. It is in this and an adjoining room that his present Majesty keeps his private collection of Scandinavian antiquities—a collection of great interest—the greater part being the produce of his own researches.

Externally the castle of Frederiksborg has suffered

but little, and the good taste of the late King has caused to disappear the additions and alterations of succeeding monarchs. But the interior has fearfully suffered at the hands of the fair Madalena, who tore up the marble floors and removed the chimney-pieces to adorn her phantom palace of Hirschholm. The fine pendant ceilings have mostly been covered over or destroyed, and beyond the Riddersaal and the chapel—both gems

of art—Frederiksborg can boast of little which calls to mind the artistic taste of its founder.

But you may pass a pleasant time enough, lodged at the small hotel, wandering through the neighbourhood of the castle. Mount to the extreme end of the fine old but somewhat neglected garden, and you will gain a glorious view of the palace and the lake: then there is the bath-house of King Christian, and the "rocking stone" which lies half imbedded in the earth by the forest side; and further removed still, a site cleared out in the forest, with massive stones ranged round, where according to tradition some peace was signed, which I do not call to mind.

It was not a little singular that Marryat, to whom we are so largely indebted for one of the most lively and graphic descriptions of Copenhagen and its environs that has been yet published, should have been at Elsinore at the very time when the splendid palace of Frederiksborg was destroyed by fire, December 17th, 1859. On that day, too, he penned the last page almost in his journal.

I little thought to resume my pen to record so sad an event—a national misfortune to Denmark. I was sitting in my room at the Oresund, in Elsinore, busily and happily immersed in my books, when the chambermaid announced, "Slot brander in Frederiksborg!" (The castle's on fire!) On crossing over to the police-office the telegraphic despatch left no doubt that the story was too true. Engines and the members of the fire-brigade were hurrying off to lend their aid. In three-quarters of an hour's time I was myself *en route*, fast as Danish post-horses could carry me.

The day was cold, foggy; the snow lay thick upon the ground. As we descended the hill, from behind the woods to the left, which obscure the palace from view, rose volumes of black cloudy smoke, curling and dispersing itself in the misty atmosphere. Those glorious minaret-like spires capping the castle turrets were not. The gate-house stood before us intact, and then in one moment the whole building lay discovered before us, roofless, blackened, still burning, a ruin. It was a sad sight. There was the council-chamber, which spanned the waters—now a red Bridge of Sighs—gutted; those glorious towers, triumphs of the northern Renaissance, were there no longer, the last had fallen at eleven o'clock, shaking the very earth as it fell; of Caroline Matilda's window, too, not one vestige remaining; the fire still rising from time to time, licking away the woodwork around the stone-mullioned windows, as though it were grease: now was devastation more complete. Then, as we passed the gateway, there stood the chapel half consumed—the riddersaal, that gem of art, all fallen in—and, turning into the outer court beyond the moat, oh! what a sight it was! that splendid palace—unique in its style in Europe—tottering, blackened ruin, and all around frozen. The court was heaped with furniture, pictures, and hundreds of objects besides, snatched from the fury of the devouring element; and what rubbish had been saved! what pots and pans, commodes and chairs, shields of the Elephant, shields of the Dannebrog. My first inquiry was after the fate of the gallery: all gave a different answer. The pictures from the riddersaal had been saved: strange fate those portraits—they alone escaped the conflagra-

tion of Christianborg in 1796. But the billiard-room!—All lost. Queen Sophia?—Gone. I bowed my head. That triumph of portrait-painting—that chef-d'œuvre of Jacob von Dorte. I asked no more questions: time would show the extent of the evil.

In a country like Denmark—fallen from its high estate among the powers of Europe—this calamity will be deeply felt; for they live in the past, in the memory of their own glorious history. Still I fear many of the Danes really do not know the extent of the loss they have sustained—not in the castle of Frederiksborg itself—that was their pride, their glory—but in the splendid historic gallery, of which so few pictures will be again seen.

The fire had burst out early in the morning in the room lately restored by the king for his own private collection—a room on the upper story adjoining the tower, towards the riddersaal. The workmen were occupied in repairs. Whether it was a flue—whether a misplaced stove—in which the evil originated, matters little: the result is the same. The lake was frozen over—this had added to the difficulties; the pipes of the engines, themselves far too short, were frozen, and could not at first be worked; and the fire, which at five o'clock was scarcely looked upon as dangerous, in the space of a few hours had reduced this beautiful monument of Christian IV.'s taste to its present sad condition.

Towards three o'clock the royal carriages were ordered round to convey the court to Copenhagen. The king had retired to one of the buildings of the outer court when all was over, having remained at his post till the very last, superintending the removal of the valuables. As His Majesty descended the steps on his way to the carriage he stayed for one moment to greet me, and, as I expressed to him my sympathy at the terrible misfortune which had overwhelmed him, he kindly pressed my hand. He could only utter the words "Quel malheur irréparable—quel malheur irréparable!" And it was so indeed, for Frederiksborg can never be again what it once was: it was his pride, his hobby, and he had done, by judicious reparation, much to restore it to its pristine condition.

Before leaving I again sought out my good friend Gyllick—he who, during the last twenty years, had, as castellan, done more towards the restoration of Frederiksborg than any human being alive. "I wish you good bye for ever, Gyllick; I shall never return. I have passed too many happy days in that dear old gallery, studying the history of Denmark in the portraits of her rulers, ever to bear the sight of its desolation. I have visited Frederiksborg in its glory—I have seen it under the excitement of its flames—I can never again look on it as a ruin." "But," he replied, "do not say that: come again in the spring-time; we may again build up the church, and perhaps some of your old friends may still be spared to us."

The palace is still, however, a place of fairy-like beauty. The façade as represented at page 801 remains entire, and the interior of the chapel is still full of the coats of arms of the Knights of the Elephant. But Frederick VII. laments his palace, as do also all true Danes and all lovers of art and history throughout the wide world. Frederiksborg was not merely a royal palace, it was also a national palace.

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